Calidore
for two violins and organ
by
Justin Henry Rubin
Calidore

Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper’s flame;
Clear was the song from Philomel’s far bower;
Grateful the incense from the lime-tree flower;
Mysterious, wild, the far-heard trumpet’s tone;
Lovely the moon in ether, all alone:
Sweet too the converse of these happy mortals,
As that of busy spirits when the portals
Are closing in the west; or that soft humming
We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
Sweet be their sleep.

-from the poem by John Keats

Cantabile, con espressione  \( \frac{3}{4} = 30 \)

Justin Henry Rubin (2011-15)