

Madrigals for 3 Voices

for

Soprano, Alto, and Bass
Soloists or Small Choir

by

Justin Henry Rubin

HARVEY MUSIC EDITIONS

Madrigals for 3 Voices

I: Count of Time

Andando
tutti: *mf*

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2014)
poem: William James Linton (1812-1898)

Soprano
Alto
Bass
Piano (for rehearsal only)

How shall we count, we count, how shall we count our...
How shall, how shall we, how shall count our...
How shall we count, shall we count, How

Poco rit.

hou - - - - rs? Nay, Love!
hou - - - - rs? Nay, Love!
shall we count our hou - - - - rs? Nay, Love!

a tempo

9 *mf*

How shall our kiss - es count? Our love's a - - - - mount
How shall our kiss - es count? Our love's a - - - - mount
...our kiss - es, our kiss - es count? Our

9 *f*

13

the fount of time, the fount of time is ours. Count we,
love's a - mount the fount of time, the fount of time is ours. Count,
love's a - mount of time, the fount of time is ours. Count,

Poco rit.

17 *mp* *mf* *a tempo*

count we our mo - - ments? Who counts, who
count our mo - - ments? Who counts,
While the fount of time our kiss - es count...

21

counts, who counts his kiss - - - es, kiss - es
who counts, counts his kiss - - - es
...his kiss - es, knows How much he did ex - pend, knows

21

24

p

knows, kiss - es knows At his love's end.
knows At his love's end.
How much he did ex - pend At his love's end.

24

30

poco meno mosso

Our love shall have no close.
Our love shall have no close.
Our love shall have no close.

30

Delicato
tutti: *mp*

II: Dirge

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2014)
poem: Thomas Beddoes (1803-1849)

Soprano

Alto

Bass

Piano

(for rehearsal only)

She cut roses down,
And wreath'd, and

She cut roses down,
And wreath'd, and

She cut roses down,
And wreath'd, and

wreath'd, and

Rit.

a tempo

mp

wreath'd her bri-dal crown.
Death, death, play-ful,

wreath'd her bri-dal crown, bri-dal crown.
Death, death, play-ful,

wreath'd her bri-dal crown.
Death, death, play-ful,

14

Rit.

call'd her "blos-som,"
And tore her from life's bos-som.

call'd her "blos-som," "blos-som,"
And tore her from life's bos-som.

call'd her "blos-som," "blos-som,"
And tore her from life's bos-som.

21 *p a tempo*

Fair maid - den, or fair ghost, Come to the spec - tral host;
 Fair maid - den, or fair ghost, Come to the spec - tral host; And,
 Fair maid - den, or fair ghost, Come to the spec - tral host; And,

Poco rit.

28 *pp poco meno mosso*

cold world's shame, Soft, soft, soft cry
 to the cold world's shame, Soft, soft, soft cry
 to the cold world's shame, Soft, soft, soft cry

Poco rit.

35 *pp a tempo (II)*

they, low, They pity thee most... Woe!
 they, soft low, They pity thee most... Woe!
 they, soft cry they, low, They pi - ty thee they, soft low, They pi - ty thee

Poco rit.

42

woe! Woe! Fair maid - den, fair ghost... Woe! woe!
woe! Woe! Fair mai - den, fair ghost... Woe! woe!
most... Fair mai - den, fair ghost...

mp a tempo primo

49

Woe! She cut ro - ses down, And wreath'd, and
Woe! She cut ro - ses down, And wreath'd, and
She cut ro - ses down, And wreath'd, and

Rit.

56

wreath'd her bri - dal crown. Woe!
wreath'd her bri - dal crown, bri - - - dal crown. Woe!
wreath'd her bri - dal crown. Woe!

III: Crumbs to the Birds

Giochevole

tutti: *mf*

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2014)

poem: Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

Soprano

Alto

Bass

Piano

A bird ap-pears a thought-less thing,
And keeps up such a car - ol -
ap-pears a thought-less thing,
And keeps up such a car - ol -
He's ev - er li-v ing on a wing,
such a car - ol -

5

mf

Poco rit.

ling, A man would guess had he.
ling, A man would guess had he.
ling, That lit - tle else to do he.

a tempo

mf

Poco rit.

That which so pa - tient - ly he bears,
That which so pa - tient - ly he bears,
And ve - ry hard he of - ten fares, pa - tient - ly he bears,

a tempo

14 *mf*

List - en - ing to those cheer - ful airs,
In want of
to those cheer - ful airs,
In want of
Who knows but he may be In want...

Poco rit.

poco meno mosso

mp

his next meal of seeds?
I think for that his sweet song
his next meal of seeds?
I think for that his sweet song
his next meal of seeds?
I think for that his sweet song

21

pleads.
If so, his pret - ty art suc - ceeds.
pleads.
If so, his pret - ty art suc - ceeds.
pleads.
If so, his pret - ty art suc - ceeds.

25

I'll scatter there among the weeds
I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small weeds

I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small

31 *Rit.*

crumbs I see.
crumbs I see.
crumbs I see.