Madrigals for 3 Voices

for

Soprano, Alto, and Bass
Soloists or Small Choir

by

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Harvey Music Editions
Madrigals for 3 Voices

I: Count of Time

Andando

Soprano: How shall we count, we count, how shall we count our

Alto: How shall, how shall we, how shall count our

Bass: How shall we count, shall we count, How

Piano: (for rehearsal only)

Poco rit.

Nay, Love!

Nay, Love!

Nay, Love!

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a tempo

How shall our kisses count?
Our love's amount

How shall our kisses count?
Our love's amount

...our kisses, our kisses count?
Our love's amount the fount of time, the fount of time is ours. Count we,

love's amount the fount of time, the fount of time is ours. Count,

Poco rit.

Who counts, who

While the fount of time our kisses count...
counts, who counts his kisses, kisses

...his kisses, knows How much he did expend, knows

knows, kisses knows At his love's end.

How much he did expend At his love's end.

poco meno mosso

Our love shall have no close.

Our love shall have no close.
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

Rit.  

wreath'd her bridal crown. Death, death, playful,

wreath'd her bridal crown, bridal crown. Death, death, playful,

wreath'd her bridal crown. Death, death, playful,

Rit.

call'd her "blossom," And tore her from life's bosom.

call'd her "blossom," "blossom," And tore her from life's bosom.

call'd her "blossom," "blossom," And tore her from life's bosom.

Dirge

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

Delicato
tutti: \( mp \)

II: Dirge

Delicato tutti: \( mp \)
Fair maiden, or fair ghost, Come to the spectral host; And,

Poco rit.  

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.  

Poco a tempo (II)

they, low, They pity thee most... Woe!

they, soft low, They pity thee most... Woe!

they, soft cry they, low, They pity thee
III: Crumbs to the Birds

Giochevole

tutti: mf

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2014)
poem: Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

Soprano

A bird appears a thought-less thing,
And keeps up such a car-ol

Alto

Ap-pears a thought-less thing,
And keeps up such a car-ol

Bass

He's ev'er li-ving on a wing,
such a car-ol

Piano

Poco rit.

mf

A man would guess had he.

That lit-tle else to do
he.

mf

Poco rit.

That which so pa-tient-ly he bears,

And ve-ry hard he of-ten faires,
pa-tient-ly he bears,

a tempo

That which so pa-tient-ly he bears,
Listen ing to those cheer ful airs,

In want of
to those cheer ful airs,

Who knows but he may be

In want...

Poco rit.
poco meno mosso

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

Pleads.

If so, his pretty art succeeds.

Pleads.

If so, his pretty art succeeds.

Pleads.

If so, his pretty art succeeds.
I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small

Rit.

I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small

weeds

I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small

weeds

Rit.