

*My pulse is languid,
all my senses die...*

for

Voice and Piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

HARVEY MUSIC EDITIONS

My pulse is languid, all my senses die

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2016)

text: 'Samuel' William Henry Ireland (1777-1835)

Sentimentale, andantino, frase larga

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Rit. , *a tempo* esp.
My pulse is lan-guid, all my sen-ses die, my
echo,
sen - ses die... My heart o - ver flows I weep, yet know not
Rit.
why... My eyes trans - fix'd for - get their

won - ted rest; my heart's the chro - ni - cle of love.

Rit.

a tempo

Come, let the drop of feel - ing flow, let the

Molto rit.

feel - ing flow: And nought re - mains the ra - ging fe - ver

a tempo Rit.

dies of woe.