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

for 
Voice and Piano 

by 
Justin Henry Rubin
My pulse is languid, all my senses die

Sentimentale, andantino, frase larga

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

My heart over flows

I weep, yet know not

why...

My eyes trans-fix’d forget their
wonted rest; my heart's the chronicle of love.

Rit.  

**a tempo**  

Come, let the drop of feeling flow, let the

**Molto rit.**  

feeling flow: And nought remains the raging fever

**a tempo Rit.**  

dies of woe.