Poets Forever at Dawn

for

voice and piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

Harvey Music Editions
This collection of songs draws upon the work of authors who did not live long enough to fully develop the potential that their talents warranted.

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Poets Forever at Dawn

music by Justin Henry Rubin (2008)

1. Farewell

by John Keegan Casey (1846-70)

Altieramente $\dot{=} 72$

Rit. a tempo

Fare-well!

the brown moon rises high Above the dun gray sea,
While by the lone beach now I
sigh My last farewell to thee:
Rit.  

Land of my race!

sad land of tears!

Pride of my youthful song!
a tempo

Farewell... the

Rit.

a tempo

dreams of coming years

Up on my

Rit.

a tempo

boism throng!

I've sung ere-

a tempo

while the exile's fate,

Nor dreamt it
would be mine,

all the storms of guile and hate

tear my heart from thine...
Its pulses still shall

dwell, Where now with saddened voice and low I

murmur thee, farewell! farewell!

farewell!
Affannato \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{m}} = 56 \)

I am sitting alone 'neath the almond trees, the
almond trees, the almond trees

In the dusky gloom

of a summer night; And there's scarcely a sound save the evening breeze

That glides
tho' the branches with foot-step light.

It is passing away,

but the troubled tree Is rustling, trembling, mur-mur-ing still.
I listen and

think, till it see-meth to me, That whis-per-ing

Bri-ches its bran-ches fill, its bran-ches

Poco meno mosso

fill.
They are singing of joy, they are singing of joy and sighing of woe, That the future years have in store for me;
But their voices have sunk to a whisper low,

And all they are telling is
Rit.

Poco meno mosso

my - ste-ry!

Rit.
If some could 'scape the gloomy grave, And live in this low world for ever, Then friends might weep if nought could save A friend from death's dark river.

Consolante $\textit{j} = 52$

by John Bethune (1812-39)
But all must

go; the rich... the poor...

Must

cross that stream!....

what matter

when?
The longest here will most endure,
While friends in sorrow see

Yet weep!... these drops the heart relieve

When we are left and friends are gone,
49

a tempo

gone;

Rit.

54

a tempo

And he is poor who can not grieve

58

left upon the earth alone, the earth alone,

62

earth alone.
Then let our wish to God on high, Through
life, be such a wish as this.

Rit.

a tempo
To live until prepared to die, And only

die when fit for bliss, for

bliss, for bliss.

dim. poco a poco
4. Some few Lines made upon the sight of Printed Papers of Mr. William Houstouns

by William Cleland (1661?-89)

Andando \( \frac{j}{4} = 62 \)

\( \text{To die ob-} \)

\( \text{risone} \)

\( \text{it must be a dismay-} \)

\( \text{self,} \)

\( \text{Since} \)

\( \text{sempre} \)

\( \text{at} \)
such a rate; As burning Cities, raz-
ing Regal seats. Des-

troying Temples' over-turning States.
Rit. poco

But meaner spirits whom

Des - ti - ny con - tracts,

Not to as - pi - re un - to

such Glo - ri - ous Acts;
Glo·ri·ous Acts;

Yet

Phae·tons in con·ceit,

will be con·tent

E're

Fame

be wan·ting wan·ting
Rit. poco  

a tempo

to be Fools in Print, to be

Print.

Fools in Print.

Rit.

3X

dim.

3X