Soft Songs

for

voice and piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin
Soft Songs

Settings of Four Intimate Poems

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I: The Eagle (a fragment)
text by Lord Alfred Tennyson

II: Who I love…
text by the composer

III: At Melville's Tomb
text by Hart Crane

IV: The Everlasting Voices
text by W.B. Yeats
The Eagle (a fragment)
a setting of the Lord Alfred Tennyson poem

\[ \text{\textit{Gently gliding}} \quad \text{\textit{With soft pedal throughout}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Rit. poco}} \quad \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Rit. molto}} \quad \text{\textit{A}} \quad \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

He clasps the crag with
crooked hands; Close to the sun in

lone lands...

allow to resonate

with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls...
And like a
allow to resonate

C *a tempo*
thunderbolt he falls.

Rit. molto

D a tempo

Rit. poco

a tempo

Rit. molto al fine

repeat ad lib.
Who I Love...

Relaxed, almost limp

music and text by Justin Henry Rubin

Who I love, I will love forever more. You my heart belongs to now, belongs to you my only love. Let resonate

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It is you, my beloved

that I care for. Without you I would relinquish

all my hope of happiness.

let resonate
At Melville's Tomb

a setting of the Hart Crane poem

Justin Henry Rubin
(2000)

Tempo ad libitum

...and were...
And wrecks passed without sound of bells, The calyx of death’s bounty giving back A scatter’d chapter, livid hieroglyph, the portent wound in corrigadors of...

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil, Its lashings charm’d and malice reconciled...
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars; And silent answers crept across the...
Com-pass, qua-drant and sex-tant con-trive No far-ther tides.

High in the a-zure steeps Mono-dy shall not wake the ma-ri-ner.
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps...
The Everlasting Voices
a setting of the W. B. Yeats poem

\[ \text{\(j = 66\)} \]

With a little rubato

\begin{music}
\text{O sweet everlasting voices be still;}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\text{Go to the guards of the heavenly fold}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\text{And bid them wandering obeying your will Flame under flame,}
\end{music}

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Justin Henry Rubin
(2000)
till Time be no more;

Have you not heard that our hearts are old,

That you call in birds, in wind on the

hill, In sha-ken boughs in tide on the shore?
O sweet everlasting

Voices be still...

Rit. al fine

be still.