Three Songs of Solitude, Loss, and Transience

for

baritone and piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

HARVEY MUSIC EDITIONS
Three Songs of Solitude, Loss, and Transience

Settings
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I: Solitude
poem by Harold Monro (1879-1932)

II: I Do Not Love Thee
poem by Caroline Norton (1808-1877)

III: Transience
poem by Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949)
Gently resonant with some rubato; not too slow, but very expressive

When you have tidied all things for the night,

And while your thoughts are fading to their sleep, You'll pause a
moment in the late firelight,

Too sorrowful to weep.

Too sorrowful to weep.
The large and gentle

fur-ni-ture has stood In sym-pa-thet-ic si-lence,

si-lence all the day Ne-ver-the-less the haun-ten-d room will say:
"Some-one must be away."

Rit.  C  Poco meno mosso

A distant engine whistles, or the floor Creaks,
or the wand'ring night-wind bangs a door, bangs a door.

Silence is scattered like a broken glass, The minutes

prick their ears and run about, Then one by one subside again, one by
one, Se-date-ly in, one by one...

You bend your head and

wipe a-way, wipe a tear. So-li-tude walks one hea- vy step more near.
II: *I Do Not Love Thee*

poem by Caroline Norton (1808-1877)

music by Justin Henry Rubin

*Irreverent; light and brisk*

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I do not love thee! No! I do not love thee!

And yet when thou art absent I am

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sad; And ev’n the bright blue sky above thee,

Whose stars may see thee and be glad.
I do not love thee! yet, I know not why,

What - - 'er thou does seems still well done, to
me...

And of-ten in my so-li-tude I

That those I do love are not more like

tempo I

thee!
I do not love thee!
yet when thou art gone I hate the sound
(though those who speak, who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone

Meno mosso
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee! yet thy speaking
eyes, With their deep, bright and most expressive

blue... Between me and the midnight heaven

Rit. Meno mosso

a rise, More of- ten than any eyes I
knew.

as

I know I do not love the! yet a-

las! Others will scarce-ly trust my can-did
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass, 

cause they see me gazing where thou art.
III: Transience

poem by Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949)
music by Justin Henry Rubin

Gently swaying; resonant and quiet; rubato

Nay, do not grieve tho' life be

full of sadness,

Dawn will not veil her splendor

allow to resonate
for your grief,

Nor spring de-ny their bright, ap-poin-ted beauty...

To lo-tus

blos-som and a-sh-ka leaf.
Nay, do not pine, tho' life be dark with trouble,

Time will not pause or tar - ry
on his way;  
To-day that seems so long, so strange, so bitter, 

Will 

soon be some forgotten yesterday.
Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new dreams, new faces,
The unspent joy of all the
un-born years,  
Will prove your heart a traitor to its sorrow,