When the leaves are turning brown

for

SATB choir and organ

by

Justin Henry Rubin
Based on the poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen (1832–1911)

Never is my heart so gay
In the budding month of May,
Never does it beat a tune
Half so sweet in bloomy June,
Never knows such happiness
As on such a day as this,
When October dons her crown,
And the leaves are turning brown.

Breathe, sweet children, soft regrets
For the vanished violets;
Sing, young lovers, the delights
Of the golden summer nights;—
Never in the sunnier hours
On my way such radiance showers
As from heaven falls softly down,
When the leaves are turning brown.

Braid your girdles, fresh and gay,
Children, in the bloom of May;
Twist your chaplets in young June,
Maidens,—they will fade full soon;
Twine ripe roses, July-red,
Lovers, for the dear one's head;—
I will weave my richer crown
When the leaves are turning brown!
May, of May, in the budding, a tune so sweet

Never, never, beat a tune, a tune so sweet
When October dons her crown,

And the
leaves, the leaves

leaves are turning brown.

II: 4' alone (solo only)

or play 8ve higher than written
Breathe, sweet children, soft regrets, sweet

Breathe sweet children, breathe sweet soft

children, soft regrets

children, soft regrets

Breathe, soft regrets soft regrets

regrets regrets (II: with 8' returned)
a tempo

For the vanished violets, the vanished, the vanished, for the

Poco rit.

nished violets, violets...

va-nished vi-o-lets, vi-o-lets... va-nished vi-o-lets...

va-nished vi-o-lets, vi-o-lets,
85

I will weave my richer
down,

91

When the leaves are turning brown!

Rit.
Molto rit.