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

by

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I: *Solitude*

poem by Harold Monro (1879-1932)

II: *I Do Not Love Thee*

poem by Caroline Norton (1808-1877)

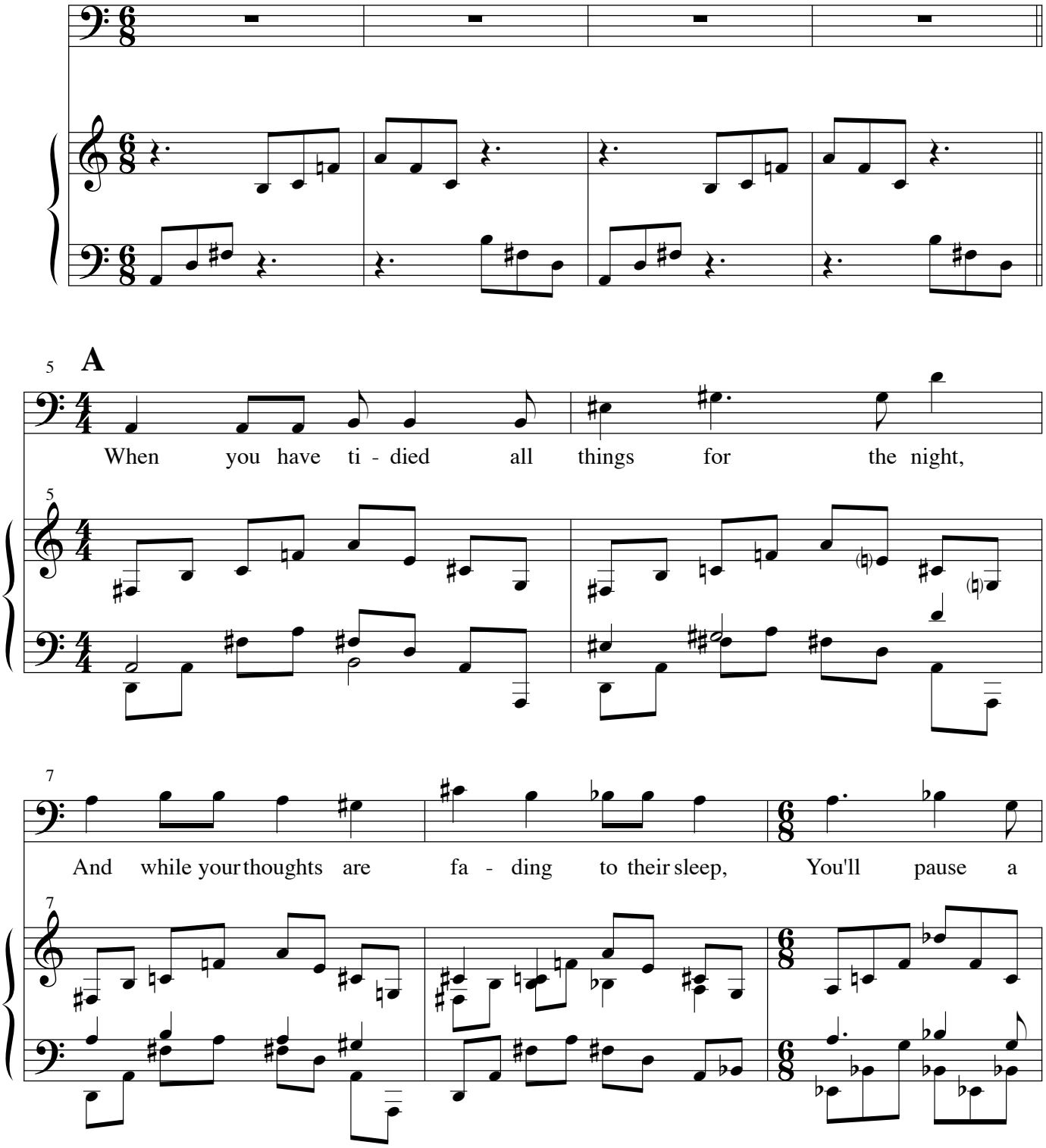
III: *Transience*

poem by Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949)

I: *Solitude*

poem by Harold Monro (1879-1932)
music by Justin Henry Rubin

Gently resonant with some rubato; not too slow, but very expressive



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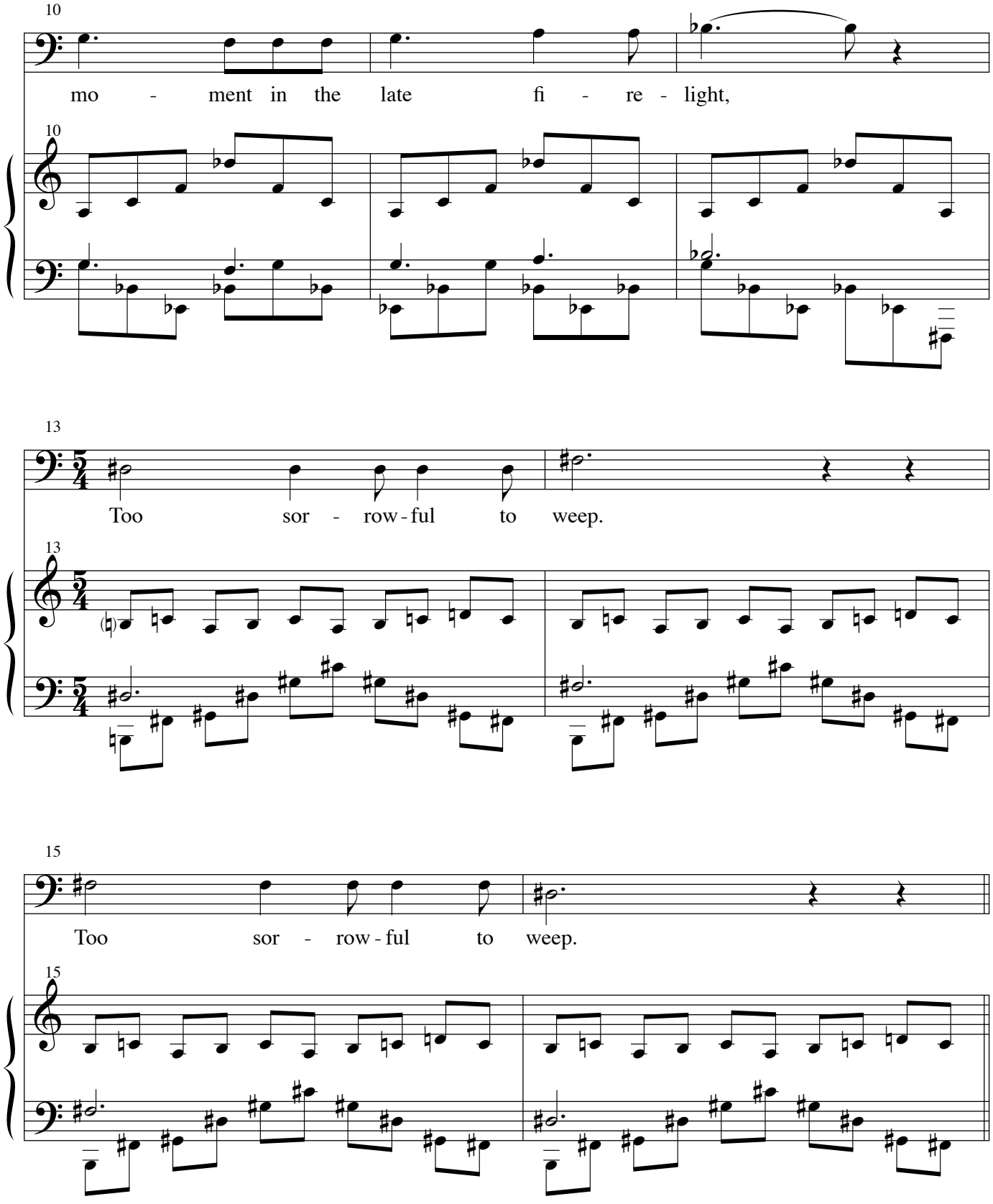
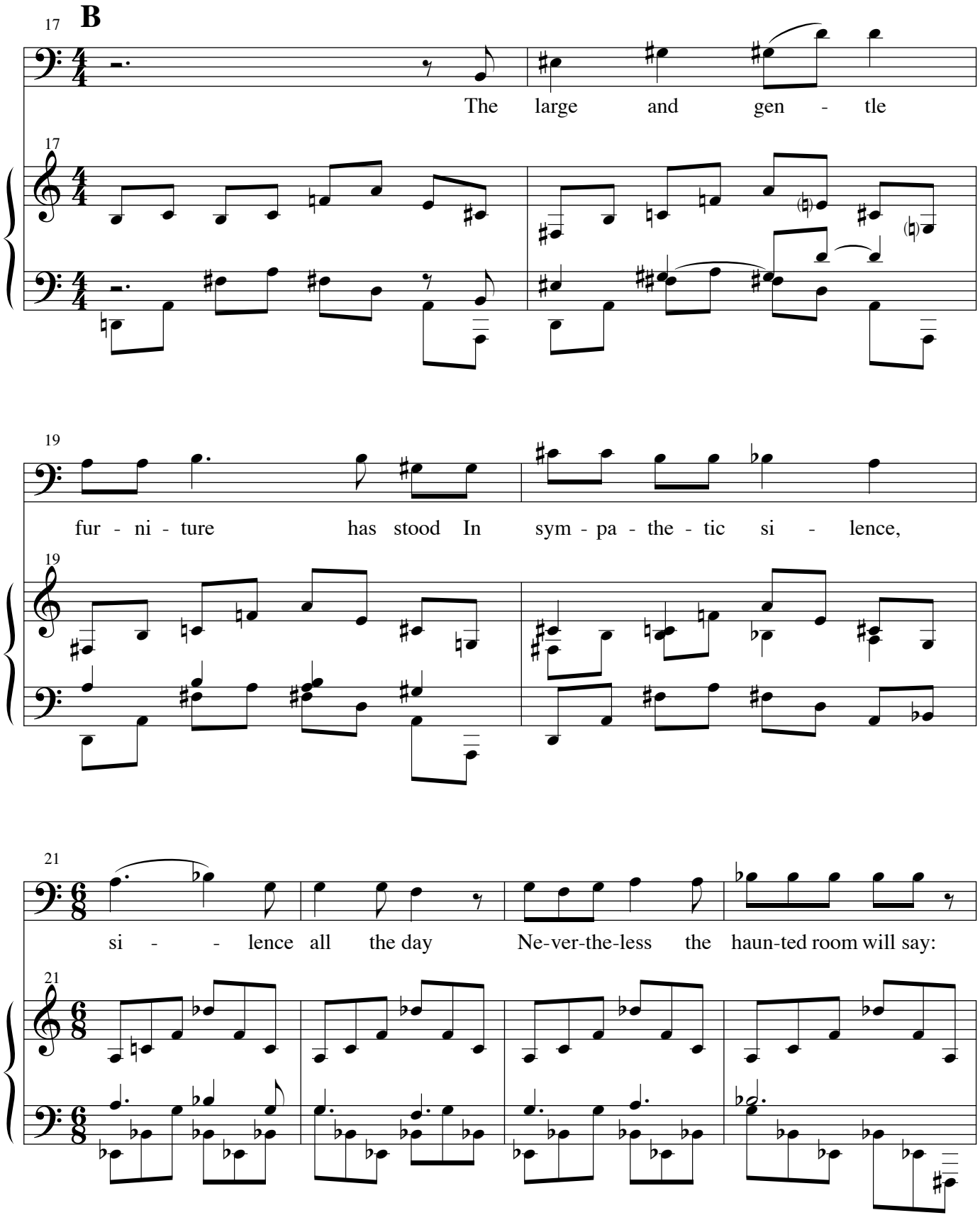
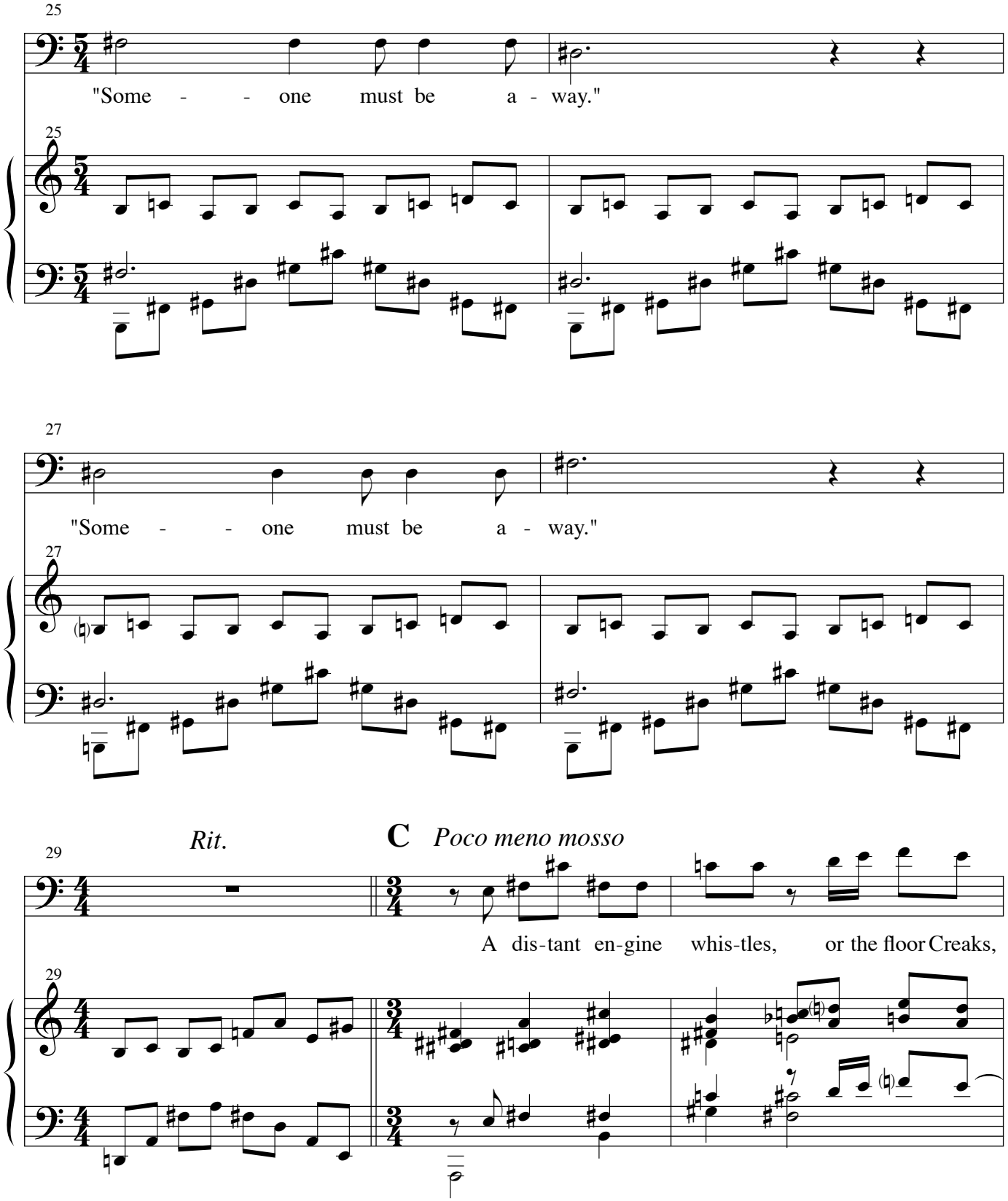
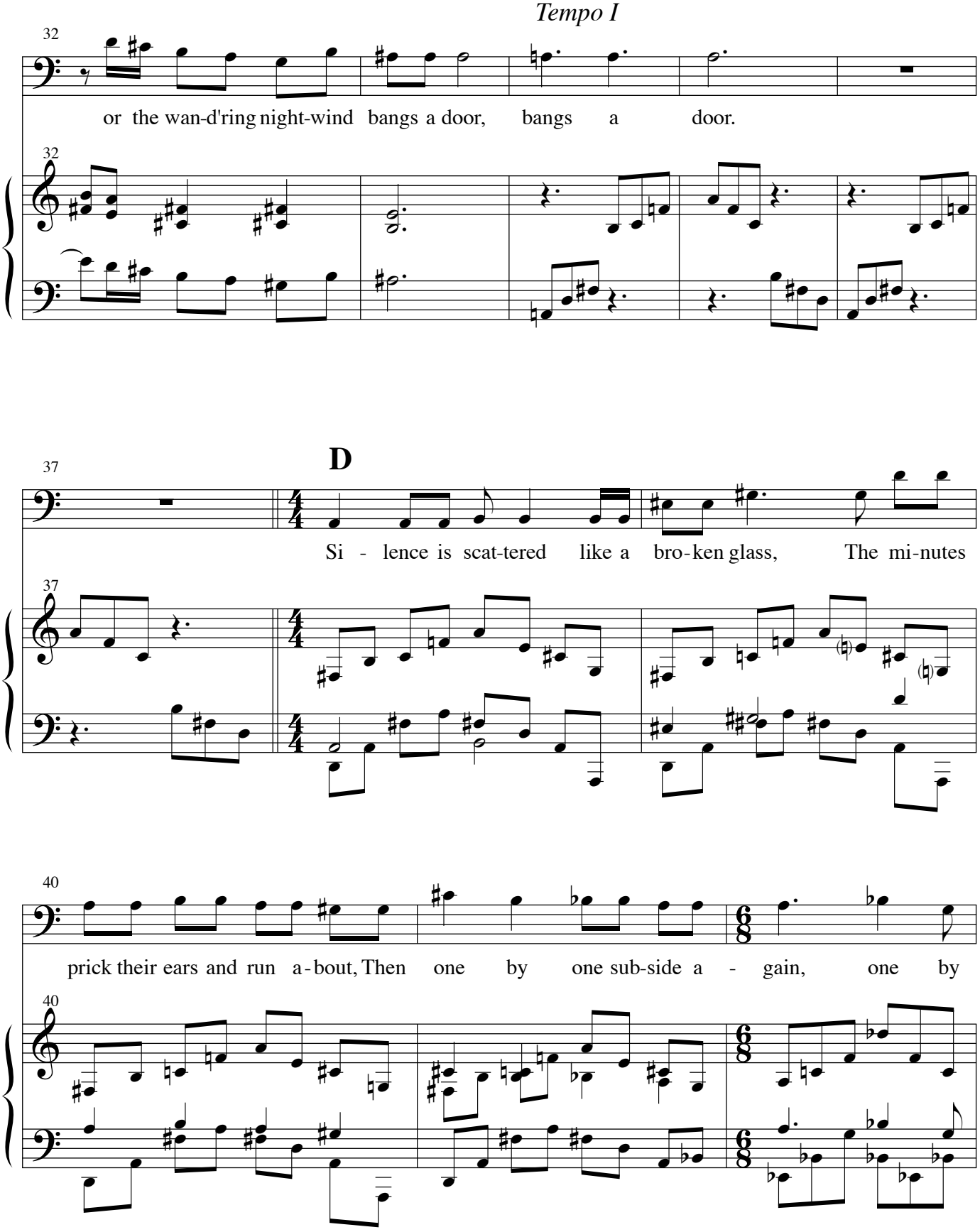
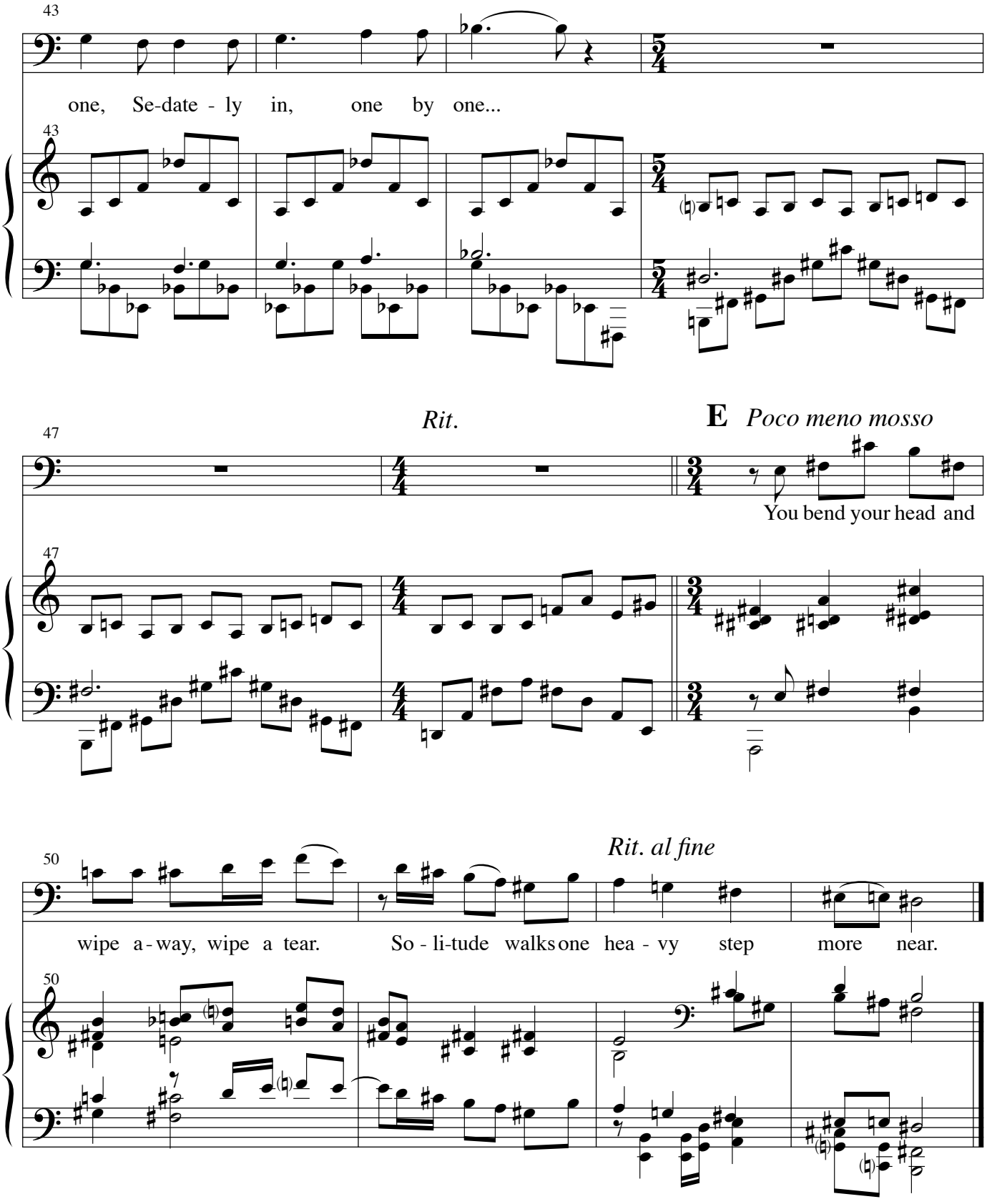

10
mo - ment in the late fi - re - light,
10
13
Too sor - row - ful to weep.
13
15
Too sor - row - ful to weep.
15


17
B
The large and gen - tle
19
fur - ni - ture has stood In sym - pa - the - tic si - lence,
21
si - - lence all the day Ne-ver-the-less the haun-ted room will say:


25
"Some - - one must be a - way."
25
27
"Some - - one must be a - way."
27
Rit.
C Poco meno mosso
29
A dis-tant en-gine whis-tles, or the floor Creaks,
29

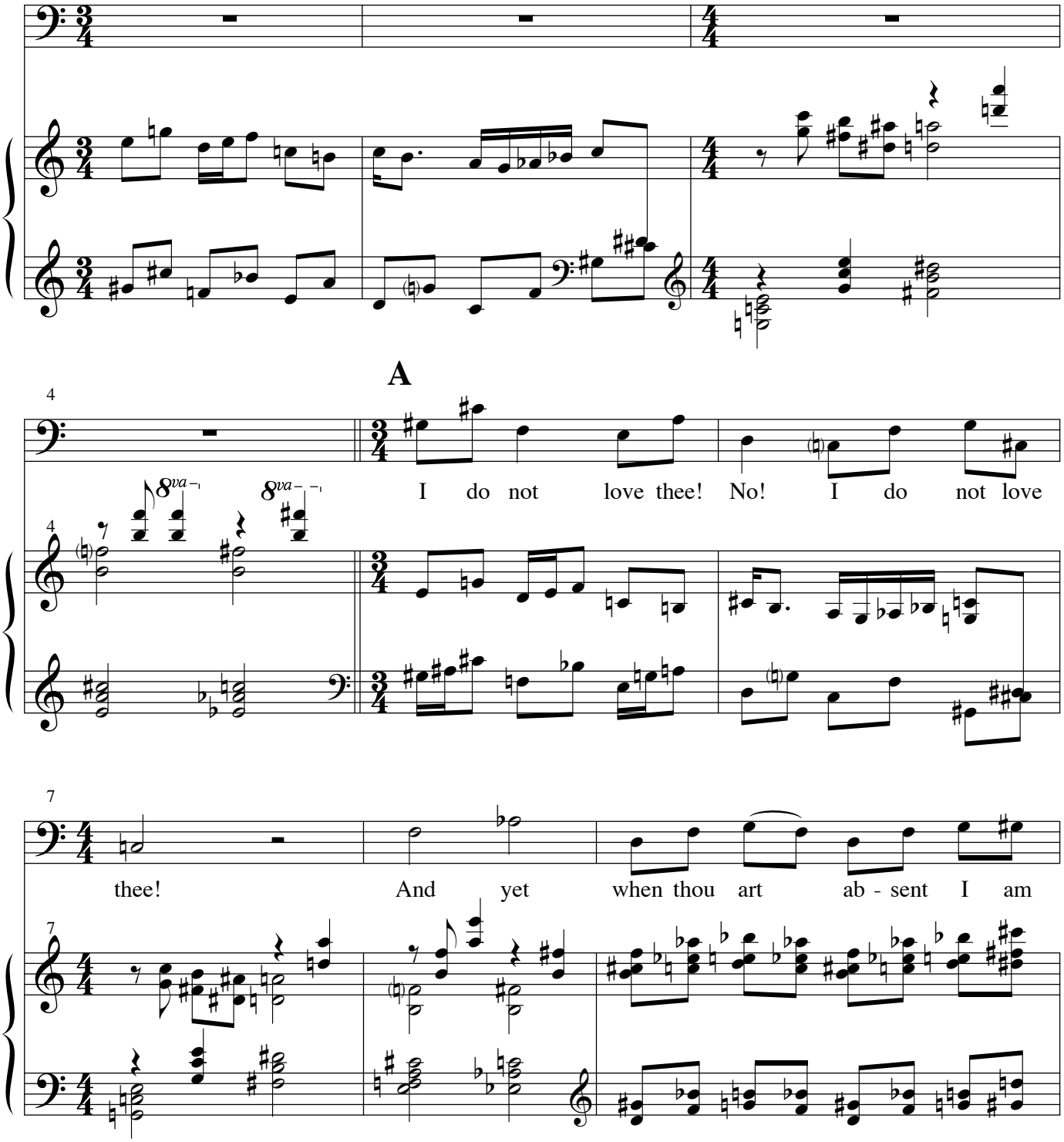

Tempo I
32
or the wan-d'ring night-wind bangs a door, bangs a door.
D
37
Si - lence is scat-tered like a bro-ken glass, The mi-nutes
40
prick their ears and run a-bout, Then one by one sub-side a - gain, one by


43
one, Se-date - ly in, one by one...
43
47
Rit.
E Poco meno mosso
You bend your head and
47
50
Rit. al fine
wipe a - way, wipe a tear. So - li-tude walks one hea - vy step more near.
50

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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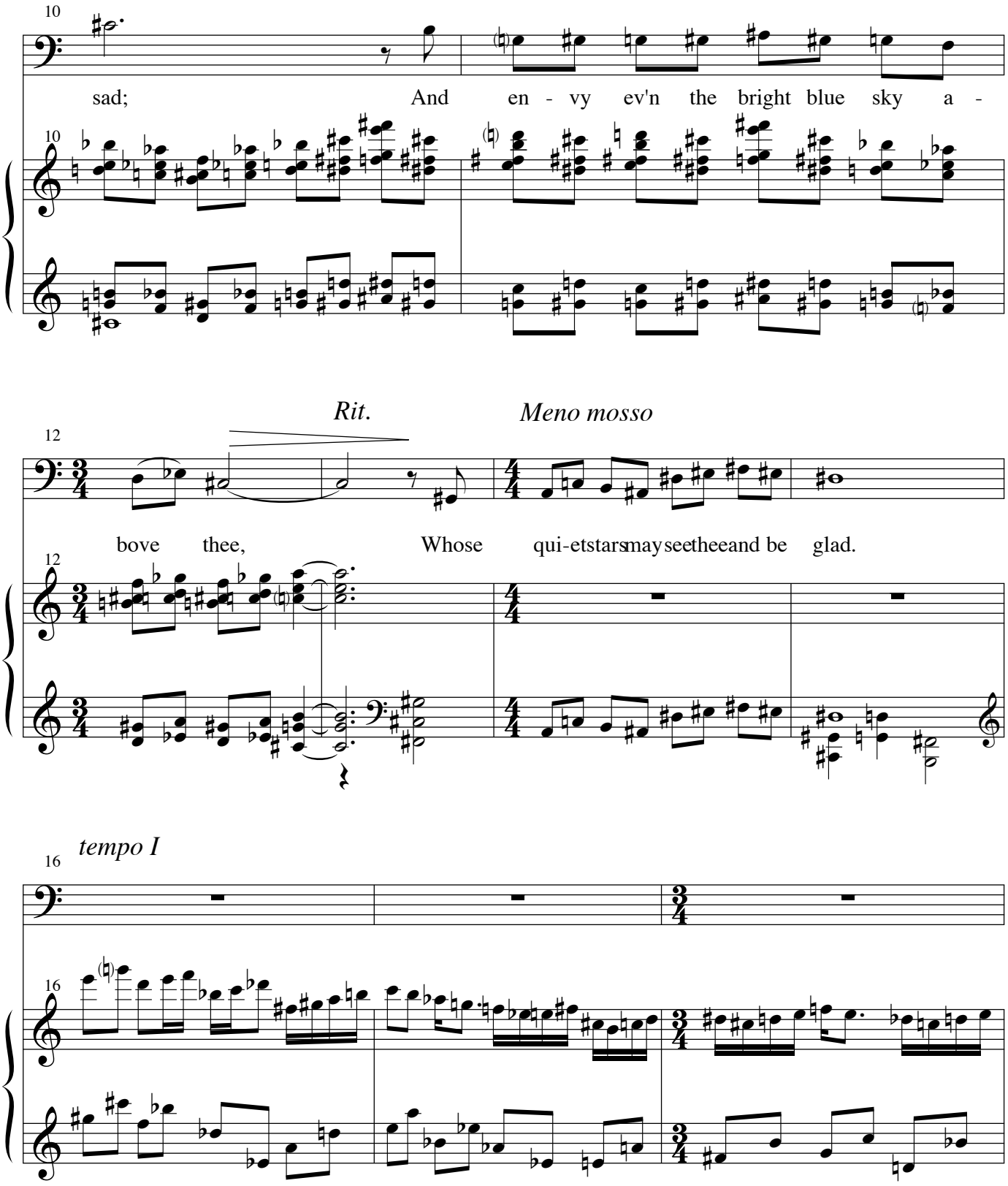
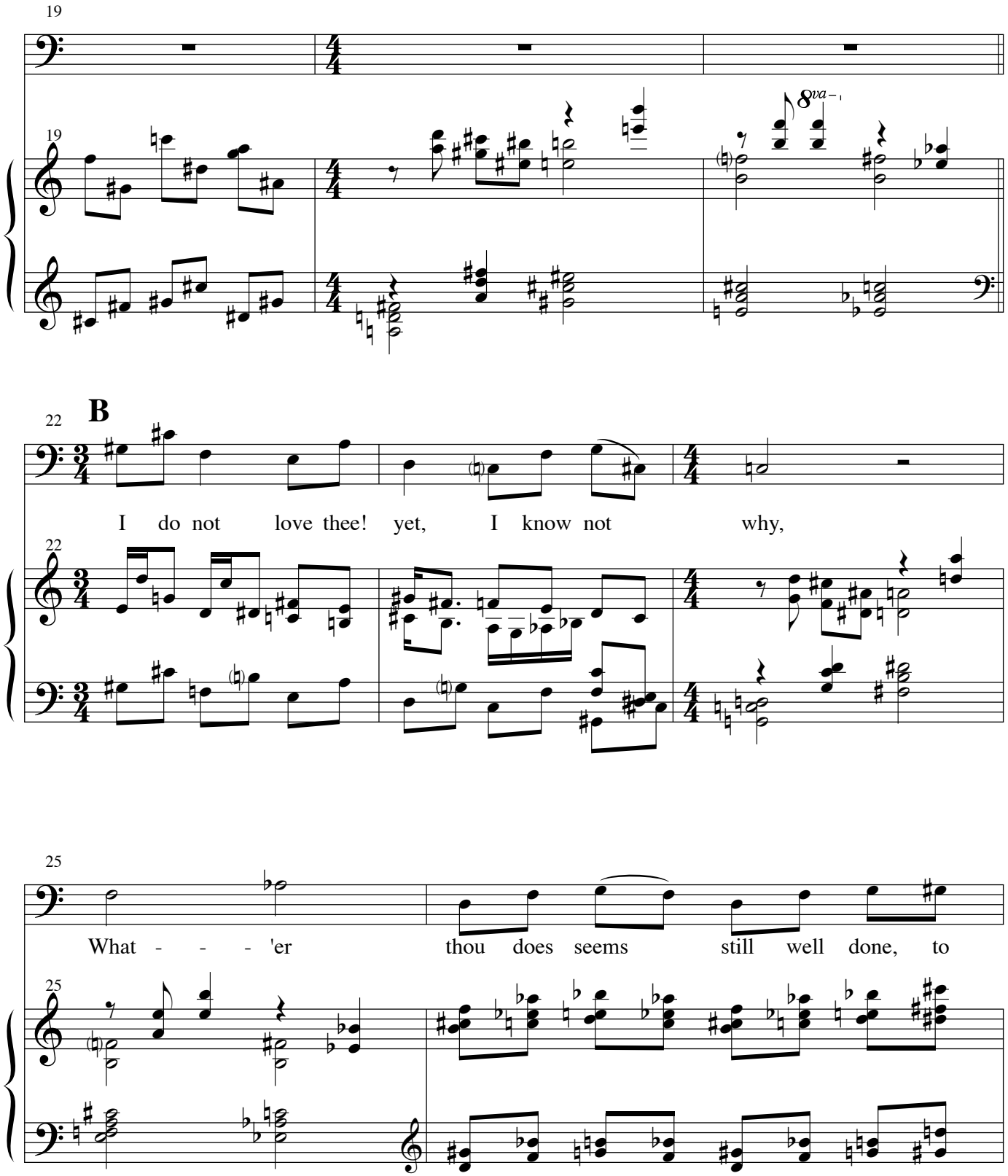
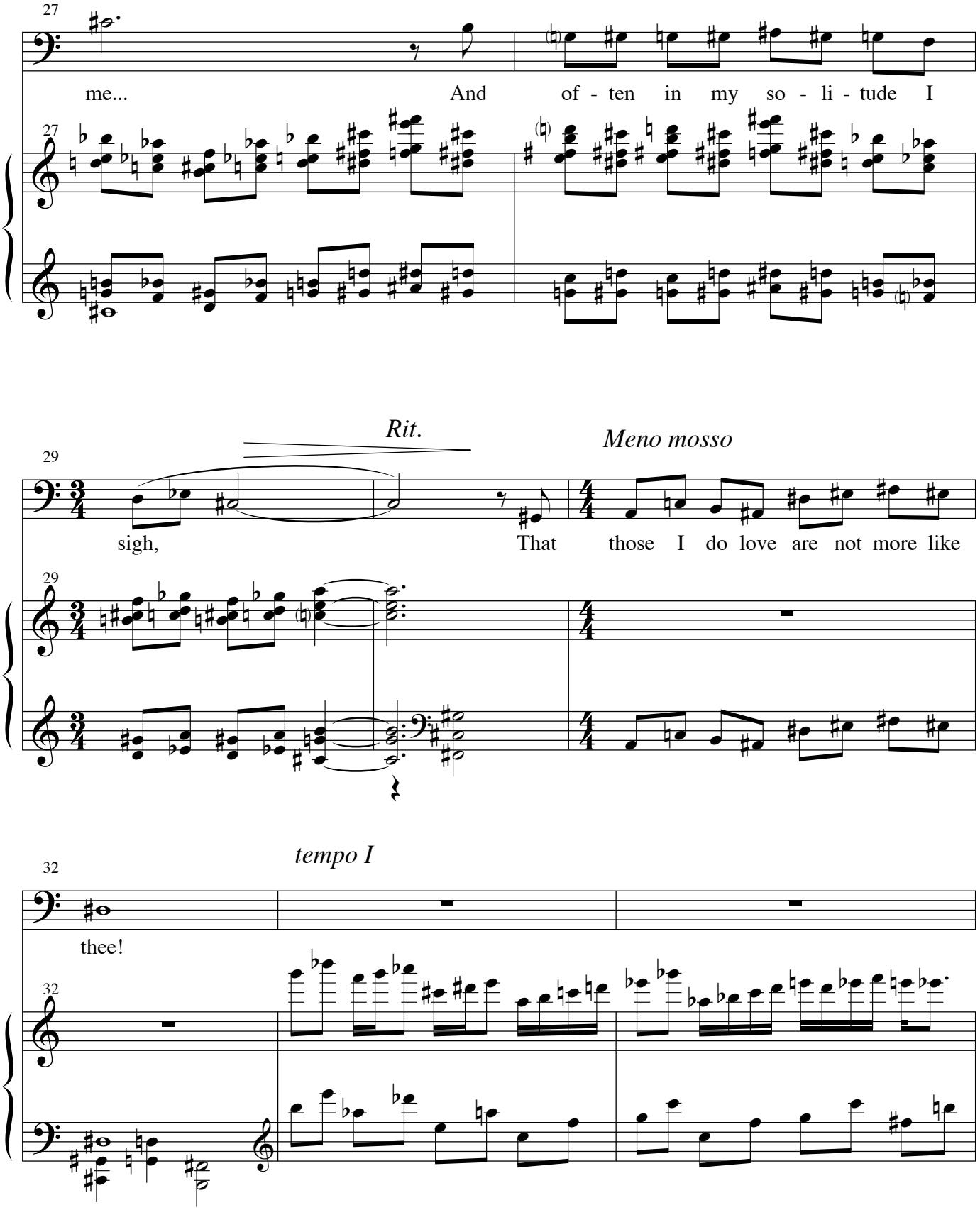
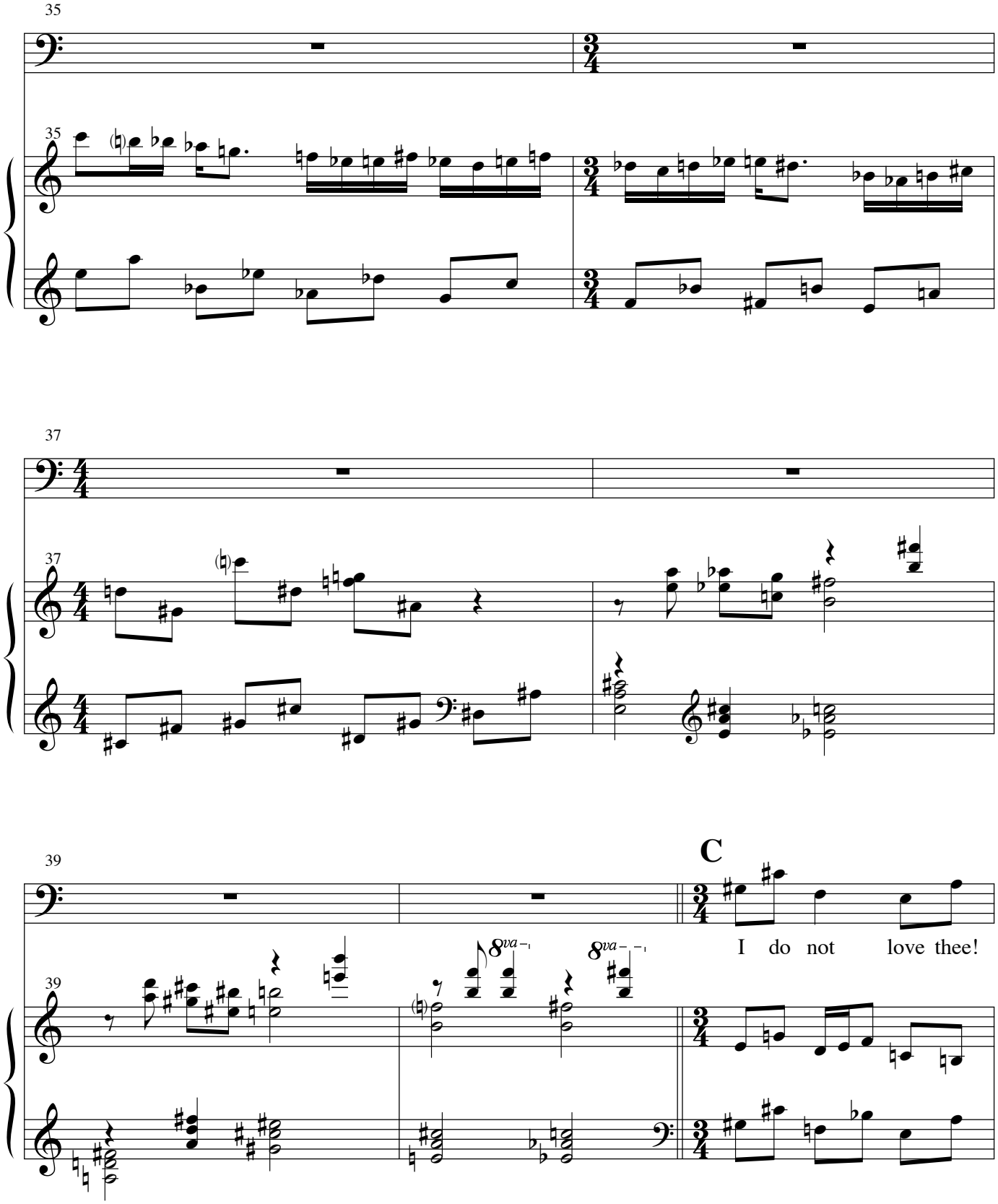
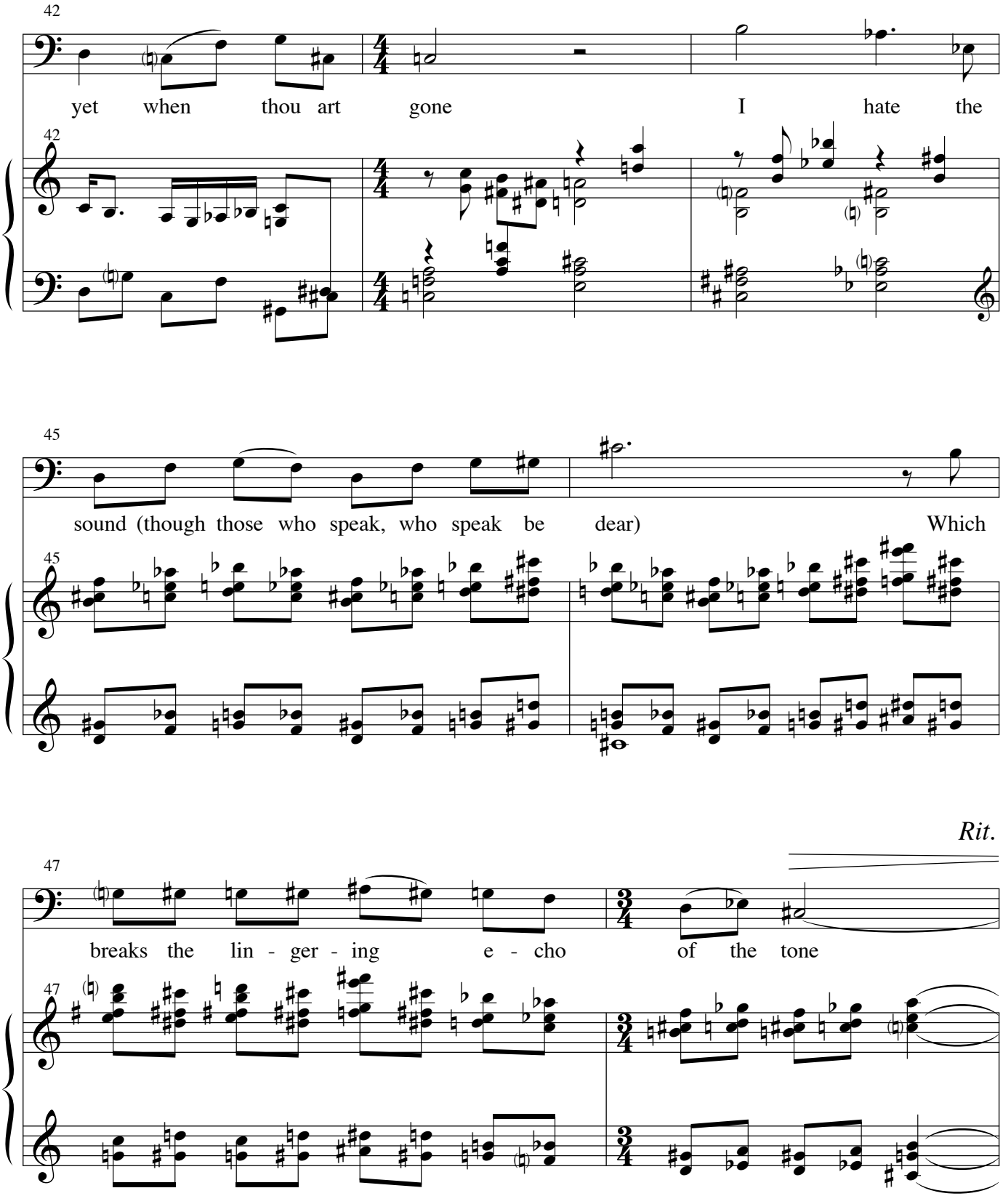
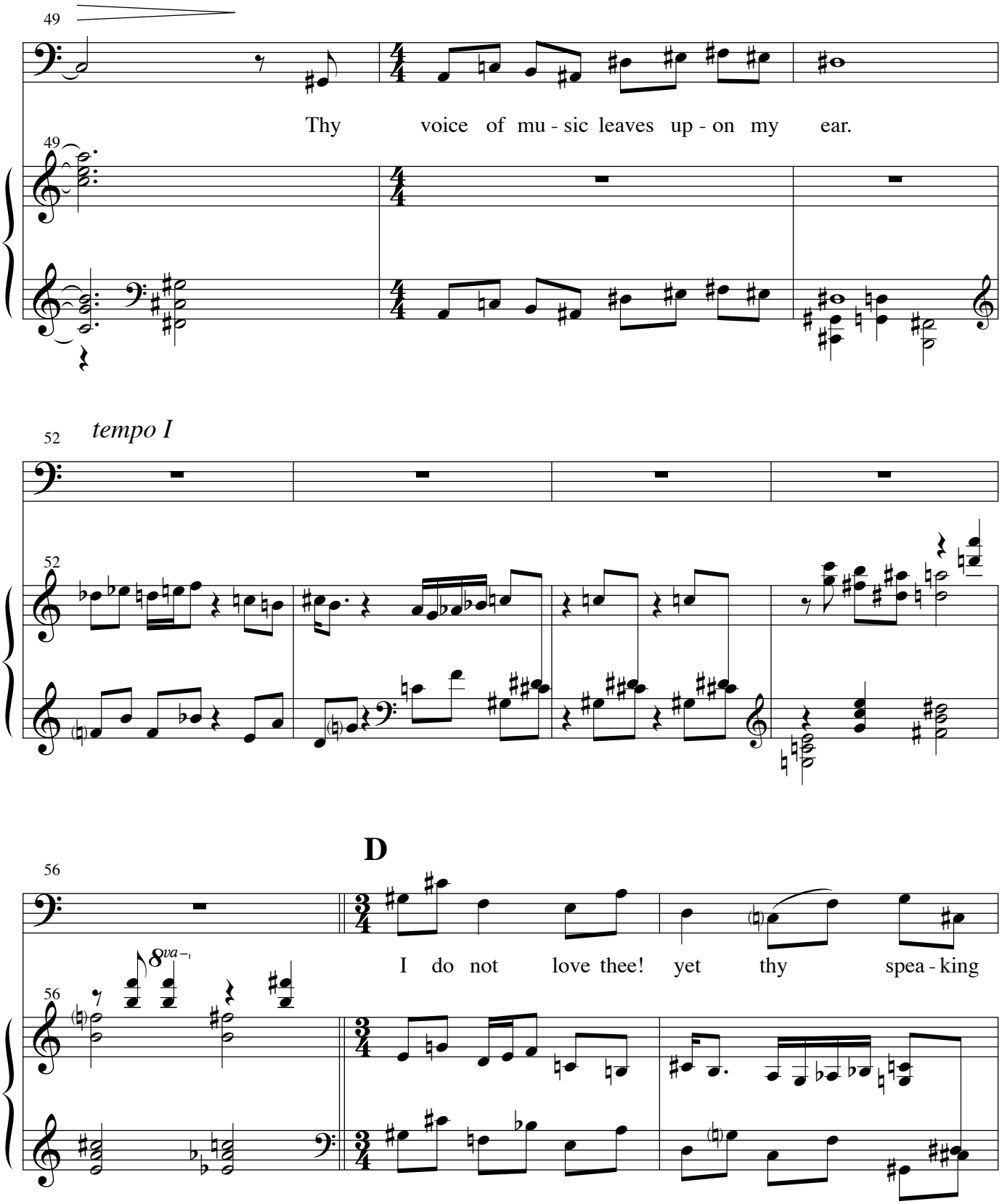

10
sad; And en - vy ev'n the bright blue sky a -
Rit.
Meno mosso
12
bove thee, Whose qui-etstarsmayseetheeand be glad.
tempo I
16

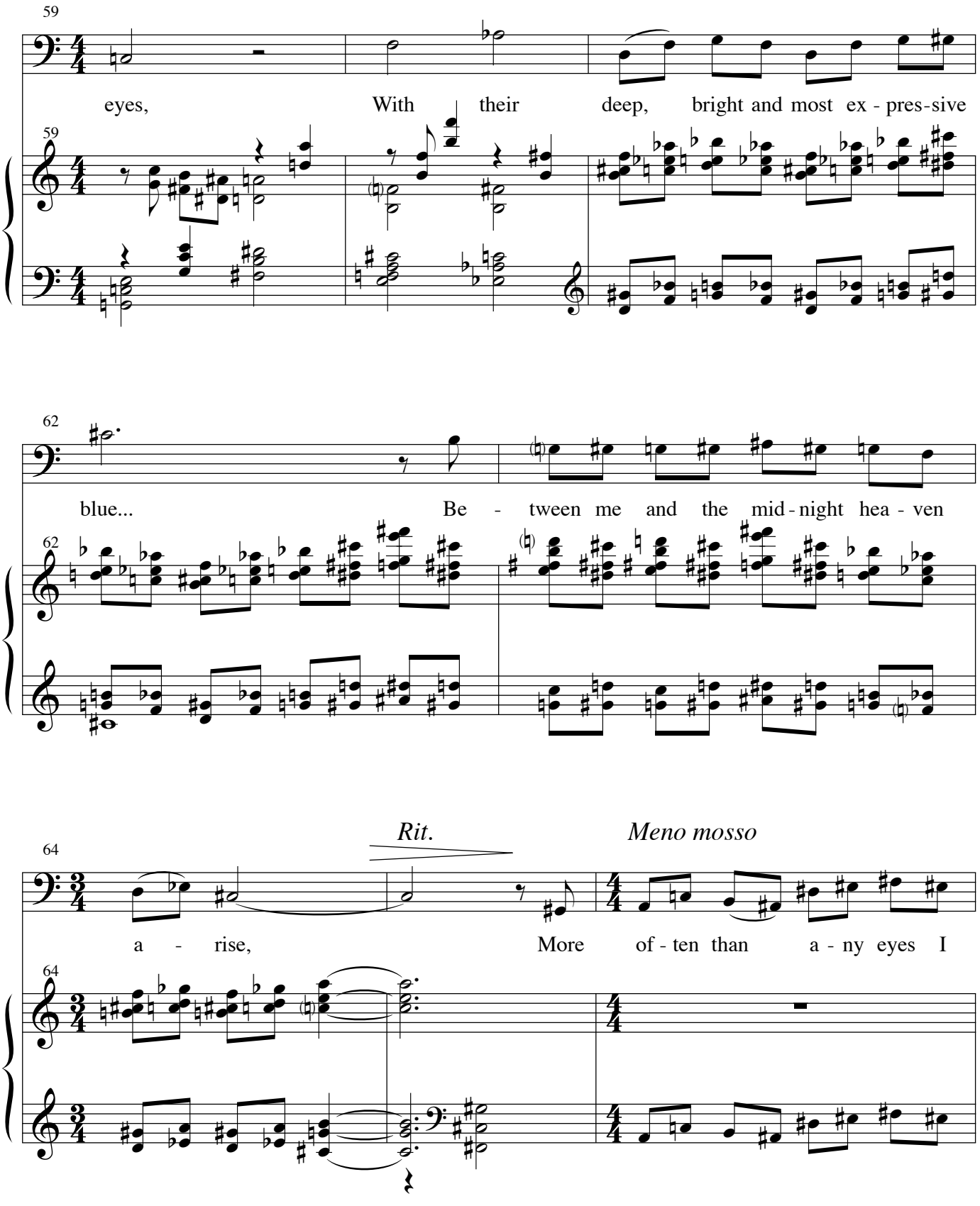

19
8va
B
I do not love thee! yet, I know not why,
What - - - 'er thou does seems still well done, to

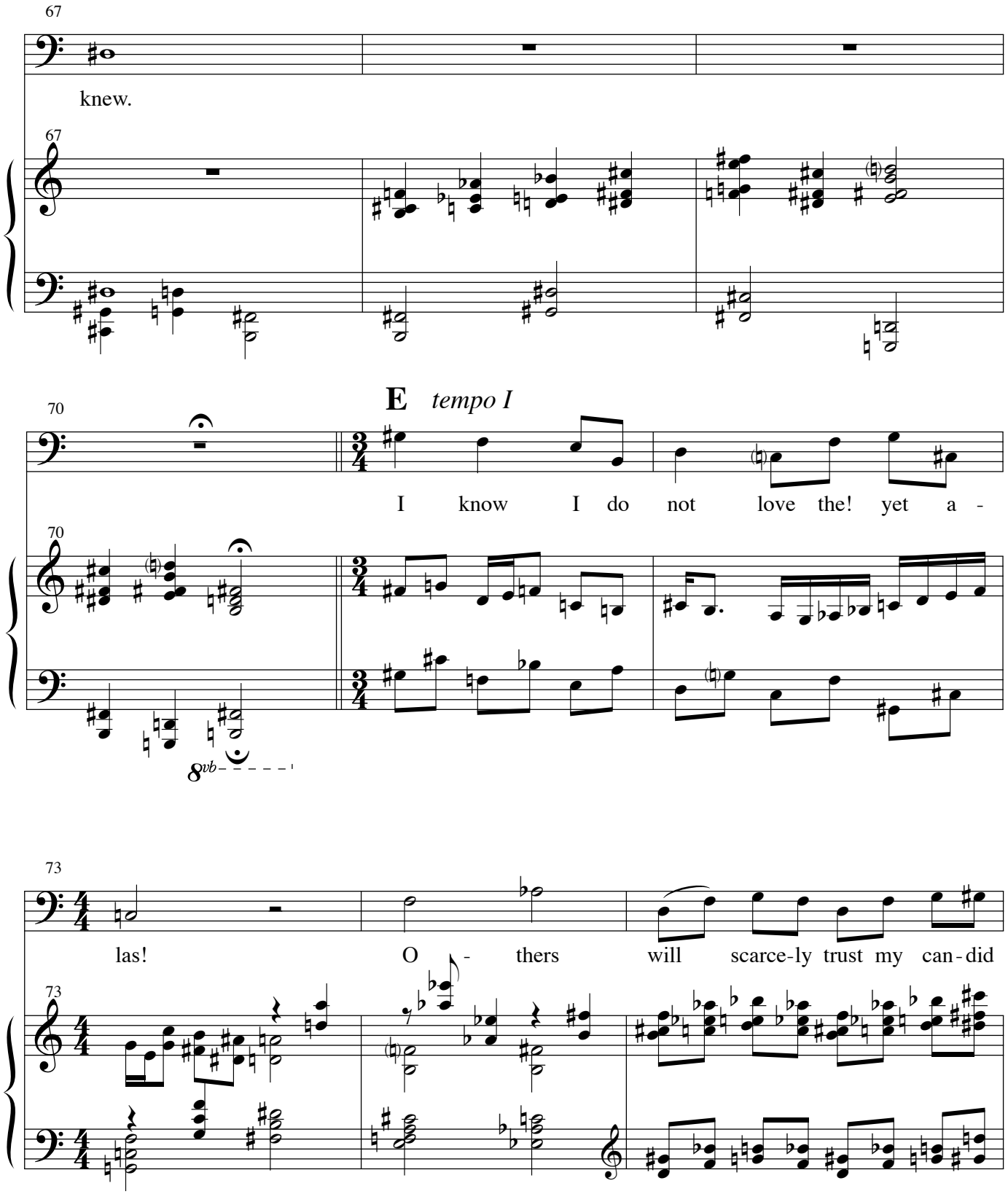

27
me...
And of - ten in my so - li - tude I
27
Rit.
Meno mosso
29
sigh,
That those I do love are not more like
29
tempo I
32
thee!
32

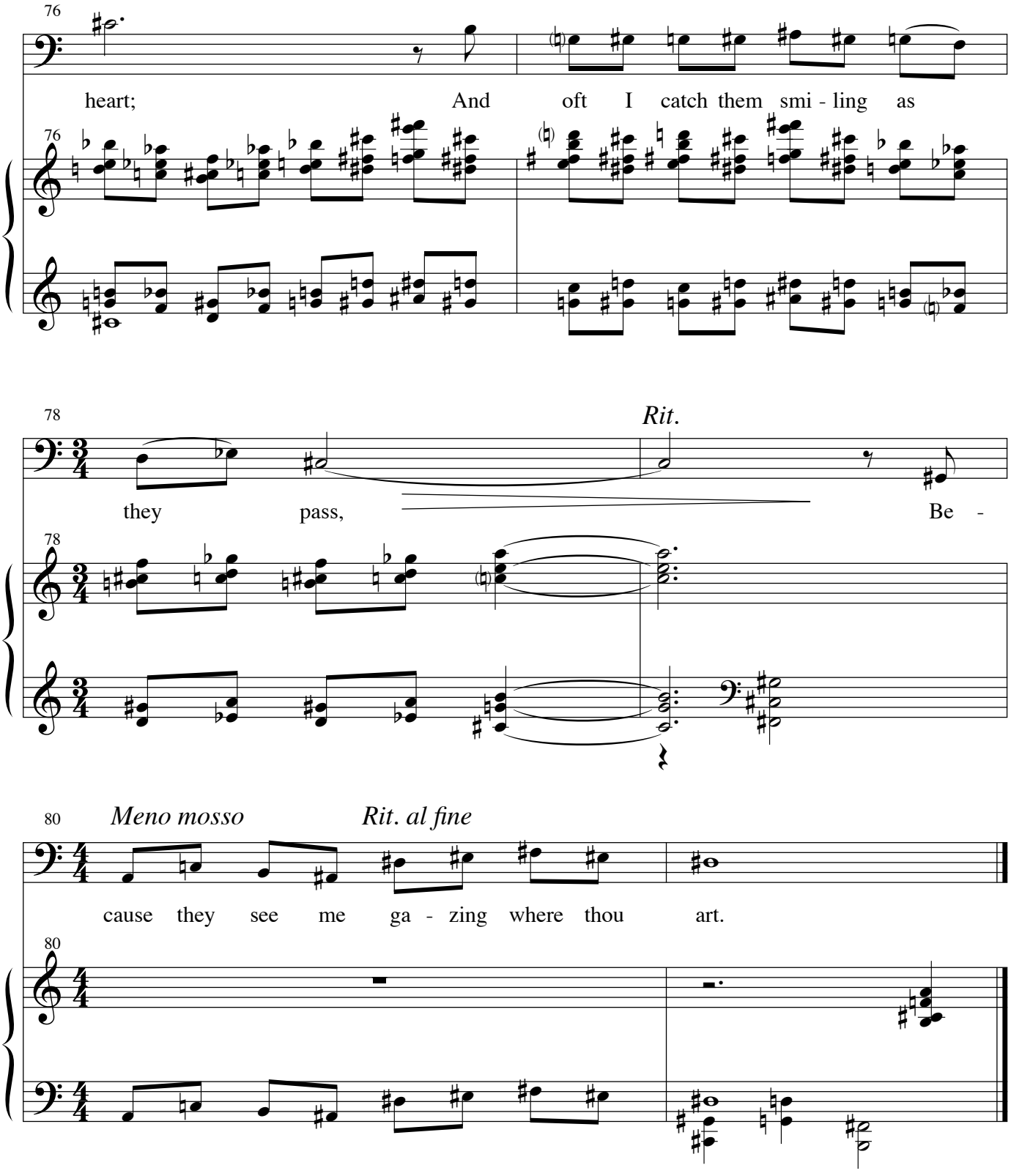

35
35
37
37
39
39
C
I do not love thee!
8va
8va


42
yet when thou art gone I hate the
45
sound (though those who speak, who speak be dear) Which
Rit.
47
breaks the lin - ger - ing e - cho of the tone
Meno mosso


49
Thy voice of mu - sic leaves up - on my ear.
49
52
tempo I
52
D
56
I do not love thee! yet thy spea - king
8va
56


59
eyes, With their deep, bright and most ex - pres-sive
62
blue... Be - tween me and the mid - night hea - ven
64
Rit.
Meno mosso
a - rise, More of - ten than a - ny eyes I

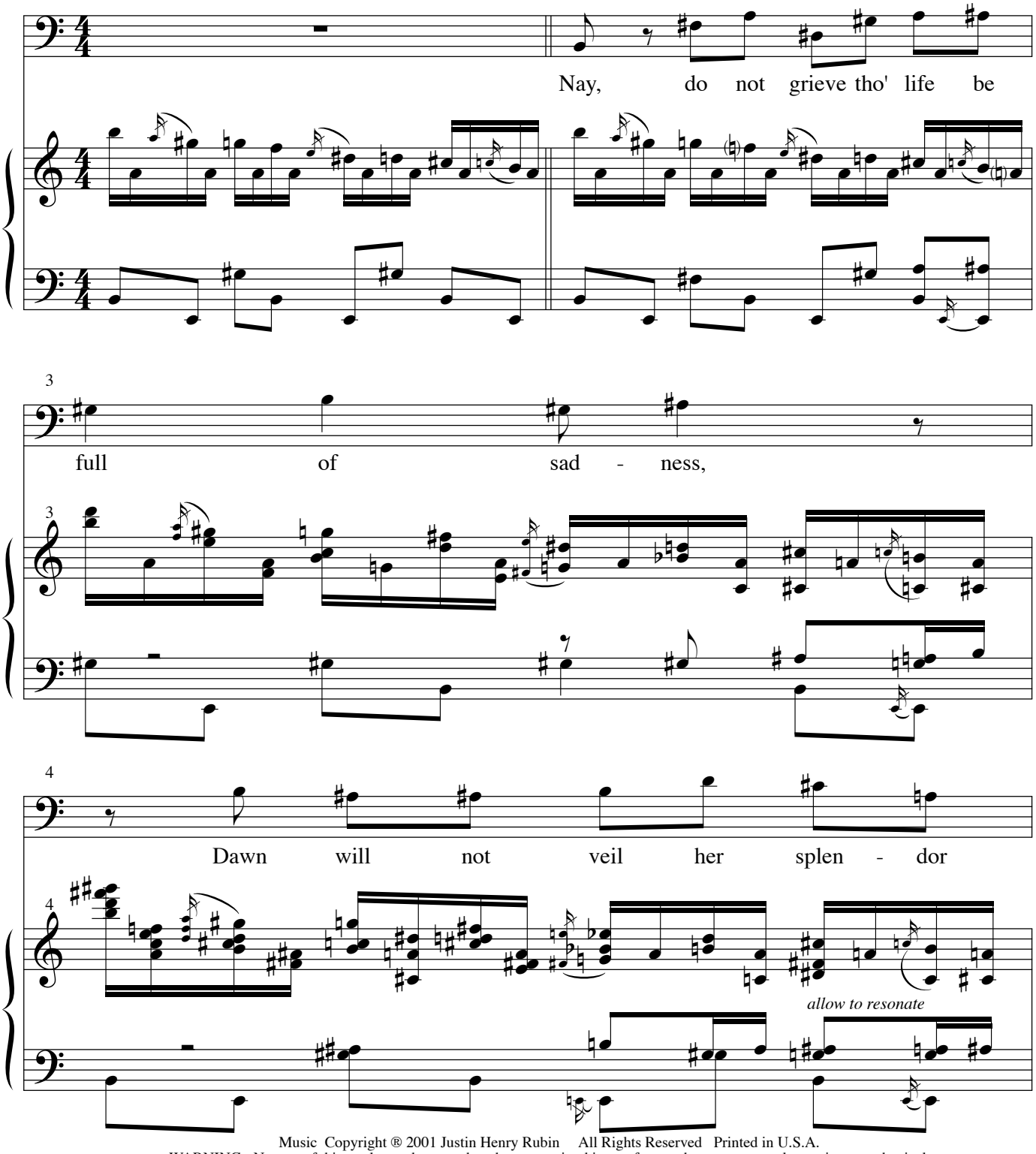

67
knew.
67
70
E tempo I
I know I do not love the! yet a -
70
8vb
73
las! O - thers will scarce-ly trust my can-did
73


76
heart;
And oft I catch them smi - ling as
78
Rit.
they pass,
Be -
80
Meno mosso
Rit. al fine
cause they see me ga - zing where thou art.

III: *Transience*

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

Gently swaying; resonant and quiet; rubato **A**



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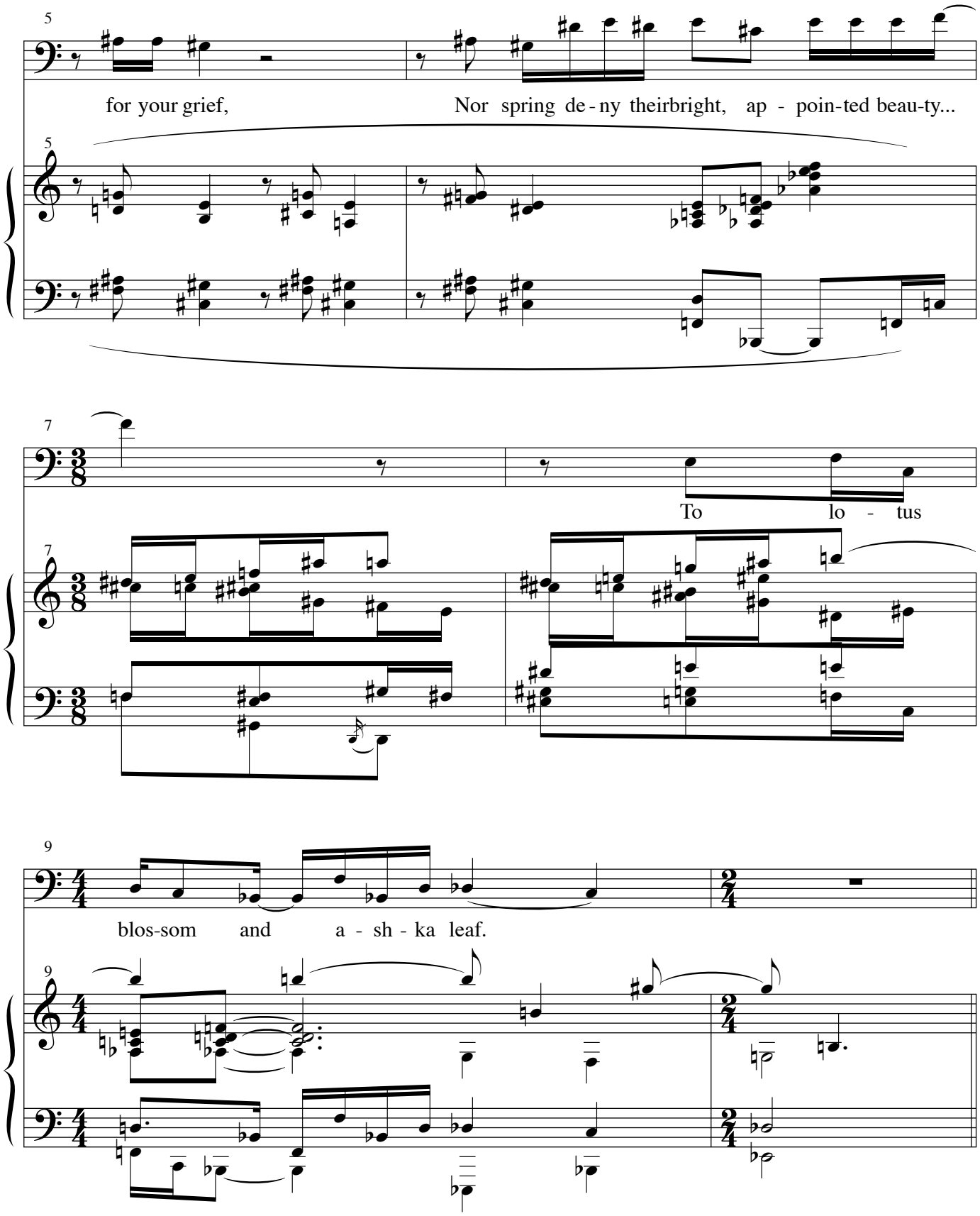
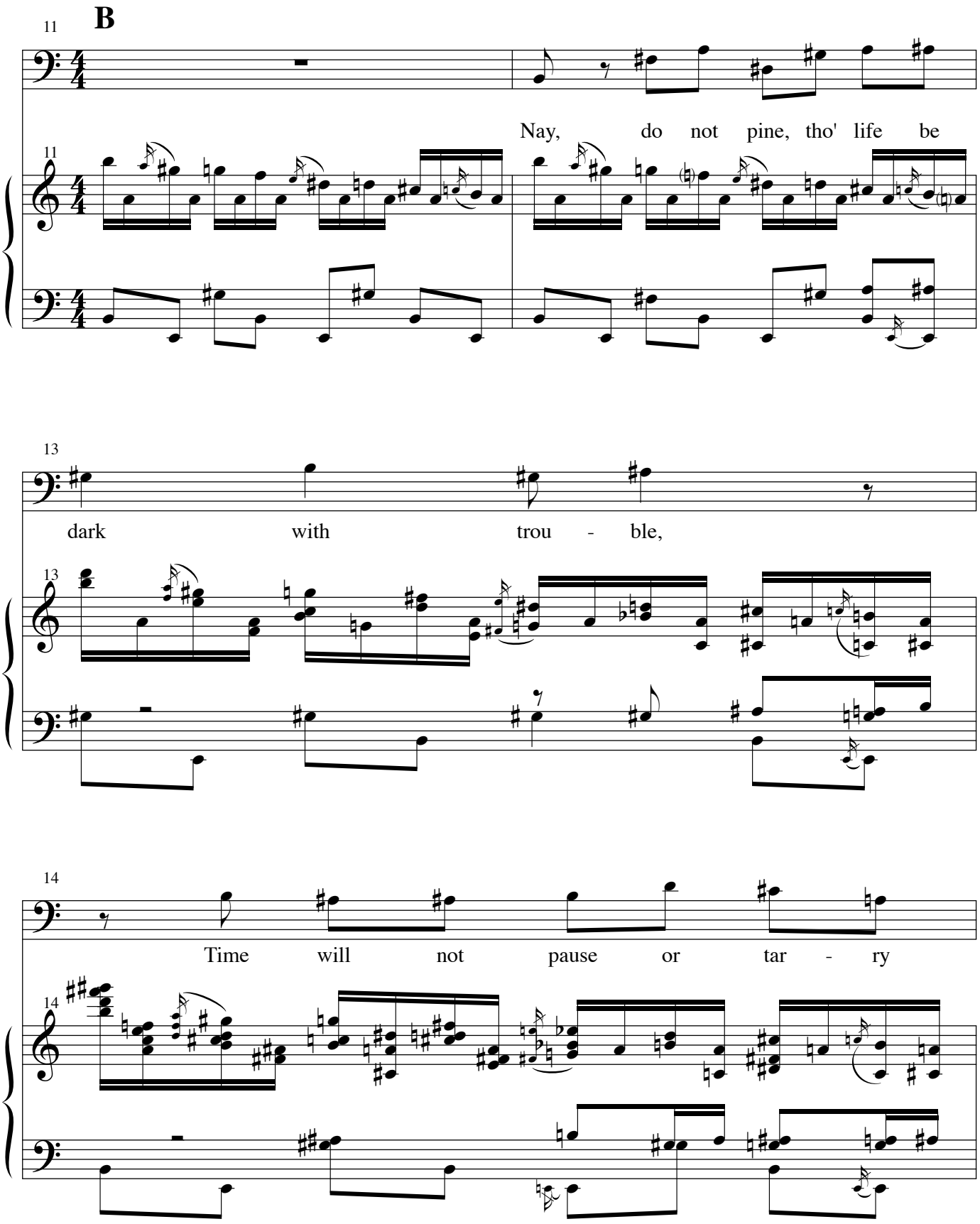
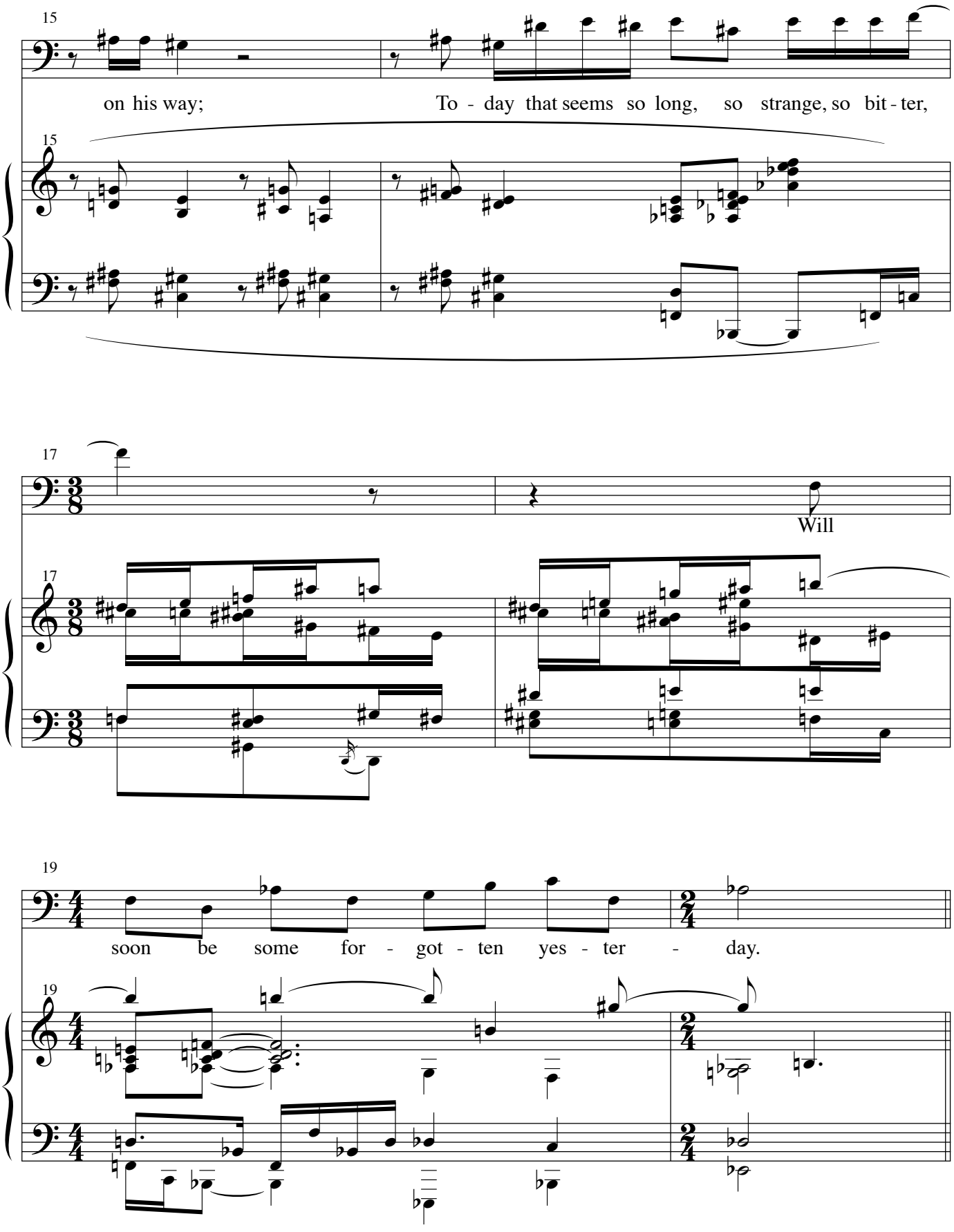
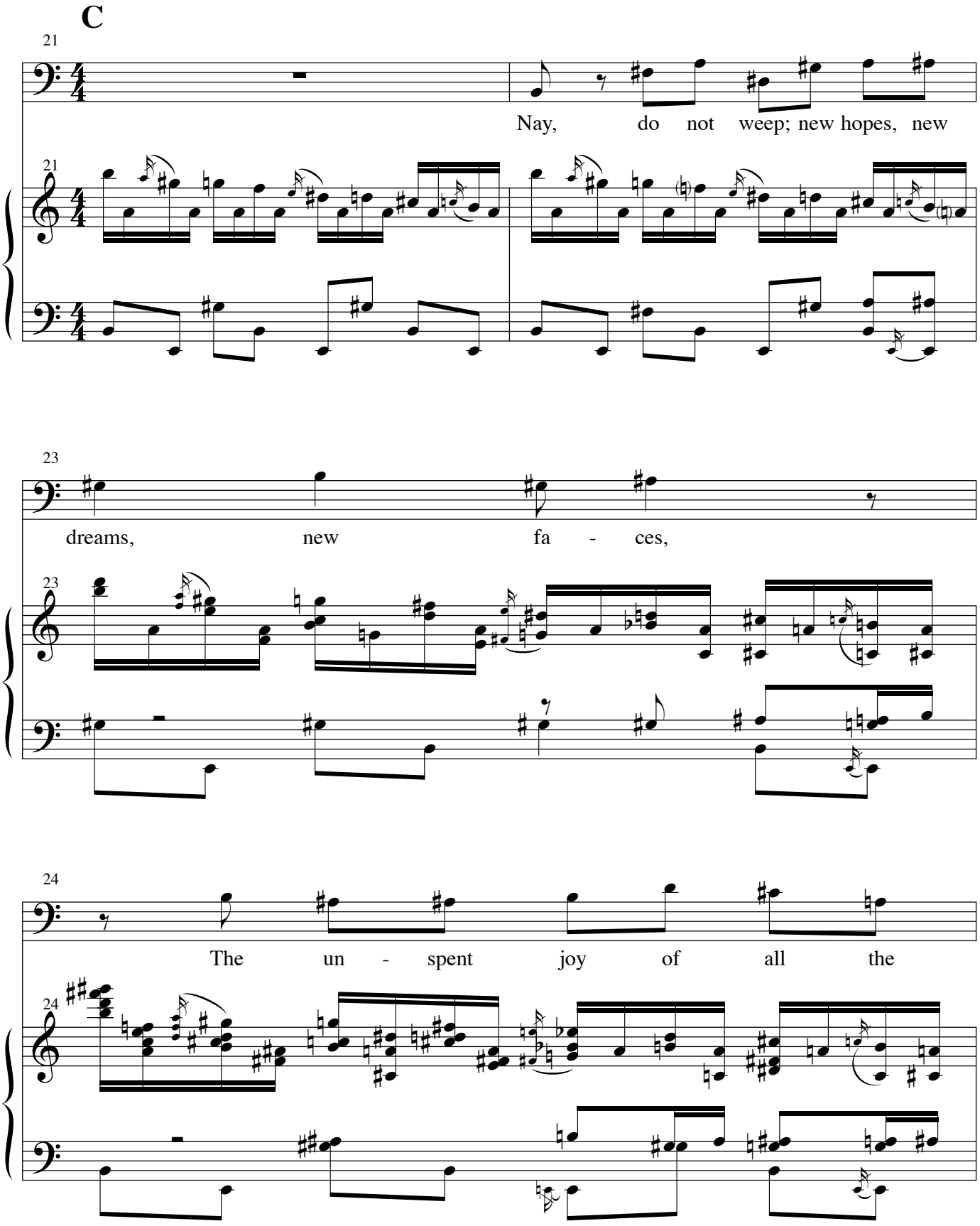
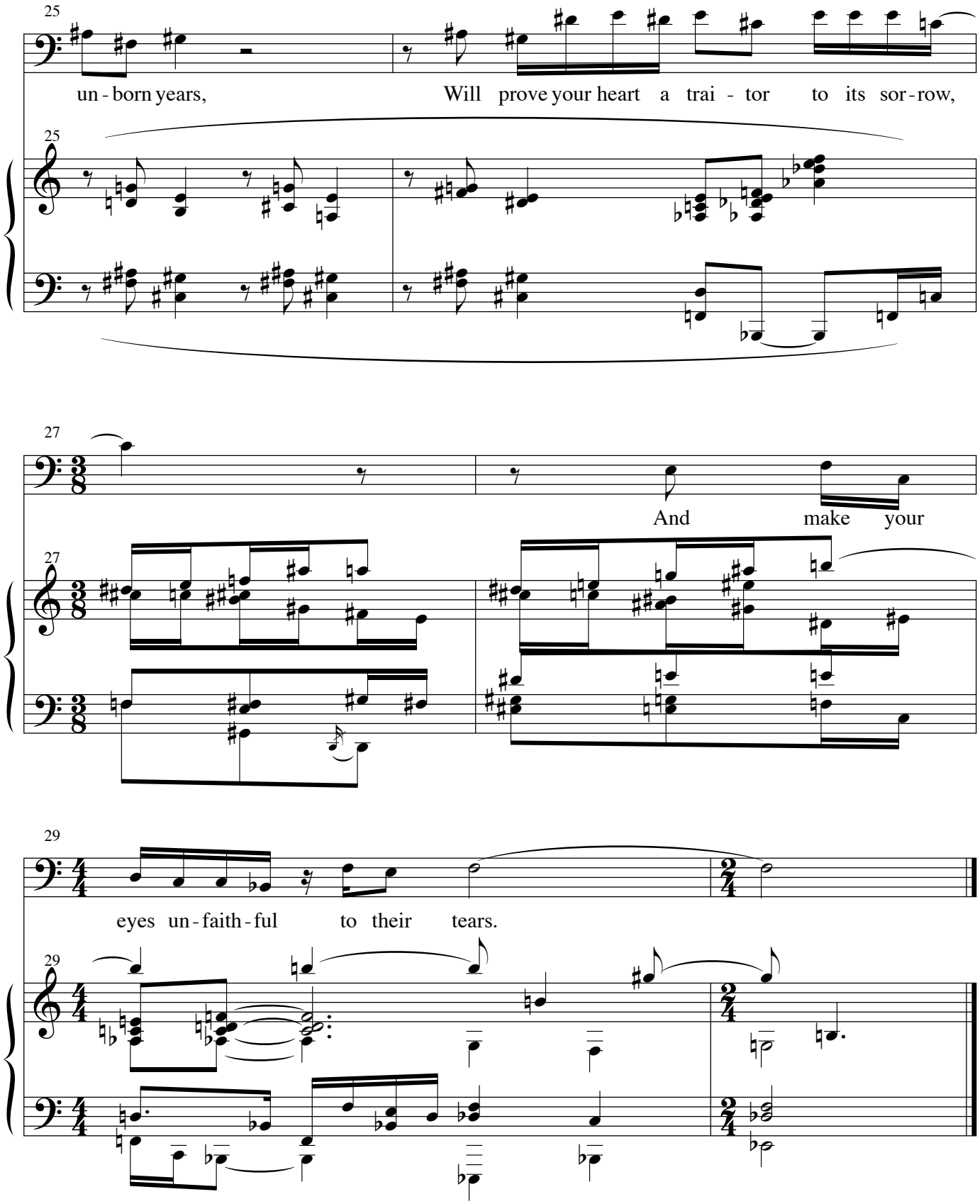

5
for your grief,
Nor spring de - ny theirbright, ap - poin-ted beau-ty...
7
To lo - tus
9
blos-som and a - sh - ka leaf.


B
11
Nay, do not pine, tho' life be
13
dark with trou - ble,
14
Time will not pause or tar - ry


15
on his way;
To - day that seems so long, so strange, so bit - ter,
17
Will
19
soon be some for - got - ten yes - ter - day.


C
21
Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new
23
dreams, new fa - ces,
24
The un - spent joy of all the


25
un - born years,
Will prove your heart a trai - tor to its sor - row,
25
27
And make your
27
29
eyes un - faith - ful to their tears.
29