

...a shadowy path apart...

Two songs on the poetry of
Eliza Cook (1812-1889)

for

Voice and Piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

HARVEY MUSIC EDITIONS

A Sketch

Based on the poem by Eliza Cook (1812-1889)

Piacevole, andante

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2016)

mp

Poco rit. a tempo

mp The sum-mer sun is stea-ling fast, is stea-ling fast a-

Molto rit. a tempo Poco rit. a tempo

way, is stea - ling fast a-way,

And mer-ry chil - dren join in noi - sy mirth; they're Laugh - ing

Molto rit.

a tempo

in the gol - den ray, The dea - rest

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a minor key, marked *Molto rit.* (Very slow). The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics are "in the golden ray, The dea - rest".

Molto rit.

things of earth are boun - ding ra - pid - ly a - bout, Light as fai - ry

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a more active melodic line, still marked *Molto rit.*. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. The lyrics are "things of earth are bounding rapidly about, Light as fairy".

a tempo

imps in syl - van rings;

The third system shows a change in tempo to *a tempo* (normal speed). The vocal line has a brief rest followed by a new melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment becomes more rhythmic and active. The lyrics are "imps in sylvan rings;".

Poco rit.

But there, there is one, in

The fourth system is marked *Poco rit.* (Moderately slow). The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics "But there, there is one, in". The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

Rit. *a tempo* *Rit.*

qui - et, lone - ly mood, Ta - king a path a - part from all...

p *Meno mosso* *Rit.*

a sha - do - wy path a - part from all...

echo

The Last Look

Based on the poem by Eliza Cook (1812-1889)

Nervoso, con moto

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2016)

mp cresc.

f molto dim. mp

mp
Long, long had he waned from life, but now Strange

faint - ness drain'd his breath; The sha - dow of

co - ming death. He gazed a - round the

lit - tle room Where his hap - pi - est hours were spent, He

felt he was dy - ing, and calm - ly took a long last fare - well, fare -

well look.

molto *p* *Poco rit.*

a tempo

pp *mp* *p* *pp*

Rit.

Postscript: *Meno mosso*

The years have gone by, but me-mo-ry

Adagio

sotto voce

still E'er yields to his spi - rit... My cheek will

, *echo*

Rit.

whi - ten, my eye will fill, To hear his whis - per'd name...

ppp