



Tell me,
my Lute

W. H. Reed
(1876-1942)

Tell me, my Lute

W. H. Reed

Tranquillamente ♩ = 60

S Tell me, my lute, _____ can thy soft strain _____ So gen - tly speak thy

A Tell me, my lute, _____ can thy soft strain _____ speak thy

T Tell me, my lute, _____ can thy soft strain _____ So gen - tly speak thy

B Tell me, my lute, _____ can thy soft strain _____ So

4
S mas - ter's pain? _____ So soft - ly sing, _____ so hum - bly

A mas - ter's pain? _____ So soft - ly sing, _____ so hum - bly

T mas - ter's pain? _____ So soft - ly sing, so hum - bly sigh, _____

B gen - tly speak, So soft - ly sing, _____ so hum - bly

Tell me, my Lute

7

S sigh, — That, though my sleep - ing love shall know Who sings — who

A sigh, — That, though my sleep - ing love shall know Who sings — who

T — That, though my sleep - ing love shall know Who sings — who

B sigh, — That, though my sleep - ing love shall know Who sings, — who sings —

cresc. *dim.*

10

S sighs — be - low, — Her ro - sy slum - bers

A sighs — be - low, — Her ro - sy slum - bers

T sighs — be - low, — Her ro - sy slum - bers

B — who sighs — be - low, Her ro - sy slum - bers

p

13

S shall not fly? — Thus, — may some vi - sion whis - per

A shall not fly? — Thus, — may some vi - sion whis - per

T shall not fly? — Thus, — may some vi - sion whis - per

B shall not fly? — Thus, — may some vi - sion whis - per

p *cresc.*

Tell me, my Lute

16

S more Than ev - er I dare speak, dare

A more Than ev - er I dare speak, dare

T more Than ev - er I dare speak, dare

B more Than ev - er I dare

19

S speak be - fore. The breath of morn bids

A speak be - fore. The breath of morn bids

T speak be - fore. The breath of morn bids

B speak be - fore. The breath of morn bids

Con anima ♩ = 112

23

S hence the night, Un - veil those beau - teous eyes, my fair, For

A hence the night, Un - veil those beau - teous eyes, my fair, a tempo

T hence the night, Un - veil those beau - teous eyes, my fair, a tempo

B hence the night, Un - veil those beau - teous eyes, my fair, a tempo

cresc. *f* *rall.* *mf* *a tempo*

Tell me, my Lute

27

S till the dawn of love is there, I feel no day, I

A For till the dawn of love I feel no day, I

T For till the dawn of love I feel no day, I

B till dawn of love I feel no day, I

Più lento dim.

30

S own no light. Tell me, my lute can thy soft

A own no light. Tell me, my lute can thy soft

T own no light. Tell me, my lute can thy soft

B own no light. Tell me, my lute can thy soft

rall. *Tempo lmo.*

34

S strain So gen - tly speak thy mas - ter's pain? Thus, may some

A strain speak thy mas - ter's pain? Thus, may some

T strain So gen - tly speak thy mas - ter's pain? Thus, may some

B strain So gen - tly speak, So soft - ly sing,

pp

Tell me, my Lute

37

S vi - - - sion whis - per more *cresc.* Than ev - er I dare

A vi - - - sion whis - per more *cresc.* Than ev - er I dare

T vi - sion whis - per more *cresc.* Than ev - er I dare

B — so hum - bly sigh, *cresc.* so soft - ly sing, so

40

S speak be - fore. *p* So

A speak be - fore. *p* So soft - ly sing,

T speak be - fore. *p* So soft - ly sing,

B hum - - - bly sigh, *p* so soft - ly sing,

43

S soft - ly sing, *p* so hum - bly sigh,

A so hum - bly sigh, *dim.*

T so hum - bly sigh, *dim.*

B so hum - bly sigh, *dim.*

46

S
soft - ly sing, hum - bly sigh.

A
soft - ly sing, hum - bly sigh.

T
soft - ly sing, hum - bly sigh.

B
soft - ly sing, hum - bly sigh.

Novello and Company
(1913)

William Henry Reed (1876-1942) was born in Frome, Somerset, England, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. He was a violinist and was a founding member of the London Symphony Orchestra in 1904 and became the leader of the orchestra in 1912, a position he held for 23 years. He is best known for his long personal friendship with Edward Elgar and the biography he wrote *Elgar As I Knew Him* (1936). He also taught at the Royal College of Music, and was made a Fellow of the college. After retirement from active performing, he continued examining students and adjudicating competitions. He also conducted amateur orchestras and ensembles. He died suddenly in Dumfries, Scotland, while on a trip to examine and adjudicate for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. His compositions are mainly orchestral works. His name appears in various forms: William Henry Reed, W. H. Reed, W. H. "Billy" Reed, Billy Reed and Willie Reed. He was known to his friends as Billy.

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain?
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That, though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings— who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus, may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair; *
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

From *The Duenna*
Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (1751-1816)

* “fair” in original verse, Novello publication uses “sweet”

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