

Orpheus with his lute

William Shakespeare
(From "Henry VIII")

William Schuman

Slowly ♩ circa 60 *mp dolce*

Voice

Or- pheus with his lute made

Piano

mp

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *segue*

trees And the moun- tain tops that freeze Bow them- selves when he did sing: —

Red. *

To his mu- sic plants and flow'rs Ev- er sprung, as sun and

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mf

show's There had made a last-ing spring. ————— Ev-'ry thing that heard him

Ped. *

mp

play, E-ven the bil-lows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay

Ped. *

p

by. ————— In sweet mu-sic is such art, Kill-ing care and grief of

heart, Fall a-sleep, or hear-ing, die. —————