

My Heart is Like a Silent Lute

Benjamin Disraeli

Arthur Sullivan

Andante espressivo. *mp*

My

heart is like a si - lent lute Some faith - less hand has

cresc.

thrown a - side. Those chords are dumb, those tones are mute That

cresc.

f. once sent forth a voice of pride That once sent forth a voice *rit.* of

f. *colla voce.*

pride. Yet e - ven o'er the lute neg - lect - ed, The

mp

mp

wind of heav'n will some - times fly, And e - ven thus the heart de-

-ject - ed Will some - times an - swer to a sigh, The

cresc.

cresc.

f heart de - ject - ed Will some-times answer to a

dim. *rit.*

f *dim.* *colla voce.*

a tempo.

sigh!

a tempo. *f* *p*

mp

And yet to feel a-

mp

-no - ther's power May grasp the prize for which I pine, And

cresc. *f*

o - thers now may pluck the flower I che - rished for this heart of

cresc. *f*

riten. *mp*

mine I che - rished for this heart of mine! No

colla voce. *mp*

more, no more! the hand for - sak - ing, The lute must fall and

shat - tered lie In si - lence, and my heart thus break - ing Re -

cresc. *f*

-sponds not e - ven to a sigh, My heart thus

cresc. *f*

dim. *poco rit.* *f*

break - ing Re - sponds not e - ven to a sigh, Re - sponds not

dim. *colla voce.* *f*

e - ven to a sigh!

Ad. *