

# SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING?

(SERENADE)

A FOUR-PART SONG FOR MEN'S VOICES

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY HOFFMANN

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 8o & 8r, Queen Street (E.C.)

*mf* *Moderato.*

1st TENOR. Sleep - ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While

2nd TENOR. *pp* Sleep . . . . . ing,

1st BASS. *mf* Sleep - ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While

2nd BASS. *pp* Sleep . . . . . ing,

PIANO. *Moderato.* *p*

$\text{♩} = 88.$

through thy lat - tice peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey? . . . Sleep - ing, why now

sleep - - ing, . . . Wilt not her call o - bey? Sleep - - -

through thy lat - tice peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey? . . . Sleep - ing, why now

sleep . . . ing . . . Wilt not her call o - bey? Sleep - - -

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING?

*cres.* *f*

sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice peep - ing, Wilt

ing, sleep - ing, . . . Wilt

sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice peep - ing, Wilt

ing, sleep - ing, . . . Wilt

*mf*

not her call o - bey? Each star is beam - ing For thee its bright - est

not her call o - bey? Wake, love, wake,

not her call o - bey? Wake, love, wake,

not her call o - bey? Wake, love, wake,

ray, love, wake, And lan - guishes the gleam - ing From

Wake, love, wake, And lan - guishes the gleam - ing From

Each star is keep - ing for thee its brightest ray, . . . the gleam - ing From

Wake, love, wake, And lan - guishes the gleam - ing From

SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING?

fire - flies now stream - ing A - thwart the dew - y spray, . . . Then  
 fire - flies now stream - ing A - thwart the dew - y spray,  
 fire - flies now stream - ing A - thwart the dew - y spray,  
 fire - flies now stream - ing A - thwart the dew - y spray,

*cres.* *f* *ff* *dim.*

sleep - ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice  
 sleep - - - - - ing, sleep - - - - -  
 sleep - ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice  
 sleep - - - - - ing, sleep - - - - -

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey, . . . wilt not her call o - bey? . .  
 - - ing, . . . Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey? . .  
 peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey? . .  
 - - ing . . . Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey? . .

*cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *mf* *p*

SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING ?

*mf*  
A - wake, the skies are weep - ing, Be - cause thou art a - way, . . . But

*pp*  
A - wake,

*mf*  
A - wake, the skies are weep - ing, Be - cause thou art a - way, . . . But

*pp*  
A - wake,

if of me thou'rt dream - ing, Sleep, lov'd one, while you may, . . . *mf* A - wake, the skies are

*pp*  
wake, . . . Sleep, lov'd one, while you may, . . . A - wake,

*mf*  
if of me thou'rt dream - ing, Sleep, lov'd one, while you may, . . . A - wake, the skies are

*pp*  
wake, . . . Sleep, lov'd one, while you may, . . . A - wake,

*cres.* weep - ing, Be - cause thou art a - way, . . . But *f* if of me thou'rt dream - ing, Sleep,

*cres.* A - wake, Sleep,

*cres.* weep - ing, Be - cause thou art a - way, . . . But *cres.* if of me thou'rt dream - ing, Sleep,

A - wake, Sleep,

*cres.*

SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING ?

*mf*

lov'd one, while you may.      Mu-sic's wings shall ho-ver Soft-ly thy sweet dreams

lov'd one, while you may. Wake, love, wake,

lov'd one, while you may. Wake, love, wake,

lov'd one, while you may. Wake, love, wake,

o'er, love, wake,      And fan-ning dark thoughts a-way, While,

Wake, love, wake,      And fan-ning dark thoughts a-way, While,

Mu-sic's wings shall ho-ver Soft-ly thy sweet dreams o'er, . . . dark thoughts a-way, While,

Wake, love, wake,      And fan-ning dark thoughts a-way, While,

dear-est, 'tis thy lov-er Who'll bid each bright one stay, . . . When

dear-est, 'tis thy lov-er Who'll bid each bright one stay, . . . When

dear-est, 'tis thy lov-er Who'll bid each bright one stay, . . . When

dear-est, 'tis thy lov-er Who'll bid each bright one stay,

*cres.* *f* *ff* *dim.*

SLEEPING, WHY NOW SLEEPING?

*mf*  
sleep-ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice

*pp*  
sleep - - - - - ing, sleep - . . .

*mf*  
sleep-ing, why now sleep - ing? The moon her - self looks gay, . . . While thro' thy lat - tice

*pp*  
sleep - - - - - ing, sleep - . . .

*p*

*cres.* *mf* *p*  
peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey, . . . wilt not her call o - bey?

*cres.* *mf* *p*  
- - ing, . . . Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey?

*cres.* *mf* *p*  
peep - ing, Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey?

*cres.* *mf* *p*  
- - ing . . . Wilt not her call o - bey, her call o - bey?

*cres.* *mf* *p*