



While you sleep

Henry K. Hadley (1871-1937)

Very soft and slow

S
The flow'rs for sleep are sigh - ing, The bird is in its nest, The

A
The flow'rs for sleep are sigh - ing, The bird is in its nest, The

T
The flow'rs for sleep are sigh - ing, The bird is in its nest, The

B
The flow'rs for sleep are sigh - ing, The bird is in its nest, The

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S
day - light is all hid - den With sun - shine in the west. And hark! the crick - et

A
day - light is all hid - den With sun - shine in the west. And hark! the crick - et

T
day - light is all hid - den With sun - shine in the west. And hark! the crick - et

B
day - light is all hid - den With sun - shine in the west. And hark! the crick - et

While you sleep

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cresc. *f*

S sing - ing His love - song to the skies, Where all _____ the

A sing - ing His love - song to the skies, Where all the stars are wait - ing,

T sing - ing His love - song to the skies, Where all the stars are wait - ing, _____

B sing - ing His love - song to the skies, Where all _____ the

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p

S stars _____ are wait - ing To see _____ you _____ close your eyes.

A wait - - - ing To see you close _____ your _____ eyes.

T wait - - - ing To see _____ you _____ close your eyes.

B stars are wait - ing To see _____ you close your eyes.

S They wish you all sweet slum - ber, They wish you all good - night; They'll

A They wish you all sweet slum - ber, They wish you all good - night; _____ They'll

T They wish you all sweet slum - ber, They wish you all good - night; They'll

B They wish you all sweet slum - ber, They wish you all good - night; They'll

While you sleep

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S tell the sun to rouse you When once a - gain 'tis light. And while you sleep, the

A tell the sun to rouse you When once a - gain 'tis light. And while you sleep, the

T tell the sun to rouse you When once a - gain 'tis light. And while you sleep, the

B tell the sun to rouse you When once a - gain 'tis light. And while you sleep, the

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S ro - ses May think your cheeks so fair That, in the

A ro - ses May think your cheeks so fair That, in the ear - ly morn - ing,

T ro - ses May think your cheeks so fair That, in the ear - ly morn - ing,

B ro - ses May think your cheeks so fair That, in the

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S ear - ly morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

A morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

T morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

B ear - ly morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

Henry Kimball Hadley (1871-1937) was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, son of a secondary school music teacher. He studied violin, piano and harmony with his father and, at age fourteen, studied composition with George Whitefield Chadwick. He was violinist with the Laura Schirmer-Mapleson Opera Company and studied in Vienna. Returning to the U. S., he became musical instructor at St. Paul's Episcopal School for Boys in Garden City, New York. He again travelled to Europe in 1904 to tour, compose, and study with Ludwig Thuille in Munich. He returned to the United States to take a position as conductor of the Seattle Symphony. In 1911, he became the first conductor of the San Francisco Symphony. In 1915, he returned to New York making many appearances as a guest conductor and premiering many of his works. He was the first American composer to conduct his own opera at the Metropolitan Opera. In 1921, he became first American conductor to hold a full-time post with a major American orchestra as associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic. He also held posts conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra of Buenos Aires, the Manhattan Symphony Orchestra, and the New Symphony Orchestra of Tokyo. He was founder of the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. He was diagnosed with cancer in 1932, succumbing to the disease five years later in New York City. Hadley was one of the most performed and published American composers of his day. His compositions include overtures, symphonic poems, orchestral suites, symphonies, concertos, operettas, musicals, operas, "music dramas", chamber works, cantatas, oratorios, songs and part-songs. He was conductor of the New York Philharmonic for the music in the 1926 film *Don Juan*, the first feature film with synchronized music and sound effects. He wrote a complete original score for the 1927 film *When a Man Loves*.

The flowers for sleep are sighing,
The bird is in its nest,
The daylight is all hidden
With sunshine in the west.
And hark! the cricket singing
His love-song to the skies,
Where all the stars are waiting
To see you close your eyes.

They wish you all sweet slumber,
They wish you all goodnight;
They'll tell the sun to rouse you
When once again 'tis light.
And while you sleep, the roses
May think your cheeks so fair
That, in the early morning,
You'll find them resting there.

From "Lullaby"
in *Anyhow Stories, Moral And Otherwise* (1882)
Lucy Lane Clifford (1846-1929)

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