

THOU ART WEARY

Adelaide Proctor

Arthur Sullivan

Allegro vivace e agitato *p*

Voice

Hush! I can - not

Piano

4

bear to see thee Stretch thy ti - ny hands in vain;

7 *cresc.* *dim.*

Dear, I have no bread to give thee, No-thing, child to

cresc. *dim.*

10 *mf*

ease thy pain. When God sent thee first to bless me,

mf

13

Proud and thank - ful, too, was I; Now, my dar - ling,

f

16

I thy mo - ther, Al - most long ——— to see — thee

sf *dim.*

19

die. I thy mo - ther, Al - most long to see thee die. ———

ff *ad lib.* *dim.*

ff *sf* *colla voce* *dim.*

24

p *Più lento*

Sleep — my dar - ling, thou — art wea - ry,

p

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28 *p*

28 God is good, But life is dreary.

32 **Allegro. Tempo primo**

36 *p*

36 Bet - ter thou shouldst pe - rish ear - ly, Starve so soon, my

39 *cresc.*

39 dar - ling one, Than in help - less sin and sor - row

42 *dim.* *mf*

Vain - ly live as I have done. Bet - ter that thy

45 an - gel spi - rit With my joy, my peace were flown,

48 Than thy heart grow cold and care-less, Reck - less, hope -

51 *dim.* *ff* *ad lib.* *dim.*

- - less, like my own. Cold and care-less, reck-less, hope-less like my

55 *p Più lento*
own. Sleep my dar - ling, thou art

60 *p*
wea - ry, God is good, but life is drea - ry.

65 **Allegro. Tempo primo** *p*
I am

69
was - ted, dear, with hun - ger, And my brain is all op -

72 *cresc.*

prest; I have scarce - ly strength to press thee, Wan and

75 *f stringendo il tempo*

fee - ble, to my breast. Pa - - - - tience,

78

ba - by, God will help us.

81 *cresc.*

Death will come to thee and

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84 *ff*
me. He will take us

87 to his hea - ven, Where no

90 want or pain can be,

93 *rall.* *dim.* *p*
Where no want or pain can be.

97 *p* *Più lento* *p*

Sleep — my dar - ling, thou — art wea - ry, God is

102 *pp*

good, — but life is drea - ry Sleep, —

marcato

107 *cresc.* *p*

my dar - ling, God is good — but

cresc. *colla voce* *p*

111 *slower*

life — is drea - ry. —

p