

# Beim Schlafengehen

(from "Hermann Hesse Lieder"  
Song Cycle by Rudolf Brömel, published 1909)

Rearranged and transcribed  
by Vibhas Kendzia

Innig = 72

Voice

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The score is divided into three systems. The first system has four measures. The second system starts at measure 5 and includes German lyrics. The third system starts at measure 9 and includes German lyrics. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords and moving lines in the right hand. There are dynamic markings like 'rit.' and 'rit.' with hairpins, and phrasing slurs. The lyrics are: 'Nun der Tag mich müd ge-macht, soll mein sehn - li - ches Ver - lan - gen freund lich die ge - stirn - te Nacht wie ein mü - des Kind emp - fan - gen.'

5

Nun der Tag mich müd ge-macht, soll mein sehn - li - ches Ver - lan - gen

5

9

freund lich die ge - stirn - te Nacht wie ein mü - des Kind emp - fan - gen.

9

## Beim Schlafengehen

13 *a tempo*

Hän - de lasst von al - lem Tun, Stirn ver-giss du al - les Den - ken

17 *rit.*

al - le meine - ne Sin - ne - nun wol - len sich in Schlummer - sen - ken.

## Beim Schlafengehen

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun,  
Stirn, vergiß du alles Denken,  
alle meine Sinne nun  
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht  
will in freien Flügen schweben,  
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

## While going to sleep

Now that the day has made me so tired,  
my dearest longings shall  
be accepted kindly by the starry night  
like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity,  
head, forget all of your thoughts;  
all my senses now  
will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved,  
will float about on untrammelled wings  
in the enchanted circle of the night,  
living a thousandfold more deeply.

Now that the day has made me so tired,  
my dearest longings shall  
be accepted kindly by the starry night  
like a weary child.