

4 Allegro moderato.

JOHN. *mf*
I cannot sleep— half of her heart is mine and half else -

T. C.

JOHN. *f*
where— Where then? That is the riddle, which I must solve or die

T. C.

JOHN. *rall.*
That which she fol-lows That which has power on her!

T. C. My friend,

JOHN. *Adagio.* *Allegro moderato.* *mf*
I can-not sleep! How can I pierce the

T. C. go sleep!