



Four Partsongs
Opus 110
No. 4

Heraclitus

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

Andante

S *mf* They told me, He - ra - cli - tus, they told me you were dead, *mf* They

A *mf* They told me, He - ra - cli - tus, they told me you were dead, *mf* They

T *mf* They told me, He - ra - cli - tus, they told me you were dead, *mf* They

B *mf* They told me, He - ra - cli - tus, they told me you were dead, *mf* They

5 *molto teneramente*

S brought me bit - ter news to hear and bit - ter tears to shed. I

A brought me bit - ter news to hear and bit - ter tears to shed.

T brought me bit - ter news to hear and bit - ter tears to shed.

B brought me bit - ter news to hear and bit - ter tears to shed.

Heraclitus

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S wept as I re-mem - ber'd how of - ten you and I Had

A I wept as I re-mem - ber'd how of - ten you and I Had

T I wept as I re-mem - ber'd how of - ten you and I Had

B I wept as I re-mem - ber'd how of - ten you and I Had

13

S tired the sun with talk - ing and sent him down the sky. And

A tired the sun with talk - ing and sent him down the sky. And

T tired the sun with talk - ing and sent him down the sky. And

B tired the sun with talk - ing and sent him down the sky. And

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S now that thou art ly - ing, my dear old Ca - rian guest, A

A now that thou art ly - ing, my dear old Ca - rian guest, A

T now that thou art ly - ing, my dear old Ca - rian guest, A

B now that thou art ly - ing, my dear old Ca - rian guest, A

21

S hand - ful of grey _____ ash - es, long, long a - go at

A hand - ful of grey ash - es, long, long a - go at

T hand - ful of grey _____ ash - es, long, long a - go at

B hand - ful of grey ash - es, long, long a - go at

24

S rest, Still _____ are thy plea - sant voi - ces, thy *poco cresc.*

A rest, Still _____ are thy voi - ces, thy *poco cresc.*

T rest, Still _____ are thy voi - ces, thy *poco cresc.*

B rest, _____ at *poco cresc.*

27

S night - in - gales, a - wake; For Death, he tak - eth all a - way, _____

A night - in - gales, a - wake; For Death, he tak - eth all a -

T night - in - gales, a - wake; For Death, he tak - eth all a -

B rest, _____ For Death, he tak - eth all a -

Heraclitus

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S
— but them he can - not take.

A
way, — but them he can - not take.

T
way, — but them he can - not take.

B
way, but them he can - not take.

Stainer & Bell
(1910)

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

William (Johnson) Cory (1823-1892)

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