

William Johnson Cory  
(1823-92)

# Heraclitus, Op.110 no.4

Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

*andante*

Soprano *mf* They told me, He-ra - cli-tus, *p* They told me you were dead; *mf* They brought me bit-ter

Alto *mf* They told me. He-ra - cli-tus, *p* They told me you were dead; *mf* They brought me bit-ter

Tenor *mf* They told me. He-ra - cli-tus, *p* They told me you were dead; *mf* They brought me bit-ter

Bass *mf* They told me, He-ra - cli-tus, *p* They told me you were dead; *mf* They brought me bit-ter

*molto teneramente*

S news to hear and bit-ter tears to shed. I wept as I re - mem-bered, How

A news to hear and bit-ter tears to shed. *p* I wept, as I re-mem-bered,

T news to hear and bit-ter tears to shed. *p* I wept, as I re-mem-bered,

B news to hear and bit-ter tears to shed. *p* I wept, as I re-mem-bered,

S of - ten you\_ and I *f* Had tired the sun with talk-ing *p* and sent him down the sky.

A How of - ten you and I *f* Had tired the sun with talk - ing *p* and sent him down the sky.

T How of - ten you and I *f* Had tired the sun with talk - ing *p* and sent him down the sky.

B How of - ten you and I *f* Had tired the sun with talk - ing *p* and sent him down the sky.

20

S *pp* And now that thou art ly-ing, my dear old Ca-rian guest, A hand-ful of grey\_ ash-es, long,—

A *pp* And now that thou art ly-ing, my dear old Ca-rian guest, A hand-ful of grey ash-es, long,—

T *pp* And now that thou art ly-ing, my dear old Ca-rian guest, A hand-ful of grey\_ ash-es, long,—

B *pp* And now that thou art ly-ing, my dear old Ca-rian guest, A hand-ful of grey ash-es, long,—

25

S long a-go at rest, *pp* Still — are thy plea— sant voi-ces, Thy night - in-gales,— a - *poco cresc.*

A long a-go at rest,— *pp* Still are thy voi— ces, Thy night-in - gales, a - *poco cresc.*

T long a-go at rest,— *pp* Still are thy voi— ces, Thy night - in-gales,— a - *poco cresc.*

B long a-go at *pp* rest, — at rest,

30

S wake, For *f* Death, he ta-keth all a - way,— *p* but them *pp* he can - not take.

A wake,— For *f* Death, he ta-keth all a - way,— *p* but them *pp* he can— not take.

T wake,— For *f* Death, he ta-keth all a - way,— *p* but them *pp* he can— not take.

B For *f* Death, he ta-keth all a - way, *p* but them *pp* he can - not take.