

3. Heracleitus

Saudades

Poem translated from the Greek
of Callimachus by William Cory
Peter Warlock

(
about 80)

Slow tempo very free - the voice murmuring to itself

Voice

They told me, Her - a - clei - tus, they told me you were dead, They brought me bit-ter

Piano

mp

4

news to hear and bit-ter tears to shed; I wept as I re-mem-bered how of - ten you and

sfz pochiss. rit. a tempo

tenuto

6

I Had tired the sun with talk - ing and sent him down the sky.

rit. molto

rit. molto

pppp

Since this piece is unmeasured, accidentals only apply to the notes they immediately precede.
Although this renders naturals unnecessary, some precautionaries have been added as an aid to musicians unfamiliar with this system.

Più lento

And now that thou art ly - ing, *mezzo voce* my dear old Cari - an guest, *naturale* A hand - ful of grey

pp *pppp subito* *p*

ash-es, long, long a - go at rest, *mf* Still are thy plea-sant

pppp

Più lento

Adagio assai

voic - es, thy night-in-gales, a-wake. For Death, he tak-eth all a-way,

mf *p*

(chiaro) *p* *rall. al fine* But them he can-not take. *pppp*

pp *rubato ma sempre adagio* *rall. al fine* *not struck*

