

Heraclitus

Dedicated to the memory of John Aris and another friend

Anthony Hodson

Words by William Cory (1823-1892)
in translation of Callimachus' Epigram 2 to Heraclitus

Εἶπέ τις Ἡράκλειτε τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνησθην δ' ὅσσ' ἀκίς ἀμφοτέρω
ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν: ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που
ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ τετράπαλαι σποδιή:
αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦισιν ὁ πάντων
ἀρπακτῆς Αἴδης οὐκ ἐπι χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

Callimachus 305-240BC

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 remembered 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.

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Adagio ♩=76 *espress.*

Solo

They told me, Her-a-clit-us, they

mp

Piano

Adagio ♩=76

p *mp*

7

Solo

told me you were dead, They brought me bit-ter news to hear and

mf

Pno.

mf

11

Solo

bit-ter tears to shed. I

p

Pno.

15

Solo

wept as I rem - emb - ered how oft-en you and I had tired the sun with

Pno.

p

20

Solo

talk - ing and sent him down the sky.

Pno.

espress.

25

Solo

Pno.

pp

poco rit. **A tempo** ♩=76

30

Solo

And now that thou art

Pno.

pp

f

poco rit. **A tempo** ♩=76

35

Solo
ly - ing, my dear old Car - ian guest, A hand - ful of grey

Pno.

39

Solo
ash - es, long, long a - go to rest, Still are thy pleas - ant voi - ces thy

Pno.

44

Solo
night - ing - ales a - wake, For Death he tak - eth all a - way but

Pno.

48

Solo
them he can - not take.

Pno.