



Six Elizabethan Pastorals [set 1]

Opus 49

No. 1

To his flocks

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

# To his flocks

C. V. Stanford

Larghetto  $\text{♩} = 54$

S *f* Burst forth, my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief, And

A *f* Burst forth, my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief, And

T *f* Burst forth, my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief, And show what

B *f* Burst forth, my tears, as - sist my for - ward grief,

5 S show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes! Kind

A show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes! Kind

T pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes! Kind

B And show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro - vokes! Kind

9 S ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief, And pine, since

A ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief, And pine, since

T ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief, And pine, since

B ten - der lambs, la - ment Love's scant re - lief, And pine, since

# To his flocks

13

S pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes.

A pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes.

T pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes. Oh, pine to see me

B pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes. Oh,

18

S Oh, pine to see me pine, Oh,

A Oh, pine to see me pine, my ten - der,

T pine, Oh, pine, my

B pine to see me pine, Oh, pine, my

S ten - der flocks! Sad pin - ing Care, that nev - er may have

A ten - der flocks! Sad pin - ing Care, that nev - er may have

T ten - der flocks! Sad pin - ing Care, that nev - er may have

B ten - der flocks! Sad pin - ing Care, that nev - er may have

## To his flocks

26

S peace, At Beau - ty's gate in hope of pit - y knocks;

A peace, At Beau - ty's gate in hope of pit - y knocks;

T peace, At Beau - ty's gate in hope of pit - y knocks;

B peace, At Beau - ty's gate in hope of pit - y knocks;

30

S But Mer - cy sleeps, while deep Dis - dain in - crease, And

A But Mer - cy sleeps, while deep Dis - dain in - crease, And

T But Mer - cy sleeps, while deep Dis - dain in - crease, And

B But Mer - cy sleeps, while deep Dis - dain in - crease, And

34

S Beau - ty Hope in her fair bo - som locks.

A Beau - ty Hope in her fair bo - som locks.

T Beau - ty Hope in her fair bo - som locks.

B Beau - ty Hope in her fair bo - som locks.

38

S

A

T

B

Oh, grieve to hear my grief, Oh,

Oh, grieve to hear my grief, Oh,

Oh, grieve to hear my grief, Oh,

42

S

A

T

B

grieve to hear my grief, my ten - der flocks.

grief, my ten - der, ten - der flocks.

grieve, my ten - der flocks.

grieve, my ten - der flocks.

46

S

A

T

B

Like to the winds my sighs have wing - èd been, Yet

Like to the winds my sighs have wing - èd been, Yet

Like to the winds my sighs have wing - èd been,

Like to the winds my sighs have wing - èd been, Yet are my

## To his flocks

50

S are my sighs and suits re - paid with mocks; I

A are my sighs and suits re - paid with mocks; I

T Yet are my sighs and suits re - paid with mocks; I

B sighs and suits re - paid with mocks; I

54

S plead, yet she re - pin - eth at my teen. Oh, ruth - less

A plead, yet she re - pin - eth at my teen. Oh, ruth - less

T plead, yet she re - pin - eth at my teen. Oh, ruth - less

B plead, yet she re - pin - eth at my teen. Oh, ruth - less

58

S ri - gour, hard - er than the rocks,

A ri - gour, hard - er than the rocks,

T ri - gour, hard - er than the rocks, That both the

B ri - gour, hard - er than the rocks,

62

S That both the shep - herd

A That both the shep - herd kills, the shep - herd

T shep - herd kills, the shep - - -

B That both the shep - herd kills, the shep - herd

66

S kills, and his poor flocks.

A kills, and his poor flocks.

T - herd kills, and his poor flocks.

B kills, and his poor flocks.

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1892)

Burst forth, my tears, assist my forward grief,  
And show what pain imperious Love provokes!  
Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief,  
And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.  
Oh, pine to see me pine, my tender flocks!

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,  
At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks.  
But Mercy sleeps, while deep Disdain increase,  
And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom locks;  
Oh, grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

Like to the winds my sighs have wingèd been,  
Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks;  
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.  
Oh, ruthless rigour, harder than the rocks,  
That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

Anon.

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