

Commissioned by Brian Thorsett
Written in memory of our friend Liz Raymer
Those Winter Sundays

Robert Hayden (1913-1980)

Eric Choate (b. 1990)

Moderato ♩=58

8 Sun-days too my fa-ther got up ear - ly and put his clothes on

8va (loco) 8va 8va 8va

f *pp* *f* *pp* (*simile*) 8va 8va

5 in the blue - black cold,

8va 8va *p* *f* *pp*

9 *mp* then with cracked hands that ached from la - bor in the week - day weath - er made

(*simile*) *f*

Those Winter Sundays

12

8

banked fires blaze, blaze, blaze.

3 3 3

15

8

p

No one ev - ver thanked him.

p

20

8

p

mf

I'd wake and hear the cold splint - er - ing, break - ing. When the rooms were

24

warm, he'd call, and slow-ly I³ would rise and dress, fear - ing the chron-ic

28

an - gers of that house, Speak - ing in - dif-ferent-ly to him, who had driv-en out the cold

33

and pol-ished my good shoes as well.

Those Winter Sundays

37 *f espress.*

What _____ did I know, what _____

41 *sempre f* *non dim.*

_____ did I know of love's _____ aus - tere and lone - ly of - fic - es? _____

45