

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

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

in the blue - black cold,

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

12

8 banked fires blaze, blaze, blaze.

15

p
8 No one ev - ver thanked him.

20

p *mf*
8 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