

Lex Runciman

# "My Father Is Telling Me the Story"

Sylvia Gray

--W.S. Mervin

**Moderato** *mf*

**Moderato** *mp*

*Ped.* *con pedale*

You have ne-ver known the pitch or tim - bre

5 of your fath-er's voice nor the force or shape of his hands nor the way his brow

9 fur-rowed as he squint-ed at small print you have not known what he

13 turned a - way from clos - ing the door ex - cept you are that per - son

19

you have not known what he made of night sky or the way sun at dawn in No-ven-ber glist - ens

24

you have not known his shoes or watch-es or ties his gait or re - li- gion or lack of

29

it nor his sis - ters nor his broth - ers and of your mo-ther you lack all the

34

same you look in the mir - ror and do not think of this now.

*dolce*

39

you hear through the win-dow a bird you re-cog-nise but can-not name

43

*rit.*

you look in the mir-ror but not for who is there