

# Piano

D H Lawrence

Chris Rogers

♩ = 150 *mf*

Baritone

Soft - ly, in the dusk, a

Piano

*mf* *p*

9 *mp*

Bar.

wo-man is sing-ing to me; Tak-ing me back down the vis-ta of

Pno.

16 *mf*

Bar.

years, till I see A child sit-ting un-der the pia-no, in the boom of the

Pno.

22

Bar.

ting - ling strings And press-ing the small, pois'd feet of a mo - ther who

Pno.

28

Bar.

smiles as she sings. In spite of my -

Pno.

*mp*  $\text{♩} = 135$

*mf* *p*

37

Bar.

self, the in - si - di - ous mast'r-y of song Be - trays me back, till the

Pno.

44

Bar.

heart of me weeps to be - long To the old Sun-day ev'n-ings at home,

Pno.

*f* *accel.*

51  $\text{♩} = 150$   
*mf*

Bar. with win-ter out - side And hymns in the co - sy parl-our, the tink - ling

Pno. *mp*

58  $\text{♩} = 100$   
*p*

Bar. pia-no our guide. So now it is vain for the sing-er to

Pno. *mf* *pp*

66 *rit.*

Bar. burst in - to clam - our With the great black pia-no ap - pas - sio - na - to. The

Pno. *mf*

72

Bar. glam-our of child-ish days is up - on me, my man-hood is cast Down in the

Pno. *p*

78 ♩ = 80

Bar. *pp*

flood of re - mem-brance, I weep like a child for the past.

Pno. *pp* *pp*