

II. Grey

Kavafy Songs

C.P. Cavafy (translated by John Mavrogordato, 1951)

Peter Tranchell

Moderato

p

Look-ing at an op-al, a half grey

pp (*Laissez Vibrer*)

(L.V.)

op - al, I re - mem - ber'd two beau-ti - ful grey eyes I had

(L.V.)

(L.V.)

seen, it must have been twen-ty years be - fore... for a

mf

mp

month we loved each other, loved each other.

f

mf *f* *p*

Then he went away, I think to Smyrna, to work there;

p

pp

we never saw each other again.

rit. *molto rit.* *a tempo*

(L.V.) (L.V.)

The grey eyes, if he lives, have lost their beauty, the beautiful

(sec) (L.V.) (L.V.)

mf

face will have been spoiled.

Me-mo-ry, pre-serve them as they were,

mf

And, Me-mo-ry, all you can of this love of mine, what-ev-er you can,

p

bring back to me to - night.