

# 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*

*f*

month we loved each oth-er, loved each oth-er.

*mf* *f* *p*

*p*

Then he went a - way, I think to Smyr-na, to work there;

*pp*

*rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

we nev-ersaw each oth-er a - gain.

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

*rit.* *a tempo*

The grey eyes, if he lives, have lost their beau - ty, the beau-ti - ful

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

*mf*

face will have been spoiled. O

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.

*pp* (L.V.) (L.V.) (L.V.) (L.V.)

Rit.