

from  
Improvisations: Light and Snow

VI

It is now two hours since I left you,  
And the perfume of your hands is still on my hands.  
And though since then  
I have looked at the stars, walked in the cold blue streets,  
And heard the dead leaves blowing over the ground  
Under the trees,  
I still remember the sound of your laughter.  
How will it be, lady, when there is none left to remember you  
Even as long as this?  
Will the dust braid your hair?

Conrad Aiken

Costas Dafnis

271  $\text{♩} = 76$  *mp* It is

275 *mp* now two hours\_ since I left you, and the per - fume of your hands is

278 *mf* still on my hands. And though since then I have looked at the stars, walked in\_

281

Bar. Solo

— the cold blue streets and heard the dead leaves blow - ing ov - er the

Pno.

*p*

283

Bar. Solo

*f* ground *p* delicately un - der the trees, I still re - mem - ber the sound of your

Pno.

*mf* *f* *p*

286

Bar. Solo

laugh - ter

Pno.

*mp*

289

Bar. Solo

*freely, più mosso* How will it be, how will it be la - dy?

*freely, più mosso*

Pno.

*pp*

293 Bar. Solo

When there is none left to re - mem - ber you e - ven as long as this? —

296 Bar. Solo

a tempo

Pno.

*mp*

299 Bar. Solo

*mf* *rit.* *p* *port.*

Will the dust braid your hair? —

Pno.

*mf* *rit.* *p*

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