

My Father Today

from 'To Face the Night Alone' for baritone, choir and orchestra

Poem by Sam Hunt

Anthony Ritchie © 1990

Baritone *Slowly* ♩ = 80 *pp*

They bur-ied him to - day up Snap-per Rock Road

Piano *pp*
with pedal

6 *mp* *p*

My fath-er in cold clay. A hea-vy south wind

mp *p*

12 *mf* *mp cresc.*

towed the drape of light a - way Friends, men met on the

mf *mp cresc.*

17 *mf* *f* *mp*

road Stood round in that dumb way men stand when lost for words.

mf *f* *mp*