

Don't let the snow fall

$\text{♩} = 50$

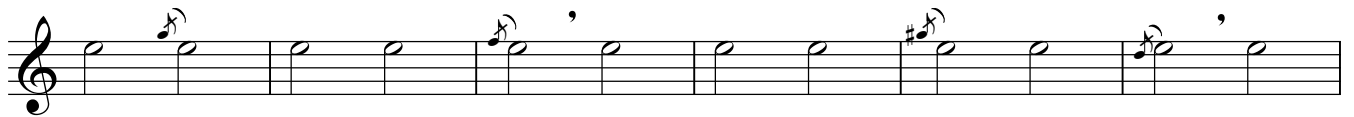
dedicated to James Purdy

Andrew Toovey 2016
poems by James Purdy

ff



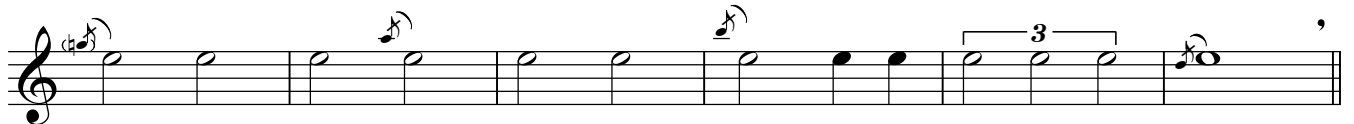
I have seen your hands a - sleep the veins are talk - ing



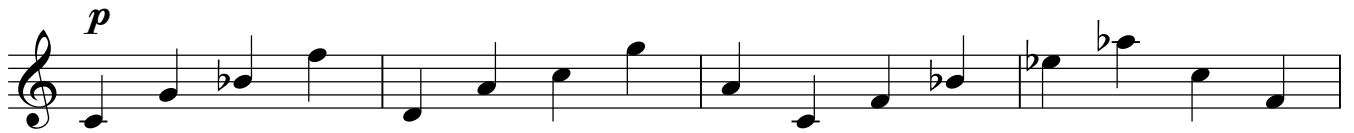
to me as you lie. Your hands are white as salt, they



in - vite the lips and ev - en the teeth, the salt - white



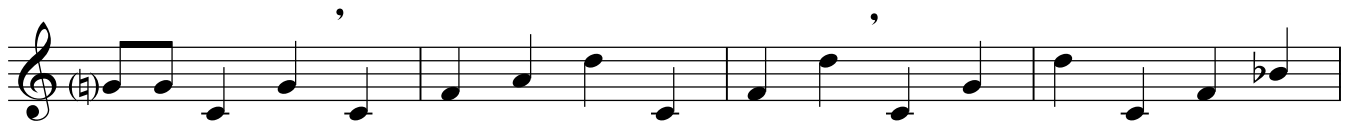
hands that lie on the quilt com - mand a terr - i - ble kiss.



I don't want to see how the snow falls, or the trees all shed of their



leaves, don't want to stare at the bare white earth and the grass un - der



ske - le - ton weeds. I chide the hail for fall - ing and the sea when it scat -



ters its salt, and I cry don't let the snow fall or the sun give up



its flame keep his heart from free-zing in the bit - ter sting of the grave.

Very passionately

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 60$ *ff*

Come rea - dy and see me no mat - ter how late,
come be - fore the years run out. I'm wait - ing with a can - dle no
wind will blow out, but you must haste on foot
or by sky for no one can wait for - ev - er un - der the
blu - est sky. I can't wait for - ev - er for the years
are runn - ing out. In the land with - out sun - sets I'll wait till et - er - ni -
ty's at rest. Come home while the years have days, be - fore time runs out.
Don't stop to think of an - y thing like doubt. Come be
fore the cand - le's snuffed out in the black. Come home, you're all I've got.