Lupe's Song to Father O'Malley

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dish. You smell it down there on the street in the air, and you

You sit by the window and open your handful of

follow the smell up the stair.
flowers. We eat and we laugh and we pray and so while away hours.

ARCO

We talk about earth how back-yards can give
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birth, how much effort a lily is worth.

Wait, Lupe, last Tuesdays lily is still here.
meal from my garden won't make you appear. Father, bless those whose breath leaves too soon. You've left me with nothing but prayer in this room.
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Now that you're gone, who will I pray to?
I know now, I'm praying not to God, but to you.
S  

li-ly, a ta-ble, the win-dow's been left o-gen wide. The smell of to-na-to and gar-lic hangs hea- vy in - side. A

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

quick draft of air and the smell, like a prayer, wings it's way out the win-dow and waits for you
there

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