

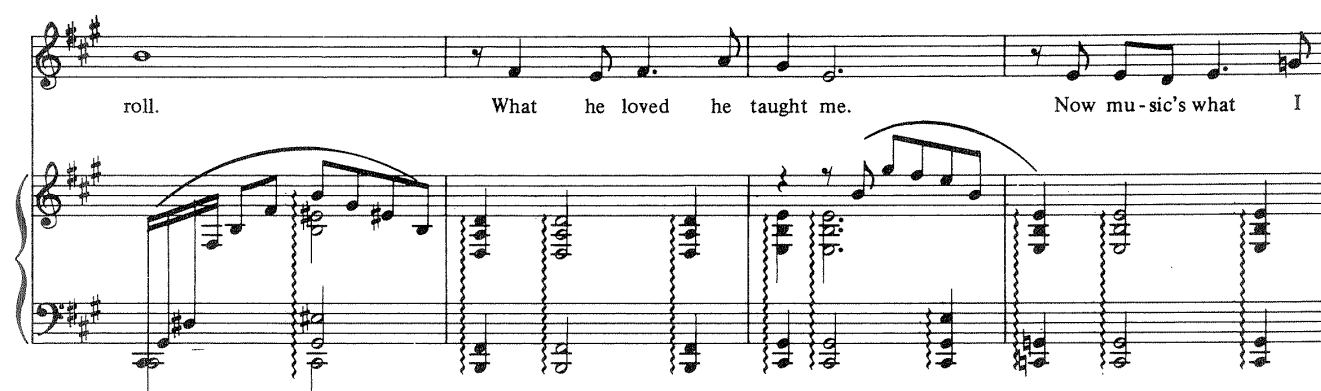
IF I SING

from *Closer Than Ever*

Words and Music by DAVID SHIRE
and RICHARD MALTBY, JR.

Freely and reflectively

roll. What he loved he taught me. Now mu-sic's what I



do. And of-ten when I'm writ-ing, In my hands Dad's there

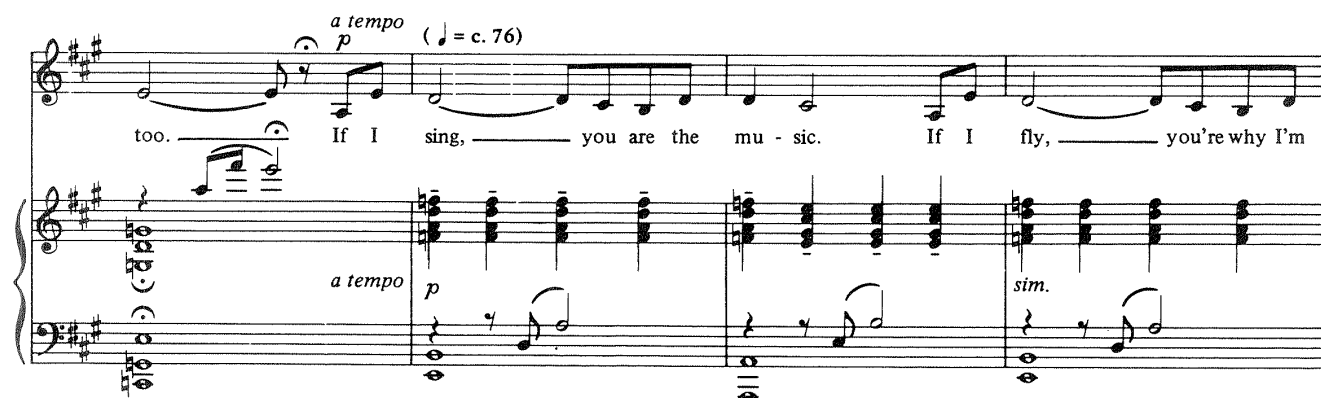
rall.



too. If I sing, — you are the mu-sic. If I fly, — you're why I'm

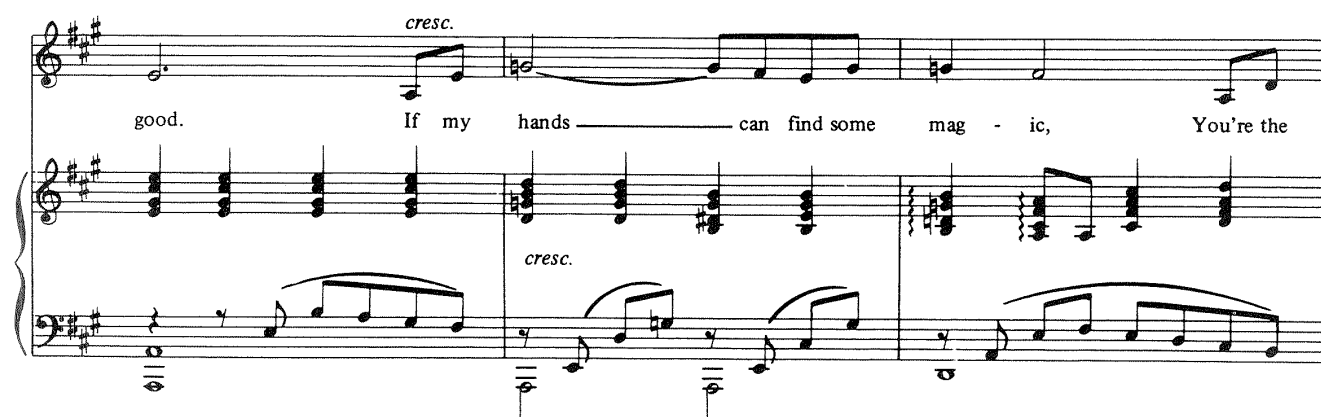
a tempo *p* ($\text{♩} = \text{c. } 76$)

a tempo *p* *sim.*



good. If my hands — can find some mag-ic, You're the

cresc.



mf

one ————— who said they could. When the child ————— who's still in -

cresc.

side me, Finds a song ————— in emp - ty air, ————— When there is

cresc.

f joy ————— in mak-ing mu - sic, *dim.* It is you who put it

poco rall.

f *dim.* *poco rall.*

a tempo *lo* there. ————— *mp* My dad grew old.

a tempo *lo* *mf* *dim.* *mp*

*poco
ten.*

His hands grew numb. And now he can - not play.

*poco
ten.**poco cresc.**mf*

I came to vis - it. He sat and asked me, "How could it be this way?"

way?"

I could-n't find an an - swer.

dim. e

I played this tune for him in - stead.

My fa-ther sat there smil - ing, For he

dim. e

rall. knew what it said. *a tempo pp* A little slower than first time If I sing, You are the mu - sic. If I

rall. *a tempo pp molto sostenuto*

cresc. poco a poco love, You taught me how. Ev-'ry day your heart is beat - ing In the

cresc. poco a poco

f man that I am now. If my ears are tuned to won - der, If when I

f

reach, The chords are there, If there is joy in mak - ing

mu - sic, It's a joy that we both

cresc.

cresc.

share. I nev - er told you. It took time till I could

ff

sim.

see That if I sing, You are the mu - sic, And you'll

al - ways sing in me. Yes, you'll

dim.

Slower mp

dim.

and more freely al - ways live in me.

p

rall.

mp colla voce

p

rall.