

3. I Am A Farmer's Daughter

Poetry by Bonnie Cutsforth-Huber

Music by Martha Hill Duncan

Celebratory ♩ = 100
1

Triangle

Voice

Celebratory ♩ = 100

Piano

5

5

f

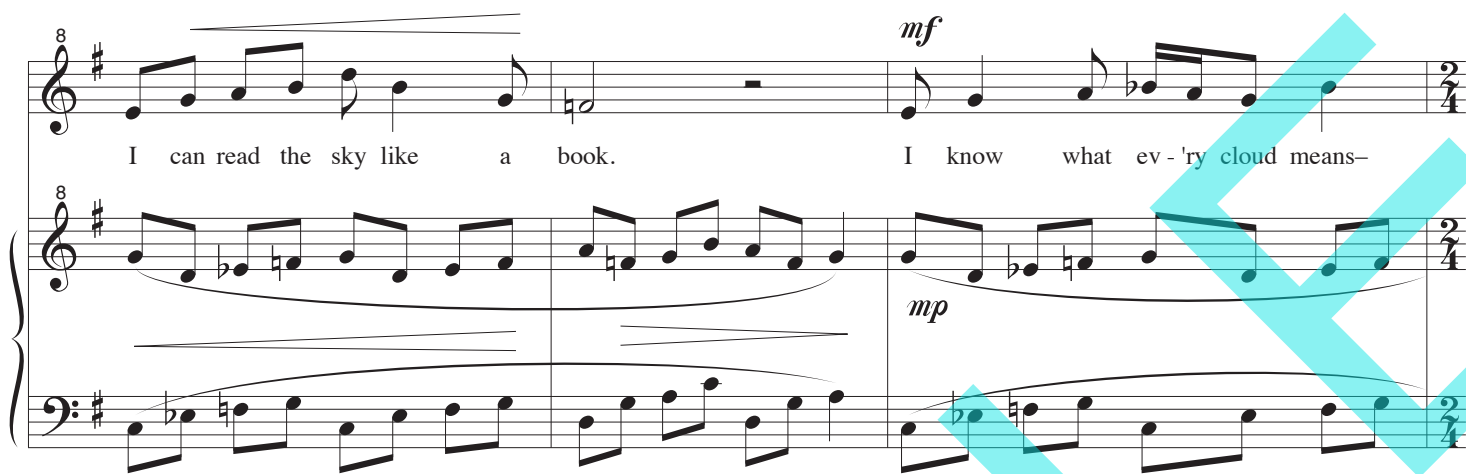
port.

I am a farm - er's daugh-ter. —

mf

generous pedal throughout

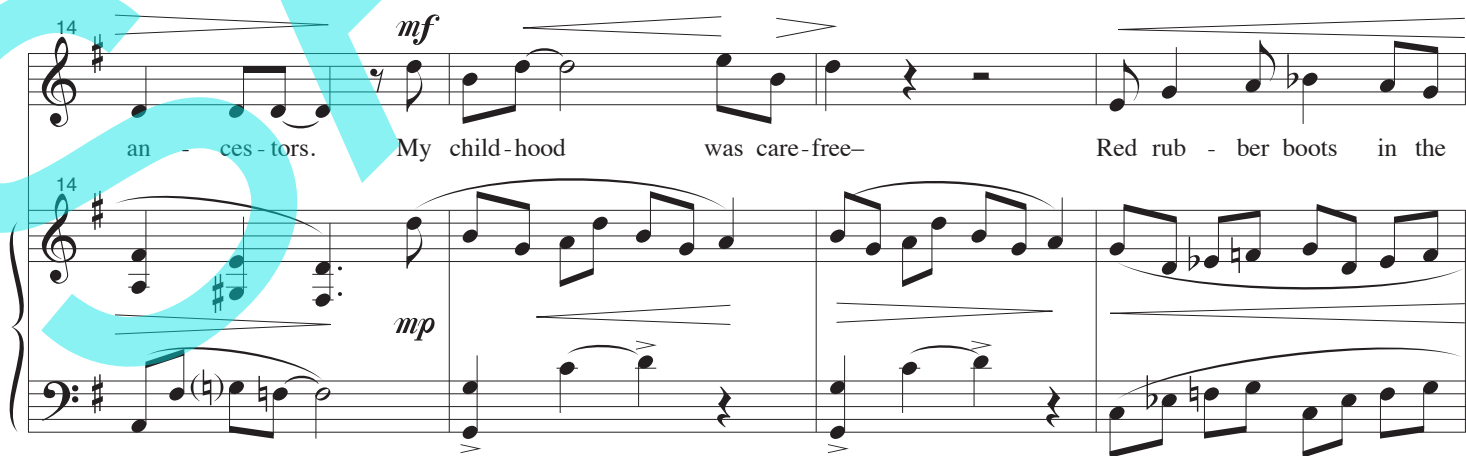
8 *mf*
I can read the sky like a book. I know what ev-'ry cloud means—



11 *f* *port.*
rain, snow or hail, a sixth sense passed down from my



14 *mf*
an - ces - tors. My child-hood was care-free— Red rub - ber boots in the



"twangy"
& slightly flat -----

18 *port.*

mud when the thaw came, bare feet in the grass when the ground re - turned to life.

21 *f* *solemnly with legato*

Ev - 'ry pair of hands and eyes was im - por - tant, e - ven mine.

mf

23 *sweetly, no slowing* *mf* *intently* *mp*

I re - mem - ber bal - ing hay with my fa - ther;— I kept vig - il at the

mp *legato*