

### 3. I Am A Farmer's Daughter

Poetry by Bonnie Cutsforth-Huber

Music by Martha Hill Duncan

*Celebratory* ♩ = 100

1

Triangle

ã

4/4

Voice

*Celebratory* ♩ = 100

Piano

*f* *mp*

5

ã

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-

*mp*

11 *f* *port.*

rain, snow or hail, a sixth sense passed down from my

*mf*

14 *mf*

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

*mp*

"twangy"  
& slightly flat - - - -

18 *port.*

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

21 *solemnly with legato*  
*f*

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

*mf*

23 *sweetly, no slowing*  
*mf*

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

*mp* *mp* tently *legato*

25

truck's back win-dow, watch-ing and count-ing De -

27

light-ed as the bales were stacked high, a prair-ie sky -

*broadening* *f*

*broadening* *legato*

29

scrap-er, quick to sound the a-larm if a piece top-pled down. The

*sub p* *molto rit.*

*sub p* *molto rit.*