

# The Cedar

*For Margie Stafford*

Anthony Hodson

Poem by Margie Stafford

The cedar struggles upward,  
Tap roots set with toil  
To reach the beech with skin so fair  
Reaching lithely in the air.

Man collects the fossils  
Recorded here in shale,  
Totes the handsome birches,  
Peeling off its skin,  
But who records the moment  
The cedar root dug in.

The cliff is mighty, the cliff is bold,  
A Yankee heritage known by all:  
A cedar in a grey rock wall.

# The Cedar

A poem by Margie Stafford, to whom this song is dedicated.  
The cedar and the grey cliff are in Sunnywood, Chazy, NY.

Anthony Hodson

Adagio (♩=60)

Mezzo-soprano

Piano

*pp* *sfp* *pp*

M-S.

Pno.

10

The ce - dar strug - gles up - ward,

*p* *pp*

M-S.

Pno.

15

Tap roots set with toil To reach the beech with

*mp*

M-S.

Pno.

18

skin so fair Rea - ching lithe - ly in the air.

*mf* *espress.*

22

M-S.

Pno.

26

M-S.

Pno.

30

M-S.

Pno.

*f* *pp*

Man col lects the fos - sils Re - cord - ed here in shale,

*mf* *espress.*

*f* *p*

35

M-S.

Pno.

Totes the hand - some bir - ches, Pee - ling off its skin, But who re - cords the

40

M-S.

Pno.

mo - ment The ced - ar root dug in?

*pp*

46

M-S.

Pno.

53

M-S.

Pno.

*f* *pp*

The cliff is might-y the cliff is bold, A Yank - ee her-it-age known by all:

61

M-S.

Pno.

*p*

A ce - dar in a grey

68

M-S.

Pno.

*pp* *f*

rock wall