

II. The Dancer

I sit cross-legged in my eastern room
As sunlight plays along the curtain lace
My legs move first, and then my fingers trace
A pattern like a weaver at a loom.

Among my plants and cats and household tasks
I dance, and take whatever each day brings:
I do not search the where and why of things;
I am not one who answers or who asks.

The power of this music which remains
Within me as I go about my day
By what hand it is written- Who can say?
I am not one to question or explain.

But, O, that blessed dancer who might see
The maker of such choreography!

Poem by Margaret Hardy

Allegro ♩=152

Glenn Hardy

Soprano

Piano

f *sempre legato*

Lotsa pedal

3 *mf*

S. I sit cross leg - ged in my

3 *legato* *mf*

P.

6

S. eas - - - tern room' As sun - light plays a -

6

P.

8

S. long the cur-tain lace My legs move first and then my fin-gers

P.

11

S. trace A pat-tern like a wea-ver at a loom.

P.

14

S.

P.

17

S. A-mong my plants and

P.

20

S. *f*

cats and house - hold tasks I dance and

P.

22

S. *mf*

take what - ev - er each day brings: I do not

P.

24

S.

search the where and why of things; I

P.

26

S.

am not one who an - swers or who asks.

P.

29

S.

P.

32

S.

f

The pow - er of this mu - sic which re -

P.

35

S.

mains With - in me as I go a - bout my day

P.

37

S.

By what hand it is writ - ten Who can

P.

39

S. *say?* I am not one to ques-tion or ex - plain.

P. *mp*

42

S.

P. *f*

45

S. *f* But, O

P. *f*

48

S. that bles - - - - sed

P.

49

S. dan - cer who might see The mak - - - er

P.

52

S. of such chor - - - - - e - o - gra -

mp *poco rit.*

P.

55

S. phy!

a tempo *f*

P.

58

S.

P.

61

S.

61

P.

mp

dim.

pp