


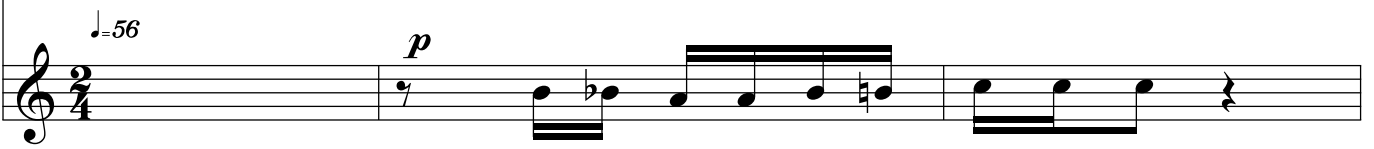
Feckless

Words: Ellen Frank
Music: Stephen Dickman

Flute $\text{♩} = 56$



Soprano $\text{♩} = 56$



I have lan - ded in the dog - wood tree.

1 $\text{♩} = 56$



3 $\text{♩} = 56$

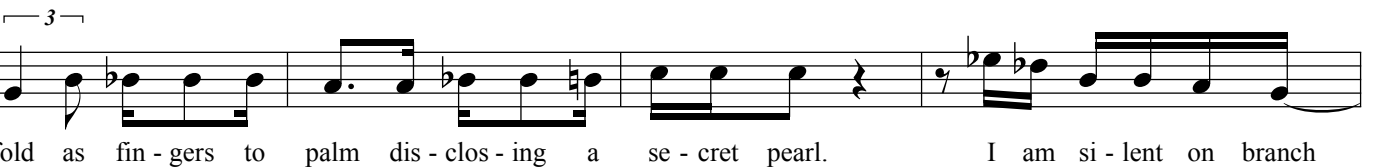


From bud to flo - wer its pink - ness is be - yond mea - sure. Flo - wers un -

1 $\text{♩} = 56$



3 $\text{♩} = 56$



fold as fin - gers to palm dis - clos - ing a se - cret pearl. I am si - lent on branch

1 $\text{♩} = 56$




3 $\text{♩} = 56$

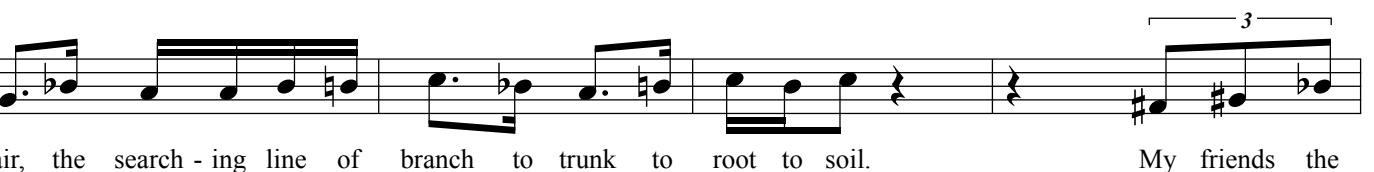


head bowed to scratch, up - lif - ted to search. Hop. Hop. I fol - low trails through

1 $\text{♩} = 56$

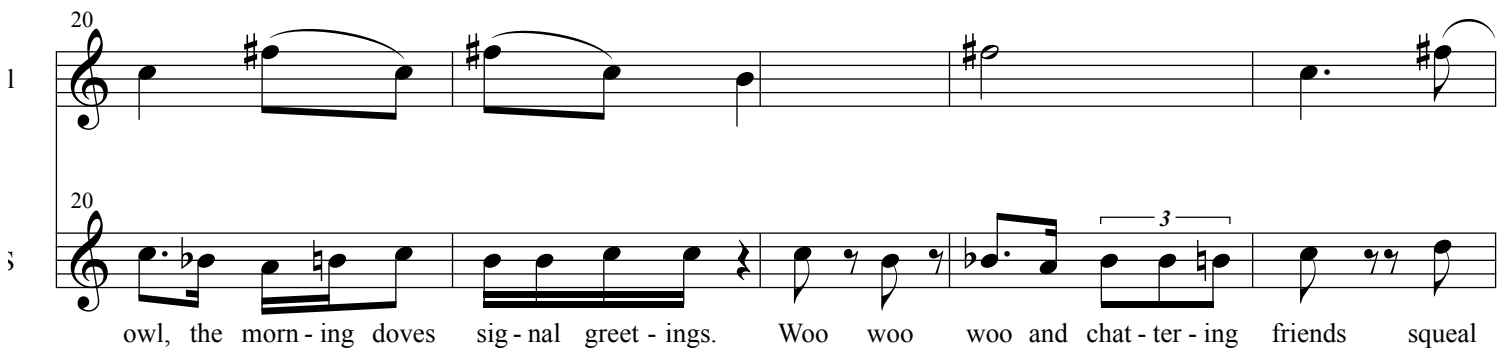


3 $\text{♩} = 56$



air, the search - ing line of branch to trunk to root to soil. My friends the

20

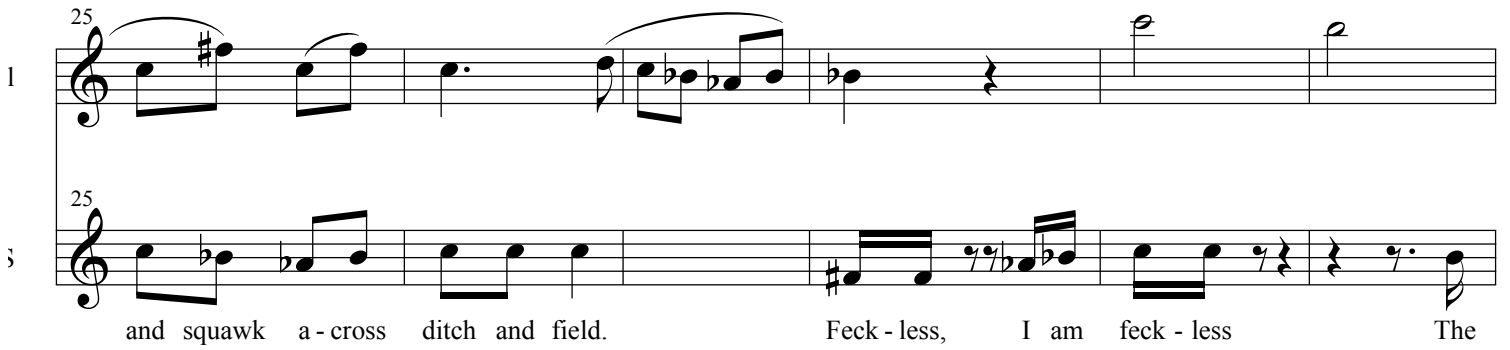


1

5

owl, the morn - ing doves sig - nal greet - ings. Woo woo woo and chat - ter - ing friends squeal

25

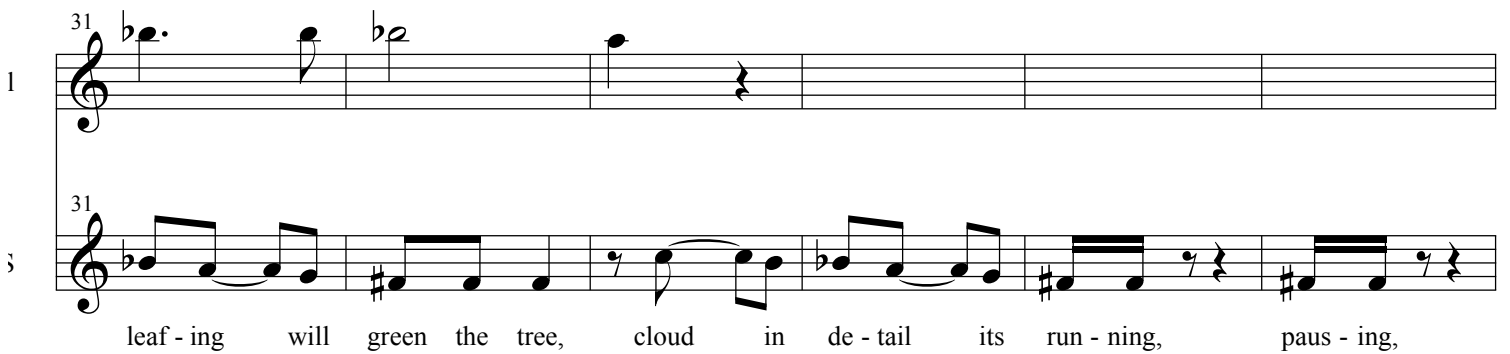


1

5

and squawk a - cross ditch and field. Feck - less, I am feck - less The

31

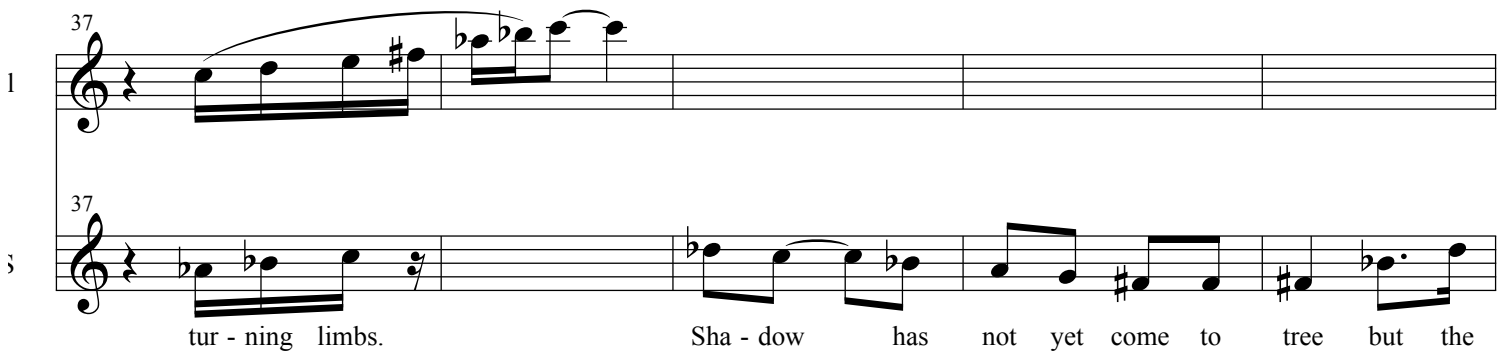


1

5

leaf - ing will green the tree, cloud in de - tail its run - ning, paus - ing,

37



1

5

tur - ning limbs. Sha - dow has not yet come to tree but the

42



1

5

light is al - rea - dy warm. I will go to the top most bran - ches

49

for my view. It is this I see: har - ken to sight and

54

sound, in claw and beak and breast. It is this I say: war - ble and trill,

59

cock and glide. It is this I do: use eyes to see,

63

scout, dis - cern, car - ress. Feck - less, I am

67

feck - less. I am feck - less in the dog - wood tree.