

LONG LIVE THE WEEDS

for mezzo-soprano, alto flute and harp

based on a poem by Theodore Roethke

$\text{♩} = 180$ (*constant throughout*)

by Cliff Crego

mezzo-soprano

f Long live the weeds that o-ver-whelm—— My nar-row veg-e-ta-ble

*** alto flute**

f

harp

f

D C B | E F G A

ms

realm!—— The bit - ter rock, the bar - ren soil——

a-fl

hp

ms

That force the son of man to toil:—— *f* All things un -

a-fl

f

hp

* **alto flute:** sounds where written

* **harp harmonics:** sound where written

ms 29

ms a-fl

Hope, look, cre-ate, or drink and

33

ms

die: (drink and die)

a-fl

37

ms These shape the crea-ture that is I. (I)

a-fl

hp

41

ms

a-fl

hp

(D C B | E F G A) $\ddot{\text{v.}}$ (poco) $\ddot{\text{v.}}$ (simile)

45

ms realm!— The bit - ter rock, the

a-fl

{ hp D-flat G-flat

48

ms bar - ren soil That force the son of man to

a-fl

{ hp

51

ms toil; All things un - ho - ly,

a-fl

{ hp G A-flat

54

ms marked by curse, _____ The ug - ly of the un - i-verse. The

a-fl

{ hp

G-flat G G-flat D C# B | E F G# A

57

ms rough, the wick - ed and the wild

a-fl

{ hp

G-flat

61

ms That keep the spir - it un - de - filed. With

a-fl

{ hp

C# G#

64

ms these I match my lit - tle wit And

a-fl

hp {

C D#

67

ms earn the right to stand or sit.

a-fl

hp {

D-flat G-flat

69

ms Hope, look, cre- ate, or drink and

a-fl

hp {

73

ms die: (drink and)

a-fl

hp

F# G G# G G# A#

ms die) > These shape the crea - ture that is

a-fl

hp ff

D# C B | E F# G A

79

ms. 1.

a-fl.

hp

D-flat

duration: c. 2 ' 30"

On the Web at:

http://www.cs-music.com/harp/weeds_fl-hp-1.html

LONG LIVE THE WEEDS

for mezzo-soprano, alto flute and harp

based on a poem by Theodore Roethke

 = 180 (*constant throughout*)

by Cliff Crego

alto flute



duration: c. 2 ' 30"

On the Web at:
[http://www.cs-music.com/
 harp/weeds_fl-hp-1.html](http://www.cs-music.com/harp/weeds_fl-hp-1.html)

LONG LIVE THE WEEDS

Long live the weeds that overwhelm
My narrow vegetable realm!—
The bitter rock, the barren soil
That force the son of man to toil;
All things unholy, marked by curse,
The ugly of the universe.
The rough, the wicked, and the wild
That keep the spirit undefiled.
With these I match my little wit
And earn the right to stand or sit.
Hope, look, create, or drink and die:
These shape the creature that is I.

Theodore Roethke