

Cedarglass

Catherine Faber

C G C G C G C G

Nai - ad and dry - ad are drift - ing — a - wake, La - zi - ly lift - ing their heads by the lake;
The strength of the heart - wood, the sap - ling's's lithe grace, Ben - ding and twist - ing to slip in - to place.
Stained by my blood, and the salt of — my tears, Dance on the wa - ter and laugh at my fears. I

9 Am G Dm G C Am C G

Wa - tching a stepdau - ghter cur - tsey and pass; Wood's ce - le - bra - tion of ce - dar and glass We're
Saw - dust like pol - len, per - fume in each grain; Curls fall like pe - tals from spoke - shave and plane
wish you safe jour - ney, by white ash - wood finned, Light as a leaf on a for - tu - nate wind.

9

chorus:
17 C G Am G C G Am G

17 shaped by old for - ces no eye can still see As shad - ing the sap - ling is shap - ing the tree - The

25 F C F G F C Dm G

25 mold is long gone yet its lines still pre - serve, A sense of the true that in - forms ev - ery curve.