

## FRIEZE

Poem : Marcus Cumberlege ©

Music : Gilbert Isbin ©

♩ = 63

Win-ter, my fro-zen muse re-bels a - gainst the a-tro-phy of cells.

5  
Ac-ti-vi ty- of a - ny kind is quick - ly ba-nished from the mind.

9  
Sun- less... Hed-ges clothed in frost. Mor-nings squan-dered, was-ted, lost.

12  
Trees ac - cuse the pal - lid sky. Hun-gry