

Angry at the Muse

Madeline Tiger

Joelle Wallach

Agitato

♩=104

mf sempre

Stomps in when-e-ver I'm an-gry,

f sempre

some - times shout-ing so loud, I can't dis-tin-guish a word from the howl;

then she lies down ex - haust - - ed. Not in - t'rest-ed in my dreams, she

co-vets my rare love af-fairs. When my fa-ther died, she

mp *mf*

fol-low'd me for months, pe - tu - lant, ma - king sneer - ing fa - ces, like a wild

mp

beast: no di - a - logue. Im - - pa - tient, ti - red of wait - ing for

mf *poco*

me, she then flew all the way up to New York, ap - pear - ing there

poco *mf*

two years la - ter as a dou - - - ble rain - bow.