

# **Daughters of Silence**

*eight songs about experiences of women*

**Joelle Wallach**

# **Daughters of Silence**

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# Daughters of Silence

Inzer Byers

Joelle Wallach

$\text{♩} = 76$  *mf*

They taught you well, an-te - bel-lum wo - men, daugh - - - ters of

[3]

si - lence, - daugh- ters of si - lence. - Knife thrust \_\_\_\_ of a child's loss pier-ces the

[6] *mp poco parlando*

heart, scal - pel of hus-band's \_\_\_\_ be - tra - yal sculpts your flesh. \_\_\_\_ Close \_\_\_\_

[9] *poco a poco* *mf* *mf*

\_\_\_\_ your lips tight-ly, dea-den sen-ses, go dumb. Go \_\_\_\_ in - to your cham-ber, lock the door, daugh -

12 *poco* *p*

ter of si - lence, stay un - til the a - go - ny is locked a - way for good.

15 *poco f* *mp* *molto dolce*

Daugh - ter of si - lence, make sure your face re - veals se - rene com - po - sure.

18 *mp* *più asproso*

In time the mask be - comes your face. They taught you well, daugh - ters of

21

si - lence, si - lent daugh - ters, daugh - ters of si - lence.

# Woman Kills Sweetheart with Bowling Ball

Laura Kasischke

Joelle Wallach

Riflessívo ♩=69

*poco f*

The moon is loose \_\_\_\_\_ in the

gut-ter to-night. It rolls with-out kiss - es \_\_\_\_\_ or hand prints bet - ween us. Its mouth \_\_\_\_\_

an O <sup>3</sup> of sur-prise. O to - night the phan-tas-ma <sup>3</sup> of love

9

climbs the stairs while we sleep. She sags<sup>3</sup> with ex-haus - tion and booze and pills. Her

12

skin hangs hea-vy and emp-ty as hate. She floats so slow, she floats as though — she is swim-ming in

15

blood. The lights are out, the lit-tle sus-pi - cion — sleeps — and dreams and whim-pers in its

*loco lontano*

18

crib. Its tongue ——— ug-ly and blue. She climbs,

21

she climbs in si-lence and fu-ry spin - ning grog-gy in dark-ness and wind.

24

Look her left hand bears for you sweet - ly a gift of

26

light-ning and li - lies to please you. Though O to-night in her right hand

29

she, she has in vent-ed gra - vi-ty.

*sotto voce*

# Oregon Trail Journal

Inzer Byers

Joelle Wallach

$\text{♩} = 84$  *mp*

Two things \_\_\_\_\_ we wo - men no - tice most a -

4

long the trail: one \_\_\_\_\_ the al - most end - less line of a - ban - doned house - hold things.

7

*poco f*

Ea - sy \_\_\_\_\_ at first, choos - ing what to leave \_\_\_\_\_ to light - en



10 *mp* *f*

wa - gons: hea-vy pots, that ex - tra chest, things — ex-pend-a - ble.

13 *p* *mp*

La - ter leav - ings — get har - der: my mo - ther's ro - cker —

16 *f* *subito p*

al - ways home's cen - ter, now left rock - ing a - lone on the dus - ty trail - side

19 *mp*

The o - ther thing — we wo - men

21

*poco f*

no - tice most: the graves, \_\_\_\_\_ a - lone or clus - tered. \_\_\_\_\_

23

*sotto voce poch. portamento*

We speak spar-ing-ly of them, la - co - nic jour - nal en - tries:

25

*poch. declamato*

two miles, \_\_\_\_\_ three graves; \_\_\_\_\_ four miles, \_\_\_\_\_ two graves; five miles, se - ven graves.

28

*p*

At first \_\_\_\_\_ we're just re - cord-ing.

31

Then comes the sick - ness; our own deaths be-gin. Quick - dug, a hur-ried prayer,

34

hard-ly a mar-ker, no \_\_\_\_\_ time for mourn-ing, \_\_\_\_\_ al - ways the need for mov-ing

37

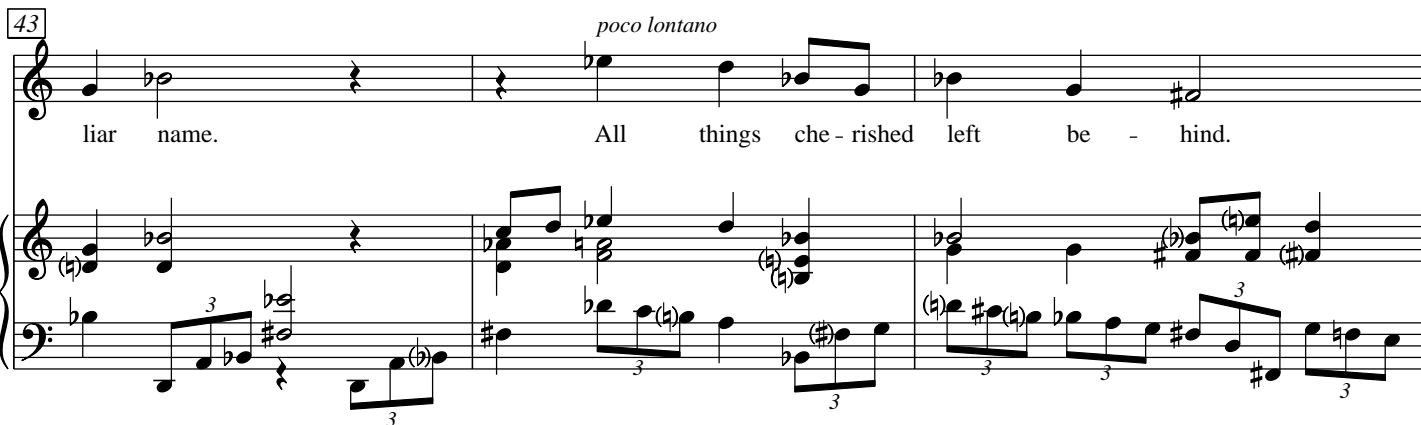
on. All things che-rished left be - hind, blest

40

be the tie \_\_\_\_\_ that griev - ing binds. Graves look dif-f'rent with<sup>3</sup> a fa-mi -

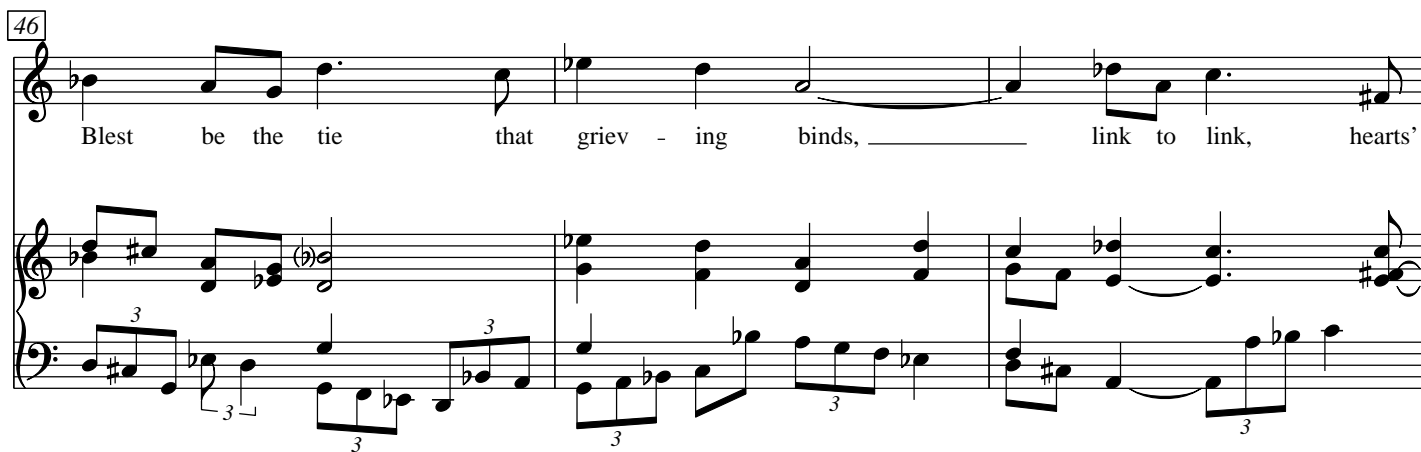
43 *poco lontano*

liar name. All things che - rished left be - hind.



46

Blest be the tie that griev - ing binds, \_\_\_\_\_ link to link, hearts'



49

leav - ings.



52



# When I Couldn't Afford Poetry

Susan Donnelly

Joelle Wallach

♩=88

*mf*  
Clo-set full of words, heaped up, \_\_\_\_\_

*f ruvido* *mf*

4

rea-dy for Good-will. On the re - fri - ge - ra - tor door, the list \_\_\_\_\_ grows

6 *poco*

long-er: ket - chup spat-tered words\_ I would have writ - ten. Prose \_\_\_\_\_

9

stalks \_\_\_\_\_ me, in - ter - rupt - ed \_\_\_\_\_ at ev - 'ry turn of phrase: gar - ru - lous

11 *mf*

bills, kids' teeth, — Mas - ter Charged con - science prod-ding me a - wake, hea-vy with

13 *mf*

words. Breasts —

15 *mp*

— ach-ing, — full — of words, sun - ny-bloom-ing wine days, head -

17 *mf*

aches, cu-mu - lus

12

stan - zas — es - cap - ing through blue sky. No bal - lads — in crowds to - day

14

*mp*

Home, speech - less with good sense,

16

*mf* *mp*

Words, hus - tled in - to dust - pans, — words — clog - ging the drains.

18

*mp*

and al - ways wait - ing, —

21 *mf*

wait - - ing, wait - - ing: three dumb note - books -

23 *mp*

pa - ges blank, point - less as store - fresh Wam - sut - ta per -

25 *mp* *f* *mf*

cale no - bo - dy's slept in. Words! Words I would have writ-ten, words I would have

28 *p* *molto* *barely a whisper*

writ-ten heaped up... wait - ing, wait - ing speech-less....



# Epistolary

15

New York Review of Books Box 7927

Joelle Wallach

*Gracioso* ♩ = 88

12

*mp*

Don't write to me \_\_\_\_\_ if you are mar-ried or o-ver fif-ty. Don't write to me \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score for measures 12-15 is in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half rest, then a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are: "Don't write to me \_\_\_\_\_ if you are mar-ried or o-ver fif-ty. Don't write to me \_\_\_\_\_".

4

\_\_\_\_\_ if you e-quate so-phist-i-ca-tion \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ the ci-ty, \_\_\_\_\_ learn-ing with de-

The musical score for measures 16-19 continues in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment has a half rest, then a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are: "\_\_\_\_\_ if you e-quate so-phist-i-ca-tion \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ the ci-ty, \_\_\_\_\_ learn-ing with de-".

7

*mf**mp*

grees, suc-cess with ac-qui-si-tions. Don't write to me if you are the sort who would ex-ile

The musical score for measures 20-23 continues in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment has a half rest, then a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are: "grees, suc-cess with ac-qui-si-tions. Don't write to me if you are the sort who would ex-ile".

11

*mf*

smo-kers, if you can't stand cat hair, are wea-ry of wrin-kles, \_\_\_\_\_ wa-ry of

The musical score for measures 24-27 continues in 4/4 time. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment has a half rest, then a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are: "smo-kers, if you can't stand cat hair, are wea-ry of wrin-kles, \_\_\_\_\_ wa-ry of".

14 *p*

time \_\_\_\_\_ or o - ther-wise think that per-fec-tion is due you, don't write to me. But

18 *mf*

if, in the night you ache for a real, whole \_\_\_\_\_ wo-man, \_\_\_\_\_

21 *p lontano e dolce*

write to me, \_ write to me, write to me, to me, \_ to me. \_\_\_\_\_

25 *poco rit.* *poch. più mosso*

*poco rit.* *poch. più mosso*

# Rape

Susan Donnelly

Joelle Wallach

♩=84

*sfz* *p sotto voce* *f* *ruvido* Al -

3

*mp* *piu dolce e lirico*

though the stran-ger dragged me from my car I am not robbed of —

*mp* *piu legato*

3

5

— my lo — ver's smell or touch nor the arch of co — lours

*mp*

3

7

*sfz* *ruvido* *mp* *lirico*

when he moves in — side me. Al — though I screamed up the deaf street, Bet — ty and

*sfz* *mf*

3

9

Jane laugh with me 'round my kit - chen ta - ble, the jea - lous cat creeps

11

up to warm my lap. Al - though the a - ban-doned

13

house had doom eyes, graf - fi - ti mocked me, my mo - ther

15

teach-es me the names of flo - wers, split-ting milk - weed pods, sil - ver a -

18 *sff*

bun - - dance light - ens the air. Al - - though he tore off my

20 *subito dolce*

clothes, Sis - ter Ma - ry The - re - sa hands me the La - tin prize.

23 *sff* *poco* *mp sotto voce*

Al - though he beat me to the ground, room stink-ing of ash - es, and u - rine, my grand - fa - ther

25 *più p* *lontano pp* *mp molto dolce*

calls me Pi - xie, Pi - xie. From the back door af - ter

28 *dolcis.*

sup - per, he shows me Cas - si - o - pei - a who moves as we move on earth.

*ff*

32 *f* *mp dolce*

All through the thuds, the pant-ing and the pig squeals, pie - ces of mo - ments tum -

*subito p*

35 *(mp)* *p dolce*

- ble smooth, en - close deep si - lence like mauve and brown peb - bles ga - thered on Nau -

38 *(ritardando al fine)* *molto lontano*

- set Beach.

*ppp*

# Hymn From the House of Trouble

Laura Kasischke

Joelle Wallach

*mp* *pleading a little* *gradually more forceful*

*♩* = 66

So go now my love \_\_\_\_\_ be - fore <sup>3</sup> you're gone. \_\_\_\_\_ Be - fore you're

old - er, sad - der, sick - er, gone, \_\_\_\_\_ though I'll still be a - wake \_\_\_\_\_ and wait -

ing. I have no - where else I want to go. \_\_\_\_\_

To go to the door \_\_\_\_\_ of the House of Trou - ble \_\_\_\_\_ <sup>3</sup> and de - cide I want to stay.

11 *poco agitato* **mf** *poch ralent.*

They tell me three nights of plea - sure, thir - ty years bad luck.

13 **sfz** *mp* **sf** **mf**

Fine, \_\_\_\_\_ I say, Fine. Let me sleep with that one, \_\_\_\_\_

8va

16 *mp*

\_\_\_\_\_ the one with the e - vil twin. The e - vil twin, \_\_\_\_\_ the e - vil twin with a bot - tle \_\_\_\_\_

19 **f**

whose name is the name of a saint, a drun - ken fair - haired



21 *p* *più p*

an-gel from hell, passed out all night like a child in my arms. — There are hymns all .

24

night in the House of Trou-ble, — sac-red snap-shots of the dead. All the

27 *pp*

men are drin-kers, — slow, — slow drink-ers drink-ing un-til they on-ly look like

30 *mp* *mf*

men I love. The way he looks, the way he looks and the smell of his

33 *mp espr.*

shirts. And when his hands, and when his hands, I'm tan-gled to death in my

36 *ffp* *mf*

own sheets, gasp-ing and snagged like a trout. \_\_\_\_\_

39 *mp poco lontano*

See, — all these — are snap-shots of you look-ing green-eyed at the beach.

41 *p* *molto*

All these snap-shots are you be-fore the bot-tle in your hand — is emp-ty — So leave, my

44

love, be-cause I've be - come a be-lie - er in a - no<sup>3</sup> - ther God, in a - no<sup>3</sup> - ther life, —

47

a bet - ter, har - der, long - er life to come; and I'll come back

50

and back to this place I am and when I do it will be with you, —

53

*mp leggerissimo*

it will be with you a - gain.

# Kneading Bread

Teresa Anderson

Joelle Wallach

♩=84

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *mp*. The melody features a series of eighth-note triplets in the right hand, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth-note triplets. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

4

There's a rhy - thm to it, fold - ing the dough o - ver and o - ver the

Vocal melody continues with eighth-note triplets. The piano accompaniment maintains the triplet pattern in both hands.

8

flu - id mo - tion \_\_\_\_\_ of the heel<sup>3</sup> of your hand. Don't be a - fraid,

*subito p*

Measure 8 includes a dynamic change to *p* (piano) marked *subito*. The vocal melody has a brief rest in measure 9 before continuing. The piano accompaniment continues with triplet patterns.

11

fold\_ it o - ver, push it a - way \_\_\_\_\_ with the heel<sup>3</sup> of your hand.

Vocal melody continues with triplet patterns. The piano accompaniment features more complex triplet figures in the right hand and steady eighth-note triplets in the left hand.

14

When I was young, Grand - ma Mar-guer-ite made the dark loaves \_\_\_\_ of the old

17

world. Grand - ma Ru - by in Mis-sis - sip - pi \_\_\_\_ made corn-bread, black-strap and

20

jam. All o - ver wo-men make bread. Don't be a - fraid, keep up the

23

rhy - thm, \_\_\_\_ we'll talk, my son, of bread that fills us \_\_\_\_ and

26

grain the first fruits of all tribes. Don't be a - fraid, a rhy - thm

29

to it, knead-ing to stay a - live. My son, you know

33

what be - fore on-ly a daugh-ter would learn: how to sur-vive in - side this

36

rhy - thm. The flu - id mo - tion of the heel of your hand. Cen - tu-ries

39

— of wo-men mak-ing bread. Don't be af-raid, — we sing and fight, cry our tears, knead our

42

bread, grow our corn, sow our wheat, — we who sur-vive — the rhy-thm of it.

45

Don't be af-raid, — my son, and in the name — of wo-men who walk in sha-dows

48

— de-nied shel-ter, — the wo-man forced from her home shift-ing ash-es for re-venge —

51 *f* *ma dolce* *molto* *poco ritenuto* *A tempo mp*

— the wo - man search-ing for food — who sees child-ren burn-ing; — and in the

54 *poco f* *dolcis.*

name of — the ex - iled wo - man — who sings us to sleep. Don't be af - raid,

57

o - ver and o - ver push it a - way — with the heel of your hand. And in the name of —

60 *mf* *molto* *mp*

— the wo - man who tends the fire, — whose hands bring heal - ing, — the wo - man



63

who re-fu-ses to bow down, in the name of the wo - man who turns to the Mo-ther of God,

66

*poco f*

the wo-man whose child dies in her arms, the wound and fire of her

69

*poco f dolce*

*pp* *sotto voce*

long - ing. I pro - mise you we will re - turn. Don't be af -

72

*mp*

*(mp)*

- raid, there's a rhy - thm to it, fold - ing the dough with the heel of your

75 *mf* *mp cantabile*

hand. We will re - turn. The flu - id mo - tion o - ver and

78 *poco f* *pp molto dolce*

o - ver, don't be af - raid, Don't be af-raid,

81 *p cantabile* *mp*

there's \_\_\_\_\_ a rhy - thm to it. Push it a - way \_\_\_\_\_ with the heel of your

84 *poco f poco* *p subito sotto voce*

hand; don't be af-raid, don't be af-raid, \_\_\_\_\_