Ephemeris

Four songs of private daily life

Joelle Wallach

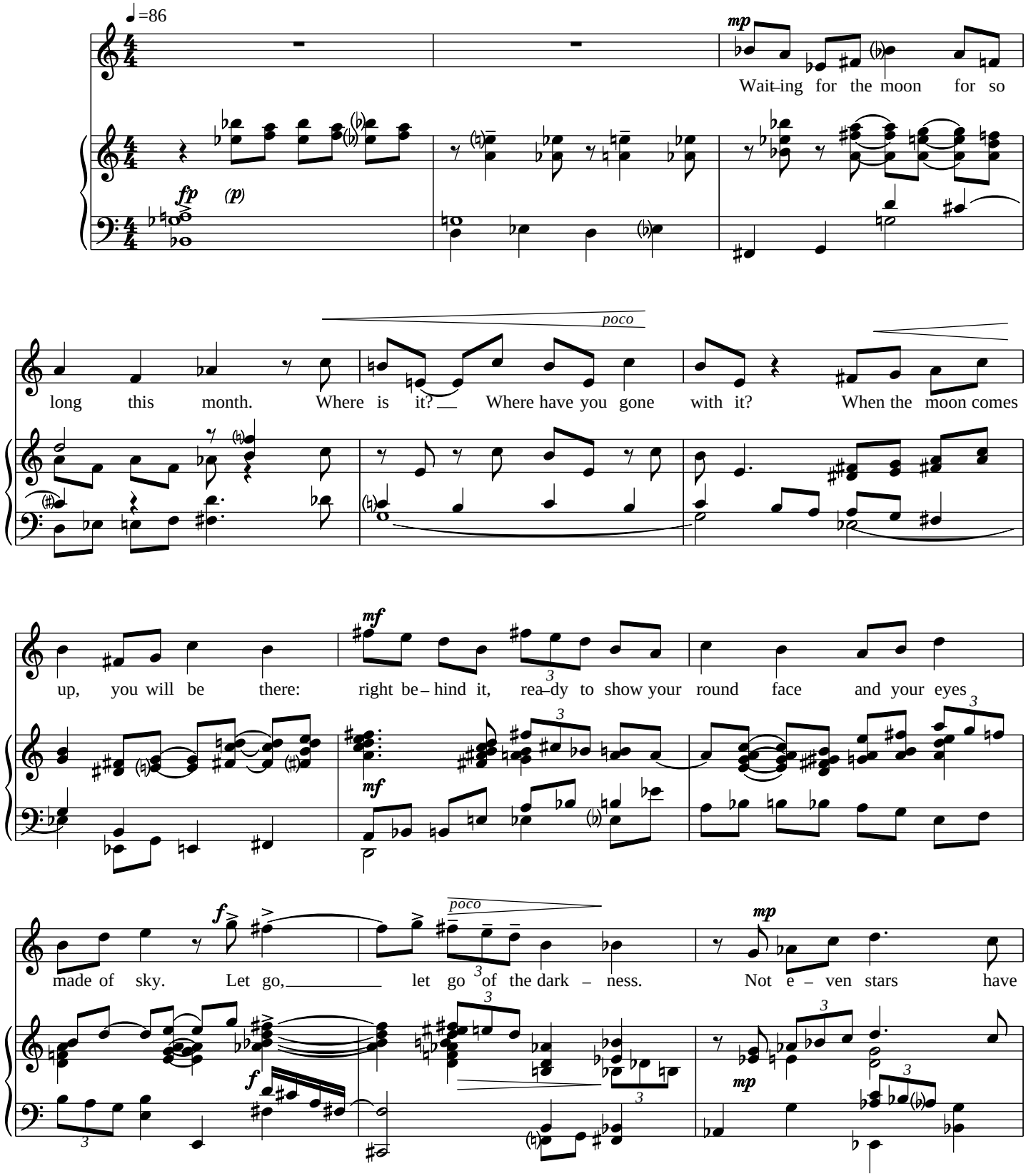
Waiting for the Moon

Madeline Tiger

Joelle Wallach

Poco lontano

♩=86



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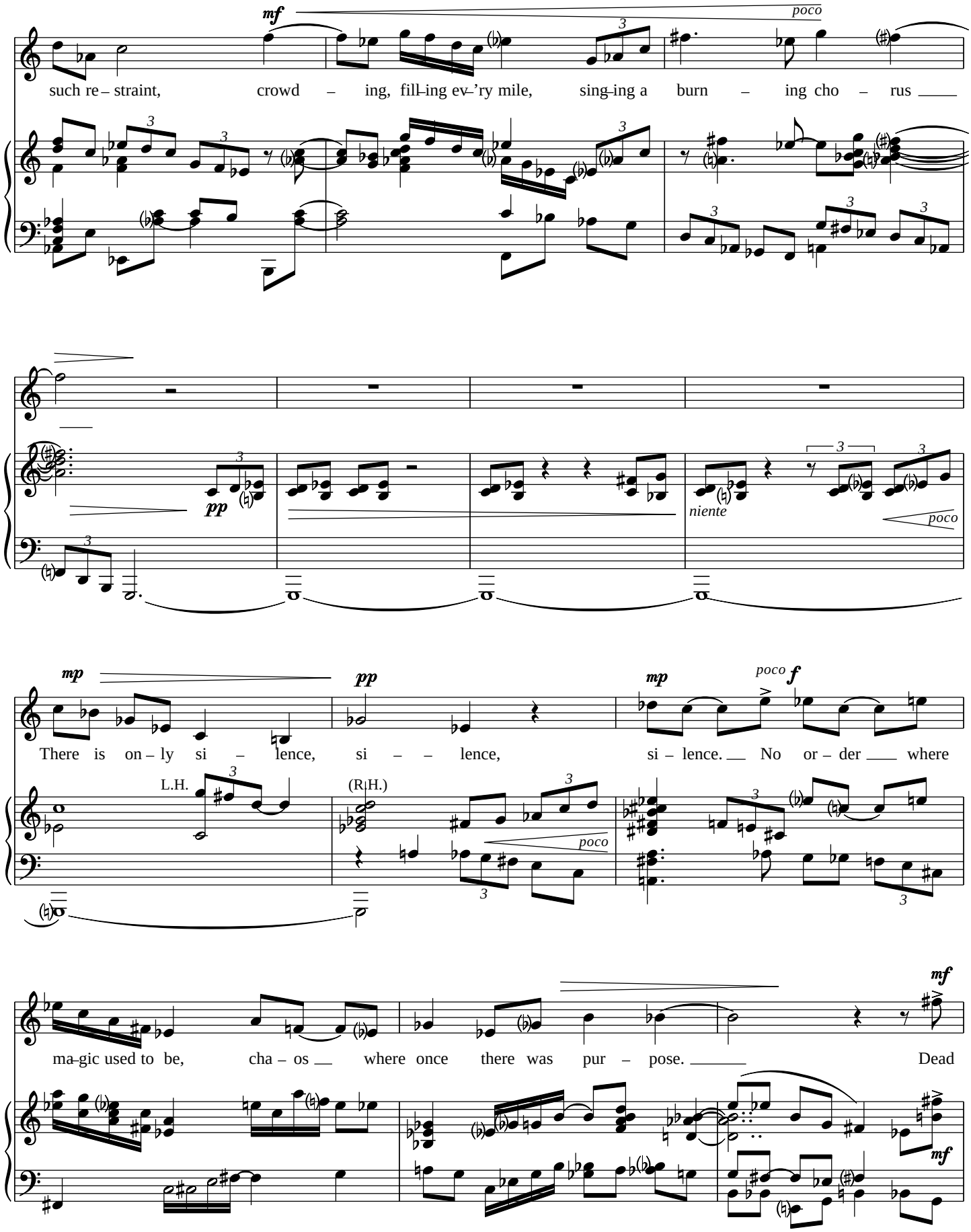
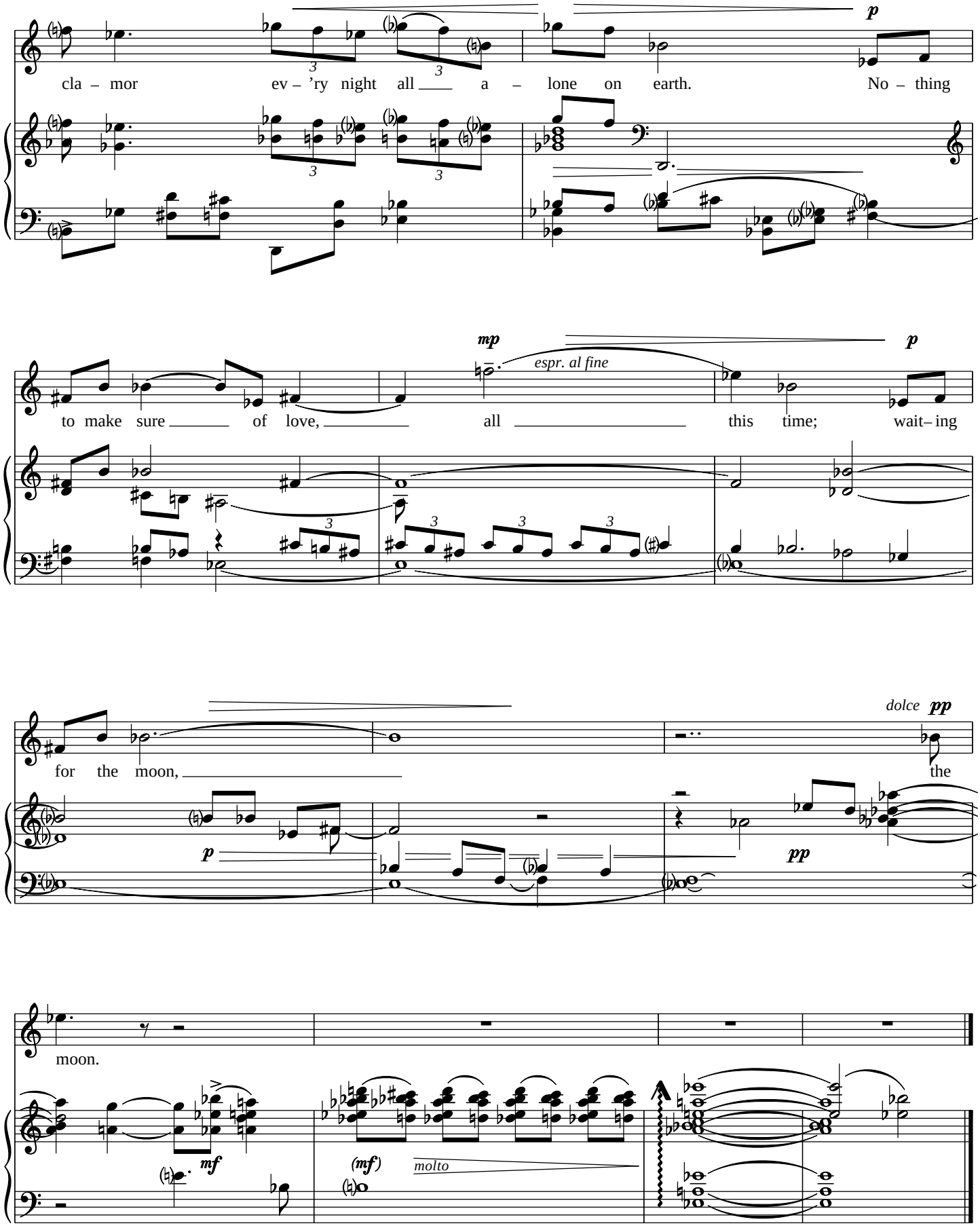

mf
poco
such re – straint, crowd – ing, fill–ing ev–'ry mile, sing–ing a burn – ing cho – rus
pp
niente
poco
mp
pp
mp
poco
f
There is on – ly si – lence, si – – lence, si – lence. No or – der where
L.H.
(R.H.)
poco
mf
ma–gic used to be, cha – os where once there was pur – pose. Dead
mf

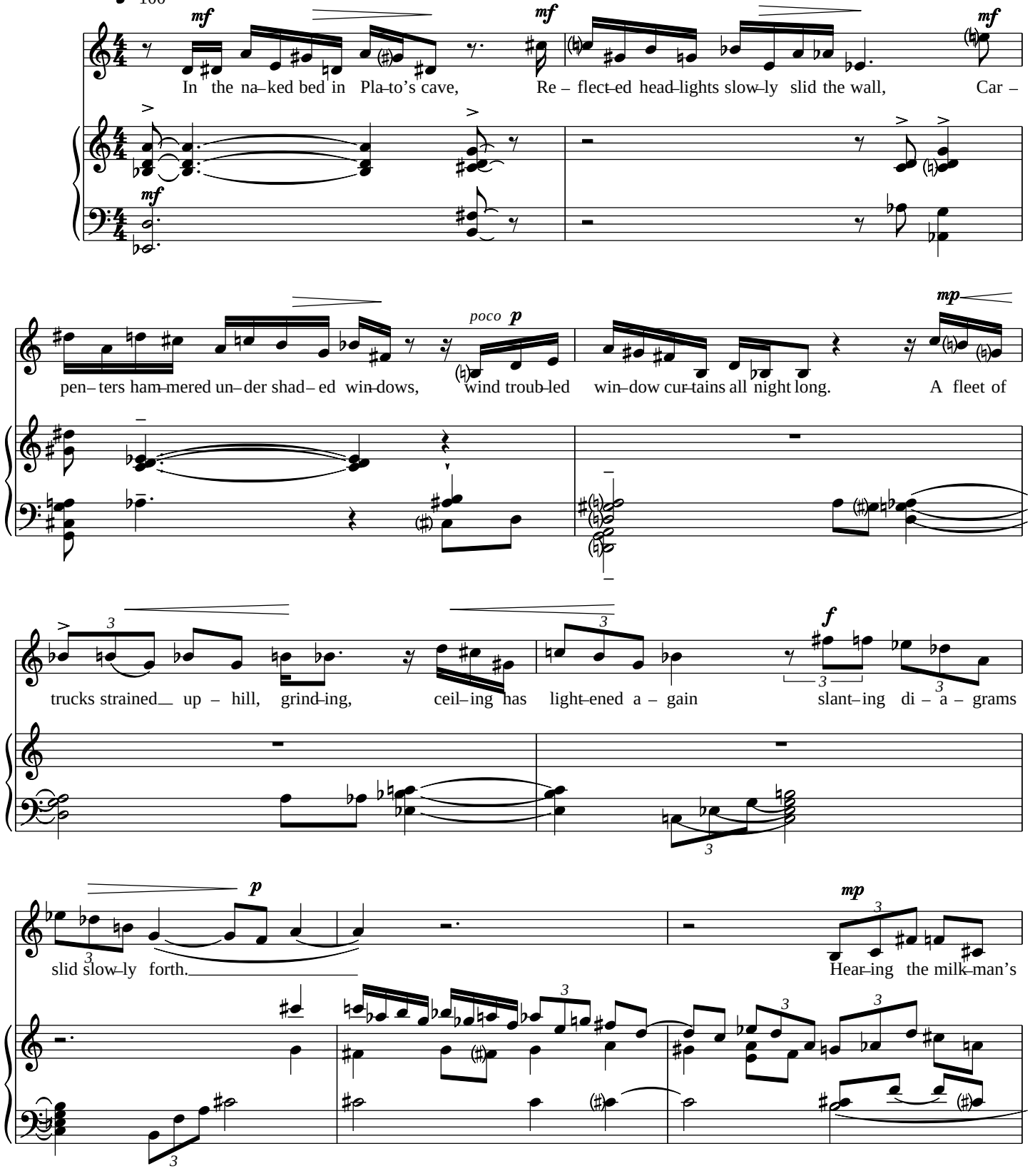

p
cla – mor ev – 'ry night all a – lone on earth. No – thing
mp
espr. al fine
p
to make sure of love, all this time; wait– ing
dolce pp
for the moon, the
p
pp
moon.
mf
(mf)
molto

Insomnia

Delmore Schwartz

Joelle Wallach

Agitato
♩=100



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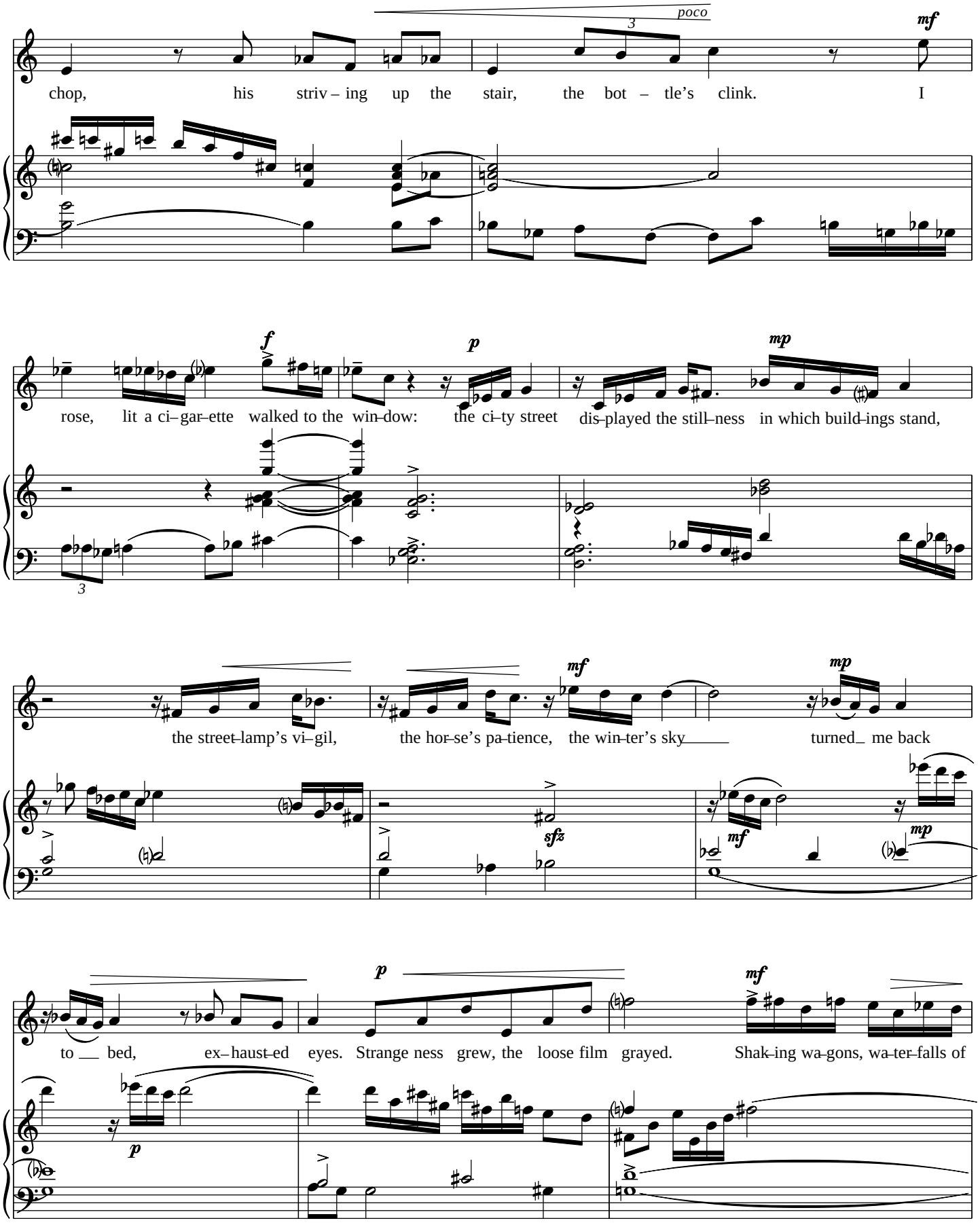
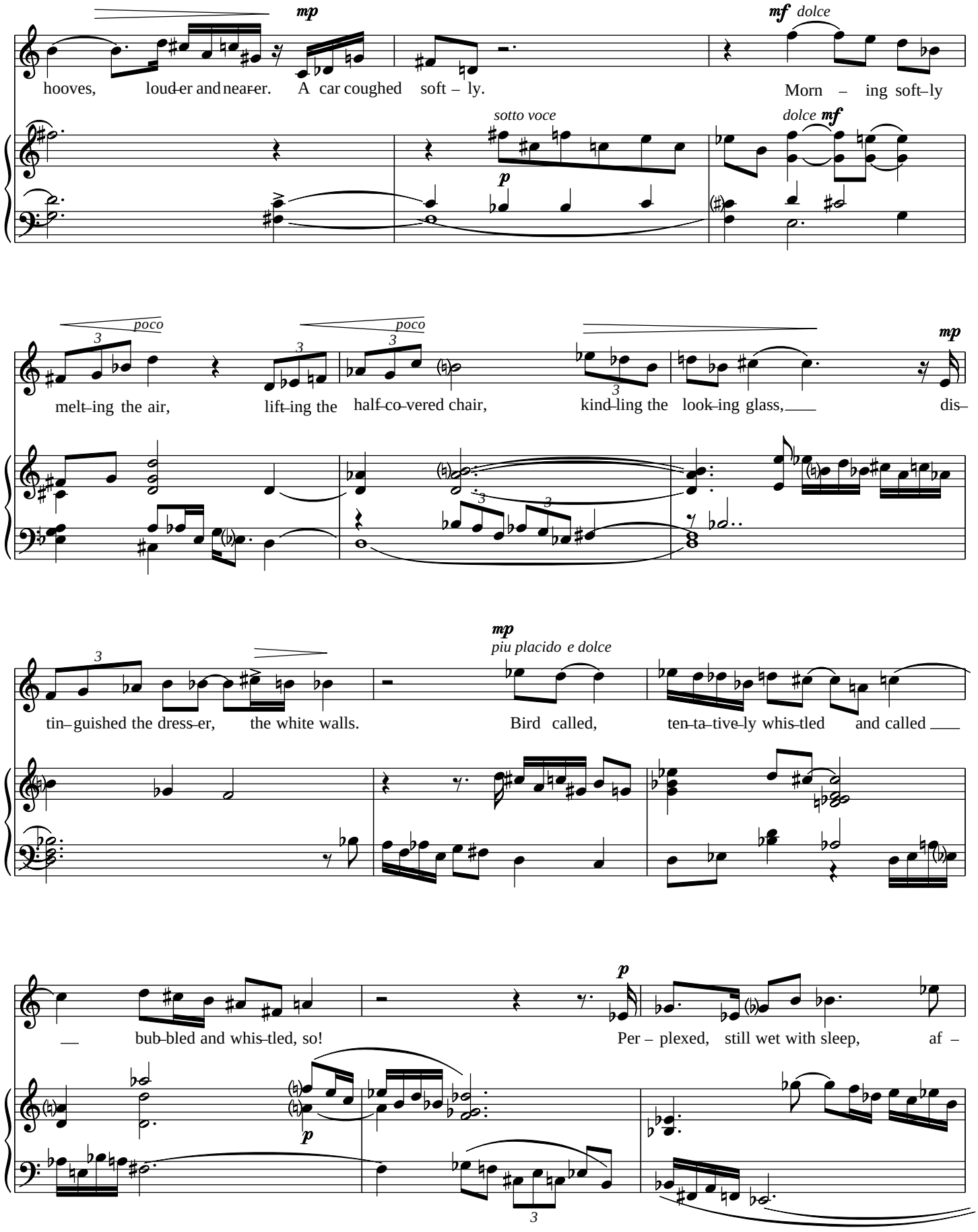
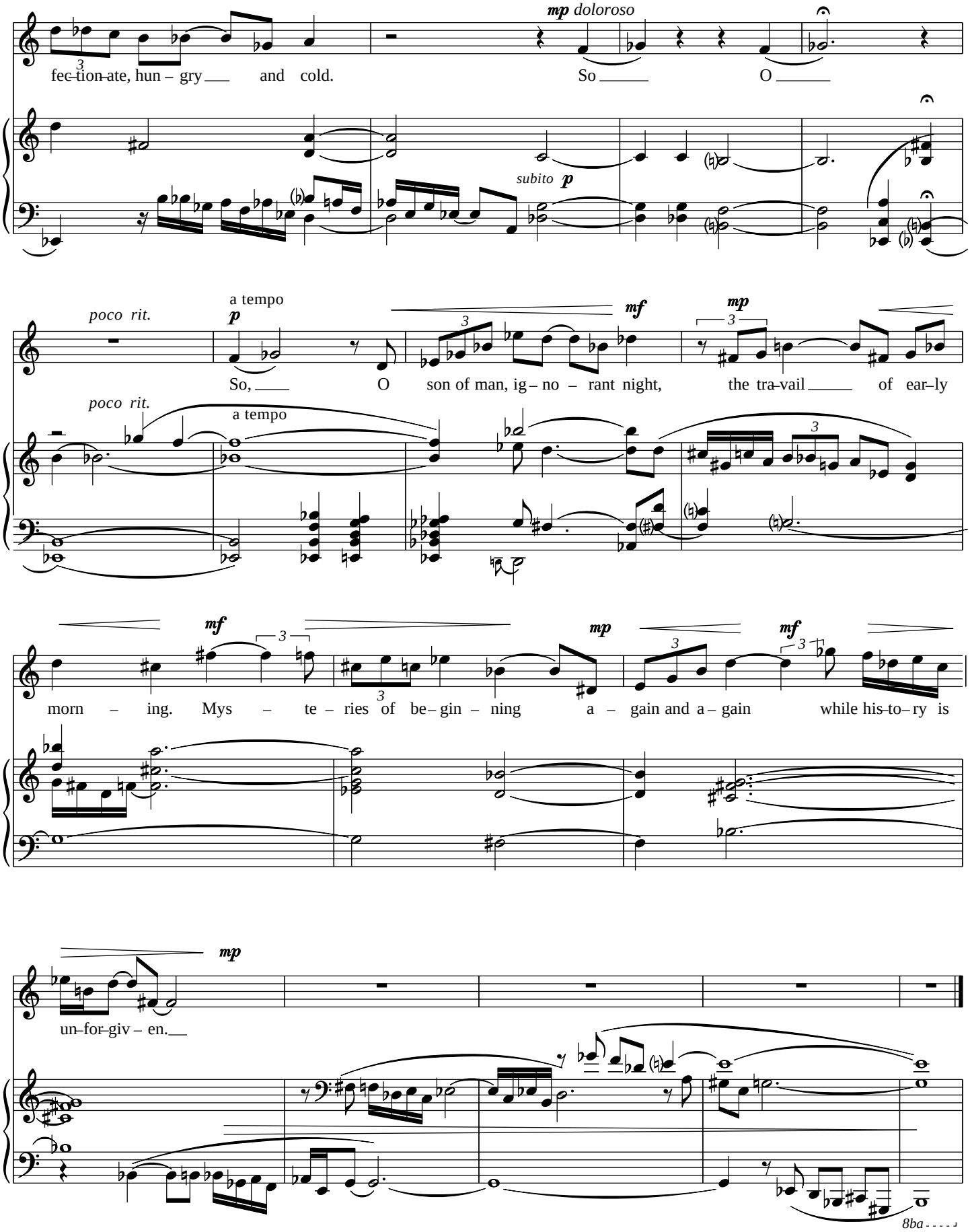

poco
mf
chop, his striv – ing up the stair, the bot – tle's clink. I
f
p
mp
rose, lit a ci – gar – ette walked to the win – dow: the ci – ty street dis – played the still – ness in which build – ings stand,
mf
mp
the street – lamp's vi – gil, the hor – se's pa – tience, the win – ter's sky turned me back
sfz
mf
mp
to bed, ex – haust – ed eyes. Strange ness grew, the loose film grayed. Shak – ing wa – gons, wa – ter – falls of
p
mf

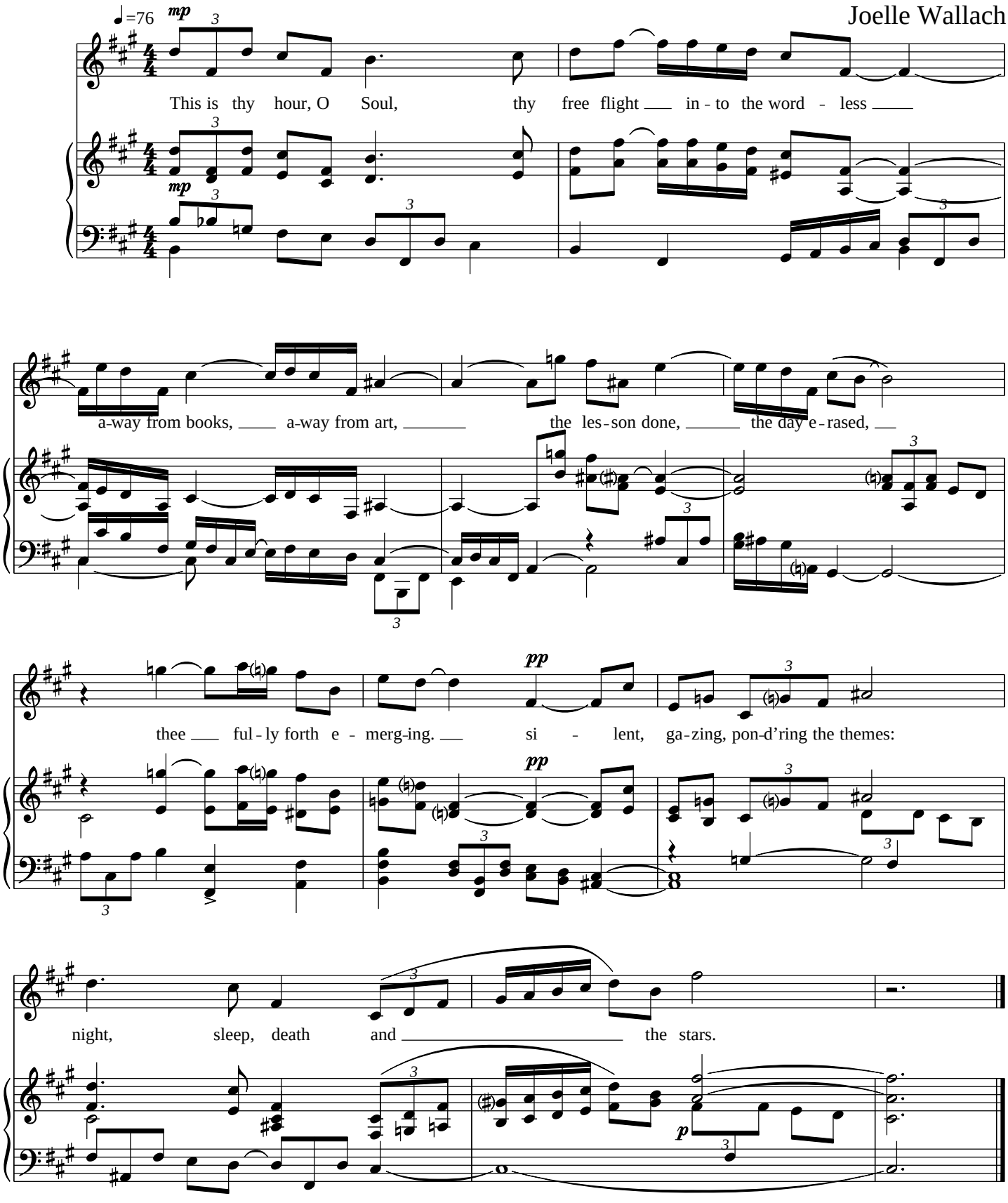

mp
mf dolce
hooves, loud-er and near-er. A car coughed soft – ly.
Morn – ing soft-ly
sotto voce
p
dolce mf
poco
poco
melt-ing the air, lift-ing the half-co-vered chair, kind-ling the look-ing glass, dis-
mp
piu placido e dolce
tin-guished the dress-er, the white walls. Bird called, ten-ta-tive-ly whis-tled and called
bub-bled and whis-tled, so!
p
Per – plexed, still wet with sleep, af –
p


mp doloroso
fec–tion–ate, hun – gry and cold. So O
subito p
poco rit.
a tempo
p
So, O son of man, ig – no – rant night, the tra–vail of ear–ly
mf
mp
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
mp
mf
morn – ing. Mys – te – ries of be–gin – ning a – gain and a – gain while his–to–ry is
mp
un–for–giv – en.
8ba

A Clear Midnight

Walt Whitman

Joelle Wallach



Angry at the Muse

Madeline Tiger

Joelle Wallach

Agitato

♩=104

mf sempre

f sempre

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

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

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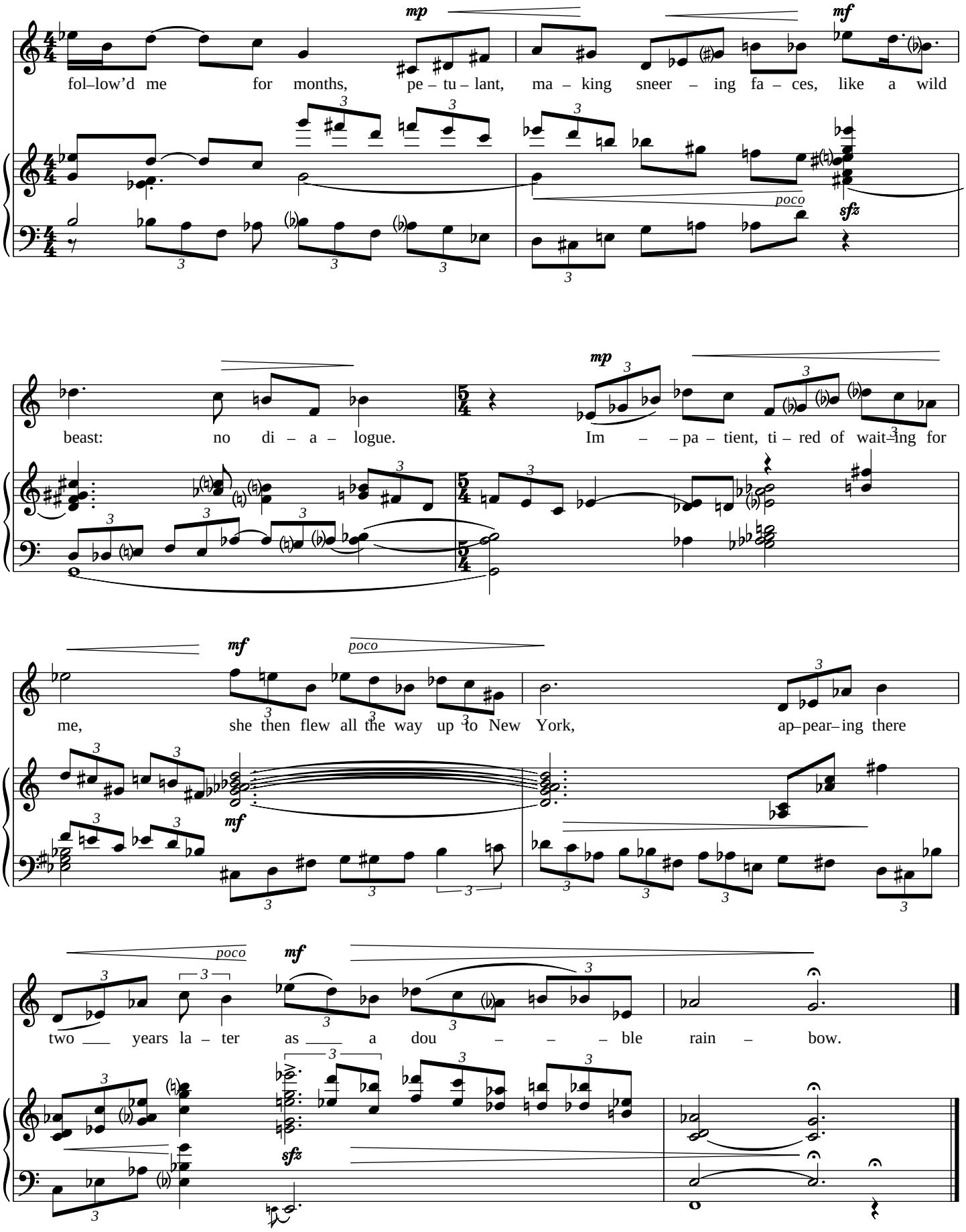
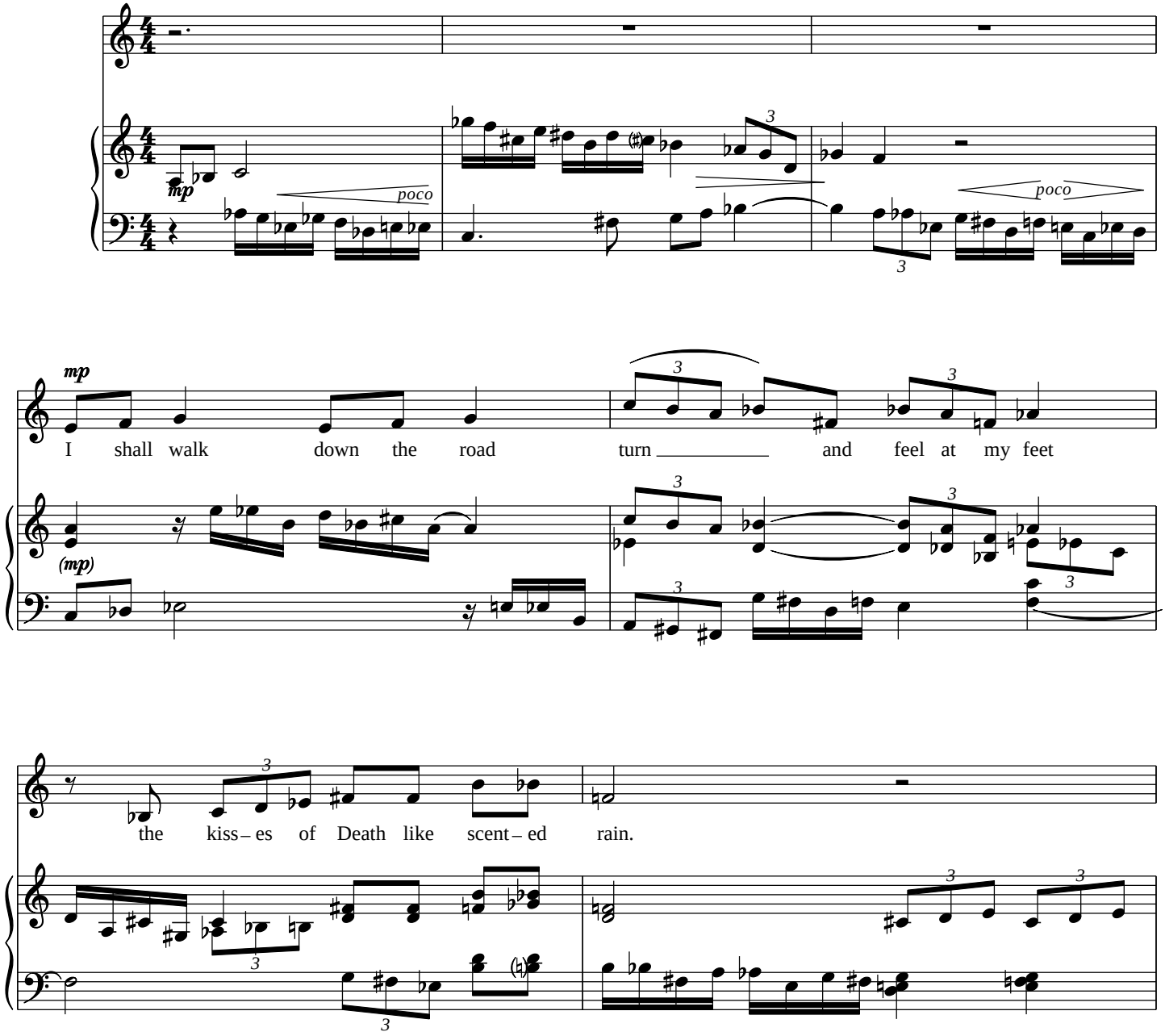

mp
mf
fol–low'd me for months, pe – tu – lant, ma – king sneer – ing fa – ces, like a wild
poco
sfz
beast: no di – a – logue. Im – – pa – tient, ti – red of wait–ing for
mp
me, she then flew all the way up to New York, ap–pear–ing there
mf
poco
two years la – ter as a dou – – – ble rain – bow.
poco
mf
sfz

Death

Maxwell Bodenheim

Joelle Wallach

♩=69



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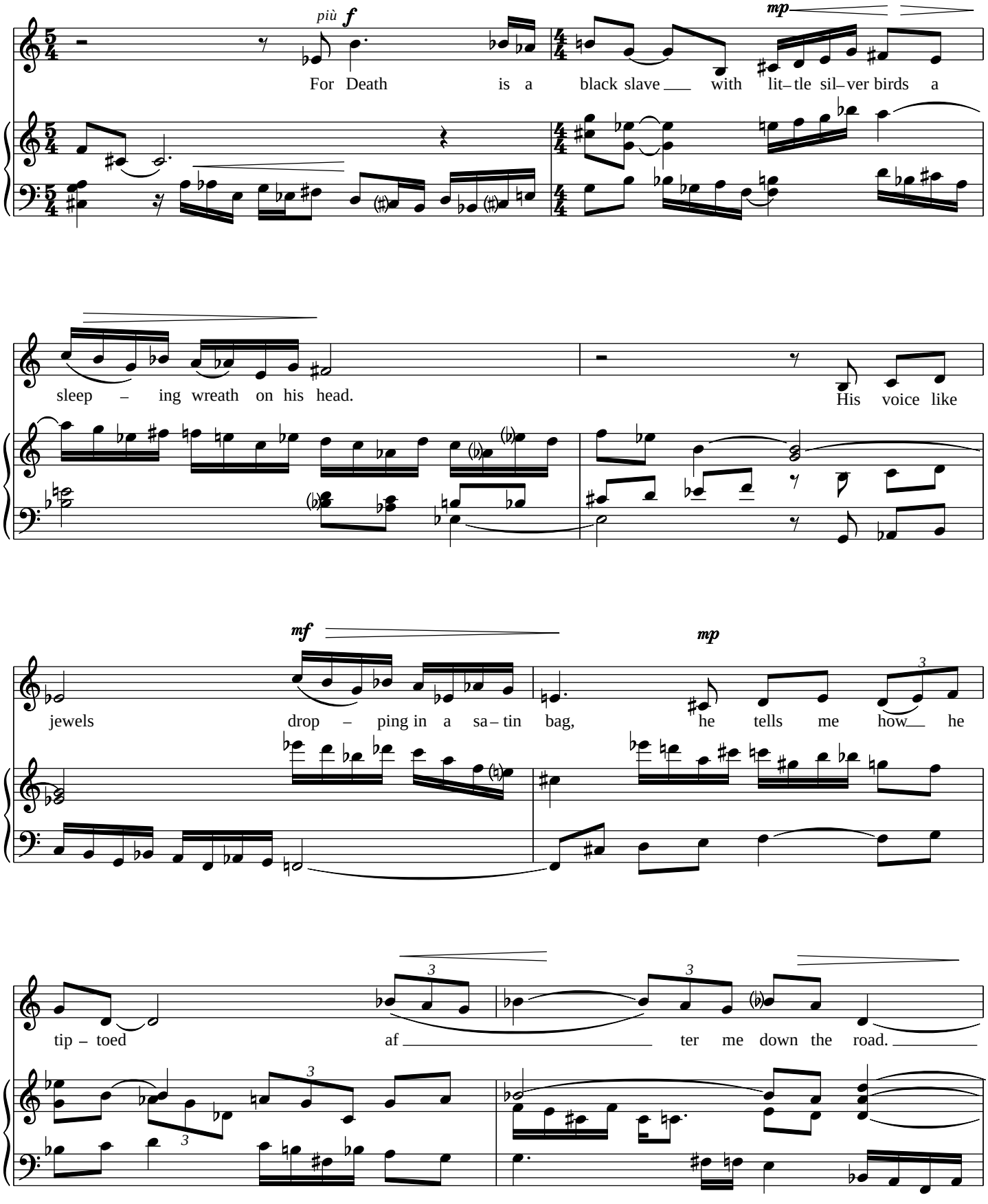
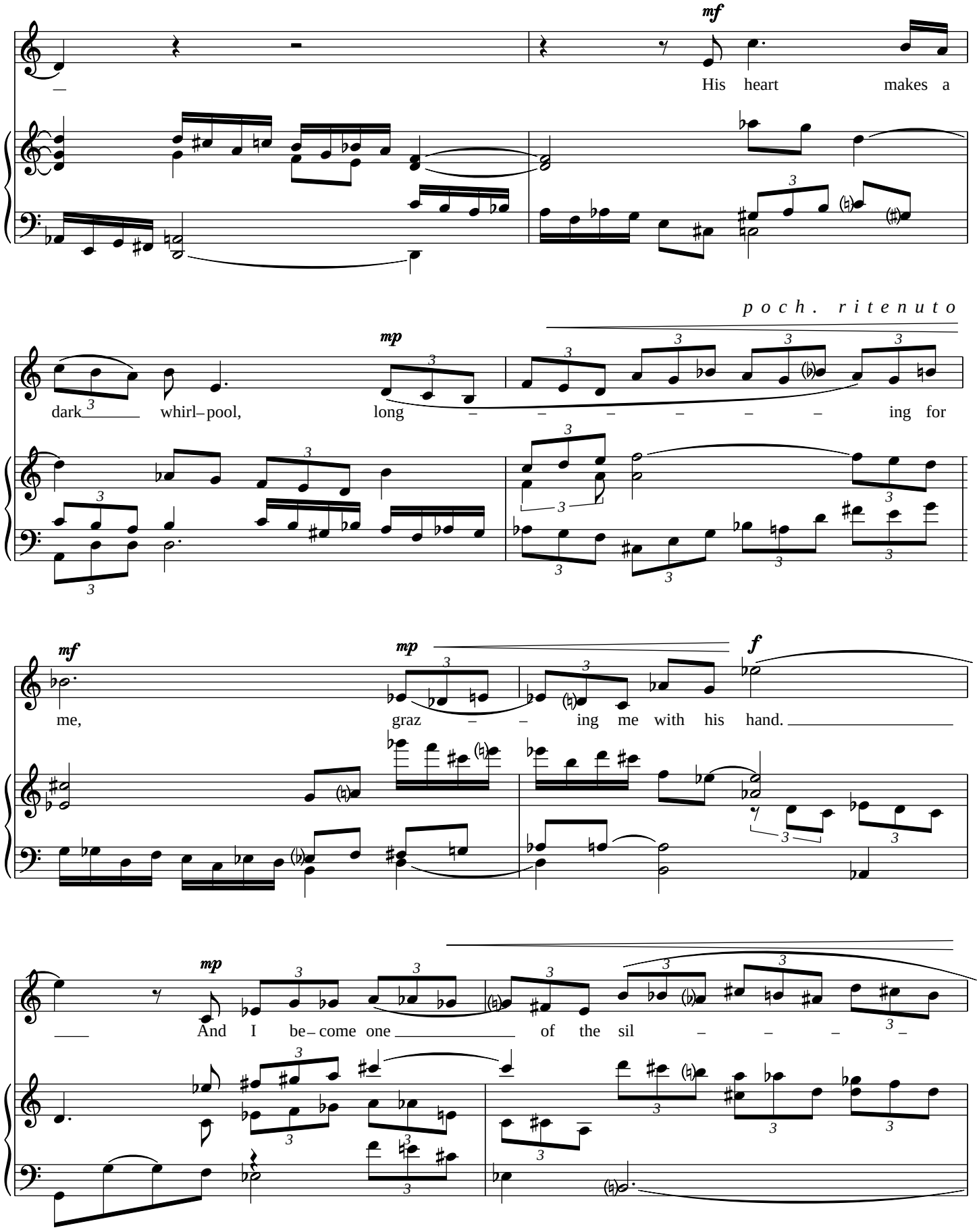
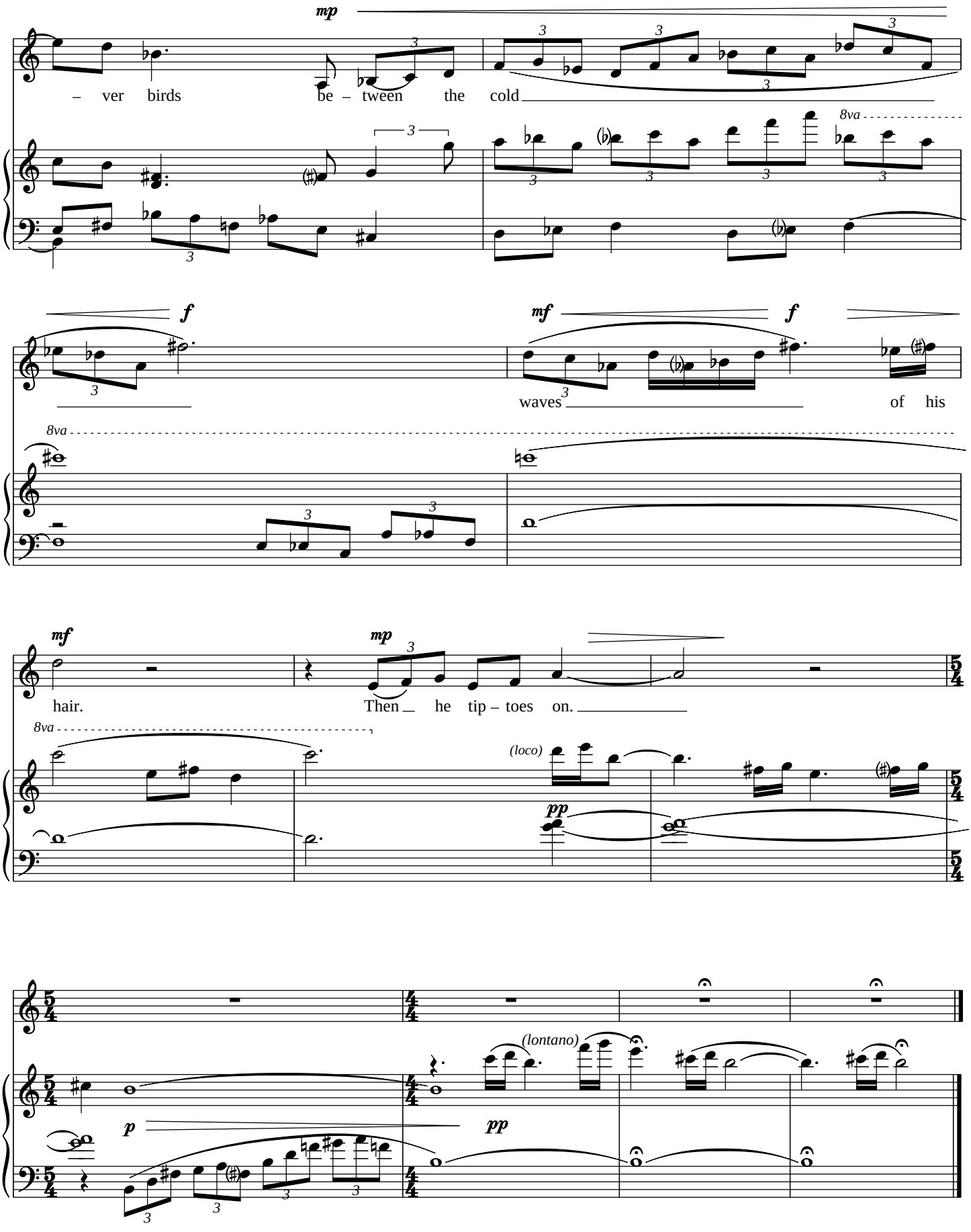

più f
mp
For Death is a black slave with lit– tle sil–ver birds a
sleep – ing wreath on his head.
His voice like
mf
mp
jewels drop – ping in a sa– tin bag,
he tells me how he
tip – toed
af ter me down the road.


mf
His heart makes a
poch. ritenuto
mp
dark whirl–pool, long – – – – – – ing for
mf
mp
f
me, graz – – ing me with his hand.
mp
And I be–come one of the sil – – – –


mp
– ver birds be – tween the cold
8va
f
mf
f
waves of his
8va
mf
mp
hair. Then he tip – toes on.
8va
(loco)
pp
p
pp
(lontano)