

Love in the Early Morning

*two songs for soprano and piano
about making love to milkmen*



Joelle Wallach

Love in the Early Morning

EGGS PLEASE

page 3

Milkman, do we have it straight?
I am the housewife a
and I have ordered eggs.
Walk them up the path,
and don't disturb the snow.
Morning ticks...
a dozen eggs...
a dozen mornings'
dozens
tick
the pan, the latch,
the closing door,
and here we are:
I, housewife; you?

You be the milkman
dancing up the eggs
and noticing the moon
evaporate
above the lamp
that penetrates
the falling snow.

Do milkmen see the moon?

You be the milkman, moonman
...
I will be oh let me be the
the moonmaid
maid of eggwhite moon shine
dancing in the snow
....

melting in the arms
of one tall lamp-like milk man
beamy lampy man
who carries all those moons
to dawnskinned women. Hurry
to collect my due
of you: horse, buggy, cartons,
quarts, ...
You whip the horse
until the snow
churns into buttery lumps
....

Madeline Tiger

MAKING LOVE TO THE MILKMAN page 9

He's predictable
Yet with that shock

of red hair
my son is known by.
I don't trust a man
in a closed van. Give me

a butter-colored truck.
Guernsey in watercress,
laid back door

and him swinging out
in the quickmarch
of the deliverer.

None of your waxy
cardboard.
He brings bottles

trembling together, dewed
with early morning,

feathered brown eggs
that fit your palm. His

is Grade A
sun, tempered
so you can look
straight at it,

distillation of meadow
blown from the pod
in a lavish scattering,

cream
rising to the top
of the daily churn.

Human kindness.

Susan Donnelly

Milkman, Eggs Please

Madeline Tiger

Joelle Wallach

gracioso e poco affetuoso

♩=88

5

8

poco quasi recit. mf

Milk-man,

11

do we have it straight I am the house-wife and have or - dered eggs.

14 *mf* *ancora cantando* *f* *ben cantabile*

March them up the path. Don't dis-turb the snow. Mor - ning ticks, —

17

— a do-zen eggs, — a do-zen mor - nings' do - zens tick: the pan, the latch, the clos-ing door...

(LH) (RH)

(legato simile)

20 *mp* *poco f*

And here we are: I, — the house-wife, you... You be the

23

milk - man, danc - ing up the eggs, no - tic - ing the moon e -

25

va - po - rate a - bove the lamp.

poco cresc.

28

mf

Milk - man, milk - - man, I will be, oh, let me be the moon - maid.

sfz

30

leggero

mf

33

meno f

Milk - man, milk - man, I will be, oh, let me be the

35 *p* *mf*

moon - maid, melt-ing in your arms. Milk - man,

37 *f*

You tall, lamp-like milk - man. Milk - - man,

39 *mp*

car -

41 *mf* *p*

ry - ing all those moons _____ to dawn - haired wo - men. _____ Milk -

44

man, Milk - man, do we have it straight?

46 *mp*

Let's hur - ry to col - lect our due: horse and bug-gy, car-tons,

48

quarts. You whip the horse un - til the snow turns in-to but-t'ry

50

lumps. *f* Milk-man! *mp* Do we have it straight? Be - neath the

52 *ben f ma cantabile* *mf*

moon in milk-white dawn, mor - - ning ticks, mor - - ning

poco

54 *mp*

ticks, Milk-man, Milk-man, Milk - - - man...

mp cantabile

56

59

10 *mp*

None of your wax - y, card - board car - tons. He brings

13 *mf*

bot - tles tremb - - ling to - ge - ther dew'd with ear - ly morn - ing,

16 *mp cantabile*

fea - thered brown eggs that fit your palm

19 *poco p*

His is grade A, sun tem - pered so you can

22 *dolce*
mf

look at it straight on, dis - - till - a - - tion of a

25 *poco*

mea - dow blown from the pod in la - vish scat - t'ings,

27 *mf ma dolce* *poco*

cream ris - ing to the top, ris - - ing to the top of the

29 *p dolce* *rit.*

dai - ly churn. Hu - man kind - ness.