

Songs for an Unborn Child

For medium voice and piano



Joelle Wallach

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Songs for an Unborn Child is based on three poems by Len Roberts, used with the poet's permission.

Gone

Len Roberts

Joelle Wallach

$\text{♩} = 66-69$

mp

Cold, and the snow falls _ so stead-i - ly _ the earth can-not bear _ a-ny more. _

mf

— You are gone back af-ter six weeks _ to the dark. De-li - cate heads _

p

- of wheat stalks bend - - with the light weight. I

più mp

see you curled _ in your mo-ther's bo - dy _ with praise _ ne-ver gi - ven.

f espr.

Each flake — tears a part — of the dark sky. New lon-li-ness — to-night.

mf

So walk — the white field, the dark-er woods, — which slow-ly fill —

p *mp*

with sound-less snow. — So walk — the white fields, —

dolce lontano

— the dark-er woods, — which slow-ly fill — with sound-less snow.

The Unborn

Len Roberts

Joelle Wallach

$\text{♩} = 78-80$ poco deciso

mf

If you _ come to me this late day in March,

mp

I'll _ bring you to a room: six win-dows full ____ of north-light morn - ings,

mp *poco*

I'll lift the black rose ____ from the side-walk ____ my mo-ther swept ev- 'ry day, ____ show _ you ci-ties of ants ____

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto register, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked as 'poco deciso' with a quarter note equal to 78-80 beats per minute. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and mezzo-piano (mp). There are also markings for 'poco' (a little) and 'poco deciso' (a little decided). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings.

mf dolce

— on rain-bowed pe — tals. You've — been a — lone — so long now,

poco più f espr. *mp*

— but soon you'll cross the ri — ver — of the un — born, you'll grasp the

knot — of con-fu — sion tied in flesh, bring it out, from the sea you float in.

dolcis. ma mf

Come out, — let me show you — the raw, wet stones, — the flesh-less

moon, half-shells _ toss - ing in the dark sea. To - *mp*

ge - ther _ we will bend _ through i - vy and low branch-es, whis - per to the black crows *poco f*

_ walk-ing dirt roads, hear the sounds of snail _ and stone, _ the great wind _ breath - ing. _ *mp* *mf*

diminuendo al fine ma encore poco deciso

Lines of Rain

Len Roberts

Joelle Wallach

♩=69, contemplative

mp espr.

Cold, cold au-tumn, I walk a-long the ri-ver to watch the world of

sha-dows cast by trees in-to the mo-ving wa-ter. For hours our child-ren.

float by, in-com-plete seeds of our de-sire. For hours I re-

poco p *poco f* *mp*

mem-ber hold-ing you, here, in wild flow'rs. ____ Leaf - less, the wil-low bends each

poco f *p* *mf*

branch to the wind, lines ____ of rain beat a-against the bark. ____ Fall-ing ____ be - tween

f espr. *p*

me ____ and what I felt then, ____ ev - 'ry-thing, ev - 'ry-thing here gone ____ ex -

mf dolce espr.

cept the beat - ing ____ of my heart, green, green, green, ____ and on fire. ____