PARTINGS
AND
FAREWELLS

seven songs
for high voice and piano

JOELLE WALLACH
Partings and Farewells

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The Nightwatch

Madeline Tiger

\[=84\] Appassionato

Where-ever you are to-night, will you know how the world was washed where I was? When I went a-way wishing for you I was wrong.

I wanted to vow I wouldn’t worry, we weren’t the world’s twins. Now I allow whole wastes,
even when the weather warms, no wonder I will welcome the wolf of my wanting.
At the Grave

in memoriam S.J.L.

Denise Levertov

\( J = 72 \) Pensivo

Joelle Wallach

He’s here, but only since

... we’re here; he’s here in this open field.

... Where we go, goes with us to be your hands, your hands, that
He’s here, but only since we’re here. He’s never alone,
ne-ver do vi-o-lence, your eyes that won-der,
your lives that praise life by liv-ing, by laugh-ter, by tears...
ne-ver cold in this field of graves.
No More Walks in the Woods

John Hollander
Moderato  \( \frac{1}{4} = 76 \)

Joelle Wallach

No more walks in the wood:

The trees have all been cut

down where once they stood

not even a wagon rut

appears along the path

Low brush is taking over

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No more walks in the wood; This is the
after math we of afternoons in clover
Fields where we once made love then wan-
dered home together
Where the trees arched above
Where we made our own
weather
When branches were the sky.
Now they are gone for good, And you, for ill, and

I am only a passerby. We and the trees and the way

Back from the hills of play, Lasted as long as we

could. No more walks in the wood, no more walks in the wood.
Broken-face Gargoyles

Carl Sandburg

\[=58 \text{ ma poco con moto} \]

Joelle Wallach

All I can give you is broken-face gargoyles.

It's too early to sing and dance.

at fun’rals.

\[\]
Though I can whisper to you, I’m looking for an undertaker humming a

lullabye, throwing his feet in a swift and mystic buck-and-wing,

now you see it, now you don’t.

Fish to swim a pool in your

garden flashing a speckled silver, baskets of wine-saps filling your room, flame-dark for your
eyes. Such bea-ut-i-ful fish, such bea-ut-i-ful ap-ples. I can-not bring you

now. It is too ear-ly and I am not foot-loose yet.

I shall come in the night, come with a ham-mer and saw, come near your

win-dow where you look out when your eyes o-p-en in the morn-ing.
There I shall slam bird homes together

for wing-loose wrens and hummers to live in, birds with yellow wing tips

blurring and buzzing soft all summer-long.

I shall make little fool

dolce

homes with doors always open doors for all and each to run away.
I shall come just like that even though now it is early and I am not yet footloose.

Even though I'm looking for an undertaker with a raw, wind-bit ten face, a dance in his feet, I make a date with you.

(put it down): six o'clock in the evening a thousand years from now, even though now it is early and I am not yet footloose.
All I can give you now is broken-face gargoyles. All I can give you now is a double gorilla head with two fish mouths and four eagle eyes hooked on a street wall spouting water looking two
ways to the ends of the street for the new people, young strangers coming, coming, always

It is early, early, early. It is

early, early, early, and I am not yet foot loose.
In Blackwater Woods
for Nancy Burke

Mary Oliver

Joelle Wallach

mormorio

Look, the trees are turning their own bodies into pillars of light, giving off the rich fragrance of...
Every year, every pond, no matter what its name

is, is nameless now.

Ev’ry year, ev’ry pond, no matter what its name

The long tapers of cat-tails are bursting and floating away over blue luminoso.
To live in this world you must do three things: to love...
and when time comes to let go,
ing your own life depends on it;

and when time comes to let go,
8va

comes to let go, to let go.

And 

mf ma ben dolce

when time

comes to let go, to let go.

Sva

PPPPP
Assurance

William E. Stafford
semplice ominoso \( \textit{j}=58 \)

Joelle Wallach

You will ne- ver be a - lone,

hear so deep a sound when au - tumn comes.

the hills and thrums, or si - lence af - ter light - ning be - fore it says its names.

You were aimed from birth: you will ne-ver be a - lone. Rain

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will come, a gutter filled, an Amazon, long aisles you

never heard so deep a sound, moss on rock, and years. that’s

what the silence meant: You, you’re not alone, you’re not alone;

the whole wide world pours down.
We think by feeling. What is there to know? I

Theodore Roethke

Bramoso

Joelle Wallach
Light takes the tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm I shall walk softly there and learn by going where I have to go.

Of those so close beside me, which are you? God bless the Ground!

I wake to sleep and take my waking

Hear my being dance from ear to ear.
This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.

This shaking keeps me steady; I should go.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow; I learn by going where I have to go. And is near. I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow; I learn by going where I have to go.