In This My Green, Green World

six verdant love songs for high voice and piano

Joelle Wallach
Last

Neal Bowers

If all the years,

Joelle Wallach

be come a va cent now and I am lost and

sha king at the end, my heart will have to con jur you some how. Di -

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if all the years become a vacant now, I'll have to send my heart

impossible to know if any path leads

on, if all descend, if all the years become a vacant now,
to conjure you somehow, to come again, to guide me down the piece if all the years become a vacant now. So much depends on what time will allow, life blowing out into the final wind. My heart will have to conjure you somehow, fall in love again as though we never shared, those breathless
now,
My slyly heart will have to conjure you some how. If all the years, become a vacant years behind, my heart will have _

to conjure you some how. If all the years, become a vacant

now, My heart will have to conjure you some how.
love is a place

e.e. cummings

Joelle Wallach

love is a place & through this place of love move _ with bright-ness of

peace all pla - ces, yes, yes is a world _ & in this world _ of yes live (all skill-ful-ly curled) _

all worlds.

Yes, yes, love is a place _

and in this place of love move _ all skill-ful-ly curled, _ all worlds._
What There Is

for Elsie and Sam Sklar

Kenneth Patchen

I am loved all day. In this my green, green world flowers, birds are hands. They hold me; I am loved all day. All this pleases me; I'm amused. I have to laugh from crying. Trees, mountains are arms. I am loved all day. In this my

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dolce molto leggero

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There's love all day.

I'm amused of-ten e-nough in this, my beau-ti-ful green, green world O,

I cry, I laugh. I'm loved all day. Ev'ry thing pom-pous makes me

There's love all day.
O My Love the Pretty Towns

Kenneth Patchen

Joelle Wallach

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O my love, in the light leaning winds of heaven, your kiss on my throat.

O my love, there’s larks in our morning, the finding flame of your hands, moss.

On the banks of rivers, O my love, O my love.

O my love, the pretty towns, the pretty towns, the pretty towns!
Do Me That Love

Kenneth Patchen


do me that love as a tree, a tree where birds and wind sing though they know

how real the night is and no one can go on for long in any way; do me that love.

do me that love, do me that love, do me that love, do me that love, as the rain,

rain that has voices in it, the great’s and fool’s, poor dead from old

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Do me that love, do me that love.

And flowers grow on graves.

Do me that love, do me that love, do me that love.

Me poco piangere.

Words: considerations and rejected as ours will be.

Weather lives considered and rejected as ours will be.

Do me that love, do me that love.