Love in the Early Morning

two songs for soprano and piano about making love to milkmen

Joelle Wallach
Love in the Early Morning

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
....

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

Madeline Tiger
Madeline Tiger

gracioso e poco affetuoso

\[ \frac{\text{Milkman, Eggs Please}}{5} \]

\[ \text{Madeline Tiger} \]

\[ \text{Joelle Wallach} \]

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\[ \text{do we have it straight I am the house-wife and have ordered eggs.} \]
milk man,
dancing up the eggs,
noticing the moon

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

Don’t disturb the snow. Morning ticks,

A dozen eggs, a dozen mornings’ dozens tick: the pan, the latch, the closing door...

March them up the path. Don’t disturb the snow. Morning ticks,

You be the

milk-man, dancing up the eggs, noticing the moon e-
Milk man, milk man, I will be, oh, let me be the moon maid.

va - po - rate a - bove the lamp.

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

leggero

Milk man, milk man, I will be, oh, let me be the
ry - ing all those moons to dawn - haired wo - men.

Milk - man,
Milk-man! Do we have it straight?

Let's hurry to collect our due: horse and buggy, cartons, quart.

You whip the horse until the snow turns into butter.

Milk-man! Do we have it straight? Beneath the
moon in milk-white dawn, morning ticks, morning

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

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Making Love to the Milkman

Susan Donnelly
Slightly rollicking  Joelle Wallach
\( \text{j}=76 \)

He’s predictable. Yet with that shock of red hair my son is known by.

Don’t trust a man in a closed van. Give me a butter colored truck, Guernsey in water-cress

Don’t trust a man in a closed van. Give me a butter colored truck, Guernsey in water-cress

light and smooth  poco f

laid-back door, him swinging out in the quick march of the deliverer.

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His is grade A, sun tempered so you can feathered brown eggs that fit your palm bottles trembling together dew'd with early morning, None of your waxy, cardboard cartons. He brings feathere brown eggs that fit your palm Jahren, poco
look at it straight on, distillation of a

meadow blown from the pod in lavish scatterings,

cream rising to the top, rising to the top of the
daily churn. Humanity.