Songs for an Unborn Child

For medium voice and piano

Joelle Wallach
Songs for an Unborn Child

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*Songs for an Unborn Child* is based on three poems by Len Roberts, used with the poet’s permission.
Cold, and the snow falls so steadily the earth cannot bear any more.

You are gone back after six weeks to the dark. Delicate heads

-of wheat stalks bend with the light weight.

See you curled in your mother's body with praise never given.
Each flake tears a part of the dark sky. New lon-li-ness to-night.

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

with sound-less snow.

So walk the white fields,

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

Len Roberts

If you come to me this late day in March,

I'll bring you to a room: six windows full of north-light mornings,

I'll lift the black rose from the side-walk my mother swept every day, show you cities of ants

Joelle Wallach

D=78-80 poco deciso

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You've been alone so long now,

but soon you'll cross the river of the unborn,
you'll grasp the knot of confusion tied in flesh, bring it out, from the sea you float in.

Come out, let me show you the raw, wet stones, the flesh-less
moon, half-shells tossing in the dark sea.

gather, we will bend through ivy and low branches, whisper to the black crows

walking dirt roads, hear the sounds of snail and stone, the great wind breathing.

diminuendo al fine ma encore poco deciso
Lines of Rain

Len Roberts

\[ \text{\textit{mp espr.}} \]

Cold, cold autumn, I walk along the river to watch the world of...

shadows cast by trees into the moving water.

For hours our children.

...float by, incomplete seeds of our desire.

For hours I re-

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member holding you, here, in wild flow'rs.

Leafless, the willow bends each

branch to the wind, lines of rain beat against the bark.

Falling between

me and what I felt then, ev'rything, ev'rything here gone except the beating of my heart, green, green, green, and on fire.