The Dream of Now

six reflective songs for voice and piano

Joelle Wallach
Let Evening Come

Jane Kenyon

Let the light of the late afternoon
shine through the chinks in the barn,
moving up the
Let dew collect on the hoe a-ev'ning come. Let the ev'n'ing come. Let cric-ket take up chaf-ing as a wo-man takes need-dles and yarn. Let — ev'n'ing come. Let — the ev'n'ing come. Let — dew col-lect on the hoe a-
Let the wind die down. Let the evening stars appear and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back into its sandy den. Let the wind die down. Let the evening.
Let evening come; Let evening come; Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop in the bottle, to air in the lungs; Let evening come, let evening come.

Let it come as it will and don’t
be afraid. God does not leave us comfortless. So

let evening come let evening come.
The Dream of Now

for Christina on her 21st Birthday

William Stafford

Joelle Wallach

When you wake to the dream of now from night and its other dream, you carry day out of the dark like a flame.
When spring comes north, and flowers un
fold from earth’s even sleep you lift summer on with your
breath. Your life you live by the light you can find

carry it through darkness wherever you go.

Your life you live by the light you can find

When spring comes north, and flowers un
fold from earth’s even sleep you lift summer on with your
breath. Your life you live by the light you can find
your one little fire, your one little flame.

of now, you carry day out of the dark like a fire that will start and start again. When you wake to a dream

of now, you carry day out of the dark like a flame.
Reflections on Water Dreams

Delmore Schwartz

for Susan Unterberg

Joelle Wallach

In the centrifugal, like wishes wanton.

slight ripple, the mind perceives the heart.

slight ripple, fishes dart like fingers.

centrifugal, like wishes wanton.
In the slight ripple, the mind conceives the heart and pleasures rise as the eyes fall though lucid water.

The small pebble, the clear clay bottom, the white shell apparent. Who would ask more of the August afternoon.
In the slight ripple the mind perceives the heart.

Who would dig mines and follow shadows? In the slight

ripples the mind perceives the heart.
IV

The Layers

Stanley Kunitz

Andante legato  \( \text{j}=80 \)

Joelle Wallach

mp poco misterioso

I have walked through many lives, some of them my own, and I am not what I was, though some principle of being abides

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{\textbf{Stanley Kunitz}} \\
&\text{\textbf{Joelle Wallach}}
\end{align*} \]
some of them my own, and I am not what I was.

Be fore I can ga-ther strength to pro-ceed on my jour-

ney, I’m com-pelled to look be hind. I have walked through ma-ny lives,

from which I strug gle not to stray, yet I am not what I was.
When I look behind I see mile-
stones dwindling, scavenging angels whirling over slow abandoned campfires.

Oh, I made myself a tribe out of my true affections, and my tribe is scattered! How shall the
shall the heart be reconciled to its feast of losses?

I have walked through many lives, some of them my own, and I am not what I was. How

shall the heart be reconciled to its feast of losses?
how shall the heart be reconciled to its feast of losses?

wind, the manic dust of my friends bitterly stings my face. Oh,

Before I can gather strength to proceed on my journey,

I'm compelled to look behind. In a rising wind,
I have walked through many lives, some of them my own, and I am not what I was.

Yet I turn, exulting somewhat, with my will intact to go, every stone precious on the road wherever I need to go. In
them my darkest night, when the moon was covered, a nimbus-clouded

voice directed me. Live in the layers, not on the

liter."

I have walked through many lives, some of

them my own, and I am not what I was. Oh,
how shall the heart be reconciled to its feast of losses?

Though I lack the art to decipher it, no doubt the next chapter in my book of transformations is already there.

Oh, how can the heart...
I am not done with my changes. I have walked through many contemplative lives, some of them my own, and I am not what I was. I am not done with my changes.
When Lost in the Forest

David Wagoner

\[J = 76\] Like a spiritual

poco f e ben dolce

Joelle Wallach

Stand _______ still, stand _______ still, the trees a-head and bushes be-side you are not lost. Stand _______ still, stand _______ still,

Stand _______ still wher-e-ver you are, you are here; and you must treat it as a

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No two trees are the same to the raven, no two branches are known.
The forest breathes, the forest breathes.

Listen, listen! You must ask permission to know it.

Stand still, the trees and the bushes are not lost.

The powerful stranger.

and be known.
Stand still, stand still, stand still, if what a tree or a branch does is lost on you, then you are surely lost. Stand still, the forest knows where you are. Let it find you.

Stand still, stand still.
VI

From The Almanac of Last Things

Commissioned by Paul Sperry and The Joy In Singing

Linda Pastan

Joelle Wallach

From the al-man-ac of last things I choose the

like sand in an hourglass

spider lily for the grace of its

brief blossom, yet I choose The Song of Songs for the

flesh of pome-gra-nates surviving all frost of
choose a thimbleful of red wine to make my heart race, a

August, too sun-struck for lessons.

choose a thimbleful of red wine to make my heart race, a

with its chill lessons of patience and despair.

I choose January 27
February 2005 Edition

just as it is ready to go out.

evening because the light clinging to the window reflects the most, just as it is ready to go out.

of last things I choose you, and I choose no other to help me sleep.

From the almanac.