

A Pussycat Love Song



Joelle Wallach

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f o r J a s m i n

*Come into the garden, Fred,
For the neighborhood tabby is gone.
Come into the garden, Fred.
I have nothing but my flea collar on,
And the scent of catnip has gone to my head.
I'll wait by the screen door till dawn.
The fireflies court in the sweetgum tree.
The nightjar calls from the pine,
And she seems to say in her rhapsody,
"Oh, mustard-brown Fred, be mine!"
The full moon lights my whiskers afire,
And the fur goes erect on my spine.
I hear the frogs in the muddy lake
Croaking from shore to shore.
They've one swift season to soothe their ache.
In autumn they sing no more.
So ignore me now, and you'll hear my meow
As I scratch all night at the door.*

Dana Gioia

Joelle Wallach

Langorous, sensuous and seductive ♩.=60-63

The musical score is written for piano and features a 12/8 time signature. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the bass clef with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some notes in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

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3 *mp seducentemente*

Come in - to the gar - den, Fred; the neigh-bor-hood tab - by is

7

gone. Come in - to the gar - den, Fred; I've no-thing but my flea col - lar

9 *mf*

on. the scent of cat - nip has gone to my head. I'll wait by the

11 *mp mezza voce*

screen door till dawn. I'll wait by the screen door till

* Throughout this song, dynamics and tempo may be modified in the service of a tasteful hamminess (tuna-y-ness?).

13 *mp*

dawn. The fire - flies court in the sweet - gum tree, the night - jar calls from the

15

pine, and she seems to say in her rhap - so - dy, "Oh, mus-tard brown Fred, _ be mine."

17 *mf*

The scent of cat - nip _____ has

19

gone to my head. _____

21 *mp*

The full _ moon lights _ my whis-kers a - fire, the fur goes e - rect on my

23 *poco f**

spine, the scent of cat - nip _ _ _ has gone to my head.

25 *mp* *mp*

Oh, must-tard brown Fred, _ be mine. I hear _ the frogs in the

mf (Frogs...)

27 *mf*

mud - dy lake, croak - ing from shore _ _ to shore. They've one _ _ swift

* *poco f* is less loud than *mf* throughout.

29 *poco ominoso*

sea - son to soothe _ their ache. In au - tumn they sing no more. Ig - nore _ me

31 *mf a shade more insistant*

now and you'll hear my me - ow as I scratch _ all night at the door. The scent of cat - nip _

33 *mp* *mf*

has gone to my head. I'll wait by the screen _ _ _ _ _ door till dawn.

35 *mp dolce*

The full _ moon lights _ my

37 *mf deciso*

whis-kers a - fire, the fur goes e - rect on my spine, the scent of cat - nip — has

39 *mf apassionato ma poco lontano*

gone to my head. Oh, must-tard brown Fred, — be mine. The scent of cat - nip —

41

has gone to my head. I'll wait by the screen door till dawn.

43 *mf*

Mee — ow! *8va pp dolcis.*

sfp *fpp* (the empty moonlight)

(screen door banging shut)