

# **Five poems by Emily Dickinson**

for soprano and string orchestra, opus 22a

- I. My River
- II. Death
- III. Intermezzo 1
- IV. The Sun
- V. Wild Nights
- VI. Intermezzo 2
- VII. The Grass

**composed**

between 26<sup>th</sup> January and 22<sup>nd</sup> February 2003, revised in November 2011

**dedicated**

to Juliana Gondek

**duration**

ca. 20 min.

**premièred**

on 18<sup>th</sup> December 2003 at the City Hall in Mikkeli (Finland) by Marta Boberska (soprano), the Mikkeli City Orchestra & Kai Bumann (conductor)

**published**

by Donemus

**scoring**

Soprano

Strings (minimum 2/2/2/2/2)

## Five poems by Emily Dickinson

### I. My River \*

My River runs to thee -  
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?  
My River waits reply -  
Oh Sea - look graciously -  
I'll fetch thee Brooks  
From spotted nooks -  
Say - Sea - Take *Me!*  
(circa 1860)

### II. Death

Death sets a Thing significant  
The Eye had hurried by  
Except a perished Creature  
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little Workmanships  
In Crayon, or in Wool,  
With "Thos was last her fingers did" -  
Industrious until -

The Timple weighed too heavy -  
The stitches stopped - themselves -  
And then 'twas put among the Dust  
Upon the Closet shelves -

A Book I have - a friend gave -  
Whose Pencil - here and there -  
Had notched the place that pleased Him -  
At Rest - His fingers are -

Now - when I read - I read not -  
For interrupting tears -  
Obliterate the Etchings  
Too Costly for Repairs.  
(circa 1862)

### III. Intermezzo 1

### IV. The Sun

The *Sun* - *just touched* the Morning -  
The *Morning* - Happy thing -  
Supposed that He had come to *dwell* -  
And Life would all be *Spring!*

She felt herself *surpremer* -  
A *Raised - Ethereal Thing!*  
Henceforth - for Her - *What Holiday!*  
Meanwhile - her wheeling King -  
Trailed - slow - along the Orchards -  
His *haughty - spangled* Hems -  
Leaving a *new necessity!*  
The *want of Diadems!*

The Morning - *fluttered - staggered -*  
*Felt feebly* - for her *Crown -*  
Her *unanointed forehead -*  
*Henceforth - Her only One!*  
(*circa 1861*)

#### V. Wild Nights

Wild Nights - Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile - the Winds -  
To a Heart in port -  
Done with the Compass -  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but morr - Tonight -  
In Thee!  
(*circa 1861*)

#### VI. Intermezzo 2

#### VII. The Grass

The Grass so little has to do -  
A Sphere of simple Green -  
With only Butterflies to brood -  
And Bees to entertain -

And stir all day to pretty Tunes  
The Breezes fetch along -  
And hold the Sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything -

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls -

And make itself so fine  
A Duchess were too common  
For such a noticing -

And even when it dies - to pass  
In Odors so divine -  
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep -  
Or Spikenards, perishing -

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell -  
And dream the Days away,  
The Grass so little has to do  
I wish I were a Hay -  
(circa 1862)

\* all titles by the composer