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A Route of Evanescence

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A Route of Evanescence

"All we secure of beauty is its Evanescences"

text by Emily Dickinson

Soprano

Oboe

Cello

Piano

Insouciant \( \frac{1}{4} \) \( \text{rit.} \) \( \frac{1}{8} \) \( \text{SS} \)

Pizz

Arco

Slower \( \frac{1}{4} \) \( \text{pp} \) \( \frac{1}{8} \) \( \text{pp} \)

Sop

Ob

Vc

Pf

say if my verse is alive? The mind is so near itself it cannot see distinctly and I have

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Margaret Kennedy

Randall Snyder (1995)
none to ask

Should you think it breathed and had you the leisure to tell me
I should feel quick

rit....................

A Tempo

gratitude

I en close my name asking you if you please Sir to tell me what is true?

rit....................

A Tempo
That you will not betray me it is needless to ask since honor is its own pawn
A Tempo

Then drop the paste and deem our-self a fool.
A Tempo

The shapes though were similar our new hands

learned Gem tac-tics practicing Sands

{5}
To T. W. Higginson

Twen-ty Five A-pril

Eighteen Six-ty Two

Your kind-ness claimed ear-li-er gra-ti-tude

but I was ill and writ to day from my pillow

Thank you for the surgur-y it was not so pain ful as I sup- pose
I bring you others as you ask though they might not differ
While my thought is undressed
I can make the distinction but

when I put them in the gown they look alike and numb
You asked me how old I was
I made no verse but one or two until this
You inquire for poets I have Keats and Mister and Missus Browning for prose Mister

I went to School but in your manner of the phrase had no education

Sop

Ob

Vc

Pf
You ask if my companions
hills Sir and the sundown and a dog Carlo large as my

self that my father bought me they are better than beings because they know but do not tell and the
noise in the pool at noon excels my piano

I have a brother and sister

my mother does not care

noon excels my piano

I have a brother and sister

my mother does not care

father is too busy with his briefs

to notice what we do

father is too busy with his briefs

to notice what we do
buys me many books but begs me not to read them because he fears they joggle themind but I fear my story fa-

I would like to learn could you tell me how to grow or is it unconveyed like melody or witchcraft?
you speak of Mister Whitman I never read his book but was told that he was discreditable.

is this Sir what you asked me to tell you? your friend E. Dickinson.
South Winds jostle them bumble-bees come

Hover He

South Winds jostle them bumble-bees come

Hover He

South Winds jostle them bumble-bees come

Hover He

South Winds jostle them bumble-bees come

Hover He

Butterflies pause on their passage cashmere
I softly present them here

To T. W. Higginson  July Eighteen Sixtytwo

I am small like the

wren and my hair is bold like the chestnut tree and my eyes like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves

snap with both hands

I am happy to be your scholar and will deserve the kindness I cannot repay

If you truly consent
I recite now Willyou tell me my fault frankly as to yourself for I had rather wince than die

Men do not call the surgeon to commend the bone but to set it Sir and fracture within ismoretically

And for this Preceptor I shall bring you obedience the blossom from my garden and every gratitude I
know Perhaps you smile at me I could not stop for that My business is circumference

because you have much

business beside the growth of me you will appoint yourself how often I shall come without your inconvenience

And if at any time you regret you received me or I prove a different fabric to that you supposed
Sop

you must banish me

To thank you had I a pleasure you had

Success Is Counted Sweetest

Simply $\frac{1}{2} = 50$

not could light to bring it

You, scholar

Success is counted sweetest

By
those who ne'er succeed
To comprehend a nectar Requires sorrest need

Not one of all the purple Host Who
took the Flag to-day can tell the definition So clear of victory
whose forbidden ear

The distant strains of trium

(ph) Burst agonized and clear

To

To
T. W. Higginson

August Eighteen Sixty Three

Deafend

Arhese moreor der ly

I thankyou for thetruth

I had no monarch in my life and cannot rule myself and when I try to or- ganize my lit-tleforce ex- plodes and leaves me
bare and charred I think you called me "way-ward" Will you help me improve You say I confess the little mistake and o-
mit the large because I can see ortho-phy but the ignorance out of sight is my preceptor's charge
I think Carlo would please you he is dumb and brave I think you would like the chestnut tree I met in my walk I
hit my notice suddenly and thought the skies were in blossom I shall observe your precept though
Sop

247 3

don't un-der stand it al-ways I marked a line in one verse be cause I met it af-ter 1

Ob

mf p mp f p

Vc

mf p mp f p

Pf

mp f p

Sop

252 3

made it and ne-ver con-cious-ly touch a paint mixed by an-o-ther person

Ob

mf

Vc

mf p

Pf

mp
Have you a portrait of Missus Browning
Per-sons sent me three

If you had none will you have mine rit....
Your Scho-lar To T W Hig-gin-son Feb-ru-a-ry Eigh-teen six-ty Three
Dear friend, I did not deem that planetary forces annulled but suffered an exchange of territory or world.

I should have liked to see you before you became improbable. War feels to me anomalous.
blique place should there be other summers would you perhaps come

I found you were gone by accident as I find systems are or seasons of the year and obtain no cause
but suppose it a treason of progress that dissolves as it goes

Carlo still remained and I told him Best gains must have the loss of.

My shaggy ally consented I trust you may pass the limit of war and gains test to constitute them gains.

My shaggy ally consented I trust you may pass the limit of war and gains test to constitute them gains.
though not reared to prayer when service is had in church for our arms 1 include your-self but I fear I detain you

Should you before this reaches you experience immortality who will inform me of the exchange
The Soul Unto Itself

Could you with honor avoid death
I entreat you Sir
It would be-leave Your Gnome

Solemn $\approx 84$

The Soul Unto Itself
The Soul unto itself
Is an imperative friend
Or the most a-

gonizing spy
an enemy could send

A Tempo
Sop

Vc

Pf

The Soul should stand in its sove-reign of it-self

Floor of Fear...

Secure against its own No treason it can fear Its-self

rit.
A Tempo

Sop

Ob

Pizz

Vc

Pf

Sop

Ob

Vc

Pf

Arco

rit.................

pp
Anxious  \( \frac{d}{d} = 76 \)

To T. W. Higginson
Cam-bridge ear-ly June Eigh-teen Six-ty Four
Are you in dan-ger I did not know that you were hurt

Will you tell me more? Mister Hawthorne died
I was ill since September and since A-pril in
prised and anxious since receiving your note

The only news I know is bulletins all

day from immortality

Can you render my pencil? The physician has taken away my pen
As Imperceptibly As Grief

I enclose the address from letter lest my figures fail. Knowledge of your recovery would clear my own.

Resigned

E. Dickinson
To TW. Higginson
late January
Eighteen Sixty Six
Car lodied
E. Dickinson
Nostalgic \( \frac{4}{3} \) - \( g_2 \)

Willyou in structmenow?

As im-per-cep-tiby as grief

The sum-mer lapsed a-way

Too im-per-cep-ible at last To seem like per-fi

rit.\( \ldots \) \( \ldots \) A Tempo
Tempo 1 \( \frac{\dot{3}}{4} \) \( \approx \) 92

The dusk drew ear-li-er in the morn-ing fore-ign shore
A courteous yet harrowing grace as guest that would be gone

And thus without a wing or service of a guest that would be gone

Our summer made her light escape

Into the beautiful
though with no premonition I preferred to be with him and invented an absence for Mother.

He seemed particularly pleased

He seemed particularly pleased
as I oftenest stayed by myself and remarked as the afternoon withdrew

Next morning I woke him for the train and

"would like it to not end"
saw him no more his heart was pure and terrible and I think no other like it exists I am glad there is immortality but would have tested it myself before
Mother was paralyzed Tuesday a year from evening father died. I thought perhaps you would care.
Nostalgic  \( \frac{4}{\text{mf}} \)

To T. W. Higginson  November Eighteen Eighty

You were once so kind as to say you would advise me  Could I ask it now?

I have promised three hymns to charity but without your approval could not give them  They are short and I could write them quite plainly
A Route of Evanescence

Sop:
hap- py Thank you for the whisper Grateful for the kindness I en - close those you al-low adding a fourth lest one of them

Ob:

Vc:

Pf:
With a revolving wheel
A resona(nce) of emerald
And every blossom on the bush makes itself a(d)justs its

Sop

Ob

Vc

Pf

Sop

Ob

Vc

Pf
Dear Friend

What a hazard a letter is!

When I think of the hearts it has scuttled and sunk I almost fear to lift my hand to so much as a
Trusting that all is peace in your abode
your scholar