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A Route of Evanescence

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A Route of Evanescence

"All we secure of beauty is its Evanescences"

To T. W. Higginson
Fifteen April Eighteen Sixty Two
Are you too deeply occupied to
say if my verse is alive?

The mind is so near itself it cannot see distinctly and I have

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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 enclose my name asking you if you please Sir to tell me what is true?
That you will not betray me it is needless to ask since honor is its own pawn.

Graceful \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 120

We Play At Paste
The shapes though were similar our new hands learned Gemtactics practicing Sands
To T. W. Higginson

Twen-ty Five A-pril

Eight-een Six-ty Two

Your kind-ness claimed ear-li-er gra-ti-tude but I was

ill andwriteto day from my pillow

Thank you for the surgur-y it was not so pain ful as I sup - pose

Your kind-ness claimed ear-li-er gra-ti-tude but I was

ill andwriteto day from my pillow

Thank you for the surgur-y it was not so pain ful as I sup - pose
I bring you o-thers as you ask though they might not differ
While my thought is un-dressed I can make the dis-tinction 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 un-til this
winter Sir You inquire my books for poets I have Keats and Miss-ter and Mis-sus Brown-ing for prose Mis-ter

Sir Thomas Browne and the Re-ve-lations I went to School but in your man ner of the phrase had no ed-u-ca-tion
You ask of 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

thought and father too busy with his briefs to notice what we do he
buys me many books but begs me not to read them because he fears they joggle themind but I fear my story far-
tigue you I would like to learn could you tell me how to grow or is it un conveyed like melody or witchcraft?
you speak of Mister Whitman I never read his book but was told that he was disgraceful

is this Sir what you asked me to tell you? your friend E. Dickin son

South Winds jostle them bumble-bees come

Sop 128 - p - fp

Ob 128 - pp - fp

Vc 129 - pp - fp

Sop 135 - p - fp

Ob 135 - mf - p

Vc 135 - mf - p

Sop 140 - mp - fp

Ob 140 - mp - pp

Vc 140 - fp

Butterflies pause on their passage cashmere
I softly present them here
To T. W. Higginson
July EighteenSixtytwo
I am small like the
wren and my hair is bold like the chestnut tree and my eyes like the serey 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
Impulsively

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 ismoreti-cal

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

venience And if at any time you regret you received me or I prove a different fabric to that you supposed
Success Is Counted Sweetest

Simply $\downarrow = 50$

mezzo voce

not kouddle - light to bring it

YouScho - lar

Success is coun - ted sweet - est

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

not one of all the pur-ple Host Who

A Tempo
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
Are these more or 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
240

I think Carlo would please me thin dumb and brave I think you would like the chestnut tree I met in my walk It

Ob

hit my notice suddenly and thought the skies were in blossom I shall observe your precept though

Vc

Pf
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

Ob

mf p

mp > p

Vc

mf p

mp > p

Pf


don't un-der stand it al-ways

I marked a line in one verse be cause I met it af-ter

Sop

252 3

made it and ne-ver con-cious-ly touch a paint mixed by an-o-ther person I donot let go be cause it is mine

Ob

mf

pp f

Vc

mf p

fp

Pf

mp

p
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 ano-
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

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

Pf

My trust

losses test to constitute them gains My shaggy ally consented I trust you may pass the limit of war and
though not reared to prayer when service is had in church for our arms I 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-reeve Your Gnome

Solemn \( \dot{\frac{3}{4}} \) 84
The Soul unto itself
Is an imper-i-al friend
Or the most a-

gon-i-zing spy an e-ne-my could send

Sop

Vc

Pf

A Tempo
Secure against its own
No treason it can fear
It-self

its sove-reign of it-self
The Soul should stand in
Boston under a physician's care
He does not let me go yet I work in my prison and make guests for myself

Car-lo did not come because that he would die in jail
I wish to see you more than before I failed
Will you tell me your health? I am sure...
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 cel my own

Resigned \( \frac{3}{4} \) 60

E. Dickinson To TW. Hilpinson late Jan u-ar-y Eighte Sixty Six Car lodied E. Dickinson

Pf
Nostalgic \( \frac{3}{4} \) – 92

Will you in strictmenow?

As imperceptibly as grief

The summer lapsed away

Too imperceptible at last To seem like perish

\( \text{Pizz} \quad \text{Arco} \)

\( \text{rit.} \)

\( \text{A Tempo} \)

\( \text{Too imperceptible at last To seem like perish} \)
The dusk drew ear-li-er in the morn-ing for-eign shore.
A courteous yet harrow-wing grace as guest that would be gone
And thus without a wing or service of a...

A Tempo

keel
Our summer made her light escape
Into the beautiful

And thus without a wing or service of a...
though with no premonition I preferred to be with him and invented an absence for Mother

Vinnie being fast asleep

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

be "would like it to not end"

Next morning I woke him for the train and

would stay with drew
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 beforehand

Pf

Pf
Mo-ther was par-a-lyzed Tues-day a year from eve-ning fa-ther died I thought per-haps you would care.

trust-ing him

To T. W. Hig-gin-son

Ju-ly Eigh-teen Se-ven-ty Five
Nostalgic  \( \text{\textit{m}f} \)  

\( 452 \)

To T. W. Higginson November Eighteen Eighty

You were once so kind as to say you would advise me

Could I ask it now?

\( 457 \)

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
and if you felt it con-ven-ient to tell me if they were faith-ful I should be ver-y grateful thoughtf pub liccares too far fa-tigue you please de-

ny your cholar T. W. Hig-gin-son No- vem ber EightenEighty Dear Friend, I am tenderly hap-py that you are
A Route of Evanescence

Sop
hap-py Thank you for the whisper

Ob
p

Pizz
Arco sul pont

Vc
mp

Pf
pp mf

Sop
you might think profane They're: Chris Birthday Cupid's Sermon a Hummingbird and My Country's Wardrobe

Ob
fp mf

Pizz

Arco

Vc
mf pp f p

Pf
mf
With a revolving wheel

A resonant(ce) of emerald
And ev'ry blos-som
on the bush
ma
a(d) -justs its
Nostalgic

To T. W. Higginson

Six. August

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