



# Emergence

Emily Dickinson

Nadine Benjamin | Nicole Panizza



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# EMERGENCE EMILY DICKINSON

AARON COPLAND (1900-1990)

## Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (Emily Dickinson)

1	i	Nature, the gentlest mother	4'06
2	ii	There came a wind like a bugle	1'36
3	iii	Why do they shut me out of Heaven?	2'03
4	iv	The world feels dusty	1'41
5	v	Heart, we will forget him	2'02
6	vi	Dear March, come in!	2'19
7	vii	Sleep is supposed to be	3'16
8	viii	When they come back	2'30
9	ix	I felt a funeral in my brain	2'13
10	x	I've heard an organ talk sometimes	2'20
11	xi	Going to Heaven!	3'33
12	xii	The Chariot	3'20

LUIGI ZANINELLI (b. 1932)

## Seven Epigrams of Emily Dickinson (Emily Dickinson)

13	i	Had I pleasure you had not	1'22
14	ii	Who knows where our hearts go	1'54
15	iii	I trust this sweet May Morning	1'31
16	iv	We wouldn't mind the sun dear	1'42
17	v	I am studying music now	0'54
18	vi	Till it has loved	1'45
19	vii	You might not know I remembered you	2'03

**JULIANA HALL** (b. 1958)

**To Meet a Flower** (Emily Dickinson)

20	i	“Whose are those little beds,” I asked	5’40
21	ii	God made a little gentian	2’47
22	iii	The daisy follows soft the sun	5’48

23		<b>A Northeast Storm</b> (Emily Dickinson)	3’10
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**In Reverence** (Emily Dickinson)

24	i	It is an honorable Thought	1’09
25	ii	Lightly stepped a yellow star	1’34
26	iii	Prayer is the little implement	2’03
27	iv	Papa above!	1’44
28	v	The grave my little cottage is	2’15

**SYLVIA GLICKMAN** (1932-2006)

29		<b>Black Cake: A Recipe by Emily Dickinson</b> (Emily Dickinson)	6’04
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**ELLA JARMAN-PINTO** (b. 1989)

30		<b>This Little Rose</b> (Emily Dickinson)	4’27
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**78’50**

NADINE BENJAMIN *soprano*  
NICOLE PANIZZA *piano*

British lyric soprano **Nadine Benjamin** is a charismatic and versatile artist, equally at home on both the operatic stage and the concert platform. She is particularly renowned as an exponent of song, in particular Berg, Strauss, Verdi and contemporary American song. In 2014 Nadine made her debut at the Southbank Centre with a programme of song cycles by Copland, Harbison and Previn. That same year, at the 5th London Festival of American Music, she created the principal role of Imoinda in the UK premiere of *The Crossing*, an opera by the Cuban-American composer Odaline de la Martinez, and has performed song cycles by Bolcom, Child and Barber at the Festival as well as the European premiere of John Harbison's *Milosz Songs* and a programme of works by female American composers. Nadine's principal opera roles include the title roles in *Tosca* and *Aida*, Cio-Cio-San (*Madama Butterfly*), *La Contessa* (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Desdemona (*Otello*), Violetta (*La traviata*), Nadia in Tippett's *The Ice Break*, Ermyntrude in Mascagni's *Isabeau*, and Amelia (*Un ballo in maschera*). An English National Opera Harewood Artist, Nadine made her debut with the Company as Clara (*Porgy and Bess*) in 2018 followed by Musetta (*La bohème*).

**Nicole Panizza** is an internationally-acclaimed vocal accompanist, scholar and coach. Her primary research specialism centres on inter-medial, practice-led approaches to American music and literature, with a particular emphasis on the life and works of Emily Dickinson. She was awarded her Doctor of Music degree in 2014 (Royal College of Music, UK), and is a past recipient of an International Fulbright Award, supporting research fellowships at Harvard University and Manhattan School of Music (USA). Nicole has worked for Opera Australia, the Cologne and Covent Garden Opera Awards, and as Education Manager for The Royal Opera, Covent Garden. Her teachers have included Roger Vignoles and Malcolm Martineau. Nicole is a board member of the London Song Festival, and the Arts and Humanities Council of *The Emily Dickinson International Society* (EDIS). Academic awards include Research Fellowships at the *Rothermere American Institute, Faculty of Music*, and *The Oxford Centre in the Humanities* (TORCH), University of Oxford (UK); and Research Summit Fellow, *The Orpheus Instituut* (Belgium). Academic positions and collaborations include Assistant Professor (Music), *Coventry University* (UK); Research Associate, *Oxford Song Network* (UK); Creative Partner and Board Advisor, *The International Center for American Music*, (Italy); and Research Associate, *Eccles Centre for American Studies, British Library* (UK).

## EMERGENCE EMILY DICKINSON

**Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)** was a poet with an exceptional ability to distill ‘amazing sense’ from ‘ordinary meanings’. Despite her poetry now being considered among the finest in the English language, much about her life and work is still misunderstood. Often caricatured as a white-clad recluse, who ‘poured out morbid verse’ in the sanctuary of her bedroom, Emily Dickinson was a serious artist, whose intellectual curiosity and emotional intensity are revealed in concise and compelling poems that capture a wide range of human emotions and experience.

Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, her youth comprised of the usual schooling and training befitting a young woman of her social class and milieu - including reading, baking, gardening, music making, religious activities, and treasured friendships. Her most intense period of writing was carried out during her late-20s and early-30s, during which time she penned over 1100 poems. Material evidence, such as envelopes and other scrap paper, suggests that Dickinson wrote down ideas for poems wherever she found inspiration, such as in the kitchen or the garden. However contemporary accounts indicate that her formal writing was carried out in her bedroom; a place that, as she once described to her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi, afforded her ‘freedom’. She made few attempts to have her works published, preferring to instead share them, as private offerings, with friends and family. With only a few exceptions, her poetry remained virtually unpublished until after her death, after which time her poems and life story were brought to the attention of a wider public arena, through competing efforts of family members and intimate friends.

Despite her immersion in literary activity, Dickinson nevertheless retained a musical ethos; transferring her own musical skills to the metaphoric, and finding freedom in thought and expression via an improvisatory musical language. Records show that Dickinson was well-versed and trained in both music theory and practice, specifically in piano and singing, as was commonplace for many young women of her age and social class in mid 19th-century America. Her documented choice to improvise at her piano at night, potentially based on well-known jigs, reels and patriotic songs of the time, demonstrates her desire to find release within boundary: to explore ways in which her innate sense of musical gesture, placement, breath, silence and cadence could potentially inform her own poetic practice. As a direct

result, Dickinson effectively harnessed the three basic principles of musical construction: melody, harmony and rhythm, and then carefully tailored them to her own literary voice. A master of economy in her use of concise and direct forms, she then combined these with her choice of a slow, short meter. This enabled Dickinson to bring each syllable into close-up, as if using a microscope. Establishing a deep and steady focus of thought and image, her words connecting yet somehow standing in independence from each other, Dickinson presents her ideas and thoughts as mosaics: gem-like miniatures that paradoxically open up perspectives on a very grand scale. For the musician engaging with her work, these fundamental musical building blocks provide a welcome synchronicity: a safe anchor from which one can personally, and artistically, emerge.

Devised, curated and performed by Nicole Panizza, and renowned British soprano Nadine Benjamin, this album serves as one of the first examples of an anthology that showcases both established and emergent musical settings of Emily Dickinson's literary canon. The songs have been specifically selected to chart a diverse range of musical response, and a chronological account of Dickinson's literary maturation. Additionally, they specifically track the evolution of Dickinson's poetic thought and concept – from every day, mundane, repetitive activity (recipes, epigrammatic response, prayer) to a broad account of Dickinson-related themes (death, love, nature, eternity, and spirituality). This collection champions the profile of art song performance outside of its immediate domain and, as such, seeks to reinforce and advocate the inclusion of this material within existing domains of Anglo-American musicological, literary and performance-based studies. We hope that you will join us on this exciting and unique journey of discovery.

**Aaron Copland** was an American composer, teacher, writer, and later a conductor of both his own, and other American composers', music. Referred to by his peers and critics as the 'Dean of American Composers', Copland deliberately favoured an accessible style often referred to as 'populist'. Renowned for his use of open, incrementally-adaptive harmonies, his distinctive musical language became typical of what many people consider to be the true sound of American music: an evocation of the vast and diverse American landscape, and pioneering spirit. In addition to his ballets and orchestral works (including *Appalachian Spring*, *Billy the Kid* and *Rodeo*, *Fanfare for the Common Man*, and his seminal *Third Symphony*), he produced music across other genres; including chamber music, vocal works, opera and film scores. His

legacy continues through the work carried out by Copland House, and the *Aaron Copland Fund for Music*; initiatives that support the nurturing and development of the next generation of professional composers and performers.

**Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson** was composed at Sneden's Landing, New York, from March 1949 to March 1950. Lasting just under half an hour, this cycle represents Copland's longest work for solo voice, and the first work that Copland had written for solo voice and piano since 1928. Whilst addressing no one theme in particular, the poem treats subject matter particularly close to Dickinson: nature, death, life, eternity, with each poem being dedicated to a composer friend. Only two of the songs are related thematically, the seventh and twelfth. The cycle was premiered at Columbia University on 18 May 1950, with soloist Alice Howland, and the composer at the piano. It was not especially well-received by critics, prompting Copland to note wryly to Leonard Bernstein that "I decided I must have written a better cycle than I had realized." Copland later arranged the work for voice and small orchestra, omitting songs 2, 8, 9 and 10 from the original sequence. Begun in 1958, and completed in 1970, the work premiered on 14 November 1970 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, with soloist Gwendolyn Killebrew and the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas.

**Luigi Zaninelli** is internationally-renowned as being a composer of great craft and powerful emotional statement, producing work that excites the senses and stimulates the mind. Studying at the Curtis Institute of Music, his teachers included renowned composer Gian Carlo Menotti, and the legendary Rosario Scalerò, (teacher of Menotti and Samuel Barber). In 1958 he began an enduring relationship with Shawnee Press as composer, arranger, pianist, and conductor. Zaninelli has composed film music for RCA Victor Italiana (1964), and held positions at the University of Calgary (1968) and the University of Southern Mississippi (1973). He has been awarded a Steinway Prize, and is a five-time recipient of the Mississippi Institute of Arts Awards and Letters Music Award. With over 300 published works to his credit, Zaninelli has received commissions to compose for virtually all mediums; including opera, movie, ballet, chamber music, orchestra, television, band, chorus, and solo voice.

Aside from writing over 1,700 poems, Emily Dickinson additionally wrote a number of epigrams. The epigram, a brief, interesting, memorable, and sometimes surprising or

satirical statement, derives from the Greek *epigramma* or “in-scribed”. Due to its length and construction it was often carved on a tombstone or monument, and elicits a feeling of deep thought within a person and/or culture. **Seven Epigrams of Emily Dickinson** was composed between 2001 and 2002, and first published in 2003 by Shawnee Press. The songs draw inspiration from Dickinson’s epigrammatic practice, and afford the listener a unique opportunity to hear some of Dickinson’s most concise literary works in an elegant and lyric musical setting.

American art song composer **Juliana Hall** has written more than 50 song cycles and works of vocal chamber music described as “brilliant” (Washington Post), and “beguiling” (The Times). She began her composing career at Yale School of Music; studying with Martin Bresnick, Leon Kirchner, and Frederic Rzewski, and then with renowned vocal composer Dominick Argento. Hall is the recipient of many awards, including a Guggenheim Fellowship (1989), and SongFest’s Sorel Commission (2017). She has repeatedly returned to Emily Dickinson as an inspiration for her songs, with her first use of Dickinson’s poems in her song cycle *In Reverence* (1985). She has subsequently written twenty-five more Dickinson settings, including *Night Dances* (1987), *Syllables of Velvet*, *Sentences of Plush* (1989), *Paradise* (1999), *Upon This Summer’s Day* (2009), and *A Northeast Storm* (2015). Hall’s works have been recorded for the Albany, MSR Classics, Navona, and Vienna Modern Masters record labels, and her songs have been broadcast by the BBC and NPR radio networks. Hall’s vocal music is published exclusively by E. C. Schirmer and Boosey & Hawkes.

**To Meet a Flower** is one of two song cycles that originated in the 2009 cycle *Upon This Summer’s Day* which was premiered by soprano Nadine Benjamin and pianist Susanna Stranders at the 2016 London Festival of American Music. When published by E. C. Schirmer, the decision was made by the composer to split the lengthy 2009 cycle into two separate and shorter cycles, *To Meet a Flower* on three poems and *Upon This Summer’s Day* on three poems, with two songs regrettably remaining unpublished (due to the very high costs related to publishing two poems still under copyright protection). Dickinson wrote much about nature, and in her many flower poems she spoke of each kind of flower having a very particular character, with the flowers speaking to each other and to nature around them. *To Meet A Flower* is dedicated to Nadine Benjamin.

**A Northeast Storm** is a standalone song commissioned in 2015 by the Philadelphia-based art song organization Lyric Fest for a program of “letter” songs by nine commissioned composers. It sets excerpts of a letter from Emily to her brother Austin whilst he was away at college, and tells of a night during a dramatic storm when the family was gathered in the parlour. Dickinson’s letters are just as poetic as her poems, and in them we see her warmth, insight, and humour as she interacts with family and friends.

Hall’s song cycle **In Reverence** is her earliest published work, having been written in 1985 after she had been composing for about a year (she came to composing rather late, at the age of 26 whilst a graduate student at the Yale School of Music). It was written for a pianist colleague at Yale, Stephen Dubberly and his wife Elizabeth as a wedding present. The work was premiered, in a concert of student compositions at Yale, by soprano Karen Burlingame with Hall at the piano.

**Sylvia Glickman** was a New York-born composer and pianist. After completing her studies at the Juilliard School and the Royal Academy of Music (London), Glickman was awarded prizes for both performance and composition, including a Solo Artist Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Fulbright Scholarship, and grants from the Pennsylvania Council of the Arts. In addition to her own practice (which includes compositions for piano, orchestra, and instrumental and vocal chamber groups), Glickman edited several anthologies for the Hildegard Publishing Company - a press she founded in 1988 to promote the music of women composers. Honoured in 1986 by *Women’s Way of Philadelphia*, for her “exceptional talent as a musician and teacher, and her unique contributions to women’s music history”, she served as the President of the Pennsylvania Composers Forum, on the music panel of the Pennsylvania Council for the Arts, and was co-editor of a multi-volume historical anthology of music by women composers (Macmillan Publishing Company, 1995).

**Black Cake: A Recipe by Emily Dickinson** was inspired by hearing the actress’s Julie Harris perform her one-woman show about Emily Dickinson in Philadelphia in the mid 1970s. Her recitation of the recipe on stage was so evocative that the composer embarked upon a search for the exact words to set for a work she wanted to write as an “encore” piece for a vocal recital she was accompanying. By one of those coincidences that life in the arts is full of, an advertisement for the book *Emily Dickinson, Profile of the Poet as Cook*, by the Guides at the

Dickinson Homestead (published by Harvard University Press) appeared in The New Yorker magazine shortly after the actress's performance. The recipe has been tested and is edible.

**Ella Jarman-Pinto** is a UK-based composer and vocalist. After studying composition with Julian Phillips and Paul Newland at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, she received a RPS Young Musician Award (2013-14), and was Composer-in-Residence with Streetwise Opera (2016-17). Commissions include a short film with Maker Projects (Bronze Award at the Cannes Lion for Cinematography, 2018); *Savage and Allan Jeffers* for the Art of Change (*The Reckoning*, 2018); and *Songs for my Children* for Hull Urban Opera (*Brain Jar Session #2*, 2018). Her work has been performed by the BBC singers at BASCA concerts (celebrating works by black and minority ethnic composers); and at such venues as The Barbican; Queen Elizabeth Hall; The Roundhouse; the City of London Festival; and the Edinburgh Fringe. Whilst Jarman-Pinto primarily focusses on writing for voice, TV, and film, she also teaches singing and composition in Cumbria, and works alongside *BlueJam Arts* to encourage children and adults to follow their creative impulses and to make music - whatever their experience.

**This Little Rose** was written on a sun-bathed dining room piano at the vibrant *Caer Llan Jazz Workshop* in Wales, on a beautiful summer's day in 2010. It was then workshopped by Nico Muhly in the Barbican Arts Centre, London, in October 2010.

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## **Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson**

*Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)*

### **1 i Nature, the gentlest mother**

Nature, the gentlest mother  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest or the waywardest, –  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveller is heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,  
A summer afternoon -  
Her household, her assembly;  
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles  
Incites the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep  
She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps;  
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection  
And infiniter care  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.

### **2 ii There came a wind like a bugle**

There came a wind like a bugle  
It quivered through the grass  
And a green chill upon the heat  
So ominous did pass.

We barred the windows and the doors  
As from an emerald ghost  
The doom's electric moccasin  
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob, of panting trees  
And fences fled away.  
And rivers where the houses ran  
The living looked that day.

The bell within the steeple wild  
The flying tidings whirled  
How much can come and much can go,  
And yet abide the World!

### 3 iii Why do they shut me out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing too loud?  
But I can sing a little minor,  
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me  
Just once more  
Just see if I troubled them  
But don't shut the door.

Oh, if I were the gentlemen  
In the white robes  
And they were the little hand that knocked,  
Could I forbid.

### 4 iv The world feels dusty

The world feels dusty,  
When we stop to die  
We want the dew then  
Honours taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face  
But the least fan  
Stirred by a friend's hand  
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry  
When thy thirst comes  
Dews of thyself to fetch  
And holy balms.

### 5 v Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him,  
You and I, tonight!  
You may forget the warmth he gave,  
I will forget the light.  
When you have done pray tell me,  
That I, my thoughts, may dim.  
Haste! 'lest while you're lagging  
I may remember him!

### 6 vi Dear March, come in!

Dear March, come in!  
How glad I am  
I looked for you before.

Put down your hat  
You must have walked  
How out of breath you are.

Dear March, how are you? And the rest?  
Did you leave Nature well?  
Oh, March come right upstairs with me  
I have so much to tell.

I got your letter and the bird's  
The maples never knew that you were  
Coming – I declare,  
How red their faces grew.

But March forgive me.  
And all those hills you left for me to hue,  
There was no purple suitable,  
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April?  
Lock the door, I will not be pursued  
He stayed away a year, to call  
When I am occupied.

But trifles look so trivial  
As soon as you have come  
And blame is just as dear as praise  
And praise as mere as blame.

### **7 vii Sleep is supposed to be**

Sleep is supposed to be,  
By souls of sanity,  
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand  
Down which on either hand  
The hosts of witness stand.

Morn is supposed to be,  
By people of degree  
The breaking of the day,

Morning has not occurred  
That shall aurora be  
East of Eternity.

One with the banner gay  
One in the red array  
That is the break of day

### **8 viii When they come back**

When they come back if blossoms do,  
I always feel a doubt  
If blossoms can be born again  
When once the art is out.

When they begin if robins do  
I always had a fear  
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment  
Last year.

When it is May, if May return  
Has nobody a pang  
That on a face so beautiful  
We might not look again.

If I am there, one does not know  
What party one may be  
Tomorrow, but if I am there,  
I take back all I say!

### **9 ix I felt a funeral in my brain**

I felt a funeral in my brain,  
And mourners to and fro,  
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed  
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated  
A service like a drum  
Kept beating, beating, till I thought  
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,  
And creak across my soul  
With those same boots of lead, again.  
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,  
And Being but an ear.  
And I and silence, some strange race,  
Wrecked, solitary here.

#### **10 x I've heard an organ talk sometimes**

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes  
In a Cathedral Aisle,  
And understood no word it said  
Yet held my breath, the while.

And risen up and gone away,  
A more Bernardine Girl  
Yet know not what was done to me  
In that old Hallowed Aisle.

#### **11 xi Going to Heaven!**

Going to Heaven!  
I don't know when  
Pray do not ask me how!  
Indeed, I'm too astonished  
To think of answering you!

Going to Heaven!  
How dim it sounds!  
And yet it will be done  
As sure as flocks go home at night  
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!  
Who knows?  
If you should get there first  
Save just a little space for me  
Close to the two I lost.

The smallest "Robe" will fit me  
And just a bit of "Crown"  
For you know we do not mind our dress  
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it  
For it would stop my breath  
And I'd like to look a little more  
At such a curious Earth!

I'm glad they did believe it  
Whom I have never found  
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon  
I left them in the ground.

## 12 xii The Chariot

Because I could not stop for Death –  
He kindly stopped for me –  
The carriage held but just ourselves –  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labour, and my leisure too  
For His Civility –

We passed the school, where children  
played,  
Their lessons scarcely done.  
We passed the fields of gazing grain.  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground.  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity

## Seven Epigrams of Emily Dickinson

*Emily Dickinson*

### 13 i Had I a pleasure you had not

Had I a pleasure you had not, I could delight  
to bring it.

### 14 ii Who knows where our hearts go

Who knows where our hearts go, when this  
world is done?

### 15 iii I trust this sweet May Morning

I trust this sweet May Morning, is not  
without its peace.

### 16 iv We wouldn't mind the sun, dear

We wouldn't mind the sun, dear, if it didn't  
set.

### 17 v I am studying music now

I am studying music now, with the Jays, and  
finding them charming artists.

### 18 vi Till it has loved

Till it has loved – no man or woman can  
become itself.

### 19 vii You might not know I remembered you

You might not know I remembered you,  
unless I told you so,

## To Meet a Flower

Emily Dickinson

### 20 i "Whose are the little beds," I asked

"Whose are the little beds," I asked,  
Which in the valleys lie?  
Some shook their heads, and others smiled,  
And no-one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said;  
I will inquire again.  
Whose are the beds, the tiny beds  
So thick upon the plain?

'Tis daisy in the shortest;  
A little farther on,  
Nearest the door to wake the first,  
Little leontodon.

'Tis iris, sir, and aster,  
Anemone, and bell,  
Batschia in the blanket red,  
And chubby daffodil.

Meanwhile at many cradles  
Her busy foot she plied,  
Humming the quaintest lullaby  
That ever rocked a child.

Hush! Epige awakens!  
The crocus stirs her lids,  
Rhodora's cheek is crimson,  
She's dreaming of the woods.

Then, turning from them, reverent,  
Their bed-time 'tis, she said;  
The bumble bees will wake them  
When April woods are red.

### 21 ii God Made a Little Gentian

God made a little gentian  
It tried to be a rose  
And failed, and all the summer laughed.

But just before the snows  
There came a purple creature  
That ravished all the hill;

And summer hid her forehead,  
And mockery was still.  
The frosts were her condition;

The Tyrian would not come,  
Until the North evoked it.  
"Creator! Shall I bloom?"

## 22 iii The Daisy Follows Soft the Sun

The daisy follows soft the sun,  
And when his golden walk is done,  
Sits shyly at his feet.  
He, waking, finds the flower near.  
"Wherefore, marauder, art thou here?"  
"Because, sir, love is sweet!"

We are the flower, Thou the sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline,  
We never steal to Thee,

Enamoured of the parting west,  
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,  
Night's possibility!

## 23 A Northeast Storm

*Emily Dickinson*

It might not come amiss, dear Austin, to  
have a tidings or two, concerning our state  
and feelings.

Our state is pretty comfortable, and our  
feelings are somewhat solemn. We are  
rather a crest-fallen company, what with the  
sighing wind, the sobbing rain, and the  
whining of Nature.

We are enjoying this evening what is called  
a 'north-east storm', a little north of east in  
case you are pretty definite. Father thinks  
it's 'amazin' raw,' and I'm half disposed to  
think that he's in the right about it, though I  
keep pretty dark, and don't say much about  
it! Vinnie is at the instrument, humming a  
pensive air concerning a young lady who  
thought she was 'almost there.' Vinnie  
seems much grieved, and I really suppose  
I ought to betake myself to weeping; I'm  
pretty sure that I shall, if she don't abate  
her singing.

## In Reverence

*Emily Dickinson*

## 24 i It is an honorable Thought

It is an honorable Thought  
And makes One lift One's Hat  
As One met sudden Gentlefolk  
Upon a daily Street  
That We've immortal Place  
Though Pyramids decay  
And Kingdoms, like the Orchard  
Flit Russetly away

**25 ii Lightly Stepped the Yellow Star**

Lightly stepped a yellow star  
To its lofty place –  
Loosed the Moon her silver hat  
From her lustral Face –  
All of Evening softly lit  
As an Astral Hall –  
Father, I observed to Heaven,  
You are punctual.

**26 iii Prayer is the little implement**

Prayer is the little implement  
Through which Men reach  
Where Presence – is denied them.  
They fling their Speech  
By means of it – in God's Ear –  
If then He hear –  
This sums the Apparatus  
Comprised in Prayer –

**27 iv Papa Above**

Papa above!  
Regard a Mouse  
O'erpowered by the Cat!  
Reserve within thy kingdom  
A "Mansion" for the Rat!  
Snug in seraphic Cupboards  
To nibble all the day,  
While unsuspecting Cycles  
Wheel solemnly away!

**28 v The grave my little cottage is**

The grave my little cottage is,  
Where "Keeping house" for thee  
I make my parlor orderly  
And lay the marble tea.  
For two divided, briefly,  
A cycle, it may be,  
Till everlasting life unite  
In strong society.

## 29 Black Cake:

### A Recipe by Emily Dickinson

*Emily Dickinson*

Black Cake –

2 pounds of Flour –

2 pounds of Sugar –

2 pounds of Butter –

19 Eggs –

5 pounds of Raisins –

1¼ pounds of Currants –

1¼ pounds of Citron –

½ pint of Brandy –

½ pint of Molasses –

2 teaspoons Nutmeg –

5 teaspoons Cloves – Mace – and

Cinnamon –

2 teaspoons soda –

Blend sugar and butter –

Add eggs –

Blend dry ingredients and mix altogether –

Bake at 250 for 5-6 hours in a milk-pan –

Eat immediately, or set aside for a month or two, or three –

Pour Brandy on it once a week, until ready to eat.

## 30 This Little Rose

*Emily Dickinson*

Nobody knows this sweet little rose.

It might a pilgrim be.

Did I not take it from the ways,

And lift it up, to thee.

Only a bee will miss it.

Only a butterfly,

Hastening from far journey

On its breast to lie.

Only a bird will wonder,

Only a breeze, will sigh

Ah, little rose, how easy

For such as thee, to die.

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