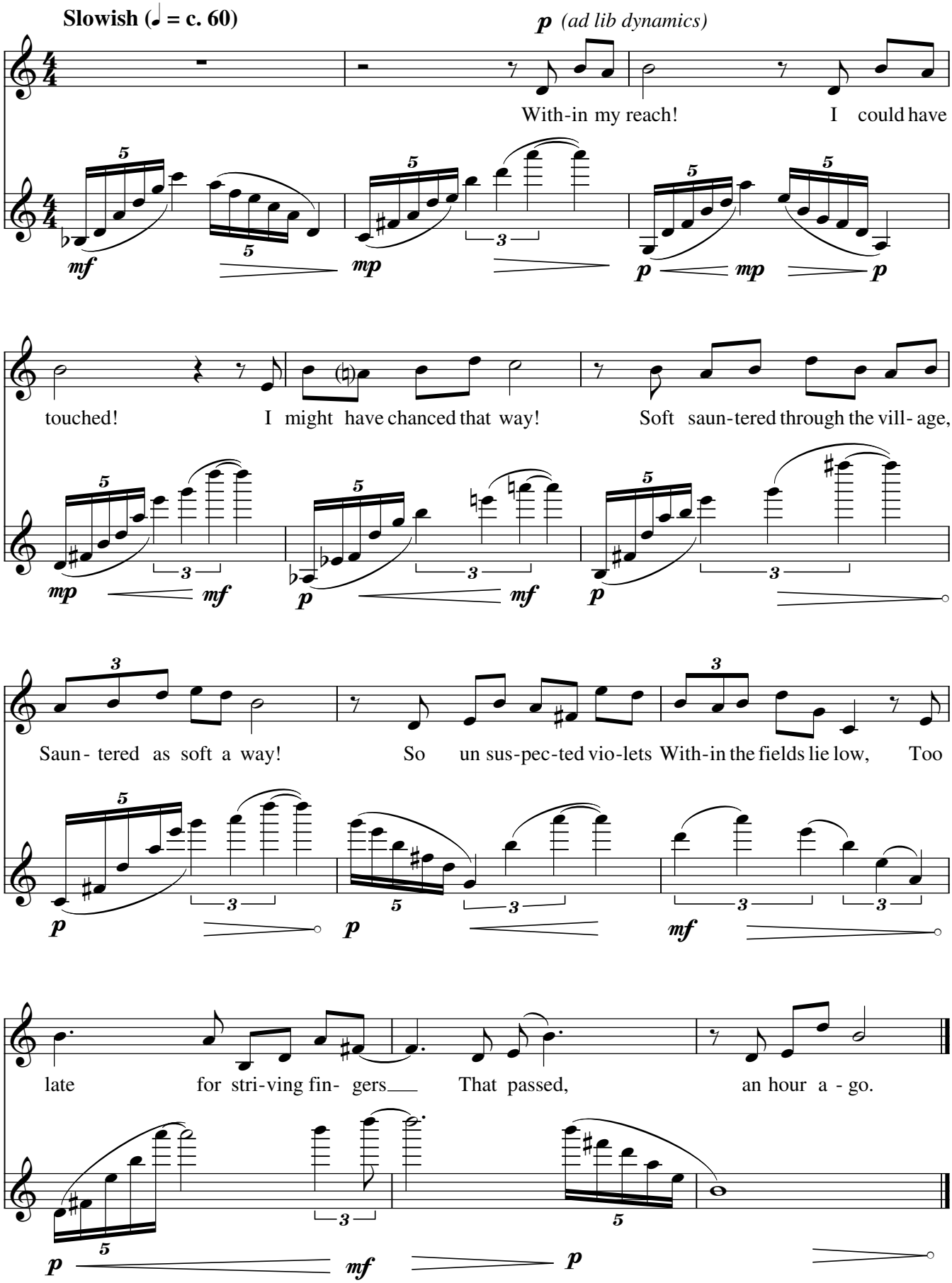
Almost

7 Emily Dickinson settings for voice and violin

for Stephen Calder

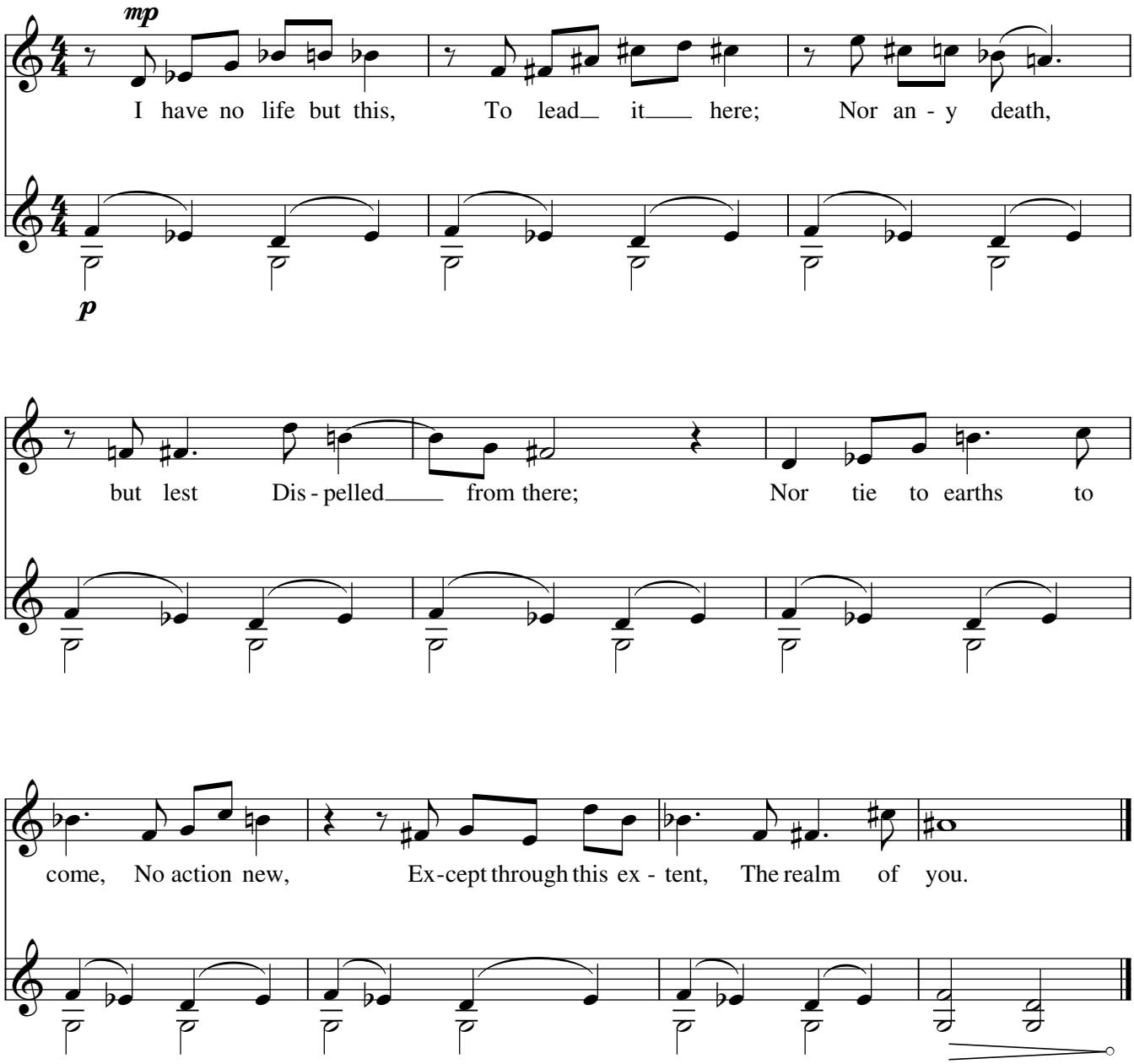
1. Almost

Andrew Toovey (2017)



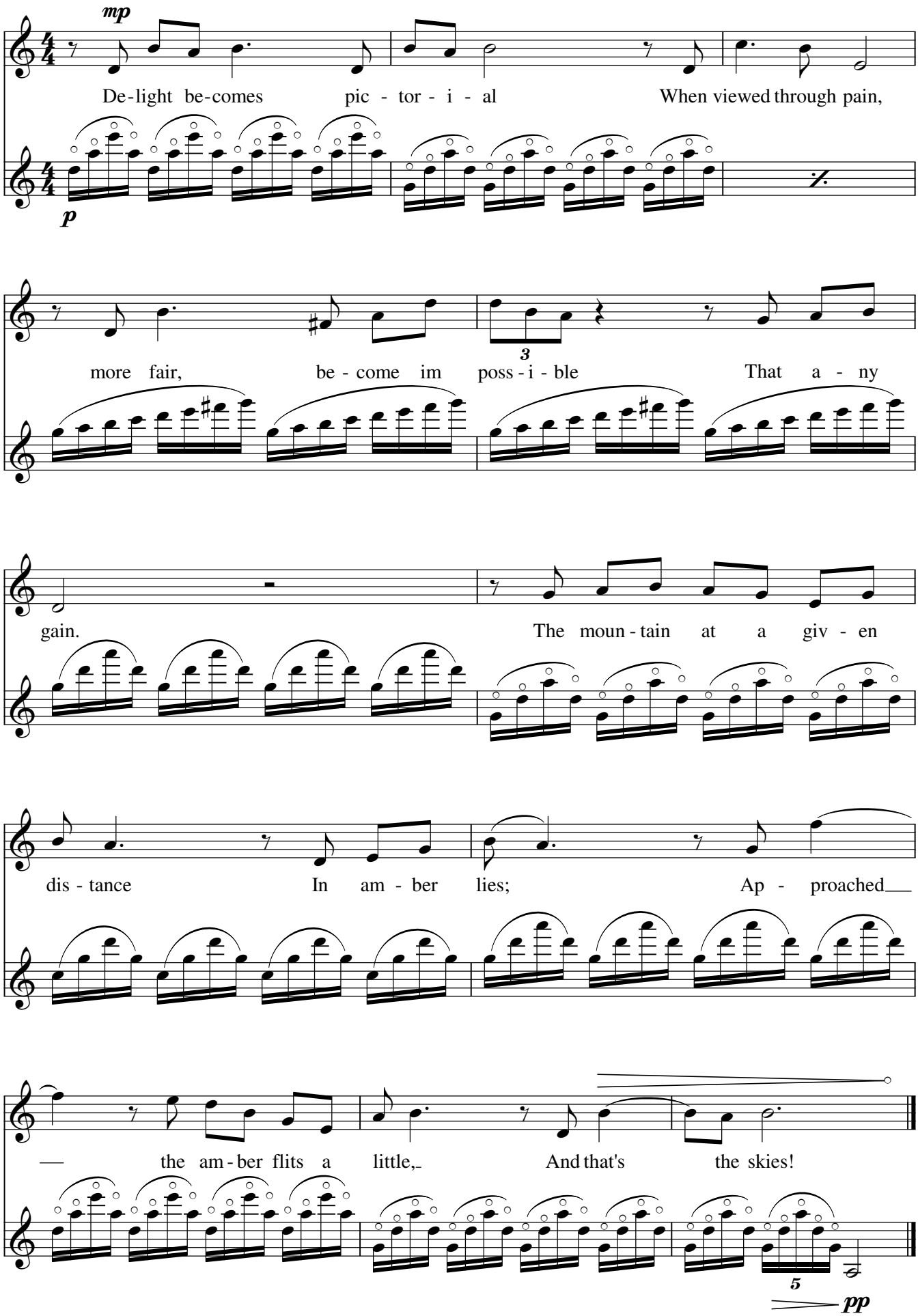
2. Now

Very slow (𝅗𝅥 = c.40)



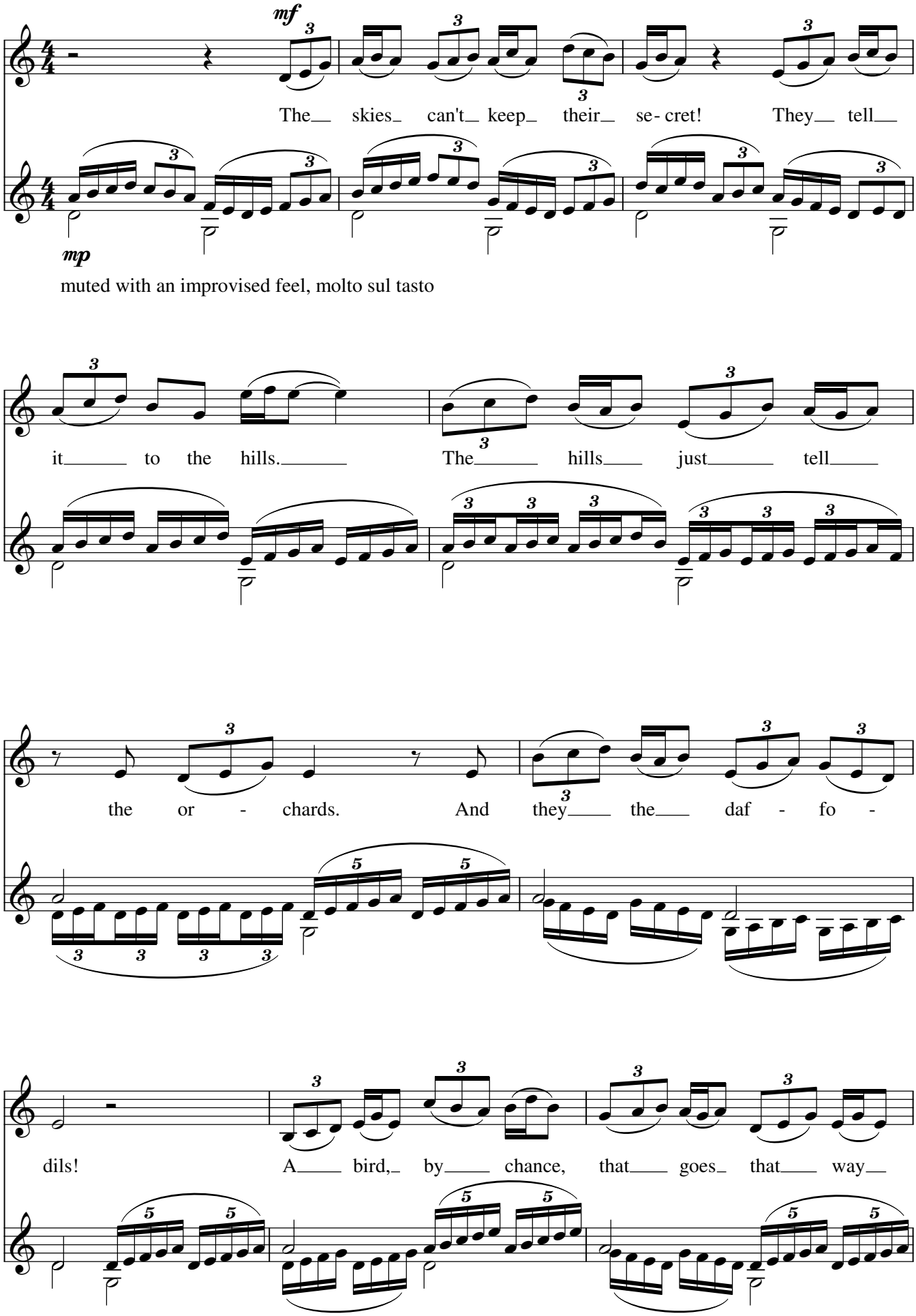
3. Delight becomes

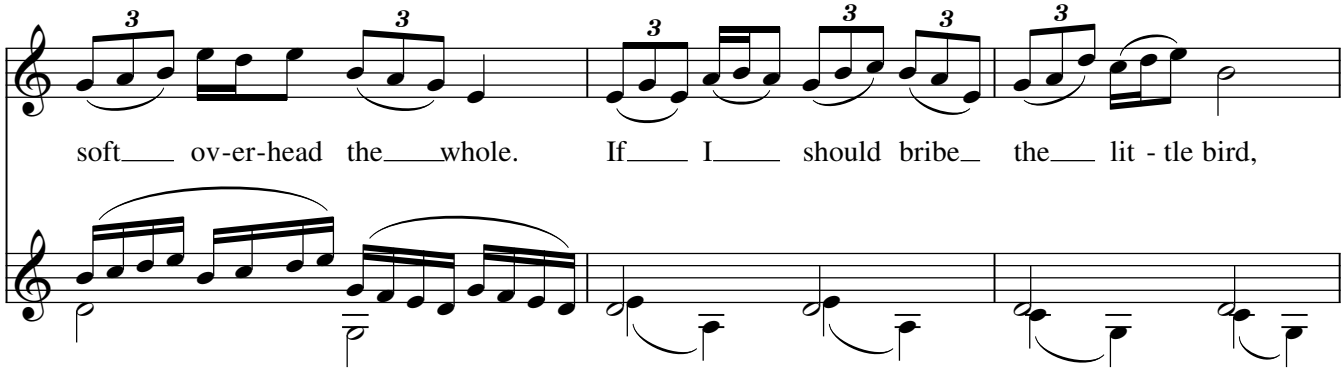
Faster (♩ = c. 66)

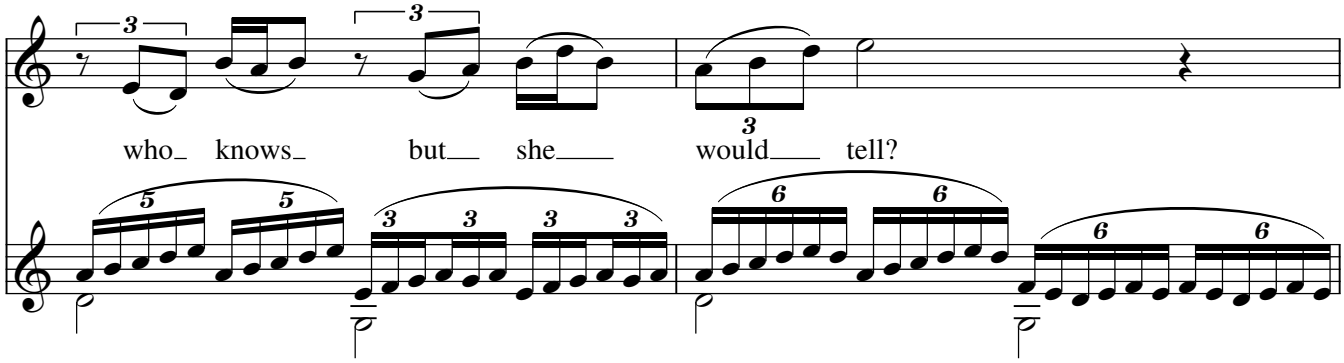


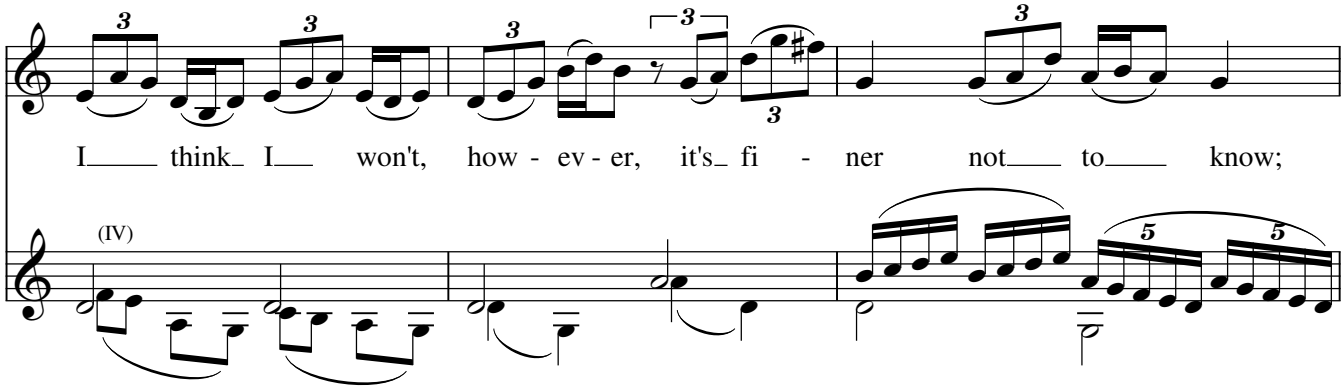
4. Secrets

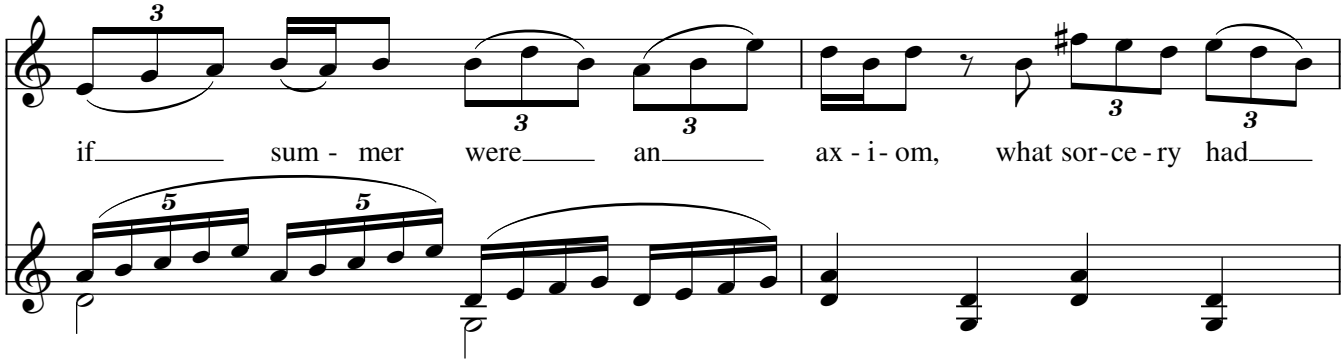
Fastish (♩ = c. 70)

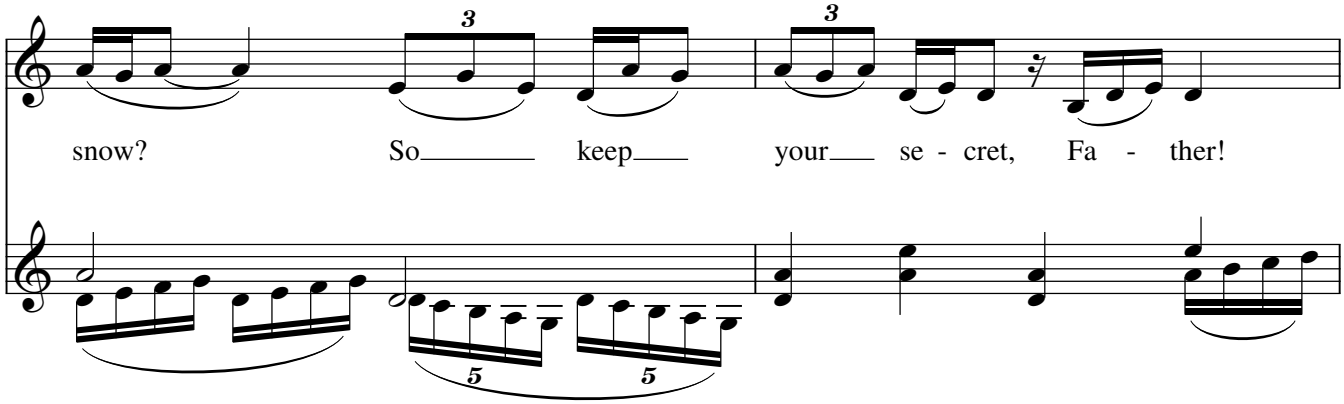


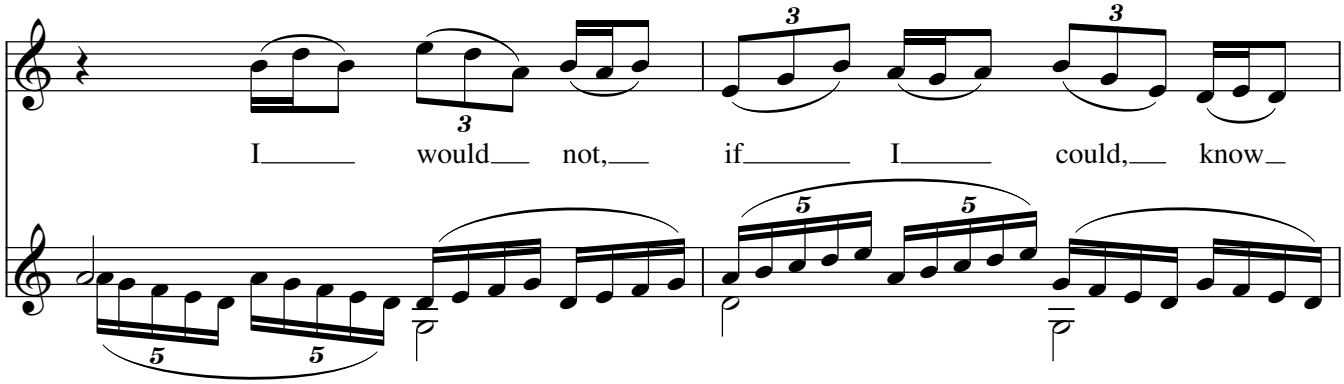

soft ov-er-head the whole. If I should bribe the lit - tle bird,

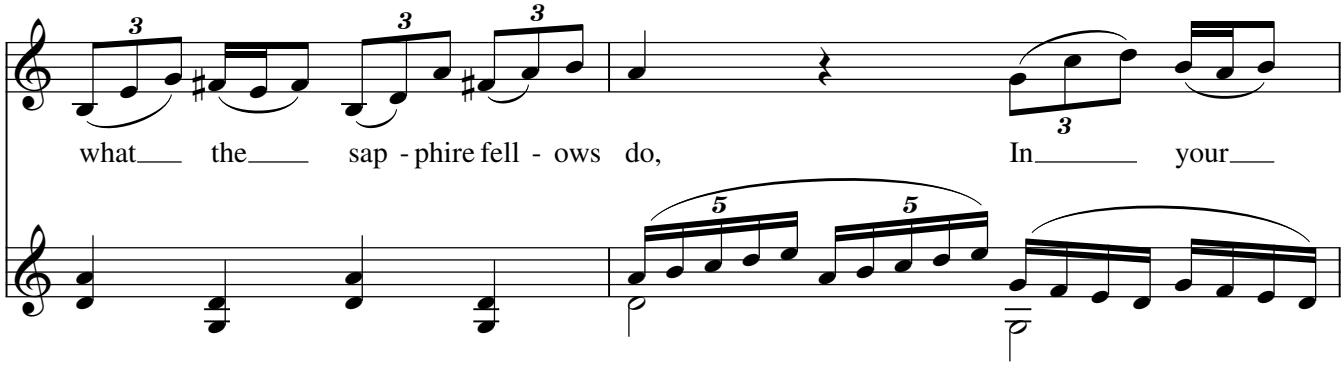

who knows but she would tell?

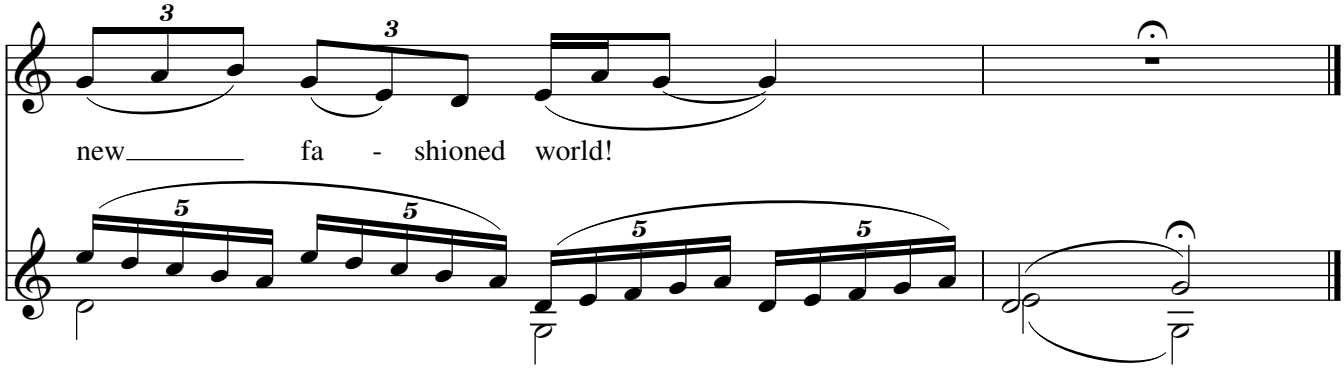

I think I won't, how - ev - er, it's fi - ner not to know;
(IV)


if sum - mer were an ax - i - om, what sor - ce - ry had


snow? So keep your se - cret, Fa - ther!

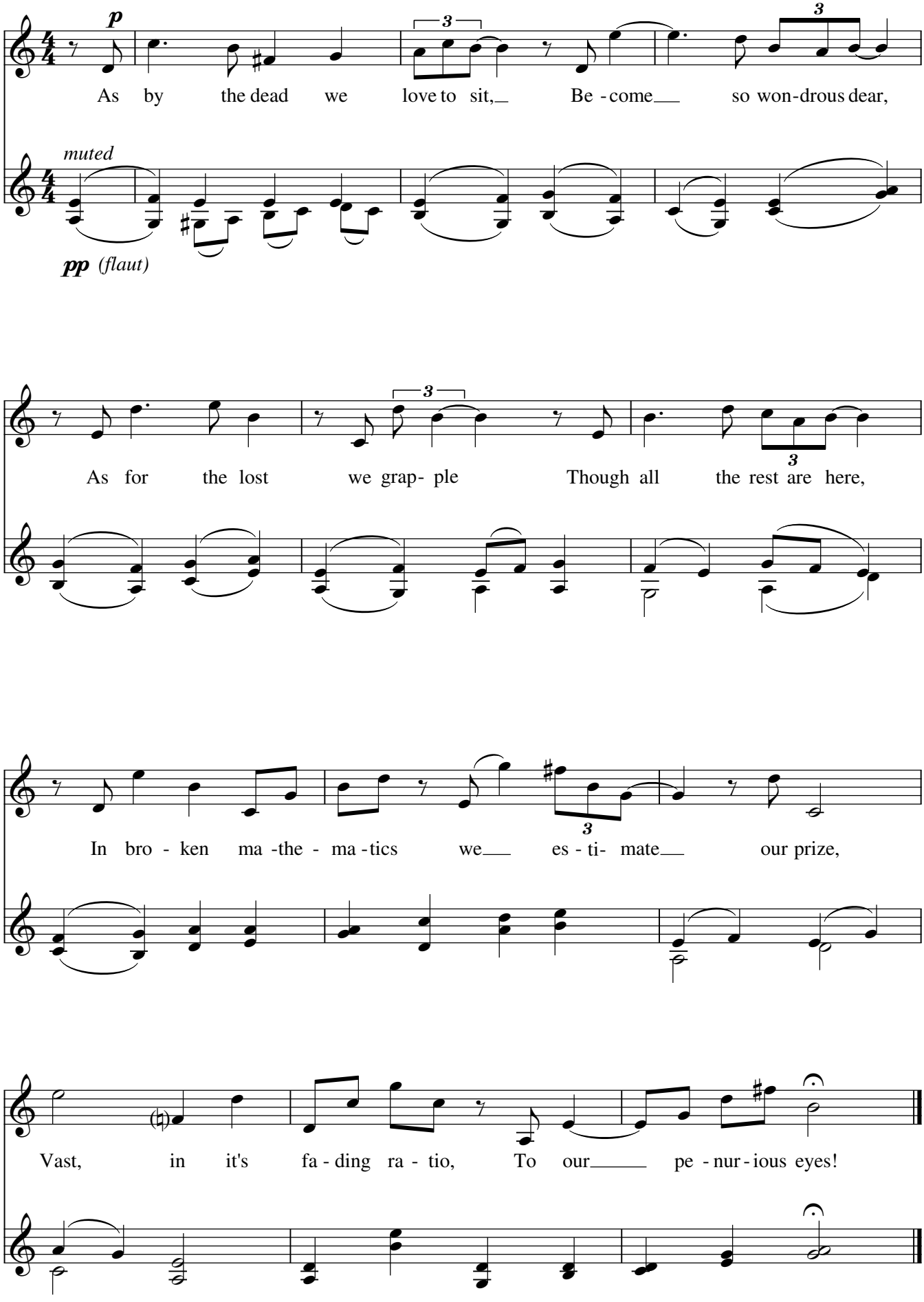

I would not, if I could, know


what the sap - phire fell - ows do, In your


new fa - shioned world!

5. As by the dead

Very slow (♩ = c. 40)



6. Griefs

Gracefully (♩ = c. 50)

mp

I mea-sure eve-ry grief I meet

muted

p

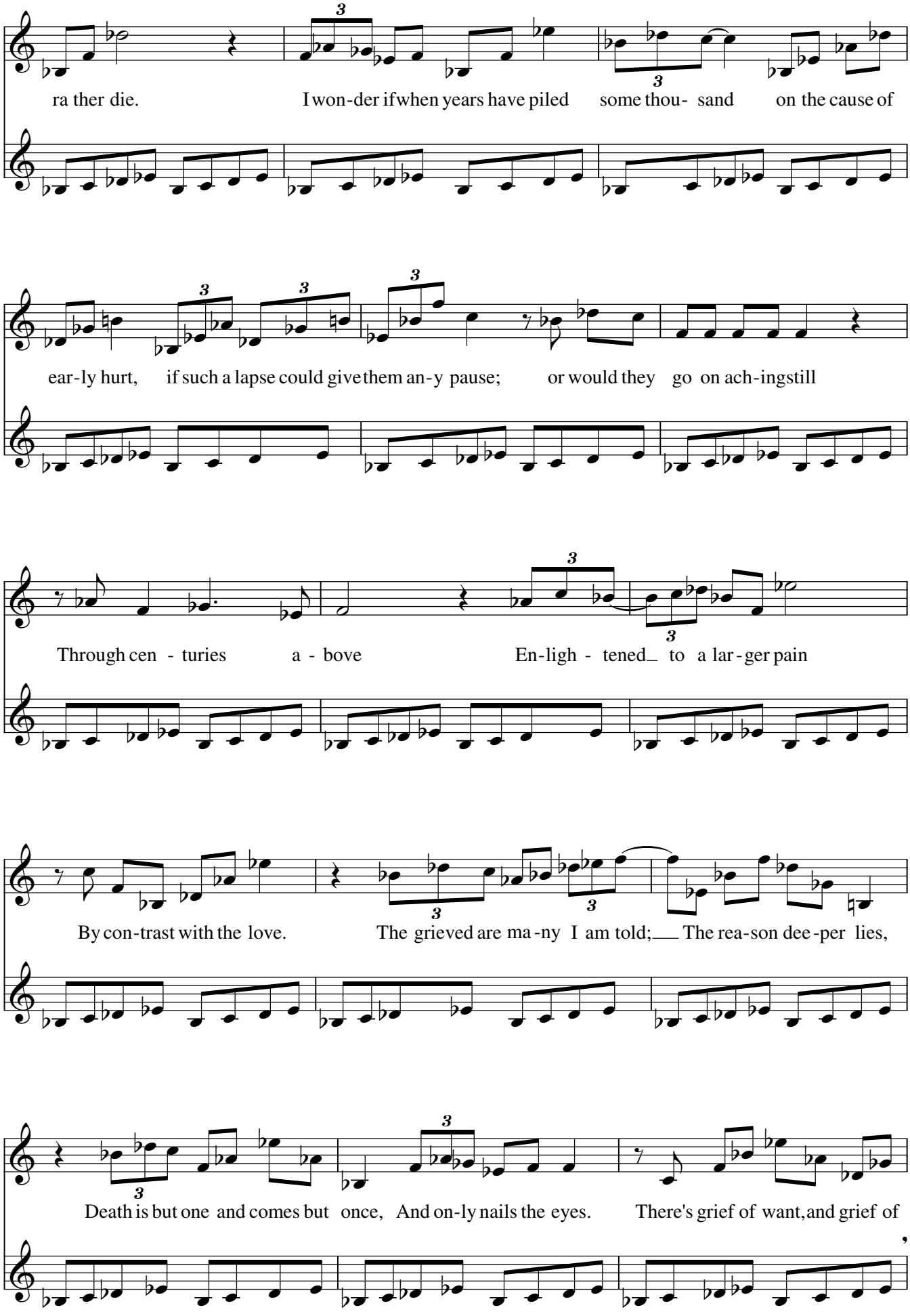
sometimes slur notes in groups of 2, 3, 4 or 5 and change sound quality, eg sul tasto, sul pont ad lib

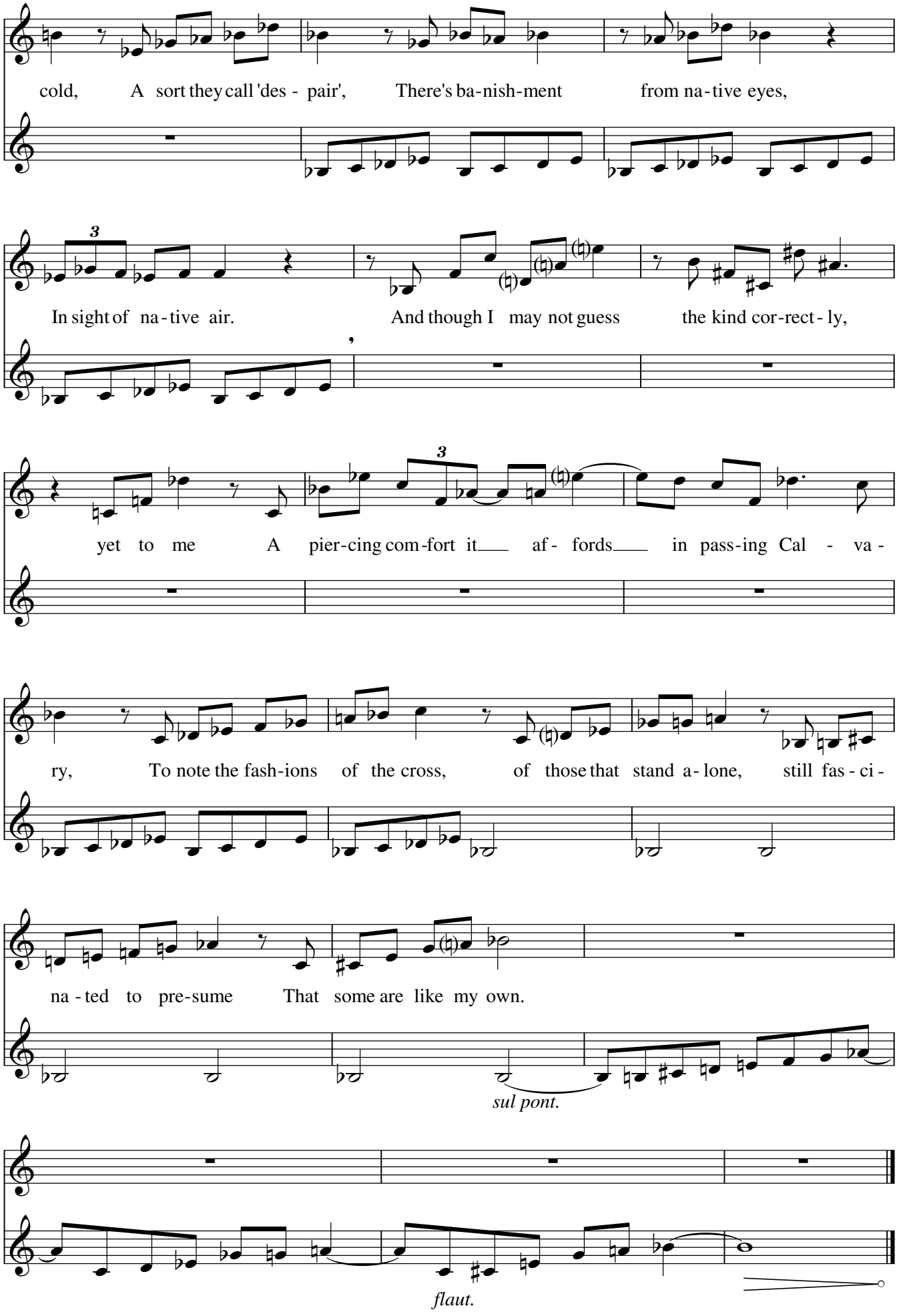
with an-a-ly-tic eyes; I won-der if it weighs like mine, Or had an eas-ier

size. I won-der if they bore it long, Or did it just be-gin? I could not tell the date of

mine, it feels so old a pain. I won-der if it hurts to live,

And if they have to try, And whe-ther, could they choose be-tween, They would not


ra ther die. I won-der if when years have piled some thou- sand on the cause of
ear-ly hurt, if such a lapse could give them an-y pause; or would they go on ach-ing still
Through cen - turies a - bove En-ligh - tened to a lar-ger pain
By con-trast with the love. The grieved are ma-ny I am told; The rea-son dee-per lies,
Death is but one and comes but once, And on-ly nails the eyes. There's grief of want, and grief of


cold, A sort they call 'des - pair', There's ba-nish-ment from na-tive eyes,
In sight of na-tive air. And though I may not guess the kind cor-rect-ly,
yet to me A pier-cing com-fort it af- fords in pass-ing Cal - va -
ry, To note the fash-ions of the cross, of those that stand a-lone, still fas - ci -
na-ted to pre-sume That some are like my own.
sul pont.
flaut.

7. Numen lumen

Fairly slow (♩ = c. 60)

mf

I live with him, I see his face;

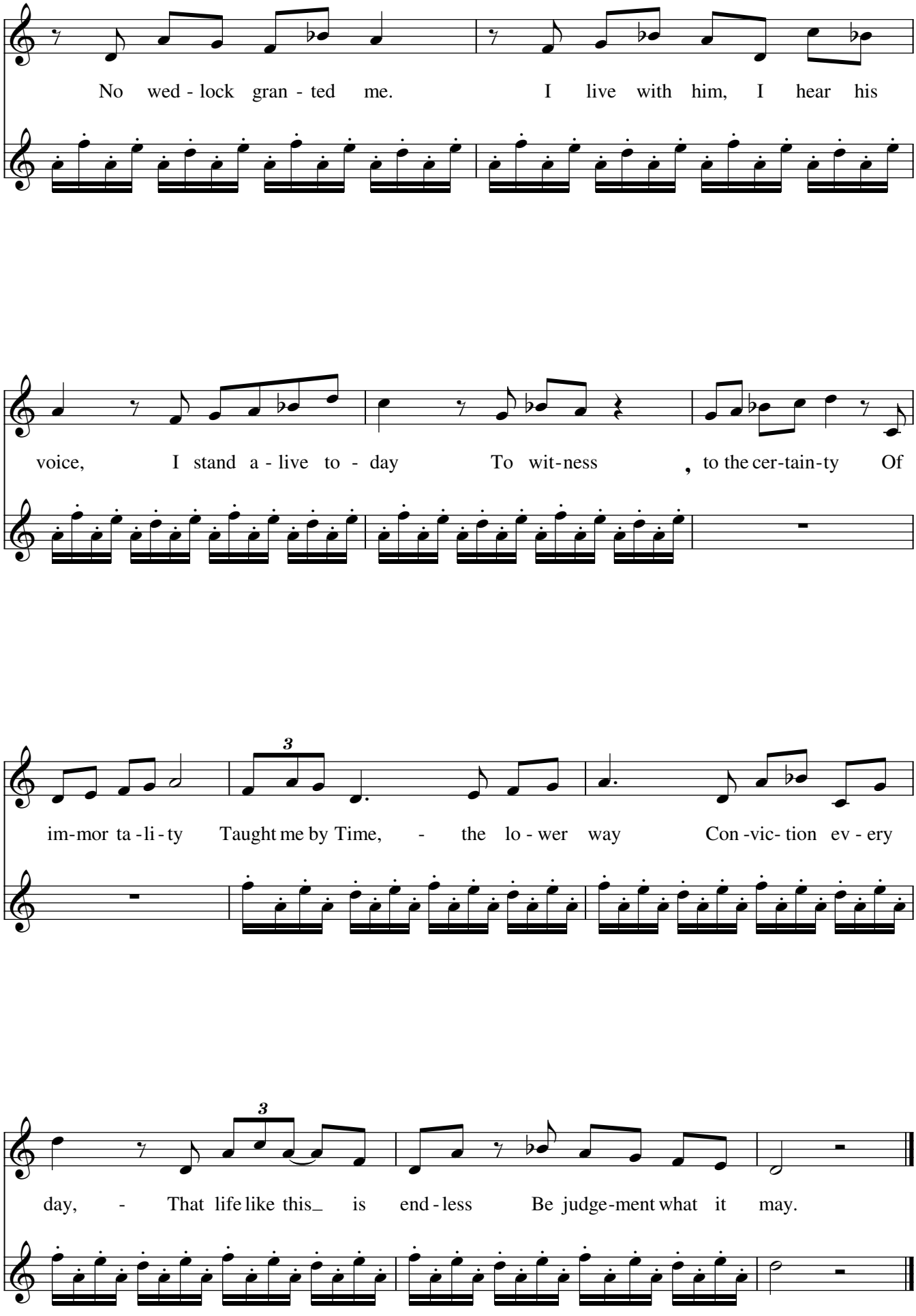
Pizz

mp

I go no more a-way For vi-si-tor,or sun - down; Death's sin-gle pri-va cy, The

on - ly one fore - stall - ing mime, And

that by right, that he pre-sents a claim in - vi - si - ble,


No wed - lock gran - ted me. I live with him, I hear his
voice, I stand a - live to - day To wit-ness , to the cer-tain-ty Of
3
im-mor ta -li - ty Taught me by Time, - the lo - wer way Con -vic- tion ev - ery
3
day, - That life like this_ is end - less Be judge-ment what it may.