Three Dickinson Songs

Words: Emily Dickinson

Music: Craig Bakalian

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I think to Live

I think to Live— may be a Bliss To those who dare to try— Beyond my limit to conceive— My lip— to testify-

I think the Heart I former wore Could widen— till to me The Other, like the little Bank Appear- unto the Sea—

I think the Days— could every one In Ordination stand— And Majesty— be easier— Than an inferior kind—

No numb alarm— lest Difference come— No Goblin— on the Bloom— No start in Apprehension's Ear, No Bankruptcy— No Doom—

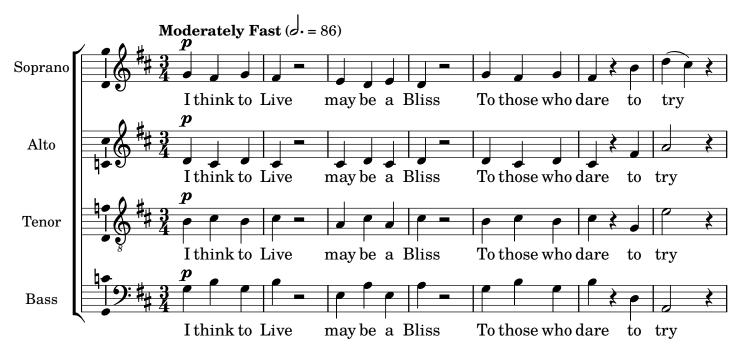
But Certainties of Sun-Midsummer- in the Mind-A steadfast South- upon the Soul-Her Polar time- behind-

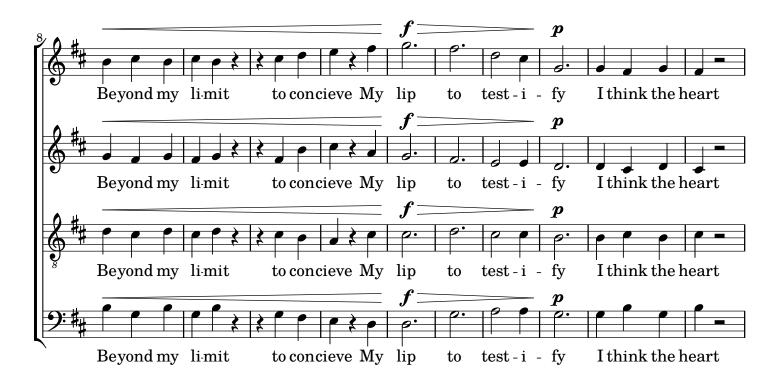
The Vision- pondering long-So plausible becomes That I esteem the fiction- real-The Real- fictitious seems-

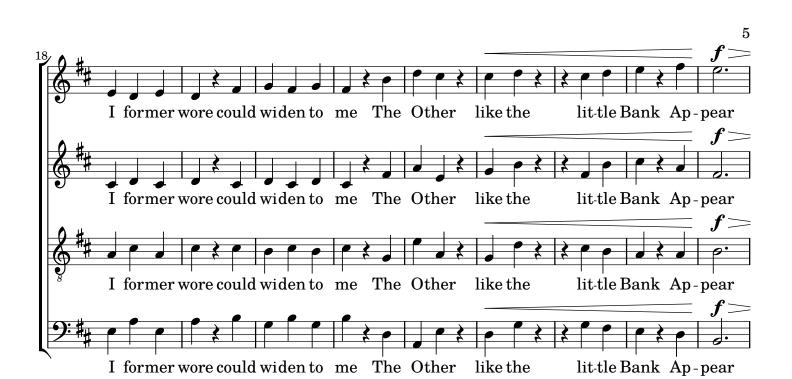
How bountiful the Dream— What Plenty— it would be— Had all my Life but been Mistake Just rectified— in Thee

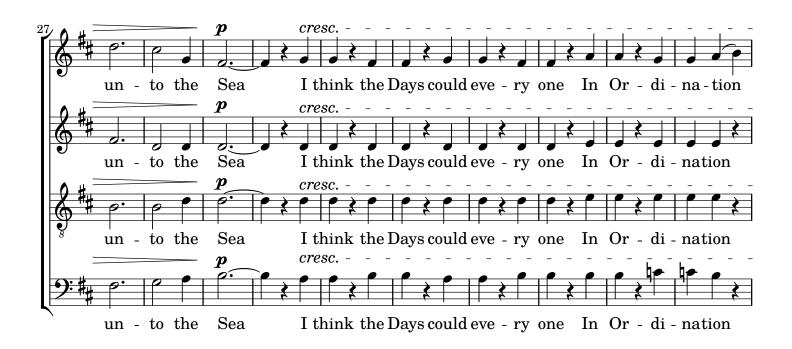
I think to Live

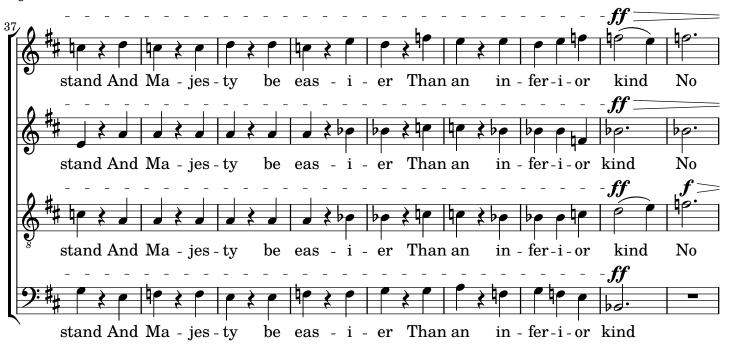
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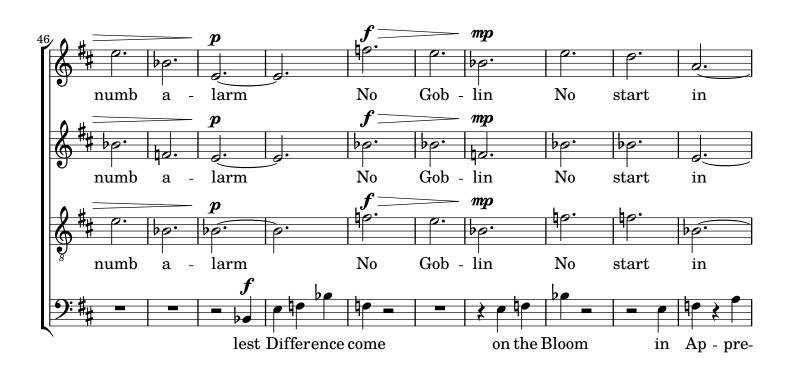




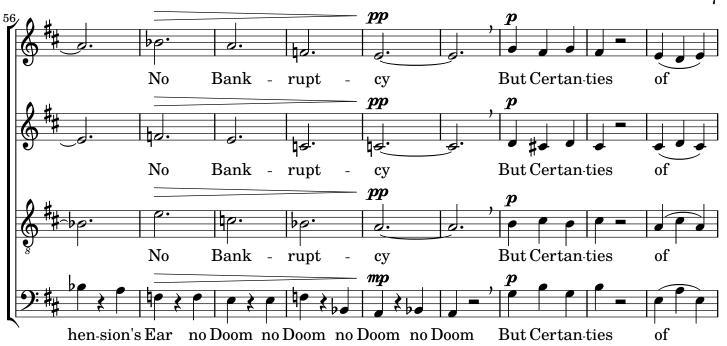


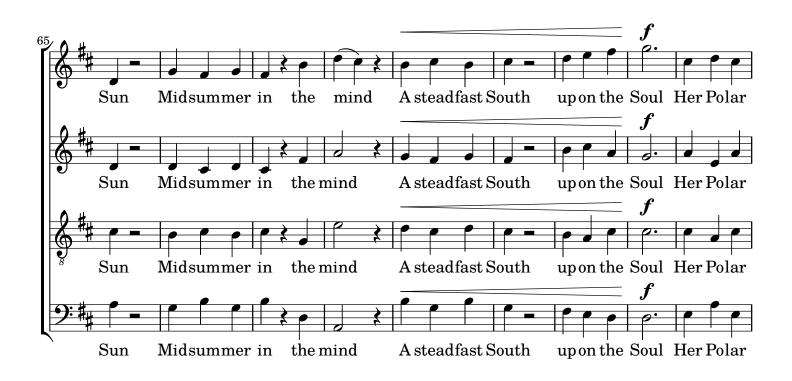




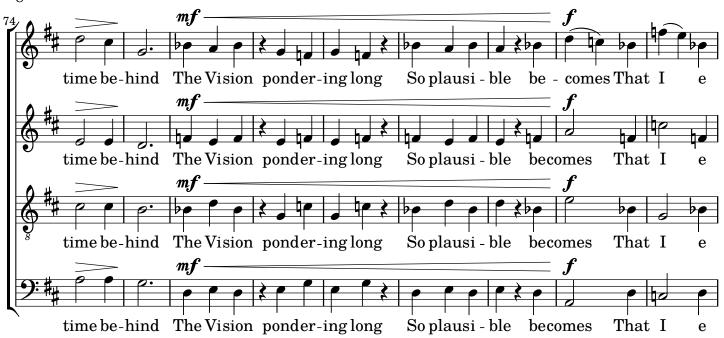


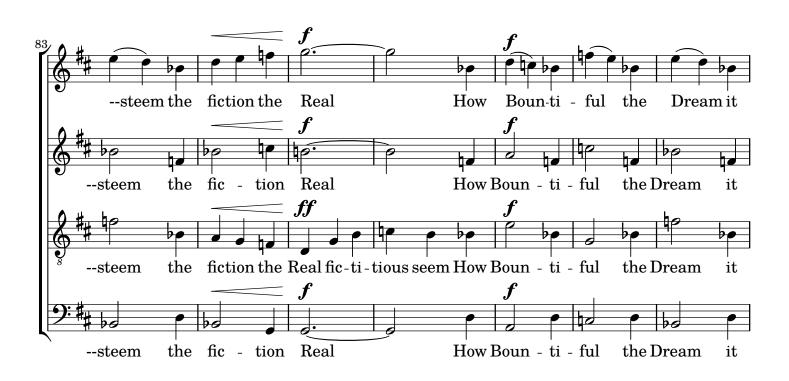




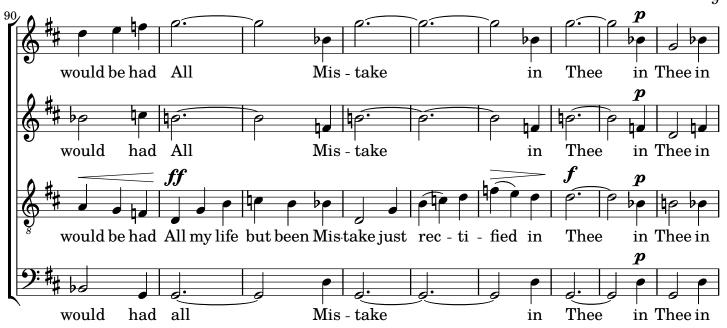


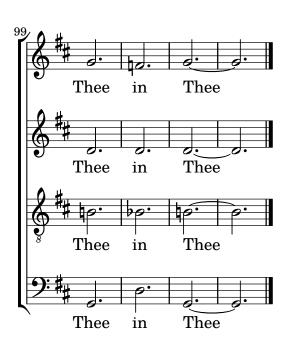












They shut me up in Prose

They shut me up in Prose— As when a little Girl They put me in the Closet— Because they like me "still"—

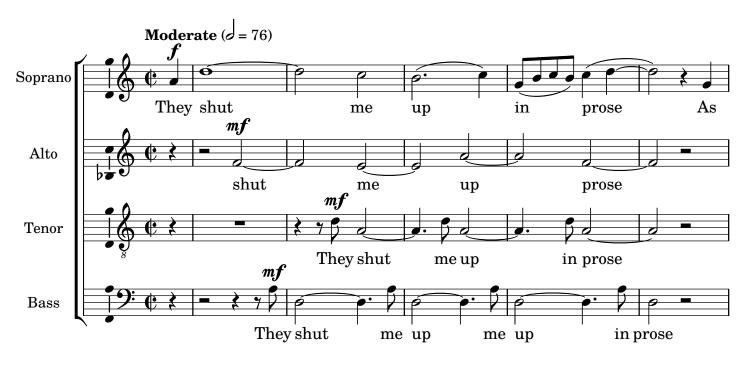
Still! Could themself have peeped—
And seen my Brain— go round—
They might as well have lodged a Bird
For Treason— in the Pound—

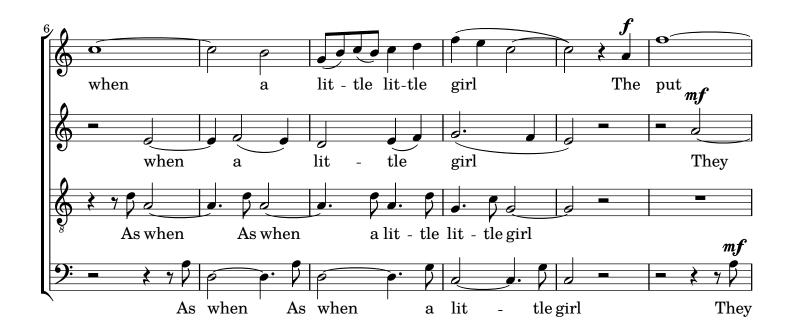
Himself has but to will
And easy as a Star
Abolish his Captivity—
And laugh— No more have I—

Emily Dickinson, circa 1862

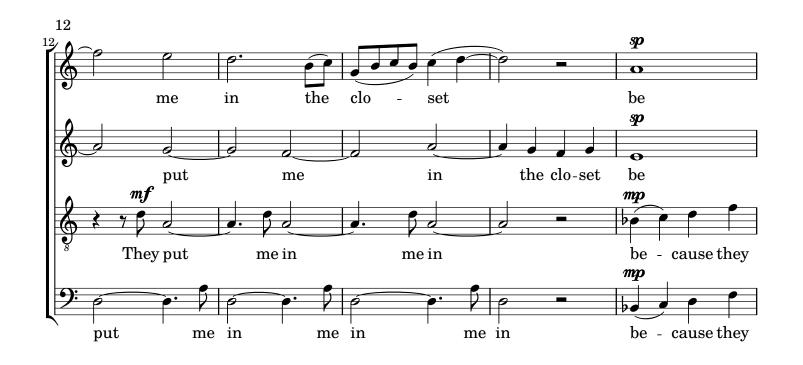
They shut me up in prose

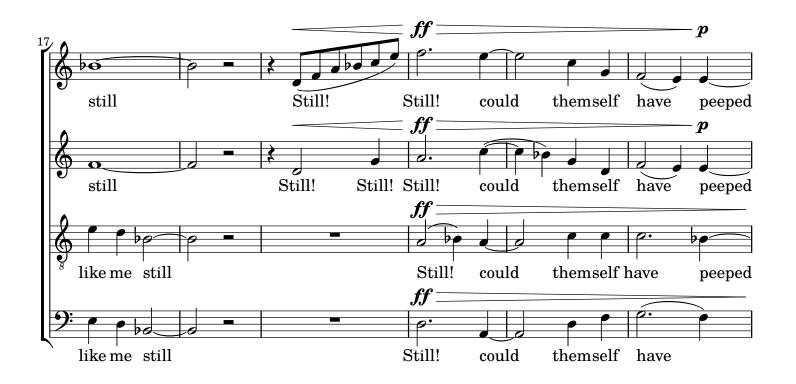
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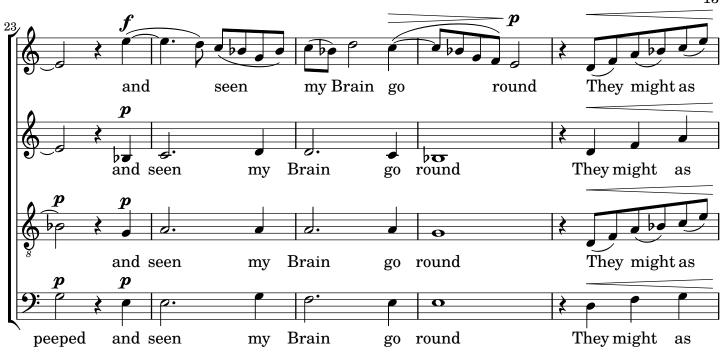


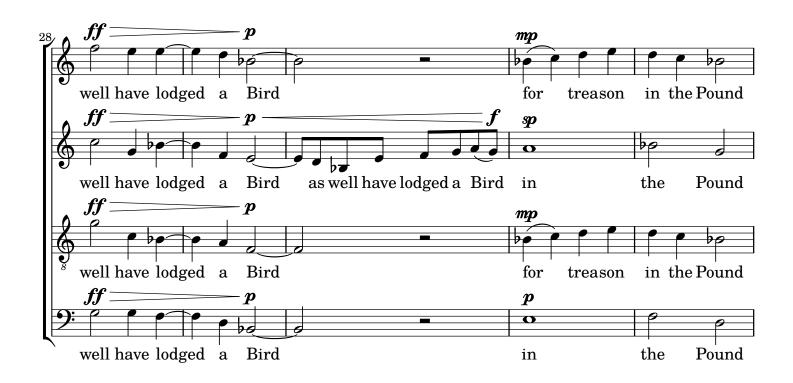
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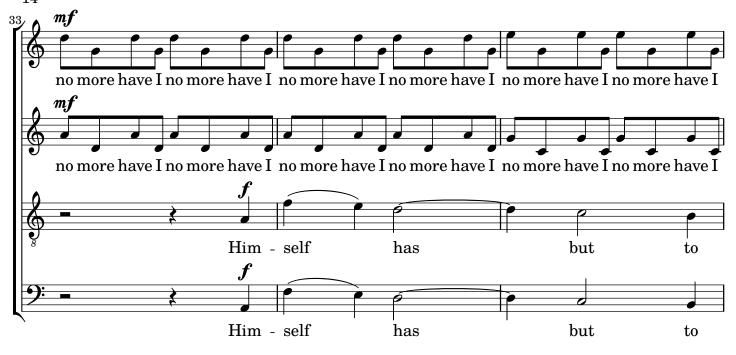


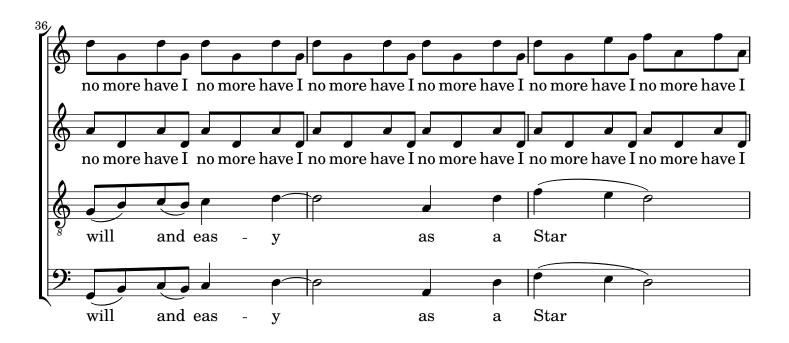
















Wild Nights- Wild Nights!

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

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

Rowing in Eden— Ah, the Sea! Might I but moor— Tonight— In Thee!

Emily Dickinson, circa 1861

Wild Nights- Wild Nights!

Emily Dickinson Craig Bakalian

