

**Part One: Life
XIII**

THE SOUL selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

**Part One: Life
LXXXII**

MUSICIANS wrestle everywhere:
All day, among the crowded air,
I hear the silver strife;
And—waking long before the dawn—
Such transport breaks upon the town
I think it that "new life!"

It is not bird, it has no nest;
Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed,
Nor tambourine, nor man;
It is not hymn from pulpit read,—
The morning stars the treble led
On time's first afternoon!

Some say it is the spheres at play!
Some say that bright majority
Of vanished dames and men!
Some think it service in the place
Where we, with late, celestial face,
Please God, shall ascertain!

Donderdag 26 januari t/m zondag 29 januari

Emily Dickinson Songs Robin de Raaff

Liedteksten

Antonello Manacorda dirigent
Sophia Burgos sopraan

**Part One: Life
XCIII**

HOW still the bells in steeples stand.
Till, swollen with the sky,
They leap upon their silver feet
In frantic melody!

**Part One: Life
CXXXVIII**

SOFTENED by Time's consummate plush,
How sleek the woe appears
That threatened childhood's citadel
And undermined the years!
Bisected now by bleaker griefs, We envy the despair
That devastated childhood's realm,
So easy to repair.

**Part One: Life
CIX**

THE FARTHEST thunder that I heard
Was nearer than the sky,
And rumbles still, though torrid noons
Have lain their missiles by.
The lightning that preceded it Struck no one but myself,
But I would not exchange the bolt
For all the rest of life.
Indebtedness to oxygen
The chemist may repay, But not the obligation
To electricity.
It finds the homes and decks the days,
And every clamor bright
Is but the gleam concomitant Of that waylaying light.
The thought is quiet as a flake,—
A crash without a sound;
How life's reverberation
Its explanation found!

**Part One: Life
XXIX**

THE NEAREST dream recedes, unrealized.
The heaven we chase
Like the June bee
Before the school-boy
Invites the race; Stoops to an easy clover—
Dips—evades—teases—deploys;
Then to the royal clouds
Lifts his light pinnacle
Heedless of the boy
Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.
Homesick for steadfast honey,
Ah! the bee flies not
That brews that rare variety.