

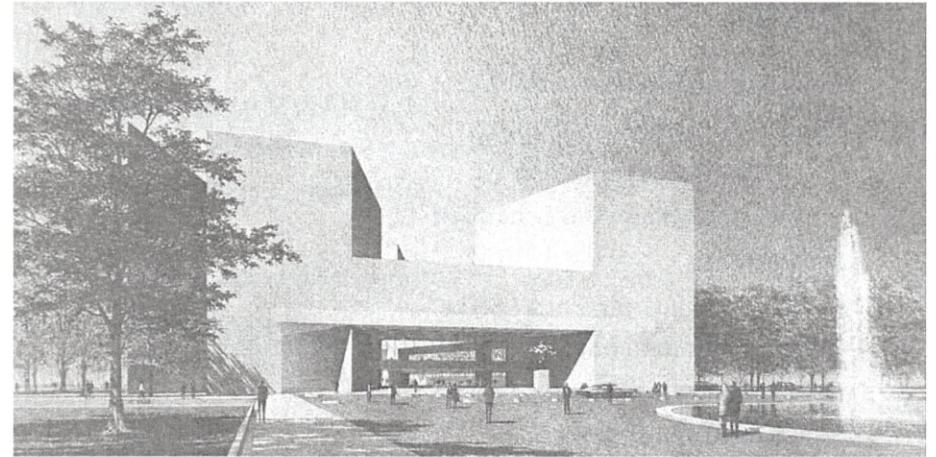
The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the East Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department  
National Gallery of Art  
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW  
Washington, DC

[www.nga.gov](http://www.nga.gov)



The Seventieth Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin  
**Concerts**

National Gallery of Art  
2,880th Concert

**Jessica Jones, soprano**  
**Danielle DeSwert Hahn, pianist**

In honor of Women's History Month

March 25, 2012  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
East Building Auditorium

*Admission free*

Program

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)

From *Three Songs*, op. 12 (1841)

no. 2: Er ist gekommen

no. 4: Liebst du um Schönheit

*Lorelei* (1843)

Robert Schumann (1810–1856), arr. Clara Schumann

*Der Nussbaum*, op. 25, no. 3

*Mondnacht*, op. 39, no. 5

*Widmung*, op. 25, no. 1

Robert Schumann

*Frauenliebe und leben*, op. 42

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

INTERMISSION

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

From *Trois Romances sans paroles*, op. 17 (1880)

No. 3: Andante moderato

Nadia Boulanger (1887–1979)

*Cantique* (1909)

*Chanson* (1909)

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)

From *Trois Morceaux pour piano* (1911–1914)

D'un jardin clair

Aaron Copland (1900–1990)

From *Eight Poems of Emily Dickinson* (1970)

no. 6: Dear March, come in!

no. 5: Heart, we will forget him

no. 8: When they come back

no. 11: Going to Heaven!

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

*Four Dickinson Songs* (1996)

Will there really be a morning?

I'm nobody

She died

If I...

## The Musicians

### JESSICA JONES

Acclaimed for the beauty of her voice and her superb musicianship, soprano Jessica Jones sings with America's leading opera companies, including Houston Grand Opera (Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* and Micaela in Bizet's *Carmen*) and Seattle Opera (Fiordiligi in *Così fan Tutte*). Her work with symphony orchestras includes Mahler's *Fourth Symphony* with the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, the soprano solos in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Florida Philharmonic and Seattle symphony orchestras, and Ravel's *l'Enfant et les sortilèges* with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall under the baton of Lorin Maazel. She has also sung with the Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco symphony orchestras as well as the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Equally at home with twentieth-century music, Jones sang the roles of Love Simpson and Myrtis in Carlisle Floyd's *Cold Sassy Tree* with Utah Opera, and she created the role of Natasha Rogozhinskaya in Tod Machover's *Resurrection*. The recipient of numerous prizes, including a Sullivan Foundation Grant and First Place in the 1998 Jenny Lind Competition and Opera Birmingham Competition, Jessica Jones was the soprano soloist in the National Gallery of Art Orchestra's New Year Concert in 2010.

### DANIELLE DESWERT HAHN

Brussels-born pianist Danielle DeSwert Hahn is a freelance collaborative pianist and coach and the music program specialist at the National Gallery of Art. She has worked as a pianist and coach with the Ash Lawn Highland Opera Festival, Chautauqua Opera, Indianapolis Opera, Kentucky Opera, New Orleans Opera Association, Portland (Oregon) Opera, San Francisco Opera Center, Sarasota Opera, and Washington National Opera. From 2004–2006 she was the principal répétiteur with the Baltimore Opera Company and Washington Concert Opera.

Hahn performs regularly in chamber music and voice recitals, including performances at the Arts Club of Washington, the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington, the Kennedy Center, the Mexican Institute of Culture, the National Gallery, the Russian Embassy, and the White House. She performs as a member of the National Gallery of Art Piano Trio, and is principal pianist with the Inscape Chamber Music Project.

## Program Notes

In honor of Women's History Month, Jessica Jones and Danielle DeSwert Hahn contrast the music of female composers with that of their male counterparts. In the case of Robert and Clara Schumann, their well-known love affair extended beyond a simple romance—their pairing benefitted both her career as a prodigious concert pianist and his as a composer. Though her father was greatly opposed to their becoming romantically involved, they famously took him to court to gain permission to marry. The year they did so, 1840, was Robert's most productive year of songwriting; he composed more than three hundred songs. In that same year, the couple embarked on a project in which they planned to collaborate on and publish a collection of songs. Among the poems that Clara chose to set were *Er ist gekommen* and *Liebst du um Schönheit*, written from a woman's perspective about passion and devotion by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866). *Lorelei* is a setting of Heinrich Heine's (1797–1856) narrative of the eponymous legend.

Clara, the main breadwinner of the family, began to lose confidence in herself as a composer as she got older, saying "I once believed that I possessed creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose—there has never yet been one able to do it. Should I expect to be the one?" Robert, however, felt differently, as he remarked in their joint diary: "Clara has composed a series of small pieces, which show a musical and tender ingenuity such as she has never attained before. But to have children, and a husband who is always living in the realm of imagination, does not go together with composing. She cannot work at it regularly, and I am often disturbed to think how many profound ideas are lost because she cannot work them out." As the self-appointed chief interpreter of her husband's compositions, Clara dedicated herself to promoting, playing, editing, and transcribing them. She arranged many of his songs for piano solo.

Robert Schumann's *Frauenliebe und leben* sets another group of poems written by a man from a woman's perspective. Written in 1830, Adelbert von Chamisso's poems were still quite new when the songs were composed ten years later, shortly before Robert and Clara were given permission to marry.

Because of Schumann's agitation and uncertainty about the impending marriage, the music is fraught with emotion to an extent that stands out even in the Romantic period.

Described by composer Ned Rorem as the most influential teacher since Socrates, Nadia Boulanger taught most of the great composers of the twentieth century. Herself a student and devotee of Gabriel Fauré, she could be seen as the link between the Romantic era composers and the next generation. With a photographic memory and an all-encompassing knowledge of music from Bach to her contemporaries, Boulanger was a keen composer in her youth, attempting several times to win the Prix de Rome. Her younger sister, Lili, who began her studies with Nadia, did take the Prix in 1913, at age nineteen. She also studied with Fauré, who felt she had great talent and promise. After Lili's untimely death in 1918, Nadia declared all her own compositions useless.

One of Nadia Boulanger's more famous students was Aaron Copland. Best known for his uniquely American style of composition, blending elements of jazz and folk tunes, Copland was drawn to American writers, among them Emily Dickinson. In contrast to *Frauenliebe und leben*, these poems were written by a woman from a woman's perspective, but set by a male composer. He matched her lyrical yet abrupt style with wide leaps for the singer, strange pauses and changing meters, as well as difficult and awkward passages for the pianist.

The concert concludes with a set of songs by a woman composer, setting poems by a woman poet. Writing about her *Four Dickinson Songs*, Lori Laitman says: "The combination of these poems allows for dramatic musical contrasts within the cycle. The wistful 'Will there really be a morning?' gives way to the humorous and bouncy 'I'm nobody.' The elegiac ambience of 'She died' is created by a spare opening piano accompaniment that later alternates with fluid meters. 'If I...' was composed as a gift for my father's eightieth birthday. Its simple, accessible melody passes from voice to piano and back again before ending with the singer humming. My father is now ninety-five, still in good health."

*Program notes by Danielle DeSwert Hahn*

**Texts and Translations**

**March 25, 2012**

**Jessica Jones, soprano**

**Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen**

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,  
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.  
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen  
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.  
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,  
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.  
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?  
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.  
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,  
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.  
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,  
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen

**He came in storm and rain (Op. 12 No. 2)**

He came in storm and rain,  
he boldly stole my heart.  
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?  
Both came together.  
He came in storm and rain  
my anxious heart beat against his.  
how could I have known, that his path  
should unite itself with mine?  
He came in storm and rain,  
Now has come the blessing of spring.  
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,  
for he remains mine, on any road.

**Liebst du um Schönheit**

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!  
Liebst du um Jugend,  
o nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe der Frühling,  
der jung ist jedes Jahr!  
Liebst du um Schätze,  
o nicht mich liebe.  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
sie hat viel Perlen klar.  
Liebst du um Liebe,  
o ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
dich lieb' ich immerdar.

**If you love for beauty**

If you love for beauty,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
she has golden hair!  
If you love for youth,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the spring,  
it is young every year!  
If you love for treasure,  
oh, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid,  
she has many clear pearls!  
If you love for love,  
If you love for love,  
love me ever,  
I'll love you evermore!

### Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.  
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.  
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet  
Sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.  
Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei;  
Das hat eine wundersame  
Gewaltige Melodei.  
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
ergreift es mit wildem Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.  
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

### Lorelei

I know not, what it is portending  
that I am so depressed;  
a legend from olden days past  
will not leave my mind alone.  
The breeze is cool and it darkens,  
and peaceful flows the Rhine;  
the peak of the mountain sparkles  
with evening's setting sun.  
The fairest maiden sits perched  
right up there wondrously,  
her golden jewelry flashes  
she combs her golden hair.  
She combs with a comb all golden  
and thus she sings a song;  
that has a mysteriously  
tyrannical melody.  
The sailor in tiny vessel  
is seized with a savage woe,  
he sees not the rocky reef edge,  
he looks only up toward the height.  
I think that the waves have devoured  
at last the sailor and boat;  
and that's the deed, by her singing  
the Lorelei has done.

### Frauenliebe und leben, op 42

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh' ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, [hoch]<sup>1</sup> und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
[Soll]<sup>2</sup> beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
[Segnen]<sup>3</sup> viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann;  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Since I saw him  
I believe myself to be blind,  
where I but cast my gaze,  
I see him alone.  
as in waking dreams  
his image floats before me,  
dipped from deepest darkness,  
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless  
everywhere around me,  
for the games of my sisters  
I no longer yearn,  
I would rather weep,  
silently in my little chamber,  
since I saw him,  
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all,  
O how mild, so good!  
lovely lips, clear eyes,  
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,  
bright and glorious, that star,  
so he is in my heavens,  
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,  
but to observe thy gleam,  
but to observe in meekness,  
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,  
consecrated only to thy happiness,  
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,  
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all  
may make happy thy choice,  
and I will bless her, the lofty one,  
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,  
blissful, blissful I'll be then;  
if my heart should also break,  
break, O heart, what of it?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"  
Mir war's - ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den [seligsten]<sup>1</sup> Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich [werd']<sup>1</sup> ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,  
a dream has bewitched me,  
how should he, among all the others,  
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,  
"I am thine eternally",  
It seemed - I dream on and on,  
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,  
cradled on his breast,  
let the most blessed death drink me up  
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon my lips  
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,  
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,  
I found myself alone and lost  
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,  
thou hast taught me for the first time,  
hast opened my gaze unto  
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him entire,  
Give myself and find myself  
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring,  
I press thee piously upon lips,  
piously upon my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Freundlich mich schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,  
Windet geschäftig  
Mir um die Stirne  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,  
Freudigen Herzens,  
[Dem]<sup>1</sup> Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er,  
Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,  
Helft mir verscheuchen  
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,  
Daß ich mit klarem  
Aug ihn empfangen,  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,  
Du mir erschienen,  
Giebst du [Sonne, mir]<sup>2</sup> deinen Schein?  
Laß mich in Andacht,  
Laß mich in Demut,  
[Mich]<sup>3</sup> verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,  
Streuet ihm Blumen,  
[Bringt]<sup>4</sup> ihm knospende Rosen dar,  
Aber euch, Schwestern,  
Grüß ich mit Wehmut  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Help me, ye sisters,  
friendly, adorn me,  
serve me, today's fortunate one,  
busily wind  
about my brow  
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,  
of joyful heart,  
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,  
so he called ever out,  
yearning in his heart,  
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,  
help me to banish  
a foolish anxiety,  
so that I may with clear  
eyes receive him,  
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,  
thou appear to me,  
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?  
Let me with devotion,  
let me in meekness,  
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,  
strew him with flowers,  
bring him budding roses,  
but ye, sisters,  
I greet with melancholy,  
joyfully departing from your midst.

Süßer Freund, du blickest  
Mich verwundert an,  
Kannst es nicht begreifen,  
Wie ich weinen kann;  
Laß der feuchten Perlen  
Ungewohnte Zier  
[Freudenhell erzittern  
In den Wimpern mir]<sup>1</sup>

Wie so bang mein Busen,  
Wie so wonnevoll!  
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,  
Wie ich's sagen soll;  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz  
Hier an meiner Brust,  
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern  
Alle meine Lust.

Hab' ob manchen Zeichen  
Mutter schon gefragt,  
Hat die gute Mutter  
Alles mir gesagt,  
Hat mich unterwiesen  
Wie, nach allem Schein,  
Bald für eine Wiege  
Muß gesorget sein.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,  
Die ich weinen kann?  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,  
Du geliebter Mann?  
Bleib an meinem Herzen,  
Fühle dessen Schlag,  
Daß ich fest und fester  
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette  
Hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge  
Meinen holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen,  
Wo der Traum erwacht,  
Und daraus dein Bildnis  
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet friend, thou gazest  
upon me in wonderment,  
thou canst not grasp it,  
why I can weep;  
Let the moist pearls'  
unaccustomed adornment  
tremble, joyful-bright,  
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,  
how rapturous!  
If I only knew, with words,  
how I should say it;  
come and bury thy visage  
here in my breast,  
I want to whisper in thy ear  
all my happiness.

About the signs  
I have already asked Mother;  
my good mother has  
told me everything..  
She has assured me that  
by all appearances,  
soon a cradle  
will be needed.

Knowest thou the tears,  
that I can weep?  
Shouldst thou not see them,  
thou beloved man?  
Stay by my heart,  
feel its beat,  
that I may, fast and faster,  
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,  
the cradle shall have room,  
where it silently conceals  
my lovely dream;  
the morning will come  
where the dream awakes,  
and from there thy image  
shall smile at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich [hab es]<sup>1</sup> gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab [überglücklich]<sup>2</sup> mich geschätzt  
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein  
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu,  
Du lieber, lieber Engel, du!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,  
Der aber traf.  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer.  
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin  
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt,  
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,  
Du meine Welt!

At my heart, at my breast,  
thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,  
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,  
but now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves  
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone  
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man  
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

[Thou lookst at me and smiles,  
Thou dear, dear angel thou]<sup>1</sup>

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,  
how it struck me.  
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,  
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,  
the world is void.  
I have loved and lived, I am  
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,  
the veil falls,  
there I have thee and my lost happiness,  
O thou my world!

**Cantique by Maurice Maeterlinck**

A toute âme qui pleure  
A tout péché qui passe  
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles  
mes mains pleines de grâces

Il n'est péché qui vive  
Quand l'amour a parlé  
Il n'est âme qui meure  
Quand l'amour a pleuré

Et si l'amour s'égare  
Aux sentiers d'icibas  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s'égarent pas

**Chanson / Elle a vendu mon coeur by  
Camille Mauclair**

Elle a vendu mon coeur  
Pour une chanson:  
Vends mon coeur à la place,  
ô colporteur  
A la place de la chanson

Tes chansons étaient blanches  
La mienne est couleur de sang:  
Elle a vendu mon coeur  
O colporteur  
Elle a vendu mon coeur  
En s'amusant

Et maintenant chante mon coeur  
Sur les places, aux carrefours  
Tu feras pleurer colporteur  
En racontant mon grand amour

Pendant qu'elle fera rire  
Les gents à sa noce venus  
En chantant la chanson pour rire  
Pour qui elle a mon coeur vendu

**Hymn translation by Hélène Lindqvist**

To all weeping souls  
to all sin to pass  
I open in the midst of the stars  
my hands full of grace

No sin lives  
where love speaks  
No soul dies  
where love weeps

And if love gets lost  
on the paths of the earth  
Its tears will find me  
and not go astray

**Song / She sold my heart for a song  
translation by Hélène Lindqvist**

She sold my heart for a song  
Sell my heart at the square,  
dealer,  
in place of the song

Your songs were white  
My song is the color of blood  
She sold my heart,  
dealer,  
for the fun of it

And now my heart sings  
at the squares, at the crossroads  
You will make people cry,  
dealer,  
telling the story of my vast love

Meanwhile she will entertain the people  
attending her wedding  
singing the funny song  
for which she sold my heart

Emily Dickinson Poems

**Dear March -- Come in --**

How glad I am --  
I hoped for you before --

Put down your Hat --  
You must have walked --  
How out of Breath you are --  
Dear March, Come right up the stairs with me --  
I have so much to tell --

I got your Letter, and the Birds --  
The Maples never knew that you were coming  
-- till I called  
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

That Blame is just as dear as Praise  
And Praise as mere as Blame --

**Heart, we will forget him!**

You and I, to-night!  
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!

**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 may,  
I always had a fear  
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment  
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,  
Had nobody a pang  
Lest in a Face so beautiful  
He 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—

**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 place 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 am glad they did believe it  
Whom I have never found  
Since the mighty autumn afternoon  
I left them in the ground.

**Will there really be a "Morning?"**

Is there such a thing as "Day?"  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?  
Has it feathers like a bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!  
Oh, some wise man from the skies!  
Please to tell a little pilgrim  
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

**I'm Nobody! Who are you?**

Are you – Nobody – too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!  
How public – like a Frog –  
To tell one's name – the livelong June –  
To an admiring Bog!

**She died—this was the way she died.**

And when her breath was done  
Took up her simple wardrobe  
And started for the sun.  
Her little figure at the gate  
The Angels must have spied,  
Since I could never find her  
Upon the mortal side.

**If I can stop one heart from breaking,**

I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.