

September, Just Septembers
9 songs to words of Emily Dickinson
Deter Seabourne

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I. They dropped like Flakes -

They dropped like Staps -
Like Detals from a Rose -
When suddenly across the June
A wind with fingers goes -

They perished in the Seamless Grass -
No eye could find the place -
But God can summon every face
On his Repealless List.
II. I showed her Heights she never saw -
"Woulds't Climb," I Said?
She said - "Not so" -
"With me - I I said - "With me?"
I showed her Secrets - Morning's Nest-
The Rope the Nights were put across -
And now - "Would'st have me for a Guest?"
She could not find her $\mathrm{Y}_{\text {es- }}$
And then, I brake my life - And Lo,
A Light, for her, did solemn glow,
The larger, as her face withdrew -
And could she, further, "No"?
III. Wild Nights - Wild Nights!

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

Futile - the Winds -
To a Heart in port,
Done with the Compass,
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor - Tonight
In Thee!
IV. Midsummer, was it when They died -

A full, and perfect time -
The Summer closed upon itself
in Consumated Bloom -

The Corn, her furthest kernel filled
Before the coming Flail -
When These - leaned into Derfectness
Through Haze of Burial -
V. Nobody knows this 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!
VI. She bore it till the simple veins

Tpaced azure on her hand -
Till pleading, round her quiet eyes
The purple Crayons stand.
Till Daffodils had come and gone
I cannot tell the sum,
And then she ceased to bear it -
And with the Saints sat down.

No more her patient figure
At twilight soft to meet -
No more her timid bonnet
Upon the village street -
But Crowns, instead, and Courtiers -
And in the midst so fair,
Whose but her shy - immortal face
Of whom we're whispering here?
VII. Whether my bark went down at sea -

Whether she met with gales -
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails -

By what mystic mooring
She is held today -
This is the eprand of the eye
Out upon the Bay.
VIII. The Sky is low - the Clouds are mean. A Travelling Flake of Snow
Across a Barn or though a Rut
De-bates if it will go -
A Naprow Wind complains all Day
How someone treated him
Nature, like $U_{s}$ is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.
IX. There's a certain slant of light,

Winter Afternoons -
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes -
When it comes, the Landscape listens -
Shadows - hold their breath -
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death.

Composer's note re IX: I originally composed parts
of this cycle in the 1980s. The copy of "Winter Afternoons" I had found was, unknown to me, truncated, two verses being omitted. I only afterwards discovered my error. However, the song seemed complete and so when the whole cycle was completely re-composed, andexpanded the anomoly was allowed
to pemain. $M_{y}$ apologies, Emily.....
Emily Dickinson's original punctuation
(sometimes quirky!) is retained.

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Emily Dickinson |
Emily Dickinson

$6$





$10$










14

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in
E - den-
Ah,




Largo d=52


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Bloom-









VII




## VIII


$28$


IX

(8).------------------



(8) $\qquad$
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$\qquad$


Death.


* rehold without resounding

