

12 Poems of Emily Dickinson

The world feels dusty

Aaron COPLAND

Very slowly (♩ = 52) *mp* (darkly colored)

The world feels dus - ty, when we

p *expressively*

5 stop to die... We want the dew then Hon - ors taste

mf

press forward **f** *trifle faster* **ff**

9 dry... Flags vex a dy - ing

f **ff** *> mf* **ff** *> mf*

13 *mf*

face But the least fan stirred by a friend's hand Cools—

f *mp* *mf* *pp* *mf* *p*

16 **Tempo I (very slowly)** *mf*

— like the rain Mine be the

mp espress.

20

min - is - try when thy thirst comes...— Dews of thy - self to fetch

24 *poco sf* **rit.**

and ho - ly balms.—

sf *mp* *p* *pp* (*sf*)