I taste a li-quer ne-ver-brewed From tank-ar ds scooped in Pearl. Not all the

Frank-fort ber ries yield such an al-co-hol! In-e-bri-ate of air am I,

ree-ling through end-less sum-mer days am I. When land-lords turn the drunk-

Emily Dickinson

Angela Lentini
en Bee, when but-ter-flies re-nounce their "drams," I shall but drink the more!

Lean-ing a-gainst the Sun!
2. Wild Nights

*I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed: A Song Cycle*

Emily Dickinson

Angela Lentini

\[ j = 120 \]

Nostalgia

**Wild nights, wild nights!** Were I with thee, wild nightsshould be our lux - u - ry!

**Futile the winds,** to a Heartin port. Done with the com - pass, done with the

**Chart! Row-ing in E - den, ah, the Sea!** Might I but moor to-night in thee!
3. I Felt a Funeral, In My Brain

Emily Dickinson

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed: A Song Cycle

Angela Lentini

\( \text{\textit{Misterioso}} \)

I felt a Funeral in my Brain, and Mourners to and fro kept treading, treading,

till it seemed that Sense was breaking through! My mind was going numb,

Space began to toll, Wrecked, solitary, here. And I dropped down and down, and
hit a World at every plunge, and Finished knowing, then.
4. Hope is the Thing with Feathers

_I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed: A Song Cycle_

Emily Dickinson

Angela Lentini

\[ j = 120 \]

_Sentimentale_

Hope is the thing with feathers, that perches in the soul. And sings the tune

without the words and never stops, at all. Sweetest in the Gale is heard, and some must be

the storm, that could a-bash the little Bird that kept so many warm. I've heard it in
the chill-est lands and on the strang-est Sea, yet ne-ver, in Ex-tre-mi-ty, it

asked a crumb of me.
5. Liquor Never Brewed

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed: A Song Cycle

Emily Dickinson

Angela Lentini

\[ j = 120 \]

Tranquillo

In-e-bri-ate of air am I,

ree-ling through end-less sum-mer days am I. When land-lords turn the drunk-

en Bee, when but-ter-flies re-nounce their "drams," I shall but drink the more!
Sun!

Leaning against the Sun!