

7. The First Day's Night

Emily Dickinson

Clif Hardin

♩ = 100

Narrator: The first Day's Night had come- And, grateful that a thing
so terrible had been endured I told my heart to sing.

She said

her strings were snapt, Her bow to atoms blown; And so, to mend her,
gave me work until another morn

6

And then a Day as huge As Yesterday in pairs Unrolled its horror on my face
Until it blocked my eyes.

11

16

♩ = 120

♩ = 156

The first Day's Night

24

30

36

41

48