

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

Emily Dickinson

Daniel R. Mitchell

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

♩ = 96

Voice

mf

I taste a li- quor nev -

Piano

mp *mf* *mp*

Bass

mp *mf* *mp*

4

Voice

- er brewed, from tank - ards scooped in pearl;

Piano

Bass

(*Red.*) *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

7

Voice

Not all the vats up - on the Rhine

Piano

Bass

Red. *Red.*

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

9

Voice

Yield such an al - co - hol! In - e - bri - ate of air am

Piano

Bass

12

Voice

I And de - bauch - ee of dew, Ree - ling, through

Piano

Bass

15

Voice

end - less sum - mer days, from inns of mol - ten

Piano

Bass

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

18

Voice

blue.

Piano

mf

Bass

mf

21

Voice

When land - lords turn the

Piano

mp

Bass

mp

24

Voice

drunk - en bee out of the fox - glove's door, When but - ter-flies re -

Piano

Bass

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

27

Voice

nounce their drams, I shall but drink the more! Til ser - aphsswing

Piano

Bass

30

Voice

their sno - wy hats, And saints to wind - ous run, To see the li - tle tip -

Piano

Bass

33

Voice

- ler lean - ing a - gainst the sun!

Piano

Bass