

It Was not Death, for I stood up

Poem: Emily Dickinson(1891)

Setting: David Avshalomov (2000)

Moderato ♩ = 72 *solemn* 5

p It was not death, for I stood up, and

ped. let ring until mark

10

all the dead liedown. It was not night, for all the bells put out their tongues for noon.

8vb **ped.*

15

It was not frost, for on my flesh I felt sir-oc-cos crawl, nor

poco crescendo *8va* *mp*

p

8vb **ped.*

fire, for just my mar-ble feet could keep a chan-cel cool. *p* And yet it tas-ted

like them all, the fig-ures I have seen set or-der-ly for bur-i-al re-

mind-ed me of mine, as *f* if my life were shav-en and fit-ted to a

frame *mf* and could not breathe with-out a key, *mp* and 'twas like mid-night,

40

some, *p* when ev' - ry - thing that ticked has stopped and space stares all a -

(let ring) *pp* *pp* (let ring)

8^b

45

round, *p* or gris - ly frosts, first aut - umn morns re - peal the beat - ing ground; but

p * 2^{ed.} *

50

most like cha - os, stop - less, cool, with out a chance, or spar, or e - ven a re -

p

55

port of land to just - i - fy des - pair

pp 8^{va} *ritardand*