

I Felt a Funeral in my Brain

Poem: Emily Dickinson (1861)

Setting: David Avshalomov

Lento doloroso ♩ = 72

5

pp
pp
sempre 8vb
etc. (pedal freely, much)

10

p I felt a fun-er-al in my brain, and mourn-ers, to and fro, kept tread-ing, tread-ing,
8vb

15

till I thought that sense was break-ing through _____ And
poco cresc.
Red. let ring
8vb

20

when they all were sea-ted, a ser-vice like a drum *mp* kept beat-ing, beat-ing,
poco cresc.
p
mp
8vb
Red.
(pedal freely)

till I thought my mind was go-ing *p* numb.

p And then I heard them lift a box, *poco cresc.* and creak a-cross my *mp* soul with

those same boots of lead, a - gain. Then space be - gan to toll

f as all the heav - ens were a bell and Be - ing but an

ear, *ff* and I and si-lence some strange race, wrecked, sol-i-tar-y

here. *f* And then a plank in rea-son broke, and I dropped down and

down *mf* and hit a world at ev'-ry plunge *p* and fin-ished know-ing

then.

A Tempo *pp* *ritenuto* *ppp*

8vb pedal freely