

III. It was not Death, for I stood up

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$\text{♩} = 64$

very still
p
It was not Death, for I stood up, And all the Dead, lie down~

5
It was not Night, for all the Bells Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

9
It was not Frost, for on my Flesh I felt Si - roc-cos~crawl~
molto cresc.

12
f Nor Fire~ *mp* for just my mar-ble feet could keep
mf *mf*

15

a Chan-cel cool~ And yet, it tas-ted, like them all, The Fig -

20

daintily

- ures I have seen Set or-der-ly for Bur-ial Re-min-ded me, of

24

mine~ As if my life were sha-ven, And fit-ted to a

28

frame, And could not breathe with-out a key,

31

And 'twas like Mid-night, some~ When ev - ery-thing that ticked~ has

33

stopped~ And space stares~ all a-round~ Or Gris-ly frosts~ first

36

Au-tumn morns, Re - peal the Bea-ting Ground~

39

But most, like Cha - os~ Stop-less~ cool~ With-out a Chance, or spar, Or

42

e-ven a Re-port of Land~ To just-i-fy~ De - spair.