Poem by Edgar Allan Poe.

Israfel.

Music by Edgar Stillman Kelley.
Op. 8, No. 2.

Lento. ( = 69)

Voice.

Piano.

Heaven's a spirit doth dwell, "Whose heart strings are a lute!"

None

Sing so wildly well as the angel Israfel.
And the
giddy stars, so legends tell, Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell of his

dim in unendo molto rit.
voice, attend the spell of his voice, all mute.
a tempo

* Arpa

 cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.

* cresc.  cresc.  cresc.  cresc.
Faster, ( cresc. ) sotto voce,

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Tottering above In her highest noon, The enamored moon blushes with love.

While I listen, The red lev-in With the rapid Pleiads, even, which were seven,

Pauses in

Heaven! Pauses in Heaven! And they
say, the starry choir
And the other listening

things.
That IsraeL is fire

owing to that lyre
By which he sits and

tsings
The trembling living wire

(soft, s.)
those unusual strings,

Of

those unusual strings.

long.

ff molto rit. e dim.

Tempo I.

Irregular.
poco animato.

The e-c-h-a-cies a-bove With thy

burning measures suit. Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love. Well

poco - a - poco - cres - cen - do -

may the stars be mute!

If
Tempo I.

I could dwell where Israelf Hav dwell, and he where

He might not sing so wildly well a mortal melody.

He might not sing so wildly, a mortal melody.

Tempo I.
very broad.

While a holde-r note than this might swell From

molto rit.

a tempo

of

my lyre with-in the sky! From my lyre with-in the

sky.

Istrefel.s.
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NEWTON CENTER
MASSACHUSETTS

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