

Poe Songs No.1 for voice and flute

Israfil

Tim Brace

Brightly $\text{♩} = 70$

Soprano *mf*

In Hea-ven a spir-it doth dwell whose heart strings are a lute.

Flute *mf*

S *mf*

5 None sing so wild-ly well as the angel Is-ra-fel and the gid-dy stars (so

Fl. *mf*

S *mp*

11 leg-ends tell) eas-ing their hymns, at-tend the spell of his voice, all — mute.

Fl. *mp*

S *mp*

16 The ec-sta-sies a-bove with thy burn-ing measure suit thy

Fl. *mp*

Fl. *mf*

Israfel

21 S *p* grief, thy joy, they hate, thy love with the fer-vor of thy lute.

21 Fl.

26 S *p* well may the stars be mute *rit.* *mp* If I could

26 Fl. *rit.* *meno mosso* *mp*

34 S dwell where Is-ra - fel hath dwelt and he where I, he might not sing so

34 Fl.

39 S *mf* wild - ly well a mortal mel-o - dy, while a bol-der note than this might swell

39 Fl.

44 S *mp* from my lyre with-in the sky

44 Fl. *p* *pp*