

Strange Race (C.M.)

John Kent (1835)

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

1. I felt a fun' - ral in my brain, And mourn - ers, to and fro, Kept
2. And when they all were seat - ed round, A ser - vice like a drum Kept
3. And then I heard them lift a box, And creak a - cross my soul With
4. As all the heav - ens were a bell, And Be - ing but an ear, And

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tread - ing, tread - ing, till it seemed That sense was break - ing through.
beat - ing, beat - ing, till I thought My mind was go - ing numb.
those same plod - ding boots of lead, Then space be - gan to toll.
I and si - lence some strange race, Wrecked, so - li - ta - ry, here.