

# Azrael

Text by  
Sylvia Townsend Warner

for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano

Commissioned by Jay Barksdale to honor  
The Sylvia Townsend Warner Society on the occasion of its 10th Anniversary

Jonathan David

Somber,  
with reserve ♩ = 64

*Poco rit.* *a tempo*

*mp* *pp*

*Con ped.*

7

*p* *pp*

12 *p* *mp*

Who?... Who?...

12 *p*

18 *p* *mp*

Who ——— choo -

24 *pp* *p* 3

- - ses the mu - sic, turns the page, ———

27

Wa-ters the ge-ra-ni-ums on the win-dow ledge? Who pro-xies —

30

*mf*

— my — hand, Puts on the mour-ning ring in lieu of the dia-mond? —

30

*mp*

33

*mp*

Who winds the trud-ging clock, who — tears

33

*p*

37

3

Flim-sy the emp-ty date off ca-len-dars? Who — wi-dow - hoods my sen-ses

37

*Lightly dancing* (♩ = ♩)

41 *mf* *sub. p*

Lest they should meet the mor-ning's cheat de-fense-less?

*mp* *sub. pp*

45 *pp*

Who —

*ppp*

53 *p*

va-lets me — at night-fall, un - dres-ses me — of a - no-ther day, —

58 *p* *mp*

Puts it ti - di-ly and fi - nal-ly a - way?

58 *pp* *p* *mp*

64 *p* *mp*

And lets in dark - ness To be - friend my eye - lids

64 *subito pp* *p*

71 *p*

like an il - lu-so - ry ca - ress?

71 *pp* *molto mf*

79 *mf*

I called him Sor-row — when first he came, But Sor row is too nar-row a

79 *mp*

82 name; And though he has at-ten-ded me all — this long while

82 *mp*

85 *mp* *More intensity* *p*

Ha-bit will not do. Ha-bit is ser-vile. — He, in-

85 *p* *pp*

89 *mf*

au-di-ble, go-vern my days, im-pal-pa-ble, Im-pels my hi-ther and thi-ther. —

89 *mp*

93 *mp* *f*

I \_\_\_\_\_ am his to com-mand, My times are

93 *mf* *mp* *mf*

99 *rit.* *mp* *p*

in his hand. \_\_\_\_\_ Once in a dream \_\_\_\_\_ I called him Az-ra-el.

99 *p* *pp* *p*

103 *p* *pp* *Poco rit.*

Mm... \_\_\_\_\_ Mm... \_\_\_\_\_

103 *pp* *ppp*

Duration: app. 4'30"

November, 2010

Croton-on-Hudson, NY