I heard a fly buzz when I died

Slowly, poco rubato  \( \frac{\text{j}}{\text{=} \text{ca. 175}} \)

I heard a fly buzz when I died

The

pp

still-ness in the room Was like the still-ness in the air

Be-

between the heaves of storm

The eyes a-round had wrung them dry
And breaths were gathering firm For that last onset, when the

King witnessed in the room

I willed my keep sakes,

Signed away What portion of me be assignable
And then it was There interposed a fly
With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz.

Be between the light and me
And then the
windows failed And then I could not see to