

Kyrie. Opus 4, No. 2 in E Flat Minor

How somber is the night.
How sweet the melody unsoled and unheard.
Unknown.

How bright the darkness falls
Upon the winter corn now white.
Unsown.

Here my heart may linger uncharted.
Here shall God the last painted form
Disown.

Such stillness in the clouds and winds that rage
Silent through the solar fields of fire and torque reap
Bitter spice.

Disfigured is their plight. Disquieted what's torn
From this distressed horizon.

How somber is the night.

Kyrie, Opus 4, No. 3 in F Minor

The trees have been my friends these long sad years.
They built a playground for my sorrows.
The rib cage of their boughs shielded
My heart from scorned tomorrows.

My soul they cradled far above the earth.
Trees comforted my spirit's bitter tears,
For trees have brought me strength
These dark cruel hours.

A nest their leaves had wreathed to rest my shame,
Till water from the roots washed life's encoded blame
Into the sullied tides, and hid my thoughts
Among the bloom-drenched bowers.