ELEGIES IN D MINOR

by Edward Lein

For Matthew (Lament & Prayer)

In the pre-dawn hours of October 7, 1998, Matthew Shepard, the 21-year-old son of Judy and Dennis Shepard, was kidnapped, tortured, beaten, and left to die in a frost-covered field near the University of Wyoming. According to courtroom testimony, the two murderers, following a plan made before ever meeting their victim, randomly selected the slightly-built college student from among the patrons at a gay-friendly pub and lured him with the promise of a safe ride home. Mistaking him for a scarecrow, an early morning jogger discovered the comatose youth tied cross-like to a fence, his battered head covered in blood except for streaks washed clean by tears.

It was from this horror that the text of the *Lament* arose. During the days following that cowardly and brutal attack I was haunted by Samuel Barber's song, *The Crucifixion*, as witnessed in my allusion to its moving verse, by W.H. Auden. The *Prayer* was added after the *Lament* had been written, and was directly inspired by the reflections of the Rt. Rev. Steven Charleston on October 12, 1998, the day that Matthew Shepard died. Bishop Charleston, a citizen of the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma, former Bishop of Alaska, and now President and Dean of the Episcopal Divinity School, observed that, "Crimes of hate may live in shouts of rage, but they are born in silence," referring to fears that prevent many within the Christian community from actively supporting unpopular but just causes, despite "the words of a savior whose only comment on human relationships was to call us to never judge but only to love."

The poem was written in 1998, during the week Matthew Shepard died. The musical setting, originally for tenor and string quartet, was composed in 2000, and soon adapted for chorus with flute and organ accompaniment. The current arrangement, using piano instead of organ, was prepared in July 2006, at the request of Dr. Carole Clifford for the Orange Park Chorale (Orange Park, Florida).

Astronomy (Song for Maureen)

My dear friend Maureen Miller (1946-2005) was a Jacksonville artist and designer, and a source of joy to all who knew her. She maintained boundless warmth and humor even while suffering the ravages of lupus that eventually robbed us of her. **Astronomy** was begun soon after her passing, and was first heard as a ballad at her memorial service. It reflects how random, unrelated thoughts can lead us to those we love, and how we seek solace through hope, even in the face of terrible loss.

Pie Jesu (from Missa pro defunctis)

My mother, Marzell Martin Lein (1921-1980), remains the kindest and most loving person I have ever known. I had been toying with the idea of composing a *Requiem*, and on March 15, 1990, the 10th anniversary of my mother's death from cancer, I sat at my piano and wrote this *Pie Jesu*. It took me about a year to finish the rest of the mass, "dedicated to victims of terminal illness, in memory of my mother," and it was first performed in 1991 by the Riverside Presbyterian Church Chancel Choir, Jacksonville, Florida (Andrew Clarke, organist and choirmaster), with members of the Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra.

Edward Lein, July 2006 Jacksonville, Florida

These arrangements are dedicated to the memory of my friend Bill Early, a music scholar, photographer, and a great cook, who recently died after a long struggle with asthma and emphysema.

c2006, E. Lein

For Matthew

Lament

Wyoming stars in silent horror cried as Satan's fists struck hard again, then crucified God's gentle child.

And there the weeping night in disbelief beheld a broken boy's despair: chilled bones, alone, barefoot and bleeding, swaddled in an icy shroud distilled and crystallized from autumn's tears.

O hear the first bird's cry and feel the breaking of his heart to realize his mother's grief.

Prayer

Why own this fear? Our silence multiplies, condemning us complicit in his pain, complacency our guilty wile.

Now pray his suffering might our apathy dispel; let hopeful deeds amend and help atone. No hateful shouts of rage--but let us call aloud for justice, truth, and love, through sorrow's haze.

O hear the first bird's cry and heed the waking in our hearts lest death be vain. Rest, Matthew. Peace.

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Pie Jesu (traditional liturgical text)

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem. Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis sempiternam requiem.

Astronomy (Song for Maureen)

There's Jupiter ...
It's like five million miles away,
but textbooks never mention "up"
--I guess 'cause everything is relative.
I'll bet it's lonely there.
I know it's lonely here
without her.

I'm wondering,
how far away is heaven?
Some say it's just beyond these stars ...
I guess a song won't have the answer,
but I bet it's lovely there.
I know it's lonely here.

And if home is where the heart is, well, then mine's beyond those stars, a million broken pieces out of reach.

I'm wondering
if there's a God in heaven,
and can He turn this night to dawn?
I know a song can't hold the answer,
but she won't be lonely there.
But god, it's lonely here ...

And if home is where the heart is, well, then mine's beyond those stars, a million broken pieces out of reach.

Now I'm wondering, how far away is heaven? Some say it's just beyond those stars. I know a song can't hold the answer, but you won't be lonely there. God knows, it's lonely here, so lonely. It's lonely here without you.

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Merciful Jesus (translation)

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them eternal rest.

For Matthew (Lament & Prayer)

for Mixed Chorus (SATB), with flute, oboe or violin, and piano **by Edward Lein**





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requieMater

It's been some years since mother died and yet not once since then have I sat and cried beside her grave.

A lovely woman, amply framed, who favored, savored even *Emeraude*, and blue jays, daffodils, "Amazing Grace," and Chicken *Cordon bleu*, and Brandy Alexanders.
But then the hateful cancers, the horrible, insatiable crabs devoured the flesh, they destroyed the place in which she lived the too short while she lived with us.

A gentle woman, and gracious, she feared old age, the steady ebb, the fading gifts of mind, of body that left her father lacking simple dignities, dependent. She knew: not knowing was no solace, it was in fact much worse to her than just not having.

O how much more unfair: for leaving us too soon she was not fully spared, or even *some*, some twenty, thirty years of raging anguish, the pain distilled it seemed in half a year as life was rapid-boiled, was steamed from loving, jaundiced bones, evaporated.

O but please and O but would and O why could she not go gentle O go gentle just O please go gentle Please, and ... and, finally peace.

And no, since then not once have I sat beside her grave. But she has sat with me, within my heart, and tried to mend the broken places --with daffodils, "Amazing Grace," and the heady scent of *Emeraude*--and kept me gentle company.

It's been some years and still sometimes I sit and cry a lonesome

tear.

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EDWARD LEIN: MISSA PRO DEFUNCTIS (1991) dedicated to victims of terminal illness, in memory of my mother

Pie Jesu

Arranged for Soprano & Mixed Voices, with Flute, Oboe or Violin, & Piano











For Matthew (Lament & Prayer) for Mixed Chorus (SATB), with flute, oboe or violin, and piano

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