

for the people and City of Christchurch  
**Elegy for a Fallen City**

words and music by Patrick Shepherd

♩ = 54 (very free)

*mp*

1. The walls are crumb-ling and the spire is down, The walls are crumb-ling and the spire is

5 *mf* *mp*

down, As the tears are fal-ling all a-round the town The

8

walls are crumb-ling and the spire is down.

10 *mp*

2. The birds stop sing-ing and the clocks are

*mp*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

13 \* *mf*

still, An emp-ty si-lence which the si-rens fill, The

*mf*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

\* all, or some, appoggiaturas may be omitted, except for verse 3 on "ruins"

16

foun-ding fa-ther's sta - tue lies shat-tered on the ground. It

*mf*

Ped.

18

makes no sense; I doubt it e - ver will. 3.The

*mp* poco accel. . . *mf*

*mf* *mp* *mf*

Ped.

20

♩ = 60 slightly brighter, quicker

hel - ping hands are sear-ching through the ru ins, The

\*

Ped.