for the people and City of Christchurch

Elegy for a Fallen City

words and music by Patrick Shepherd

\[ \text{soprano} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ j = 54 \text{ (very free)} \]

1. The walls are crumbling and the spire is down, The [solo]

2. The birds stop singing and the clocks are

3. If being sung a cappella, omit bars 10 and 11 and place anacrusis at the end of bar 11 at the end of bar 9

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still, An empty silence which the sirens fill, The
founding father's statue lies shattered on the ground
It

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makes no sense; I doubt it ever will.

3. The

makes no sense; I doubt it ever will.

3. The

= 60 slightly brighter, quicker

- 60 helping hands are searching through the ruins

- 60 The

- 60 helping hands are searching through the ruins

- 60 The

- 60 helping hands, searching, searching,

- 60 helping hands,
As the dust disperses all around the town, the mother...

Helping hands are searching through the ruins.

As the dust disperses all around the town, the mother...

Helping hands are searching through the ruins.

Helping hands, searching, searching.
When the earth shook,

Helping hands are searching through the ruins,

All the lives it took,
The time was twelve fifty-one.

When the earth shook, when the earth shook
When the earth shook
All the lives it took,
The time was twelve fifty-one.

When the earth shook.