

**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.

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**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.