REQUIEM FOR THE FALLEN OF 9/11

FULL SCORE
PRESENTED AT SOUNDING PITCH

COMPOSED BY
GARETH LLOYD

DURATION: C. 112 MINUTES
INSTRUMENTATION

WOODWIND: Piccolo
    Flutes 1 & 2
    Oboes 1 & 2
    Cor Anglais
    Clarinets 1 & 2
    Bassoons 1 & 2
    Contrabassoon
    Soprano Saxophone
    Alto Saxophones 1 & 2
    Tenor Saxophone
    Irish Pipes

BRASS: Horns 1, 2, 3 & 4
    Trumpets 1 & 2
    Trombones 1 & 2
    Bass Trombone
    Tuba

PERCUSSION: Glockenspiel
    Marimba
    Tubular Bells 1 & 2
    Xylophone
    Timpani
    Bass Drum
    Bongos
    Congas
    Cymbals
    Gong
    Guira
    Snare Drum
    Triangle
    Bass Guitar

VOCAL SOLOISTS: Soprano
    Alto
    Tenor
    Bass
    Narrator

CHORUS: Soprano
    Alto
    Tenor
    Bass

KEYBOARD: Celeste
    Organ

STRINGS: Harp
    Violin I
    Violin II
    Viola
    Violoncello
    Double Bass
PROGRAMME NOTE:

Requiem for the Fallen of 9/11 is dedicated to all those who died in the tragedy that befell the Twin Towers on 11th September 2001, and to those who mourned for the loved ones lost in this terrorist attack.

It is a very large work scored for vocal soloists, narrator, chorus, full symphonic orchestra and an extended percussion section.

There are 27 movements, encompassing 5 contrasting compositional styles, the purpose of which is to capture the principle emotions conveyed by the texts of both the traditional Mass for the Dead, and additional texts to depict the horror of the tragedy and to console the world in the aftermath of the attack.

The work may be performed in two parts; the first half comprised of Parts I and II (movements 1 - 16), the second half of Part III (movements 17 - 27). Additionally, it is possible, if so desired, to perform the following as self-contained works: The Five Reflections; The Five Songs of Consolation; the Kyrie eleison, Sanctus and Agnus Dei.

I would like to thank the many special friends who encouraged me to complete this labour of love. You know who you are.

Gareth Lloyd
February 2017
Introit: Requiem aeternam
**Falling Through Air**

*(by Margery Snyder)*

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**Verse 1:**

[AUTHORATIVE] Events are irrevocable [PAUSE]

[REFLECTIVE] Some thoughts, once thought,

Cannot be undone, [PAUSE]

Once encoded in synaptic pathways, [PAUSE]

[SADLY] Come to the same end [PAUSE]

[WITH RESIGNATION] However often re-enacted.

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**Verse 2:**

[REFLECTIVE] Gravity and time move

In one direction,

As those people fell, but...

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**Verse 2 (cont.):**

[QUIETLY] Through awe and smoke

But are never dead

[WITH A HINT OF BITTERNESS] No matter how often

The moment of their fall

Plays through my...

---

**Verse 3:**

[GENTLY] So I fall through the air

Between these scented trees

---

**Verse 3 (cont.):**

[AS IF SURPRISED]

My feet dangling to gravity

As did theirs, but once, [PAUSE]

This time, however often

I run down this...
Verse 4:

[QUIETLY BUT WITH INTENTION]  
Even the littlest moments  
Are irrevocable, [PAUSE] words said,  
Once said, cannot be recalled.

Verse 4 (cont.):

Fire or falling.

Verse 4 (cont.):

They chose  
To fall together, [PAUSE & NOW GETTING LOUDER] tiny specks  
Through air that fed the fire [PAUSE]  
[LOUDBER STILL] Preceding the towers...
Verse 5 (cont.):
This moment and the next
I love this life and let it pass [SHORT PAUSE]
I'm still and always falling [PAUSE]
[CLEARLY] I say to you, [SHORT PAUSE]
Ever irrevocably [SHORT PAUSE]
I love you. [PAUSE, THEN BENEERICINGLY & PERCUSSIVELY]
Leap with me.

This moment and the next
I love this life and let it pass [SHORT P AUSE]
I'm still and always falling

I say to you,

Ever irrevocably

I love you.

Leap with me.
Suo Gan
(A Welsh Lullaby)

Molto espressivo e largo \( \dot{\text{\text{i}}}=54 \)

Soprano

Hush, my dear one, sleep serene—Now, my love ly—slumber deep.

Alto

Ah—, Ah—, Ah—, Ah—.

Molto espressivo e largo \( \dot{\text{\text{i}}}=54 \)

sempre mp

Mother rocks you, humming low—Close your eyes, now go to sleep.

Harp

Mm—, Mm—, Mm—, Mm—
Angels hover ever nearer, looking on your smiling face.
I will hold you close enfold you; Close your eyes, now

Smiling face. Oo, smiling face. Oo, smiling face. Oo

rit. A tempo

Smiling face.

A tempo

rit.
go to sleep.

Go to sleep.

Go to sleep. Love-ly dar ling, I will guard you.

Go to sleep. Love-ly dar ling, I will guard you.

Ah, ah , ah, ah, ah

Soft-ly, gent ly I will rock you, rest-ing sweet-ly

Soft-ly, gent ly I will rock you, rest-ing sweet-ly

keep you from all woe and harm Soft-ly, gent ly I will rock you, rest-ing sweet-ly
ah____. May you slum ber_ e'er so soft-ly; dream of vi-sions

on_my_arm. May you slum ber_ e'er so soft-ly, dream of vi-sions

on my arm. May you slum-ber e'er so soft-ly, dream_of_visions

won-drous fair. Mm____ Mm____ Mm____

won-drous, fair . Mm____ Mm____ Mm____

won-drous, fair. I will hold you, close en-fold you; Close your eyes, now

won-drous fair. I will hold you, close en-fold you Close your eyes, now__
Mm
May you slumber e'er so softly:

Mm
May you slumber e'er so softly:

go to sleep May you slumber e'er so softly:

go to sleep. May you slumber e'er so softly:

Hm

36

S.

A.

T.

B.

Hm

mp

mp

mp

mp

Mm

May you slumber e'er so softly:

Mm
May you slumber e'er so softly:

go to sleep May you slumber e'er so softly:

go to sleep. May you slumber e'er so softly:

Hm

39

S.

A.

T.

B.

Hm

mf

mf

mf

mf

dream of visions wondrous fair.

dream of visions wondrous fair.

dream of visions wondrous fair.

dream of visions wondrous fair.

Hm

36

5
1 will hold you, close en-fold you. Close your eyes, now go to sleep.

sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep.
Sempre feroce

Molto legato e sotto voce

Sempre feroce

Sempre feroce
Tuba mirum

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in B♭
Bassoon
Horn in F
Horn in F
Trumpet in B♭
Trumpet in B♭
Trumpet in B♭
Tuba
Snare Drum
Flute à 2
Violin II
Violin I
Soprano
Alto
Bass
Timpani
Violin
Cello
Violone
Pedal Steel
Viole d'Amour
Viola da Gamba
Viola da Gamba
Liber Scriptus

Allegretto e misterioso \( \dot{\text{=}}66 \)

Flute Solo

Oboe Solo

Clarinet in B Solo

Soprano Saxophone

Soprano Solo

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

to turn con fin - e - tui.

Fl.

mf

Ob.

Cl.

Sep. Sax.

Bsn. I

S. Solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

simile

mp

mp

mp

mp

simile
Sop. Sax.

B. Solo

S. Solo

Vln. II

Bsn. 1

Vln. I

Vla.

Db.


tu - ras, Quem pa - tro - num ro - ga - tu - ras, Cum vix jus - tus sit se -

mi - ser tune dic - tu - ras, Quem pa - tro - num ro - ga - tu - ras, Cum vix

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.


cum vix jus - tus sit se -


Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Sop. Sax.

Bsn. 1

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
The Second Reflection

Silence (over Manhattan)
(by Paula Bardell)

Tubular Bells 1

\[ \text{\textit{f}} \quad \text{sf} \quad \text{pp} \]

A black September shadow cloaks the dawn,

Tubular Bells 2

\[ \text{\textit{p}} \quad \text{...pumps} \quad \text{ffz} \]

The City’s once white teeth now rotting stumps,
Midst choking dusty embers ether-born,
Its shrunken soundless heart now barely...

Marimba

\[ \text{\textit{mf}} \quad \text{>} \quad \text{ffz} \]

...pumps

Infemous upon retribution rise, fanaticism maddening the flames,

Tub. B.

\[ \text{\textit{mf}} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{ffz} \]

Its once imposing deities abscise,

As the faceless antagonist proclaims:

Mar.

\[ \text{\textit{p}} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{ffz} \]

A consummation sweet but unfulfilled,

A penetrative burst without regret
A zealous passion never to be stilled,
An earthy instinct powerful, and yet -

This bitter, loathing blowing from the East,
curtailed but could not kill the feisty beast.
An Eriskay Love Lilt
(A Scottish Love Song)

Andante con mosso

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Harp

Andante con mosso

sempre p

Vair me o---ro van o, Vair me
heart, Black the night or wild the sea, By love's slight my foot finds the old path way to

white heart, Black the night or wild the sea, By love's slight my foot finds the old path way to

heart, Black the night or wild the sea, By love's light my foot finds the old path way to
Thou'rt the music of my heart, Harp of
I without thee. Thou'rt the music of my heart, Harp of
joy ooh Crootch mo cree, Moon of guidance by night, Strength and

light thou'rt to me. Vair me o-ro van o, Vair me o-ro van
Molto rall.

S.

Molto rall.

A.

Molto rall.

T.

Molto rall.

B.

Molto rall.

H.

ee, Vair me o - ru-o ho, Sad am I without thee. Mm

without thee.
Lacrymosa

Lento e doloroso \( \Tilde{=} \) 76

Irish pipes

Timpani

Bass Solo

Lacry-mo-sa di-es il-la

Soprano Alto

Tenor Bass

Organ

Pedals

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

sempre con sordini
Pipes
C Tpt.
Timp.
B. Solo
S.
A.
T.
B.
Org.
Ped.
Vln.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Ju-di-can-dus
bo-mo re-us.
Pie Jesu
The Third Reflection

Ghost Dance
(by Jim Cohn)

Verse 1:
Over the rubble of the World Trade Center

The grand, sad, unimaginable confusion of souls
Rose from towers' mangled steel - to afterlives all -

All eyes drawn to that vacuum in the sky's next move,
Where the ghost dance of bodhisattva firemen & holy martyrs of terror - holy martyrs lost &
missing, a great far-reaching cry spreading wild
across the planet -
the crying unity of undying pain -

Verse 2:
All the dead, circling above ambulance drivers
[slow tremolo, moving to fast]

[slow tremolo, moving to fast]
and from afar in Manhattan's canyon looking up through smoke - janitors, multi-millionaires, passengers
belted in their missileseats, stewardess with tender hands
Tied behind her back -
no more bills,

No Korans and Bibles,
no quotes of stock to comfort them.

Bloodplanes break the silence of clouds -
strangely lonesome
as we, the living, pierce ourselves with the hooks of memory, digging without rest, digging night and day, throwing ourselves into the holes of grief in search of ourselves changed forever looking up, seeing nothing, in disbelief
a niente
She Moved Through the Fair  
(An Irish Ballad)

Freely \( \frac{9}{\text{tempo}} \) = 90

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Harp

My mother won't mind,

Young love will not

My young love said to me,

Young love will not

And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind.

And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind.

Fa - ther kind.
She did say: It

And she stepped away from me and this she did say:

She did say

will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day.

wedding day,

wedding day,
Stepped a

She stepped away from me,

Stepped a

way -

through the fair,

Fond -

and she went through the fair,

And fond-ly I

way -

ly here and there. Mm

A -

watched her move here and then______ Mm______ A -

watched her move here and move there______ And then_she went home-ward with one star a-wake______

ly here_____ and there, Mm______ A -

H.
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say:

will not be long love 'til our wedding day.
Offertorio
(Domine, Jesu Christe)
Agnus Dei

Largo \( \frac{5}{4} \)

Solo Oboe

Alto

Violin I div.

Violin II div.

Viola div.

Violoncello div.

Contrabass div.

Cl.

Hp.

S.

A.

T.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

\[ \text{Ag
nus Dei, qui tolis pec}
\]

\[ \text{do
nae re
qui
em,
}\]

\[ \text{ca

di,}
\]

\[ \text{Ag

us__}
\]

\[ \text{Largo \( \frac{5}{4} \)}
\]
dona eis requiem,

Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

A.

T.

B.:

Ag- nus_ De - i, qui tol - lis pec-ca - ta_ mun - di,
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hp.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hp.
S.
A.
T.

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mun·di, do·na e·is
qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mun·di, do·na e·is

Hns. 1&2

re·qui·em,
re·qui·em,
Ag·nus De·i, qui tol·lis pec-
Ag·nus De·i, qui tol·lis pec-
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hns. 1&2
Tbn.
B. Tbn.
Hp.
T.  
A.  
B.  
Tbn. 1  
Tbn. 2  
B. Tbn.  
Tba.  
Hp.  
T.  
B.  

De i, qui tollis peccata mundi, do - na
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
ca - ta mun - di, do - na e - is re - qui - em,
qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem

qui tol·lis pec·ca·ta mundi, dona e·is requiem
If It Falls, Will It Be Heard?
(by Larry Jaffe)

A panorama falls
Everyone was there
it was heard

The sirens heard it

The ambulances heard it
The police cars and fire trucks hear it

The TV channels broadcasting around the world hear it
It was heard far away in Afghanistan
It was heard in Beverly Hills
Even Moscow heard it

And they often hear only what they want to hear
It was heard in the South Bronx where I was born

And it was heard in Los Angeles where my children were born

I know for a fact it was heard in Las Vegas where my grandchildren were born
because my daughter called me at dawn to let me know she had heard it

I am afraid to sleep tonight because last night I slept like a baby and when I awoke, it was a nightmare

It had fallen, steel by steel, stone by stone, person by person
It had fallen to broken skeletal hulk
Like Rome
Like Holy Roman Empire
Like Nero.

[A slow giss. that accels. and crescendos to ff sfz, then dies away, increasingly slowly]
Water of Tyne
(An English Folk Song)

Lento e molto espressimo \( \frac{\text{ } \text{ }}{\text{ } \text{ }} \text{ } \) \( \frac{\text{ } \text{ }}{\text{ } \text{ }} \text{ } \) \( \frac{\text{ } \text{ }}{\text{ } \text{ }} \text{ } \)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Harp

colle voce

I can-not get to my love if I would dec.

I can-not get to my love if I would dec.

The wa-ter of Tyne runs be-tween him and me; And here I must sit with a

The wa-ter of Tyne runs be-tween him and me; And here I must sit with a
tear in my e'e, tear in my e'e,    Both sighing and dying my sweet-heart to see,    
Both sighing and dying my sweet-heart to see,
S.

money,
You re-ward-ed, re-ward-ed shall, be.

Ah,

A.

give mon-ey,
You re-ward-ed, re-ward-ed shall be.

Ah,

T.

give mon-ey,
You re-ward-ed, re-ward-ed shall be.

To fer-ry me

B.

mon-ey, And you for your trou-ble re-ward-ed shall be.

To fer-ry me

Hp.

Over the Tyne, hin-ney.

A tempo

Over the Tyne, hin-ney, scull him a-

o-ver the Tyne to my hin-ney, or scull a-

o-ver the Tyne to my hin-ney, or scull

A tempo
or scull him across the rough water to me.

cross the rough water to me.
cross to me.
to me.

5
In Paradisum

Adagio →66

Flute Solo

Alto Flute Solo

Oboe Solo

Clarinet in B Solo

Bassoon Solo

Harpsichord

Soprano

Alto

Organ

Solo Violin

Solo Violin

Solo Violin

Solo Violoncello

Violin 1 div à 2

Violin 2 div à 2

Viola div à 2

Violoncello div à 2

Double Bass
The Fifth Reflection

September Eleventh
(by Penny Cagan)

Verse 1:
I could tell you what it was like to be there -
the sky black with bodies - humanity colluding with gravity -
people jumping in pairs -
linked lives spent working together
in towers so tall it must have felt like heaven to sit at a desk
and watch the city transform with the light of the seasons -
tremolando
sempre pp
the moment the sealed windows were liberated with office furniture,
the moment of shattered glass
when doomed colleagues linked hands and decided to jump -

the early fall air washed with morning coolness
the escape from the rattling of downtown, suffocating smoke, the heat -

to be a witness to all this, on the ground,
not quite safe,
but spared from all but watching,
yes I could tell you what it was like,

but that would require the crafting of a narrative
from the singed paper raining down like confetti,

the sky blackened with terrorist graffiti
the towers stricken
and then stricken again
that gorgeous autumn day - the kind that makes late August
bearable because of the promise of its crisp breath, and the light,

the sun suddenly different than it was the day before,
somehow gentler and sunken in the sky,
its reflection elongated against the towers,
languorous August now in retreat,
both the unease and promise of longer nights,
the new season upon us with all that it brings,
the residual memories memories from our school days, the purchase of new school supplies - the lure of a sharpened pencil, a notebook neatly divided into subjects, the fine lines of green graph paper, the anticipation of unopened textbooks, the comfort of a light woolen sweater slung low on the shoulders, slung low like the month itself -

Molto largo

Slow Waltz \( q=66 \)

Fl. 1&2

Cl. 1&2

Bsn. 1&2

Hn. 1&2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

hope embedded in a porous rubber eraser.
Down In The River To Pray

(Traditional American)

When I went down in the river to pray, standing at the bank good of way, when you and near the starry crown, Lord, show me the way. O, broth'rs, let's go down, let's go down, come on down. O, broth'rs.

Molto legato

When I went down in the river to pray, standing at the bank good of way, when you and near the starry crown, Lord, show me the way. O, broth'rs, let's go down, let's go down, come on down. O, broth'rs.

When I went down in the river to pray, standing at the bank good of way, when you and near the starry crown, Lord, show me the way. O, broth'rs, let's go down, let's go down, come on down. O, broth'rs.