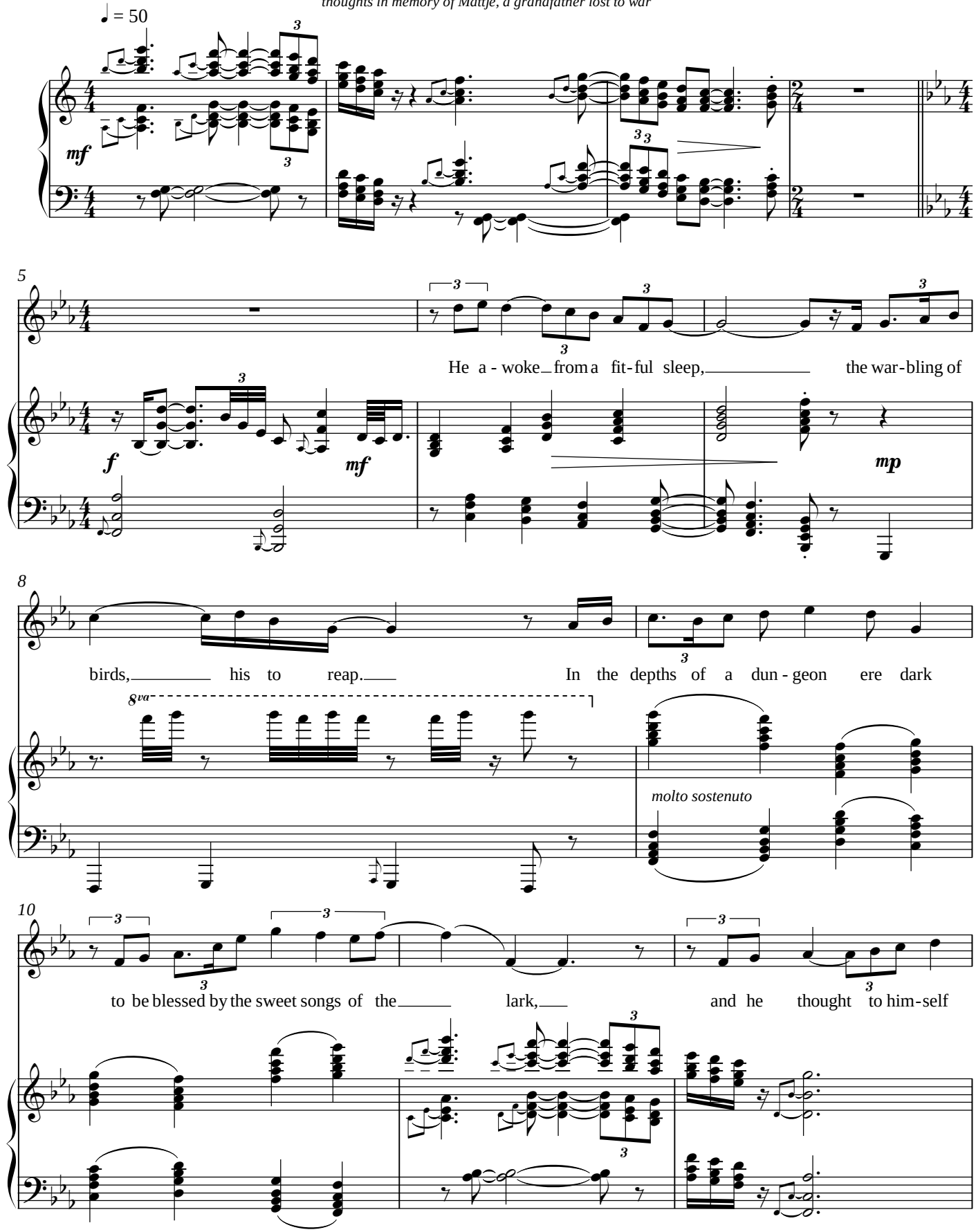
Frances Ginzer

In My Grave

thoughts in memory of Mattje, a grandfather lost to war

Gary Bachlund



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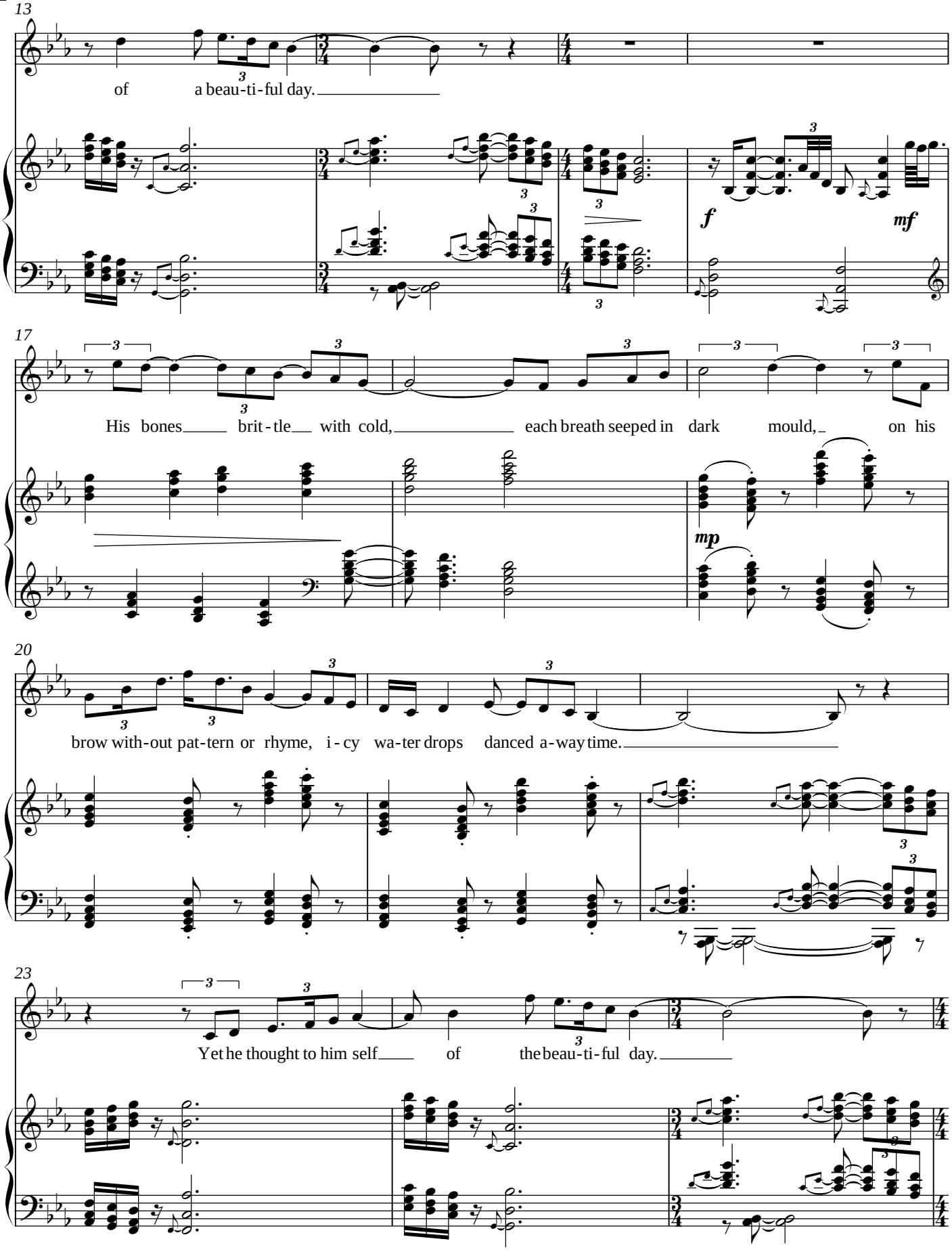
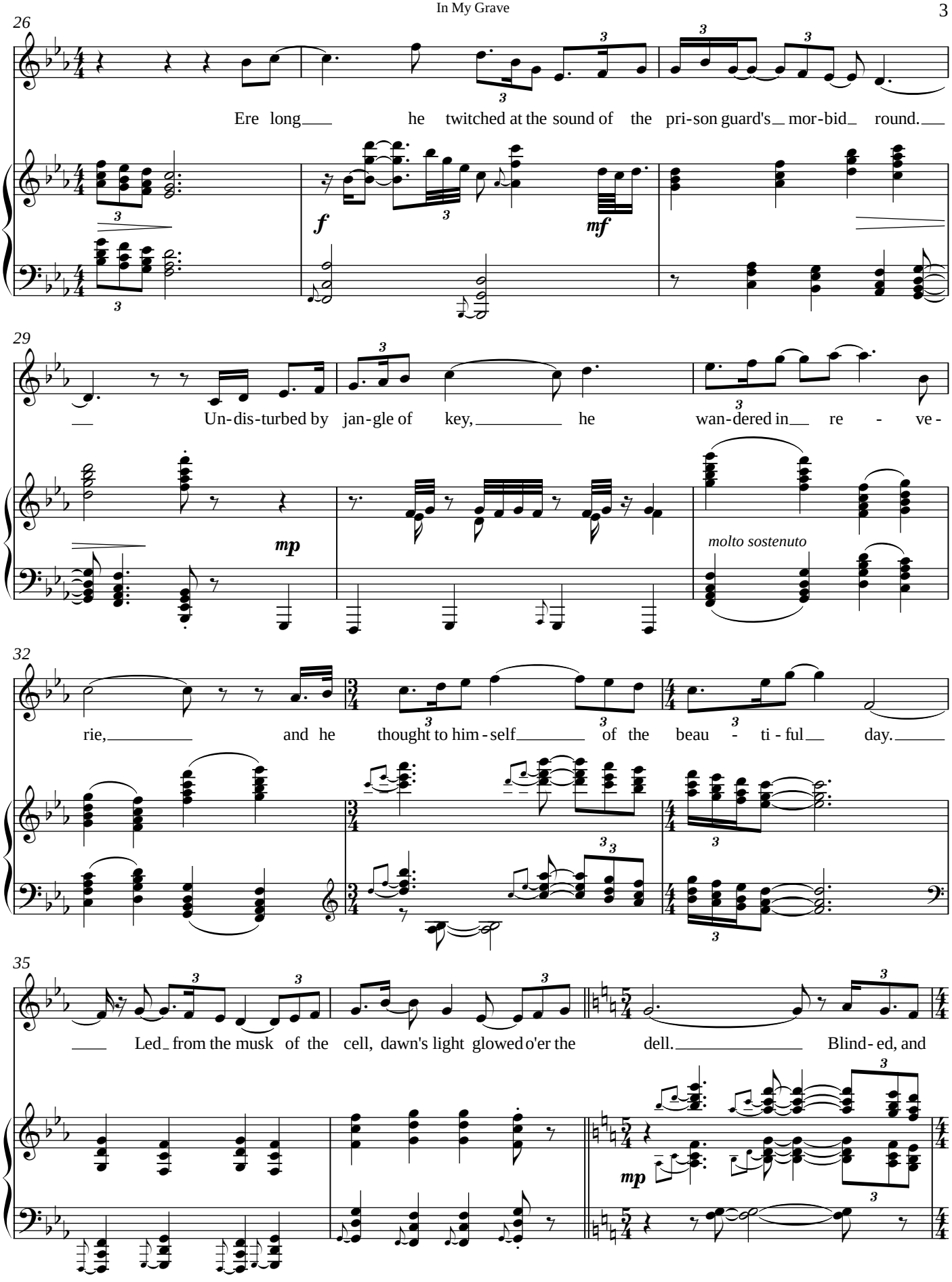
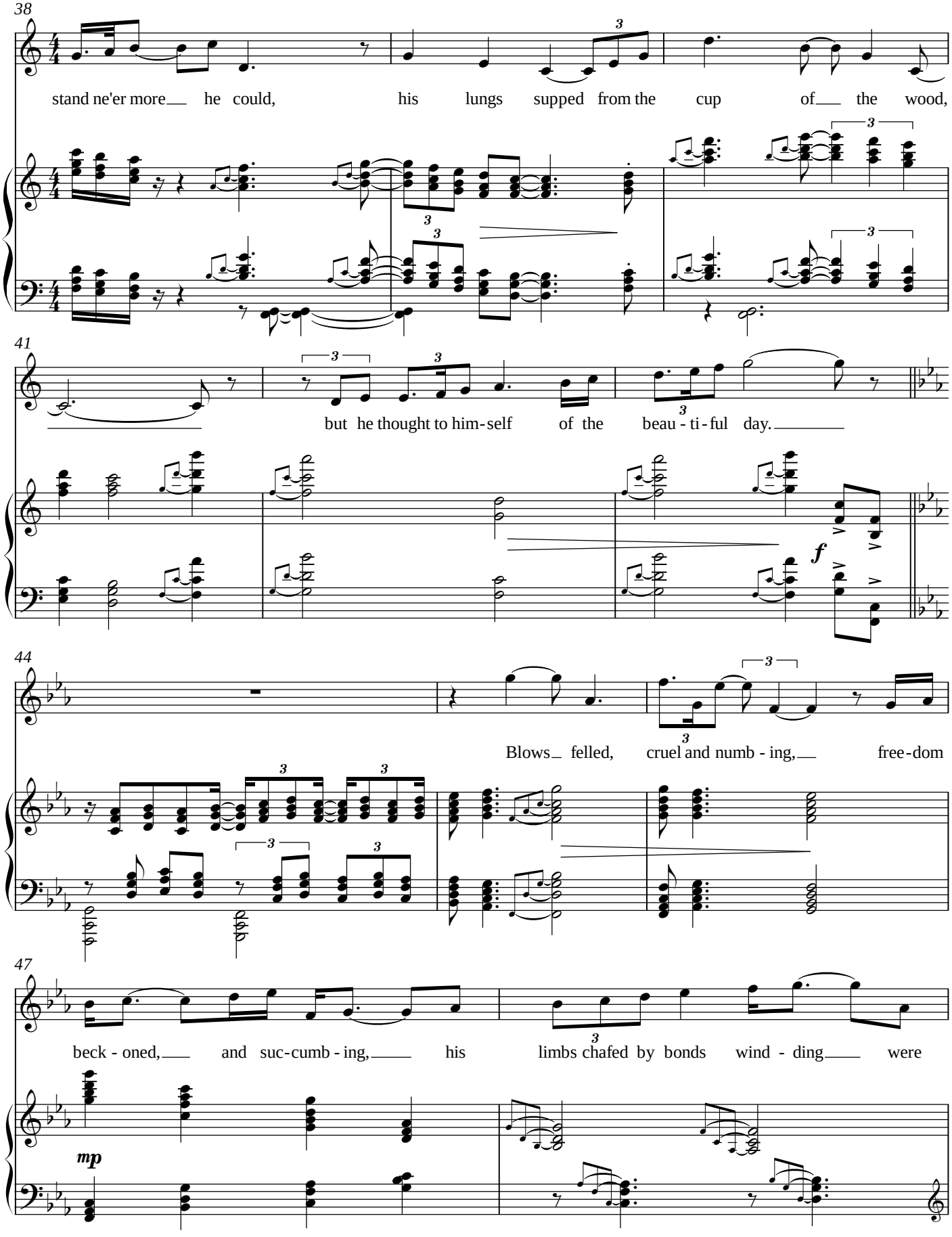
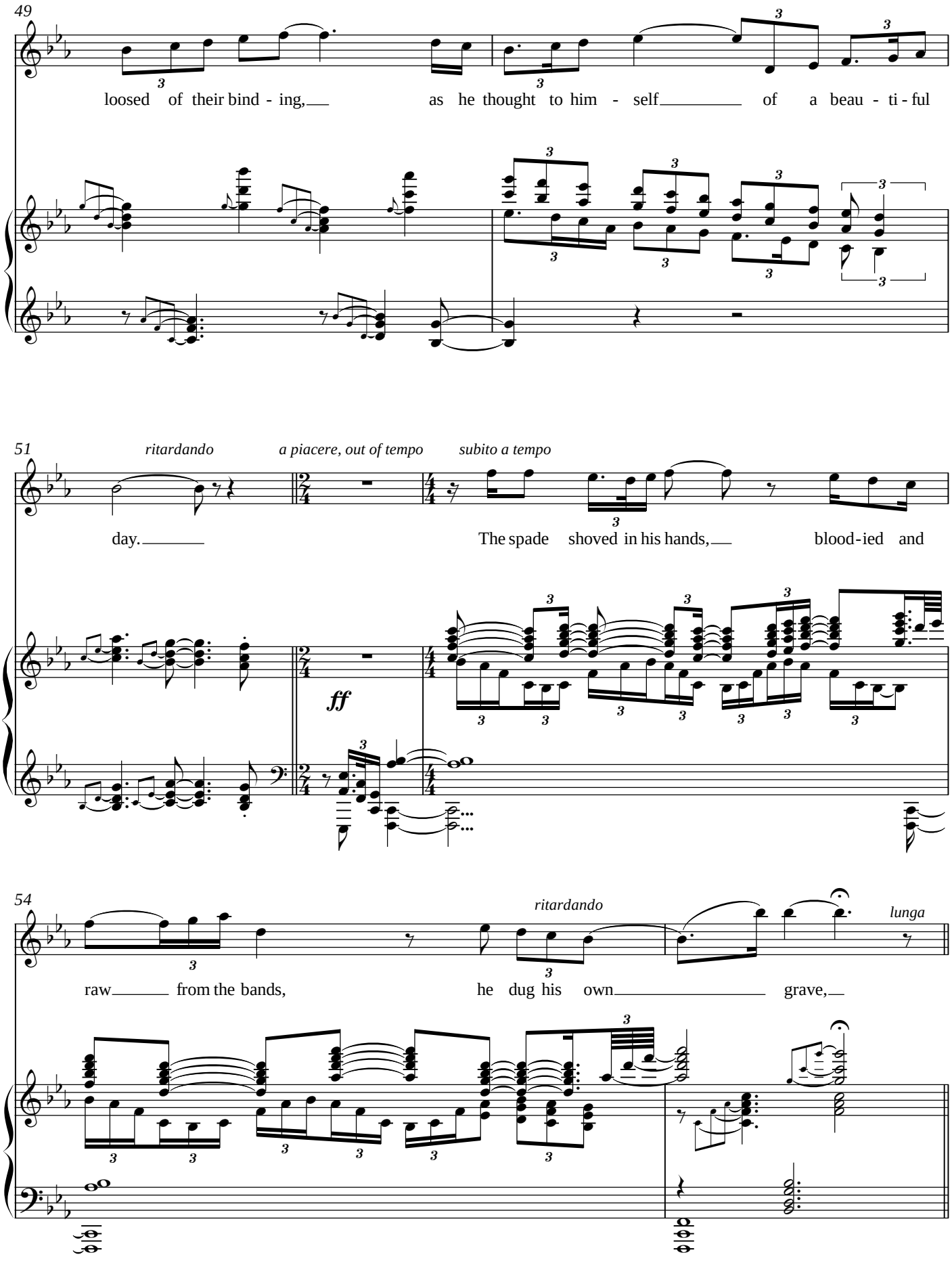
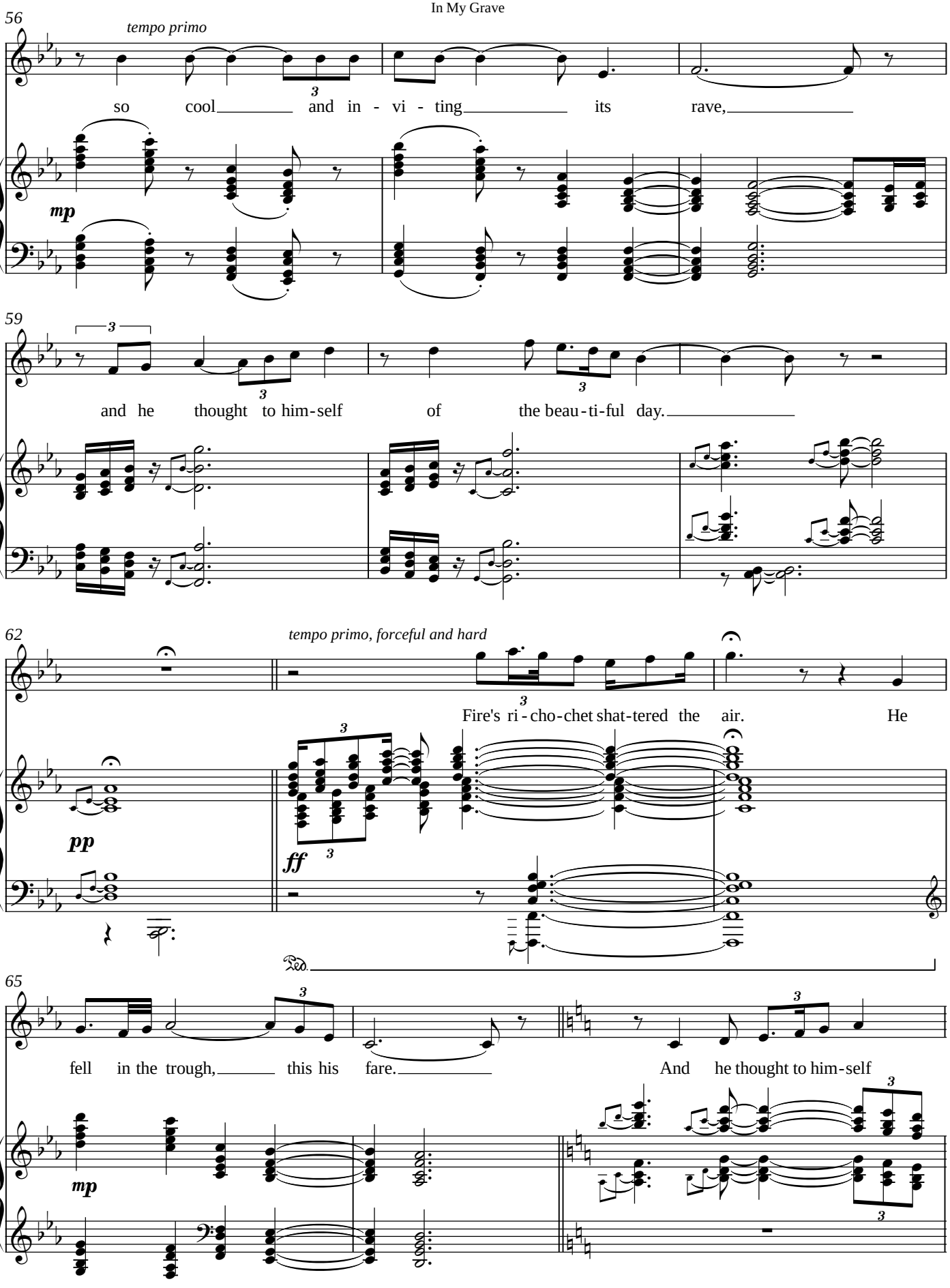
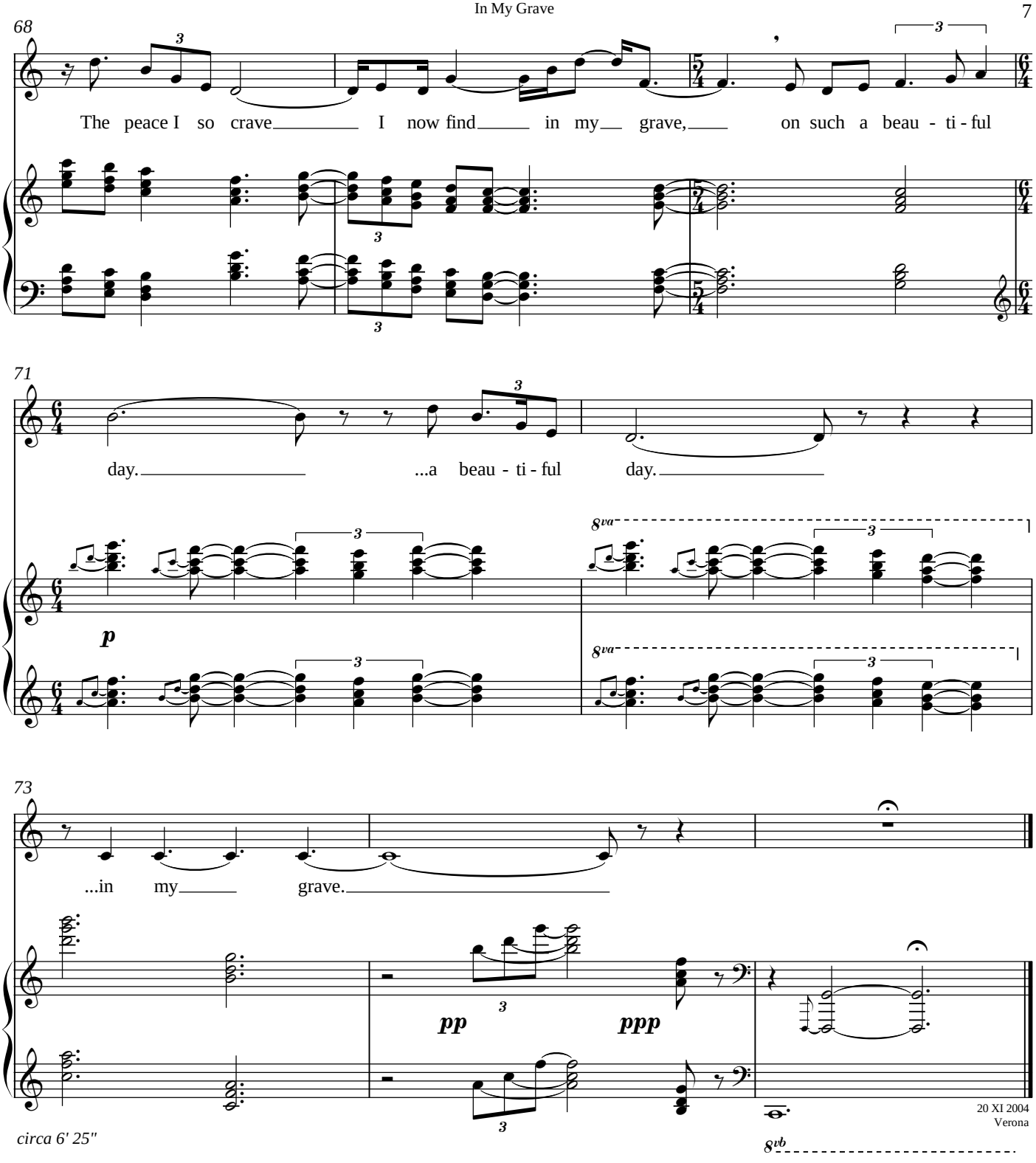

13
of a beau-ti-ful day.
f
mf
17
His bones brit-tle with cold, each breath seeped in dark mould, on his
mp
20
brow with-out pat-tern or rhyme, i-cy wa-ter drops danced a-way time.
23
Yet he thought to him self of the beau-ti-ful day.


26
Ere long he twitched at the sound of the pri-son guard's mor-bid round.
f
mf
29
Un-dis-turbed by jan-gle of key, he wan-dered in re - ve -
mp
molto sostenuto
32
rie, and he thought to him-self of the beau - ti-ful day.
35
Led from the musk of the cell, dawn's light glowed o'er the dell. Blind-ed, and
mp


38
stand ne'er more he could, his lungs supped from the cup of the wood,
41
but he thought to him-self of the beau - ti - ful day.
f
44
Blows felled, cruel and numb - ing, free-dom
47
beck - oned, and suc-cumb - ing, his limbs chafed by bonds wind - ding were
mp


49
loosed of their bind - ing,
as he thought to him - self
of a beau - ti - ful
51
ritardando
a piacere, out of tempo
subito a tempo
day.
The spade shoved in his hands,
blood-ied and
ff
54
ritardando
lunga
raw
from the bands,
he dug his own
grave,


56
tempo primo
so cool and in - vi - ting its rave,
mp
59
and he thought to him-self of the beau-ti-ful day.
62
tempo primo, forceful and hard
Fire's ri - cho-chet shat-tered the air. He
pp
ff
65
fell in the trough, this his fare. And he thought to him-self
mp


68
The peace I so crave I now find in my grave, on such a beau - ti - ful
71
day. ...a beau - ti - ful day.
p
8va
73
...in my grave.
pp
ppp
8vb
circa 6' 25"
20 XI 2004
Verona