**Symphony Number Eleven**  
*(Saint Petersburg, 1905)*

*Adagio: The Palace Square.*

Cold and quiet the crowd of cellos  
gathers like snow in the clouds,  
menace of timpani rumble,  
an earthquake beneath the square,  
a call of brass from some distant place.

*Allegro: The Ninth of January.*

A restlessness of burning violins,  
a swirling blizzard, a sudden riot  
of snare drums like gunfire,  
timpani horses thunder  
to the march and clash of gleaming brass,  
a panic of piccolos and woodwinds.

*Adagio: Eternal Memory*

A bent mother searches among the thump of drums  
in the quiet dark of deserted streets,  
picks through remnants of shattered violas,  
crushed bass clarinets and trampled flutes  
for her son, the harpist, who lies frozen,  
stretched over the splintered carcass  
of his wrecked and ruined instrument.

*Adagio non troppo: Tocsins*

Tocsins toll in the churches,  
a call in resilient G minor,  
call to a future of violent trumpets,  
trombones, cymbals of power, tubular bells,  
celesta and strings but, for now,  
the music is tacet in the square.