1914

Poem text is taken from The Poems of Wilfred Owen. Ed Jon Stallworthy. Published by Chatto and Windus 1990.

Poem by Wilfred Owen

Music by James Crawford

War broke and now the winter of the world with

pe - rish - ing great darkness closes in.
The foul tornado

centered at Berlin is over all the width of Europe

whirled, rending the sails of progress rent or furled are
all art's en-signs, verse wai-ls.

Now be - gi - n fam-ines - of thought and feel - ing,

love's wine's thi - n, the grain of hu - man Au - tumn
rots down hurled.

For after

Spring had bloomed in early Greece, and
Summer blazed her glory out with Rome. An Autumn

so softly fell a harvest home. A slow grand age and

rich with all increase but now for us wild
winter and the need of sowings for new Spring, and

blood for seed.