

# Anthem For Doomed Youth

Poem text taken from The Poems of Wilfred Owen, Ed Jon Stallworthy. Published by Chatto and Windus 1990.  
Please contact james.crawford4@talktalk.net for performance permissions.

Wilfred Owen

James Crawford

$\text{♩} = 49$

$\text{3} \frac{4}{4}$

(8)  $p$   $mp$   $p$

*mf* What pass-ing bells for

This musical score page shows the beginning of the piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef staff, both in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal part starts with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note. The piano part consists of sustained chords. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, *mp*, and *f*. The vocal line begins with "What pass-ing bells for".

4

*cresc.* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

these who die as ca-ttle? on - ly the mon-strous an - ger - r of the guns.

*mp* *p* *mf* *p*

This page continues the musical score. The vocal line includes "these who die as ca-ttle?" and "on - ly the mon-strous an - ger - r of the guns.". The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns. Dynamics like *cresc.*, *f*, *mf*, and *mp* are used to emphasize the words.

8

on - ly the stu-tte-ring ri-fles ra-pid ra-ttle can

*mp* *p*

This page concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with "on - ly the stu-tte-ring ri-fles ra-pid ra-ttle can". The piano part maintains the harmonic structure with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns, ending with a dynamic marking of *mp* and *p*.

11

(8) pa-tter out their ha - sty o - ri - so - ns. No mo-cker-ries

14

now for them; no prayers nor bells Nor a - ny voice of mour-ning

**f**

17

save the choirs the shrill, de-men - ted choirs of wai-ling shells;

**f** **ff** **mf**

**p** **mp** **f** **p**

**mp** **mp**

20

and bu - gles ca - lling for them from sad shires.

23

What can-dles may be held to

26

speed them all? Not in the hands of boys but in their e-yes shall

30

shine the ho - ly gli-mmers of good-byes The pa-llor of girls'

33

brows shall be their pall; Their flowers the ten - der - ness of pa-tient minds,

37

And each slow dusk a draw-ing down of blinds.