

Conscious Choral Edition. S,A,T,B and Piano

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

James Crawford

$\text{♩} = 50$

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

mp
His fin-gers wake and flu-tter up the

mp *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

pp *pp* *p* *mp*

8 8 8

10

S.
A.
T.
B.

mf bed his eyes come o-pen with a pull of wi-ll helped by the ye-llo - w
mf his eyes come o-pen with a pull of wi-ll he-lped by the ye-llo - w

8

S. *may flowers by his head*

A. *may flowers by his he - ad*

T. *The blind-cord trails a - cross the win-dow sill...*

B. *cross the win-dow*

S. *What a smooth floor the ward has, what a rug. Who is that tal-king*

A. *What a smooth flo - or the ward ha - s wha - t a rug. Who is that tal - kin - g*

T. ***mf** What a smooth floor the ward has, **p** what a rug. Who is that tal-king*

B. ***mp** What a smooth flo - or the ward ha - s **p** wha - t a rug. Who is that tal - kin - g*

30

S. *ff*
Three flies are cree-ping round the shi - ny jug.

A. *ff*
Three flies are cree - p-ing round the shi - ny jug. Doc-tor,

T. *ff*
some-where out of sight? Nurse Doc-tor,

B. *ff*
some-where out of sigh - t? Nurse Doc-tor,

mf

37

S. *f* *p* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *fff*
Yes, al-right al-right! But su-dden eve - ning blurs and fogs the air. There seems no time to

A. *mf* *p* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *fff*
Yes, al-right al-right! But su-dden eve - ning blurs and fogs the air. There seems no time to

T. *p* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *fff*
But su-dden eve - ning blurs and fogs the air. There seems no time to

B. *ff* *fff*
There seems no time to

pp *cresc.* *cresc.* *ff* *f*

S. *f*
want a drink of wa-ter And here and there mu-sic and ro-ses

A. *f*
want a drink of wa-ter And here and there mu-sic and ro-ses

T. *mf*
want a drink of wa-ter Nurse looks so far a-way.

B. *mf*
want a drink of wa-ter Nurse looks so far a-way.

mp *mf*

S. *fff* *dim.* *pp*
He Ca-n't re - mem ber where he saw blue sky...

A. *fff* *dim.* *pp*
He Ca - n't re - mem - ber where he saw blue sky...

T. *fff* *cresc.* *cresc.* *fff* *dim.* *pp*
burst through crim-son slaugh-ter. He Ca-n't re - mem ber where he saw blue sky...

B. *fff* *cresc.* *cresc.* *fff* *dim.* *pp*
burst through crim-son slaugh-ter. He Ca-n't re - mem ber where he saw blue sky...

cresc. *fff* *dim.* *Rit* *pp*

S. *ff* *p* *ff*
Cold he's co-ld; yet hot.

A. *mp* *ff* *p* *ff* *ff*
The trench is na-rrrow-er. Cold he's co-ld; yet hot. and there's no light to

T. *mp* *ff* *p* *ff* *ff*
The trench is na-rrrow-er. Cold he's co-ld; yet hot. and there's no light to

B. *ff*
and there's no light to

p *ff* *p* *ff* *mf*

S. *p* *pp* *ppp*
There is no time to a-sk he knows not what.

A. *pp* *ppp*
he knows not what.

T. *p* *pp* *ppp*
see the voi - ces by... There is no time to a-sk he knows not what.

B. *p* *pp* *ppp*
see the voi - ces by... he knows not what.

p *rit* *pp*