

Dulce Et Decorum Est

Poem text taken from The Poems of Wilfred Owen, Ed Jon Stallworthy. Published by Chatto & Windus 1990.
Poem by Wilfred Owen Music by James Crawford

♩ = 60

Tenor

mp
Bent dou-ble, like old beggars un - der sacks.

Piano

p

4

T.

Knock kneed, ccough-ing like hags,

Pno.

6

T.

cantabile
we cursed through sludge, till on the haun - ting

mf

Pno.

cresc. cantabile
mf

8

T.

flares we turned our backs and towards our

Pno.

cresc.

10

T.

f dis-tant rest be-gan to trudge. *mf* Men marched a-sleep.

Pno.

(cresc.) *f* *dim* *mf* *mp*

13

T.

Ma-ny had lo-st their boots but limped on, blood shod.

Pno.

cresc.

15

T. *f cresc.* ----- *ff*
 All went lame; a - ll blind; Drrrunk with fa-tigue;

Pno. *mf*

18

T. *mp* ----- *ff*
 deaf e - ven to the hoots of tired out-stripped five nines that dropped be -

Pno. *p cresc.* ----- *f*

20

T. *f*
 hind.

Pno. *mf* *ff* *mf* *fff* ----- *p*

22

T. *mf* *cresc.* *ff* *f*
 Gas! Ga - s! Quick boys! An ec - sta-cy of fum-bling,

Pno. *p*

24

T. *cresc.* *ff* *mf cresc.*
 fi-tting the clum - sy hel-mets just in time; but some-one still was

Pno. *cresc.* *f* *p cresc.*

26

T. *(cresc.)*
 ye-lling out and stum-bling, and floun-d'ring like a man in fire or

Pno. *(cresc.)*

28 $\text{♩} = 60$ $\text{♩} = 55$ $\text{♩} = 52$ $\text{♩} = 49$

T. *ff* lime... *p* Dim, through the mis - ty panes

Pno. *ff* *p* *pp*

30

T. and thick green light, as un - der a green sea

Pno. *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *mf*

32

T. *ff* I saw him drow - ning.

Pno. *ff* *f* *dim.* *p* *dim.*

34 $\text{♩} = 48$

T. *p* *cresc.* *f*
 In all my drea - ms, be - fore my hel - pless sigh -

Pno. starting very calm
pp *cresc.* *mf*
pp *pp* *mp* *p*

36 $\text{♩} = 44$

T. *cresc.* *ff*
 t, he plun - ges at me,

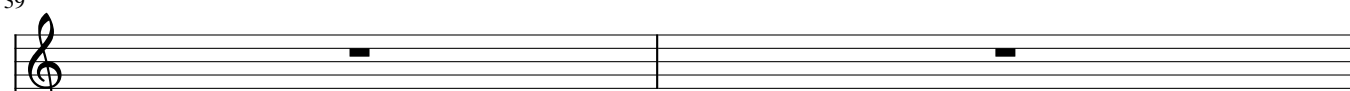
Pno. *f* *cresc.*
f *cresc.*

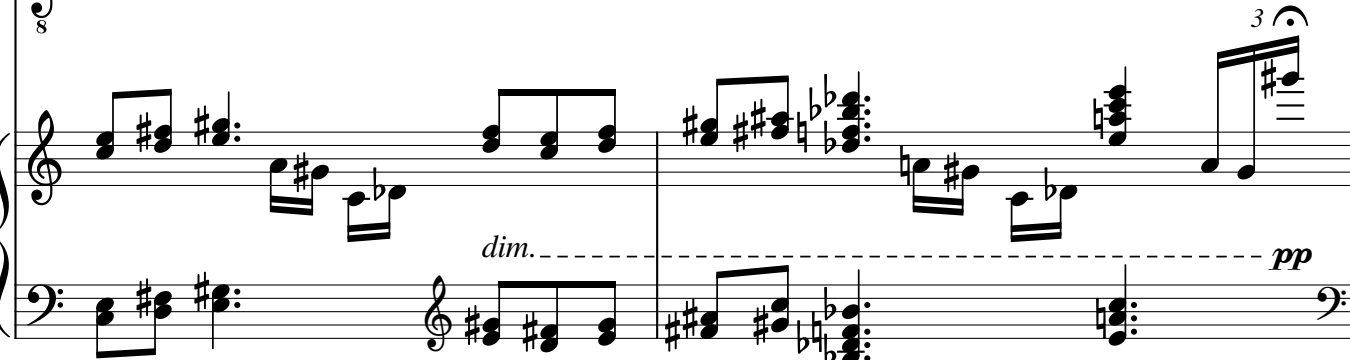
37

T. *fff*
 gu-tter-ing, cho - king, drow - ning.

Pno. *fff* *mp*
fff *mp* floating away


39

T. 

Pno. 

dim. *pp*


41 $\text{♩} = 57$

T. 

mp *cresc.*

If in some smo - ther-ing dreams you too could pace be -

a tempo

Pno. 

p *cresc.*

44

T. 

(cresc.) *ff*

hind the wa - gon that we flung him in,

Pno. 

(cresc.) *f*

46

T. *mp cresc.* ----- *fff* *ff*
 and watch the white eyes wri - thing in his face,

Pno. *mf cresc.* ----- *ff* *mf*

48

T. *mf*
 his hang - ing face, like a de - vil's sick of

Pno. *mp*

50

T. *cresc.* ----- *mf cresc.*
 sin; if you could hear, at ev - ery jolt, the

Pno. *cresc.* ----- *mf cresc.*

52

T. *ff cresc.* *fff*
 blood come Gar - Gling from the froth co - rrup - ted

Pno. *f cresc.* *ff*

54

♩ = 47
 meno mosso

T. *p*
 lungs, Ob - scene as can - cer,

Pno. *rit.....* *pp* *p*

57

T. *cresc.* *f*
 bi - tter as the cud of vile, in - cu - ra - ble sore -

Pno. *cresc.* *mf*

59 $\text{♩} = 48$ sostenuto

T. *dim.* *mp* *p*
 s on inn - o - cent tongues, my friend, you would not

Pno. *p* *p*

61

T. *mp cresc.* *mf cresc.*
 tell with such high zest t - o chil - dren

Pno. *cresc.* *mf cresc.*

63

T. *ff* *f*
 ar - dent for some des - perate glo - ry, the old lie:

Pno. *f* *mf*

65 $\text{♩} = 42$

T. *p*
 Dul - ce et de-co - rum est pro pa-tria mo - ri.

Pno. *p*

68

T.

Pno. *p*