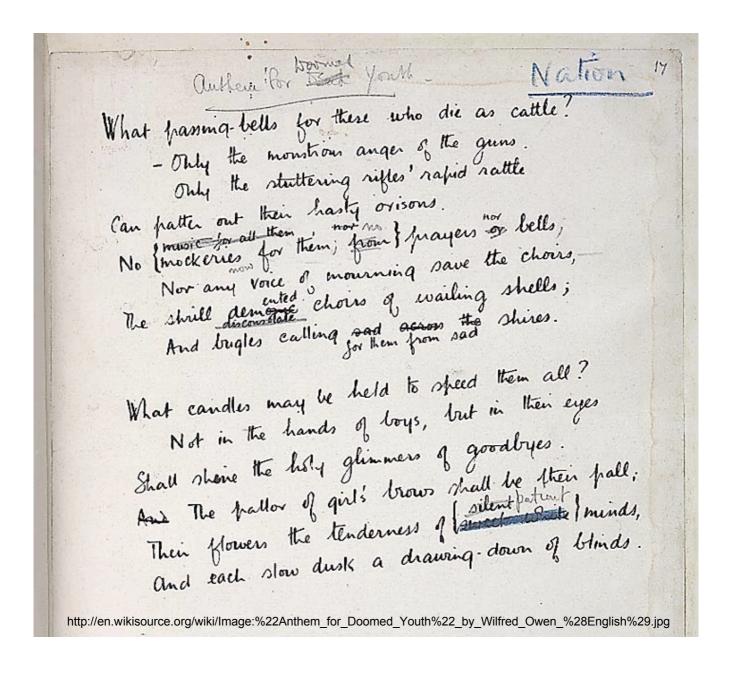
## **Anthem for Doomed Youth**

Text: Wilfred Owen

Music: Michael Winikoff



## **Performance Notes**

The poem *Anthem for Doomed Youth* paints in vivid imagery the funeral of soldiers in the great war.

Those who fall like cattle do not have the usual trappings of a funeral: passing bells, prayers, bells, mourning voices, bugles or candles. Instead, they have only the guns' monstrous anger, and the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle. The voice of mourning is that of the shrill demented choirs of wailing shells.

I have set this text as a funeral march which follows Wilfred Owen's text and paints the guns' rapid rattle, the bugles, and the wailing demented choirs. The march closes with a quiet *a capella* section, bringing peace to the fallen.

Like Owen's poem, I hope this piece of music manages to evoke the horrific nature of war, and perhaps encourage us all (and especially our leaders, elected or otherwise) to try harder to avoid war and seek peaceful solutions instead.

The piece was composed in 1995 and revised in February 2008

## **Performance notes:**

The pianist should add octaves as appropriate to the acoustics and volume of the choir.

In bars 18-21 each singer should freely repeat the words "rapid rattle" over and over at their own individual speed until they cut off (at the start of bar 21 for sopranos and altos, and at the end of that bar for tenors and basses).

Michael Winikoff

February, 2008

Melbourne, Australia

## **Anthem for Doomed Youth**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? Only the monstrous anger of the guns. Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle Can patter out their hasty orisons. No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells; Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells; And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all? Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes. The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds, And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Anthem for Doomed Youth Composed 1995, revised February 2008. Duration: approx. 5:10 Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) Michael Winikoff Grave, J = 52Soprano What pas - sing bells, for these who die Alto pas - sing bells, What for these who cat-tle as Tenor bells, for these who die Bass What pas - sing bells, for these who die cat-tle as Piano cat-tle cat-tle cat-tle as cat-tle as cat-tle the cat-tle cat-tle the ly mons - trous the guns

as cat-tle what

pas - sing bells

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