# Anthem for Doomed Youth 

## Text: Wilfred Owen <br> Music: Michael Winikoff



What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? - Only the monition anger of the guns Oh the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { move real them } \\ \text { mockeries for nor nom }\end{array}\right\}$ prayers nor bells, Nor any voice is mourning save the choirs, The shrill demented choirs of wailing shells; And bugles calling for occam from thad shires.

What candles may be held to shred them all? Not in the hands of boys, but in then eyes Shall shove the holy glimmers of goodbyes. Then flowers the tenderness of silent patent? minds, and each slow dusk a drawing-down of binds.

## 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.





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