

# I Saw His Round Mouth's Crimson

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

Wilfred Owen

James Crawford

♩ = 48

*mf* I saw his round mouth's crim-son, dee-pen as it f - ell,

*mp*

7

like a S - un in his last deep hour Watched the mag -

*f* *mp* *cresc.---*

*mf* *mp*

13

nif-i-cent re - ce-ssion of fare - well, Clou-ding half glea - m

*cresc.---* *f* *dim.---*

*cresc.---* *mf* *dim.---* *mp*

18

*allargando*

half glow-er, And a last spel-dour bur - n the hea - vens

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

*dim.* *pp* *cresc.* *f*

*allargando*

23

$\text{♩} = 40$   
Slower

of his cheek. And in his eyes the cold stars ligh - ting ve-ry ol-d

*ff* *p*

*f* *dim.*

Slower

27

$\text{♩} = 34$

and bleak in diff-erent skies.

*rit* *pp* *pp*

*rit* *pp*