

# Futility

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

Wilfred Owen

James Crawford

$\text{♩} = 58$

*mp*  
Move him in-to the su - n gent-ly its

*mp*  
*p*

5  
tou - ch a-woke him once. *mf* At home whis-per-ing of

8  
*cresc.* fields half sown *f* *dim.* Al - ways it woke him *mp* e - ven in Fra - nce

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

11

*cresc.* Un - til this mor - ning and this *ff* sno - w if

*p cresc.* *f*

13

*dim.* a - ny - thing might rouse him now the *mp dim.* kind old sun will know *p*

*dim.* *p*

15

*mp* think how it wakes the *ff* seeds woke once the

*pp cresc.* *f mf*

*f*

18

*mp* *cresc.* ----- *f*  
 clays of a co - ld star

*p* *cresc.* ----- *mf* *dim.* ----- *p*

21

$\text{♩} = 55$

*p* *mf*  
 Are limbs so dear a-chieved are

*Poco Meno Mosso*  
*rall.* ..... *pp*  
*p*

24

*cresc.* ----- *ff* *mp* *mf*  
 sides full-nerved too hard to stir? Was it for this? the

*p* *mf* *mp* *p*  
*mf* *f*

27

*cresc.* ..... ***ff*** *dim.* ..... ***mp***  
 clay grew ta - ll? Oh what made fat - uous sun - beams toil to

***mf*** ***mp*** ***mp***  
***p***

29

***mp*** *p dim.* ..... ***pp***  
 break earth's sleep at all? rit

***mp*** ***p dim.*** ***pp***