

UNSUNG HEROES

Movement 1: Prelude: The departure

On receiving News of the War - Isaac Rosenberg

Snow is a strange white word.
No ice or frost
Has asked of bud or bird
For Winter's cost.

Yet ice and frost and snow
From earth to sky
This summer land doth know.
No man knows why.

In all men's heart it is.
Some spirit old

Hath turned with maligned kiss
Our lives to mould.

Red fangs have torn His face.
God's blood is shed.
He mourns from his lone place
His children dead.

O! ancient crimson curse!
Corrode, consume.
Give back this universe
Its pristine bloom.

A Shropshire Lad - A.E. Housman

The New Mistress

"Oh, sick I am to see you, will you never let me be?
You may be good for something but you are not good for me.
Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted here."
And that was all the farewell when I parted from my dear.

"I will go where I am wanted, to a lady born and bred
Who will dress me free for nothing in a uniform of red;
She will not be sick to see me if I only keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier of the queen."

'I will go where I am wanted, for the sergeant does not mind;
He may be sick to see me but he treats me very kind:
He gives me beer and breakfast and a ribbon for my cap,
And I never knew a sweetheart spend her money on a chap."

"I will go where I am wanted, where there's room for one or two,
And the men are none too many for the work there is to do;
Where the standing line wears thinner and the dropping dead lie thick;
And the enemies of England they shall see me and be sick."

***In the Ambulance* - Wilfred Wilson Gibson**

*Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans.*

That's what he keeps muttering,
Making such a song,
Keeping other chaps awake
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light,
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night.

*Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans.*

Movement two **Scherzo i: Man's anger at the enemy**

***Anthem for Doomed Youth* - Wilfred Owen**

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 goodbyes.
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.

***August 1914* - Isaac Rosenberg**

What in our lives is burnt
In the fire of this?
The hearts dear granary?
The much we shall miss?

Three lives hath one life—
Iron, honey, gold.
The gold, the honey and gone—
Left is the hard and cold.

Iron are our lives
Molten right through our youth.
A burnt space through ripe fields
A fair mouths's broken tooth.

Movement 3
Adagietto: To the distant beloved

***A Shropshire lad* - A.E.Housman**

If truth in hearts that perish
 Could move the powers on high,
I think the love I bear you
 Should make you not to die.

Sure, sure, if steadfast meaning,
 If single thought could save
The world might end to-morrow,
 You should not see the grave.

This long and sure-set liking,
 This boundless will to please,
- Oh, you should live for ever
 If there were help in these.

But now, since all is idle,
 To this lost heart be kind,
Ere to a town you journey
 Where friends are ill to find.

Poems 1914 - Rupert Brooke
IV: The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once her, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt by friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Movement 5
Intermezzo: After the battle

Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
William Shakespeare

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Movement 6
**Finale: A tribute to the fallen,
a warning to the world.**

***Everyone Sang* - Siegfried Sassoon**

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on-on-and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

***For the Fallen* - Laurence Binyon**

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted:
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

***Aftermath* - Siegfried Sassoon**

Have you forgotten yet? ...
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days.
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossings of city-ways;
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same — and War's a bloody game...
Have you forgotten yet? ...
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.