A Sonnet to Wilfred Owen

The Front

Matthew Taylor King

Christopher Fox

Contemplatively \( \text{\textit{d}} = 60 \)

\begin{align*}
&\text{Snare Drum}^* \quad \text{\textit{mf}} \\
&\text{Cello} \quad \text{\textit{mf}}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
13 & \quad \text{Have you seen the Front?} \\
& \quad \text{Have you seen it} \\
& \quad \text{Have you seen the Front?} \\
& \quad \text{Have you seen it} \\
& \quad \text{Have you seen the Front?} \\
& \quad \text{Oh, have you seen it}
\end{align*}

* The snare drum may be played off-stage.

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late-ly? It's not as it was. Not as it Used to be.

late-ly? It's not as it was. Not as it Used to be.

Not, not as it Used to be.

tacet until last page
Larks sing! The Winter of the world is in

Larks sing! The Winter of the world is in

Larks sing! The Winter of the world is in

For Perusal Only
Ooo

fox-holes. Proud young forests shelter No man's land.

Proud young forests shelter No man's land.

Moss gilds sandbags, else they spill.

Moss gilds sandbags, else they spill. Mine-sunk craters, to ponds they yield; where

Else they spill. Mine-sunk craters, to ponds they yield.
el-der Tur-tles sun them-selves warm a-mid Aisne’s* chill.

A-mid Aisne’s* chill.

On-ly the mud is as it was. par-tout!*+

*pronounced enz
+pronounced pahr-too
It clings to ev’ry sole. It clings to ev’ry sole.
It clings to ev’ry sole. It clings to ev’ry sole.

But certain fields Block the charging sludge. In soul.

molto rit.
A tempo

them. In cer-tain fields, mar-ble shields.

them. In them, mar-ble shields, Or are they drag-on’s teeth?

them. In them, Or are they drag-on’s teeth?

A tempo

mark you, guard you From the mire.

mark you, guard you From the mire. You rest. Your

mark you, guard you From the mire. You rest. Your

mark you, guard you From the mire. You rest. Your
dagger's sheathed. And yet:

swiftly Nature heals, how slowly men forget.

swiftly Nature heals, how slowly men forget.