

A New Heaven

(for Eric Schlossberg)

Mary Fan
Poem by Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

♩ = 85

Voice

Piano

(pedal as necessary)

mp

4

See - ing — we ne - ver — found — gay — fai - ry - land —

Pno.

8

— (Though still we crouched by blue - - bells —

Pno.

11

moon by moon)

Pno.

14

And missed the tide of Lethe; yet are soon

Pno.

18

For that new bridge that leaves old Styx half - spanned;

Pno.

(lower notes of chords may be omitted for simplicity)

mp

f

22

Nor e-ver un-to Mec-ca ca-ra-vanned;

Pno.

26

Nor bu-gled As-gard, skilled in ma-gic rune;

Pno.

30

Nor yearned-for far Nir-va-na, the sweet swoon;

Pno.

p *f*

34

And from ___ high Pa-ra - dise ___ are ___ cursed and banned; ___

Pno.

40

Let's die ___ home, ___ fer-ry a-cross the Chan-nel! Thus Shall we live

Pno.

46

gods there. Death shall be ___ no sev' rance. ___ Wea - ry ___ ca -

Pno.

52

the - drals light new ___ shrines for us. To us,

Pno.

58

rough knees ___ of boys shall ache ___ with rev' rance. ___ Are

Pno.

mp

62

not girls' breasts ___ a clear, ___ strong A - cro - pole? ___

Pno.

mp

65

There our own mo-thers' tears shall

Pno.

69

heal us whole.

Pno.