

Conscious

Wilfred Owen

James Crawford

$\text{♩} = 50$

mp
His fin-gers wake and

mp *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

p *p* *p* *mp*

9

flut-ter up the bed *mf* his eyes come o-pen with a pull of wi-ll

15

helped by the ye-llo - w may flowers by his head *p* What a smooth

20

floor the ward has, what a rug. Who is that tal-king

8

26

some-where out of sight? Three flies are cree-ping round the shi - ny

31

jug. Nurse Doc-tor, Yes, al-right al-right! But su - dden eve - ning

f *p* *cresc.*

mf *p cresc.*

8

35

cresc.----- *ff*
blurs and fogs the air. There seems no time to want a drink of wa-ter

cresc.----- *ff* *f*

40

mf *f*
Nurse looks so far a-way. And here and there mu - sic and ro - ses

mp

46

cresc.----- *cresc.*----- *ff* *dim.*-----
burst through crim-son slaugh-ter. He Ca-n't re - mem ber where he saw blue

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

Rit

51

sky... *p* The trench is na-row-er. *f* *mp* *f*
Cold he's co-ld; yet

pp *p* *f* *mp*

8

57

ff hot. and there's no light to see the voi - ces by... *p* There is no time to

mf *f* *p*

62

rit a - sk he knows not what

rit

8