

# Arms and the boy

Wilfred Owen

Dieter Buwen

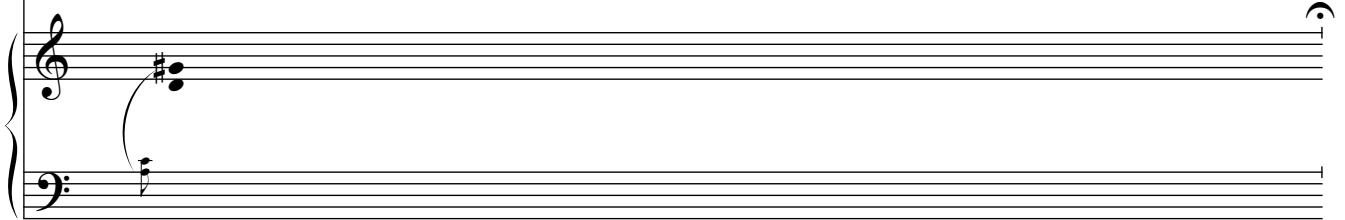
$\text{♩} = 72$

Bariton



Let the boy try a long this bay o net - blade

Klavier

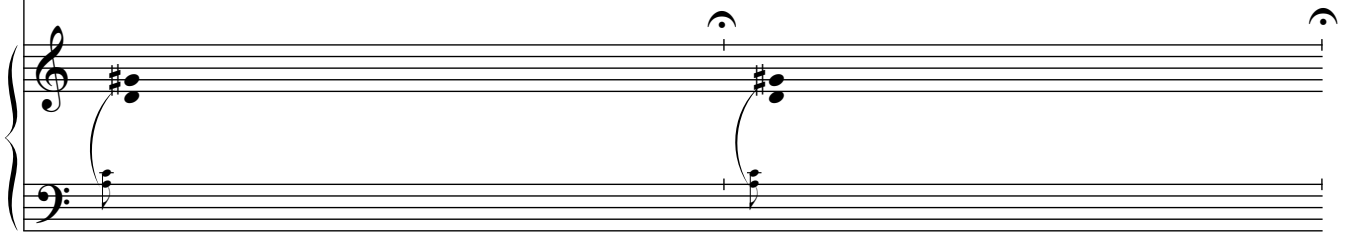


Bar.



How cold steel is, and keen with hun ger of blood; Blue with all ma lice, like a mad man«s flash;

Kl.

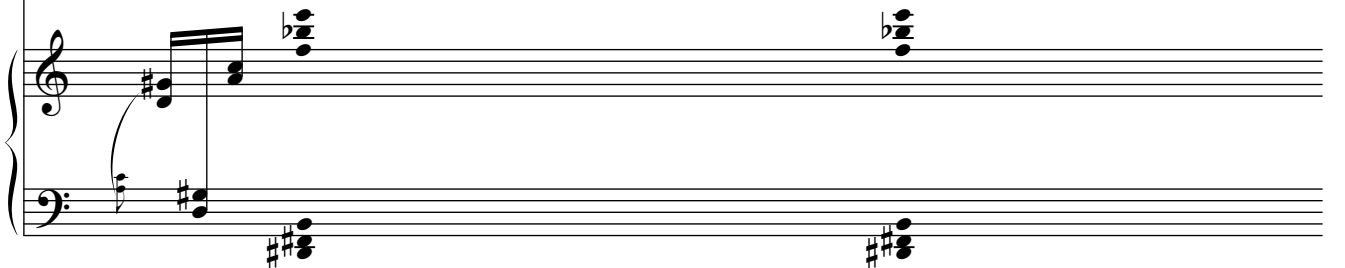


Bar.



And thin ly drawn with fa mi shing for flash.

Kl.

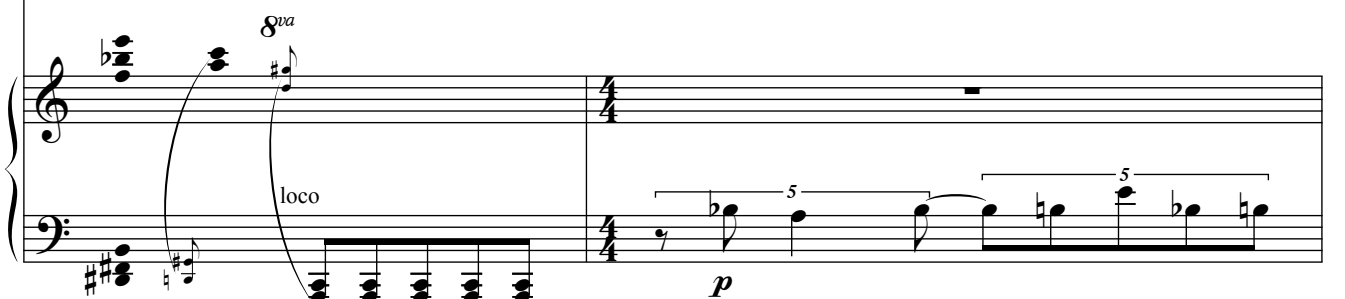



Bar.



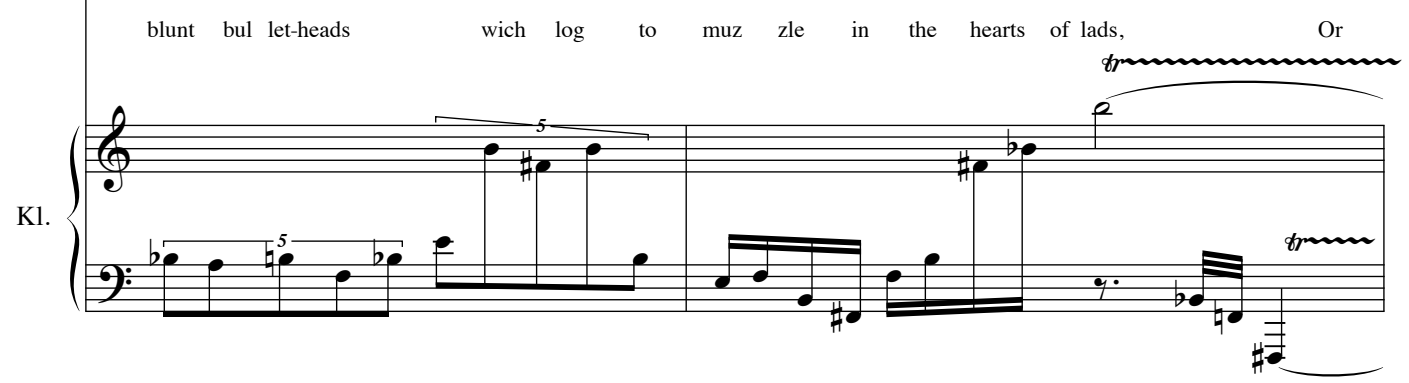
Lend him to stroke these blind,


Kl.



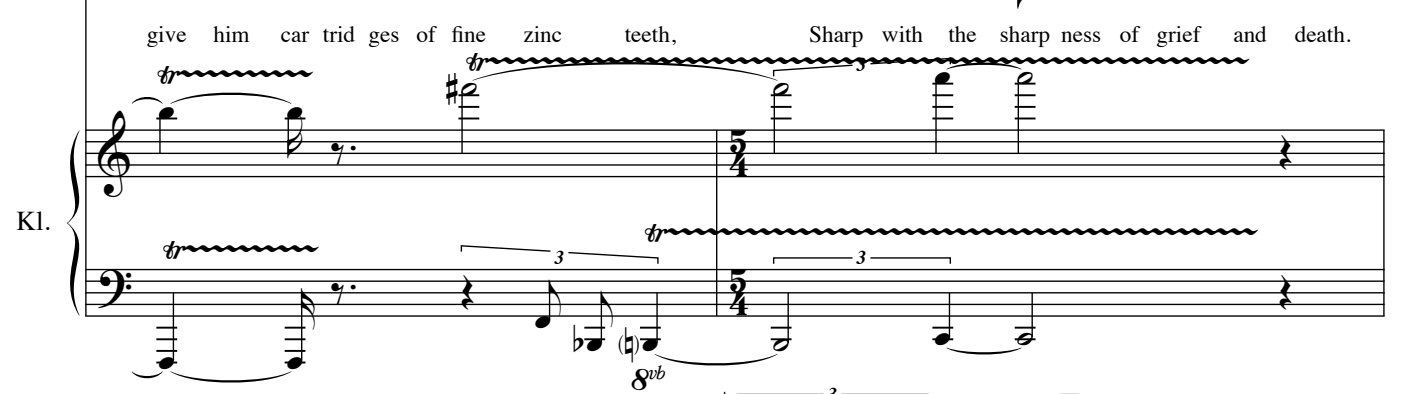
Bar. 


blunt bul let-heads wick log to muz zle in the hearts of lads, Or

Kl. 

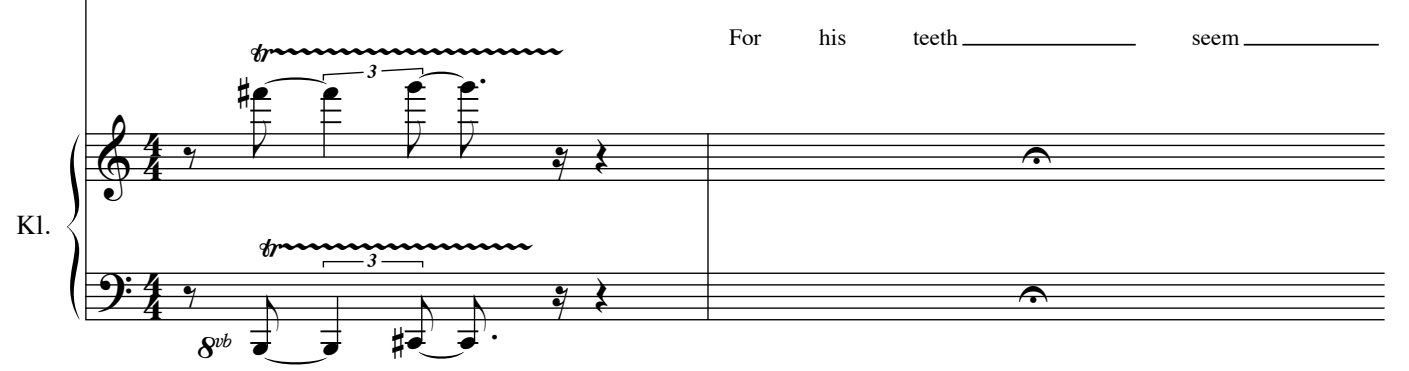
Bar. 


give him car trid ges of fine zinc teeth, Sharp with the sharp ness of grief and death.

Kl. 

Bar. 

For his teeth seem

Kl. 

Bar. 

for laug hing round an ap ple. There lurk no claws be hind his fin gers

Kl. 