

# Passendale

Larry Smeets (adapted freely)

Larry Nickel

**Moderato** ♩ = 86

Vc. *f*

Pno. *f* *mp*

6 male solo A *mf*

A raw re-cruit was I, fresh off the farm from

*pizz.*

*mf*

*mf*

*mp* *leggiero*

*pedal freely*

10 *mp*  
*all basses*

south-ern Man-i-to - ba. My sto-ry be-gins and ends here in

15

*p* in Pass - en - dale. *mp*

*tenors p* Pass - en - dale. *mp*

*arco p* *mf* *pp*

*p* *pp*

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20 **B** **tutti**

*mp* like two black snakes writh-ing thru' the snow.

*mf* *mp* Win-ter came ear - ly to the trench - es like two black snakes writh-ing thru' the snow.

*mp*

24

Side by side and not too far a part. \_\_\_\_\_

Side by side and not too far a part. \_\_\_\_\_

Sample Only



28

*p* Two ar-mies. face each oth er, *mf* an-kle deep in mud and mis-er-y \_\_\_\_\_

*p* Two ar-mies. face each oth er, *mf* an-kle deep in mud and mis-er-y \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *mp*

C

33

with no man's land in - be - tween.      where green fields used to flou - rish...

with no man's land in - be - tween.      No man's land

(arco)

*mf*

*mf*

*espress.*      *mf*

*f*      *fp*

*mf*

Sample Only



37

char-coal trees, bro-ken fen - ces.      crim-son red o - ver white snow

No man's land      No man's land

*f*      *fp*      *f*      *fp*

41

*f* such un-speak - a - ble car-nage. No man's land

*f* *fp* No man's land *f* No man's land *men out*

45

alto solo *mf* **D**

The an - gel of death, the an - gel of death, a fre-quent piz-z.

*mf* *mp*

49

all women

vi - si-tor here. The an - gel of death, her - ald-ed with groans and screams of

*arco*

53

a - gon-y. My en - e-my, a - fraid and be-wild-ered

My en - e-my, a - fraid and be-wild-ered

Sample Only



57

just like me. just like, just like me

rit. .

f mp

**E**

61

*mp*  
My en - e-my

*solo mf*  
A raw re-cruit was he, fresh off the farm from

*pizz. mf*

*mf* *p* *pp*

3



65

My en - e-my

*basses*  
south-ern Ba-var - i-a His sto-ry be-gins and ends here in

*p* *mp*

70

in Pass - en-dale. We

*tenors* Pass - en-dale. We

*all men mf* We

*p* *3* *3* *ped.*



74

**F**

*p* *(tutti)*  
too numb to feel, too re - mote to hate. We

*p*  
gaze at each o - ther thru' the hell-ish haze; too numb to feel, too re - mote to hate. We

*arco*  
gaze at each o - ther thru' the hell-ish haze; *p*

*pp*



78 *mf* *mp* *poco rit.* *pp*

stare at each o-ther, to - tal strang-ers. and breathe warm air on our trig-ger fin - gers...

stare at each o-ther, to - tal strang-ers. and breathe warm air on our trig-ger fin - gers...

*mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

Sample Only

**Passendale** is also spelled "Passchendaele" and pronounced "Passion Dale".

The Battle of Passendale is a vivid symbol of the mud, madness and the senseless slaughter of the First World War. In the late summer of 1917, the British launched a series of failed assaults against German forces holding the plateau overlooking the city of Ypres, Belgium. The battlefield became a quagmire. Canadian forces entered the fray in October, capturing the Passchendaele ridge at a cost of 15,600 casualties - a high price for a piece of ground that would be vacated for the enemy the following year.

Under almost continuous rain and shellfire, conditions for the soldiers were horrifying. Troops huddled in waterlogged shell holes, or became lost on the blasted mud-scape, not knowing where the front line was that separated Canadian from German positions. "Our feet were in water, over the tops of our boots, all the time," wrote Arthur Turner, an infantryman from Alberta. "We were given whale oil to rub on our feet . . . this was to prevent trench-feet. To solve it I took off my boots once, and poured half the oil into each foot, then slid my feet into it. It was a gummy mess, but I did not get trench-feet." The mud gummed up rifle barrels and breeches, making them difficult to fire. It swallowed up soldiers as they slept. It slowed stretcher-bearers — wading waist-deep as they tried to carry wounded away from the fighting — to a crawl. Ironically, the mud also saved lives, cushioning many of the shells that landed, preventing their explosion. "The Battle for the Passchendaele Ridge," wrote Turner, "was without doubt one of the Muddy-est, Bloody-est, of the whole war." Wrote Private John Sudbury: "The enemy and ourselves were in the selfsame muck, degradation and horror to such a point nobody cared any more about anything, only getting out of this, and the only way out was by death or wounding and we all of us welcomed either."

## CENTENARY OF PASSCHENDAELE, THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES

