

AN IRISH AIRMAN FORESEES HIS DEATH

W. B. YEATS

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quasi recitative

I know that I will meet my fate some-where a-mong the clouds a -

♩ = 80-84

2

bove; Those that I fight I do not hate,

distant, muffled *explode* *mf*

mp *f* *sub.mp*

drumbeat of war

6

Those that I guard I do not love; My coun-try is Kil - tar - ten Cross,

mf *mf*

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10

My count-ry - men Kil - tar - ten's poor, No like - ly end could bring them

f *explode*
sub.p
6 6 6 6
drone of airplane engine

13

loss or leave them hap - pi - er than be - fore. Nor

f *explode*
mp *mf* *loco*
6 6 6 6
Sub- Sub-

16

law, nor du - ty bade me fight, Nor pub - lic men, nor

p *cresc.* *mf*
(8vb)

31

waste of breath— the years be - hind— in bal - ance with this life,—

mf

34

— this death.—

mf

drone

36

rit.