

Remembrance Day Observance

Tuesday, November 11 2014

Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as
cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor
bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient
minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing down of
blinds.

Wilfred Owen



Wilfred Owen, 'the poet of the trenches' was killed on 4 November 1918 during the battle to cross the Sambre-Oise canal at Ors. He was 25. His poem captures something of the horror and futility of the terrible conflict which broke upon the world 100 years ago.

They shall not grow old

They shall grow not old, as we that are left
grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We will remember them.

We will remember them.

Two minutes silence

Remembrance Day closing thoughts

For those who were killed in battle,

For those who gave up their lives to save
others

For those who fought because they were
forced to,

For those who died standing up for a just
cause

For those who said war was wrong,

For those who tried to make the peace

For those who prayed when others had no
time to pray

May they know peace

May Love flow over the Earth and cleanse
us all

This day and for always

Marianne Griffin (adapted)



Sheffield Hallam Multifaith Chaplaincy

T. 0114 225 4577

E. chaplaincy@shu.ac.uk