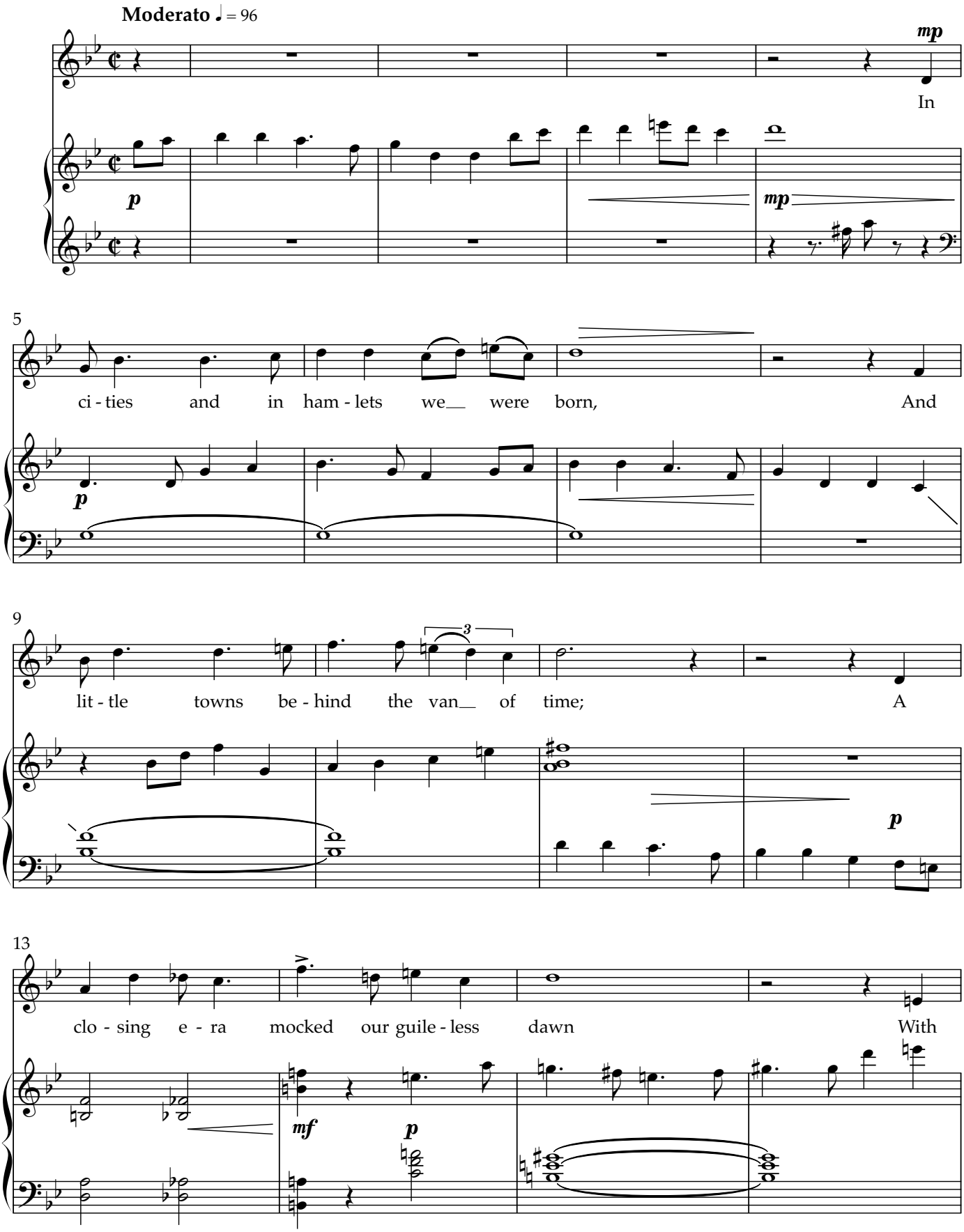
For Shirley Williams

Testament of Youth: A Song Cycle
The War generation

Op. 47 no. 1

Vera Brittain **Tony Noakes**



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17

jin - gles of a mi - li - ta - ry rhyme.

alla marcia

mp *mf* *p*

21

But

mp

25

in that song we heard no war - ning chime Nor

p *mp*

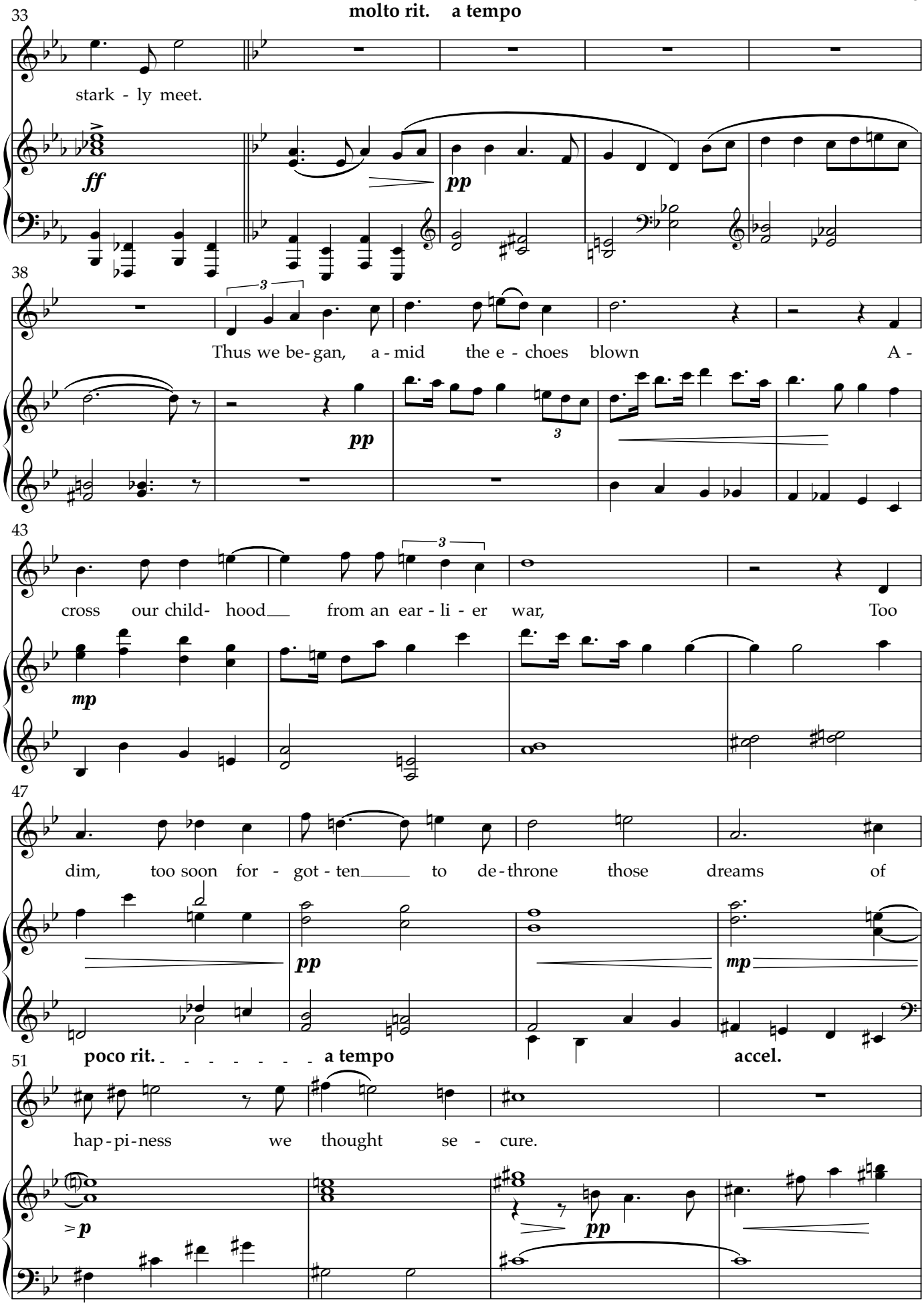
29

accel.

3

vi - sua-lized in hours be-nign and sweet The threa-te-ning woe that our ad-ven-tu-rous feet would

p *dolce*


molto rit. a tempo
33
stark - ly meet.
ff
pp
38
Thus we be- gan, a - mid the e - choes blown A -
pp
43
cross our child- hood from an ear - li - er war, Too
mp
47
dim, too soon for - got - ten to de - throne those dreams of
pp
mp
poco rit.
a tempo
accel.
51
hap - pi - ness we thought se - cure.
p
pp

55

accel. **Allegro**

While im-mi-nent and

mf *agitato* *f*

60

fierce out-side the door, Wat - ching a ge - ne -

ff *f*

64

ra - tion_ grow to flower, The fate that held our youth__ wi-thin its power

mp *tranquillo* *fff* *ff*

69

Wai-ted its hour._____

pppp

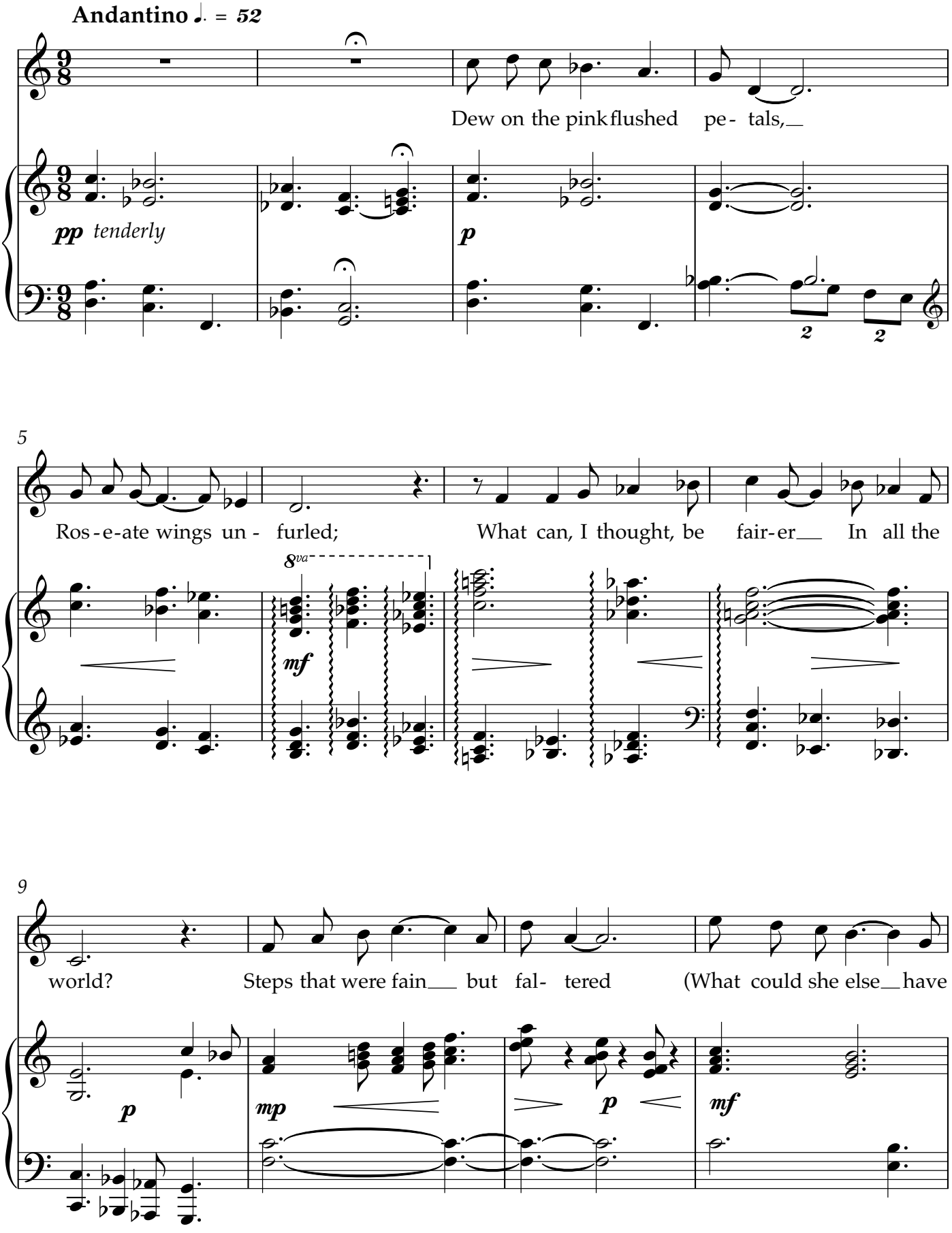
attacca no. 2

In the Rose Garden

Op. 47 no. 2

Roland Leighton

Tony Noakes



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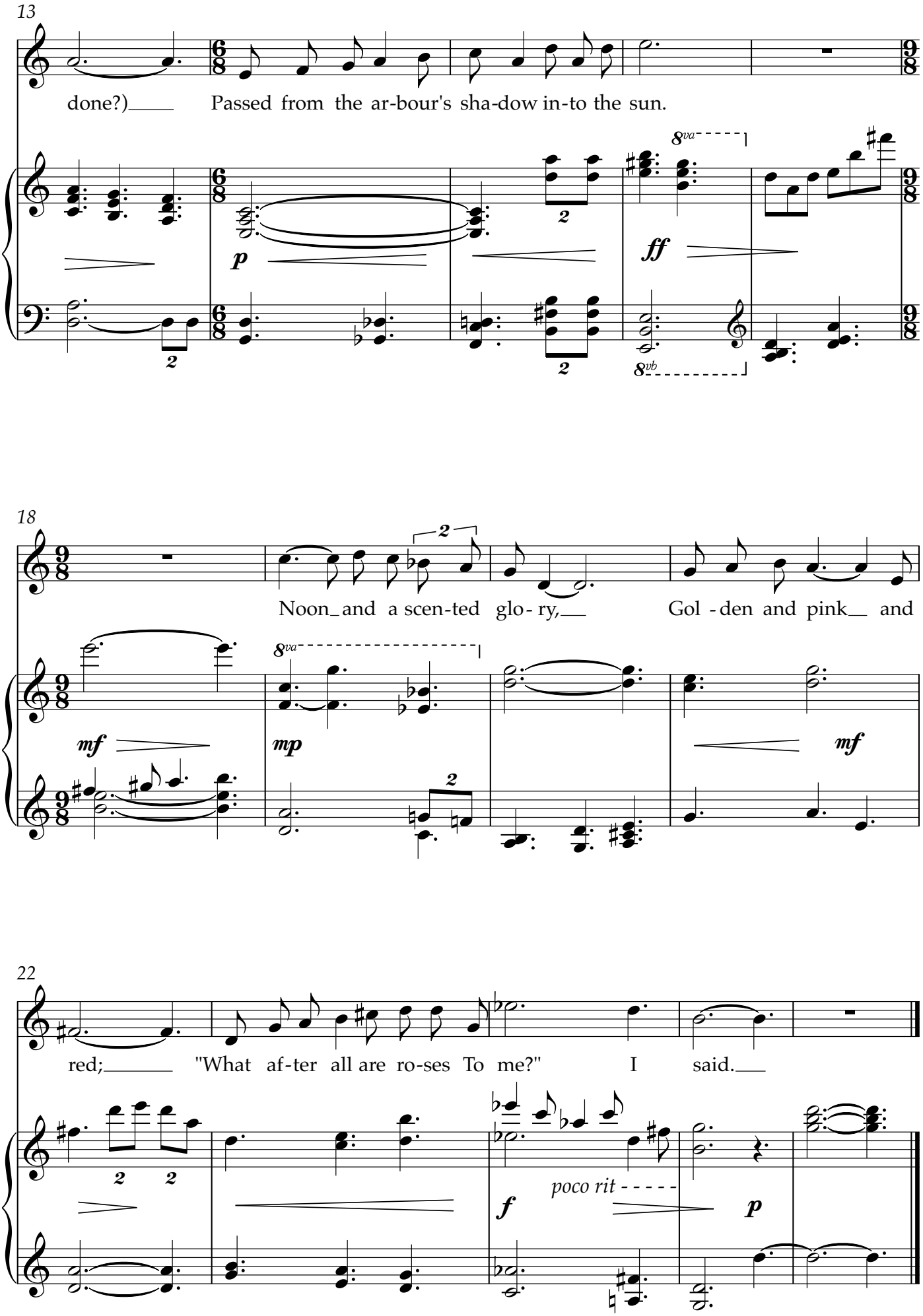
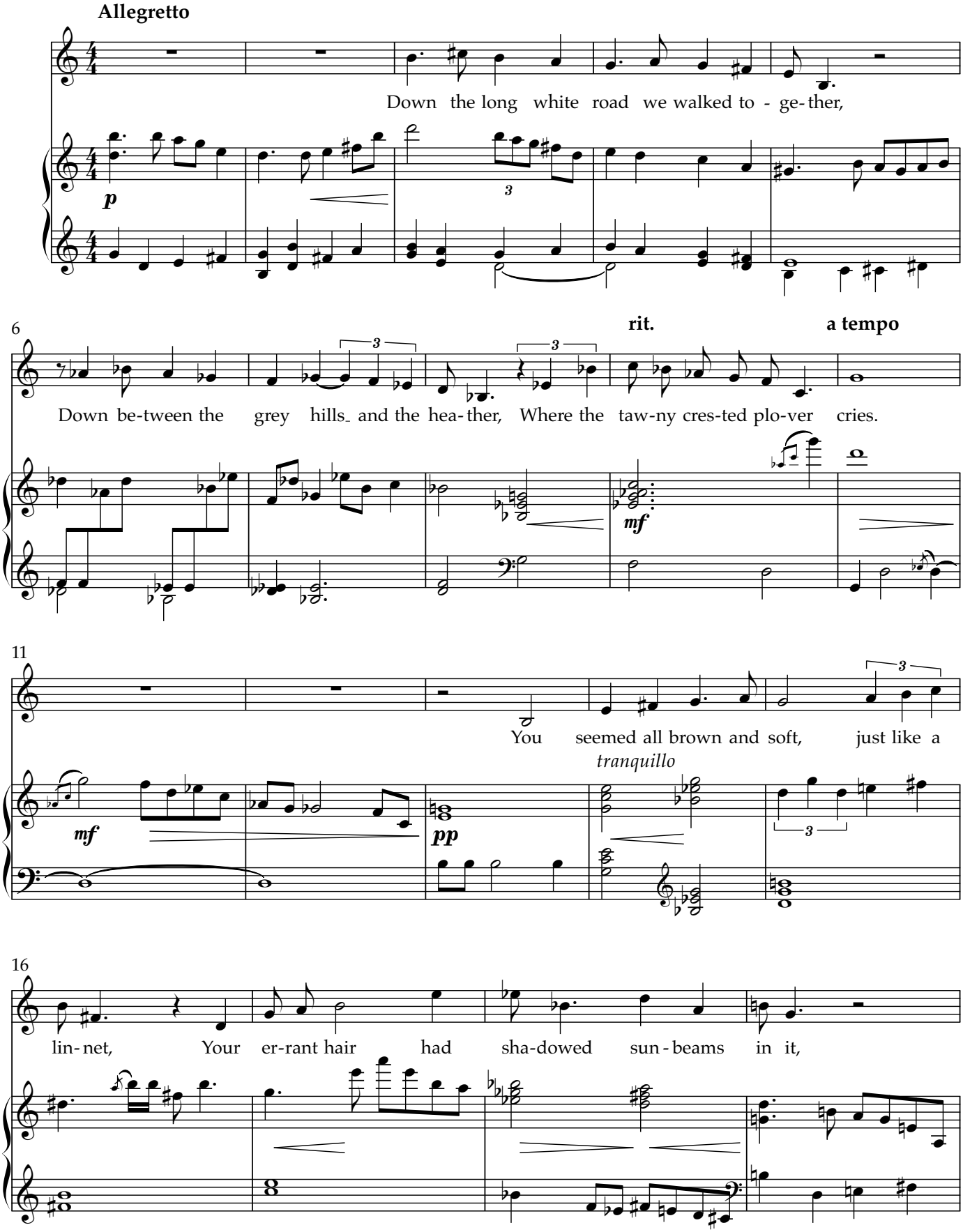


January 1987, revised June 2012

Nachklang

Op. 47 no. 3

Roland Leighton **Tony Noakes**



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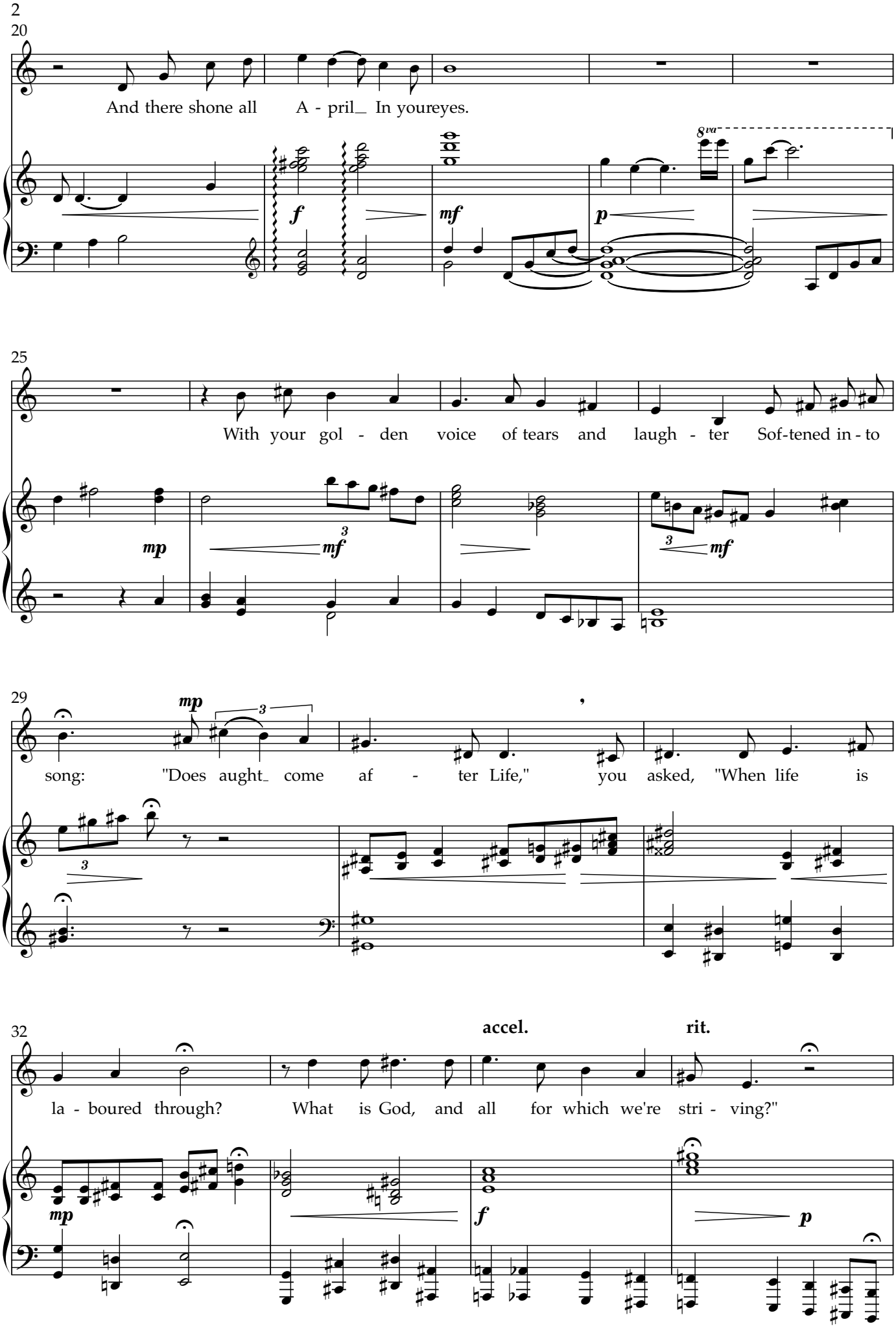
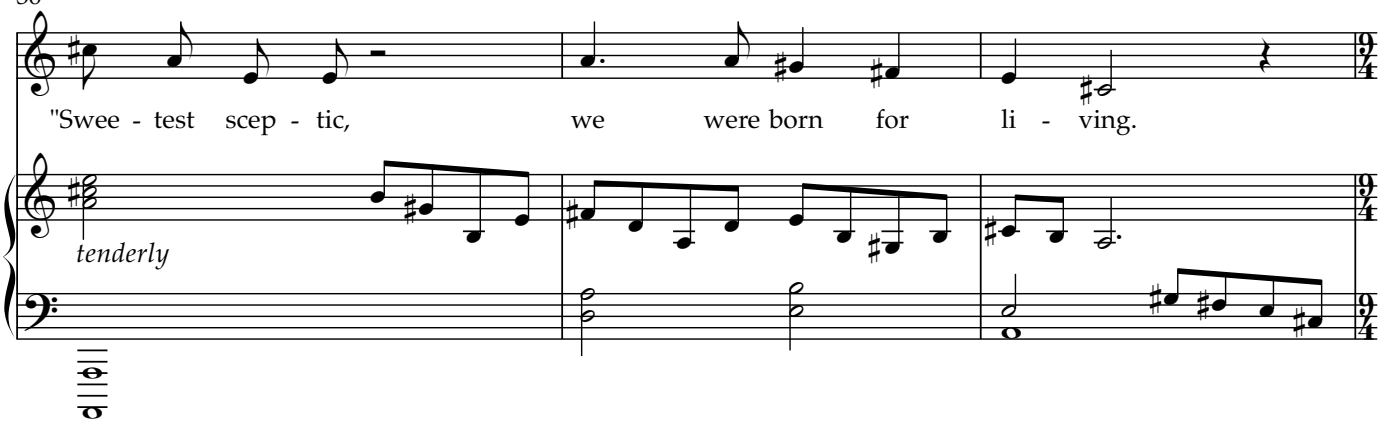
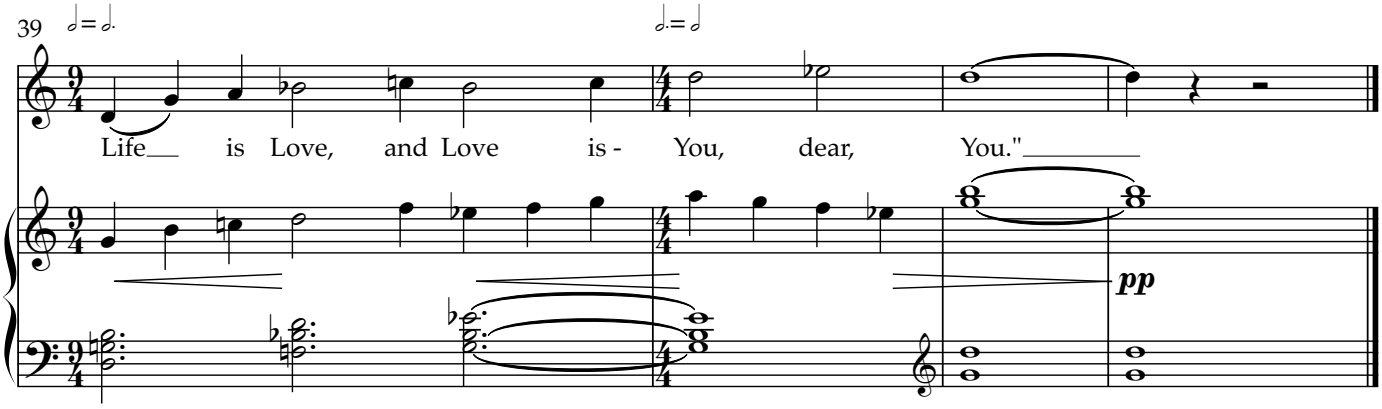

20
And there shone all A - pril_ In youreyes.
8va
f
mf
p
25
With your gol - den voice of tears and laugh - ter Sof-tened in - to
mp
mf
3
mf
29
mp
song: "Does aught_ come af - ter Life," you asked, "When life is
3
32
accel.
rit.
la - boured through? What is God, and all for which we're stri - ving?"
mp
f
p

36 **Andante**



39

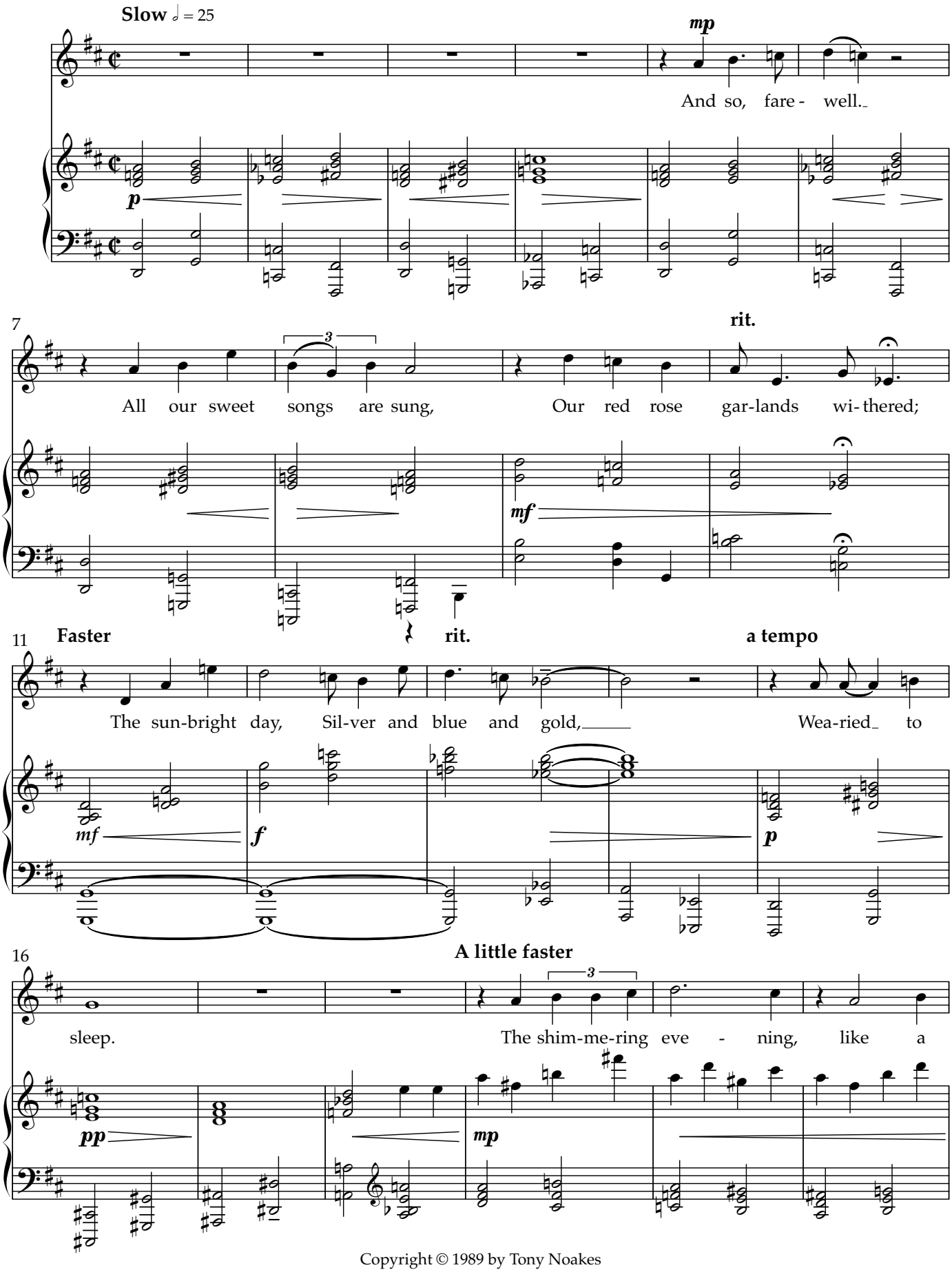


attacca no. 4

And so, farewell

Op. 47 no. 4

Roland Leighton **Tony Noakes**



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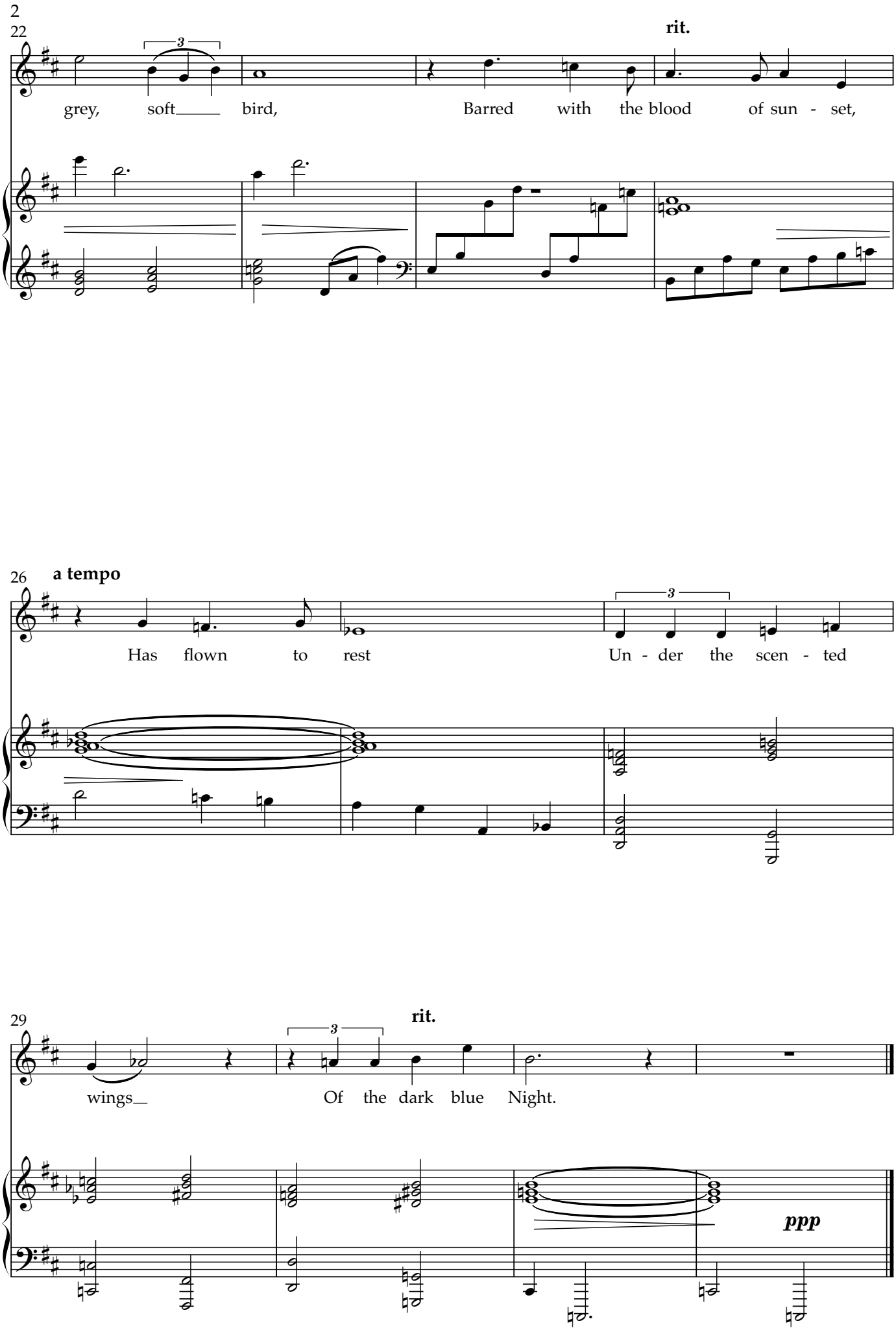
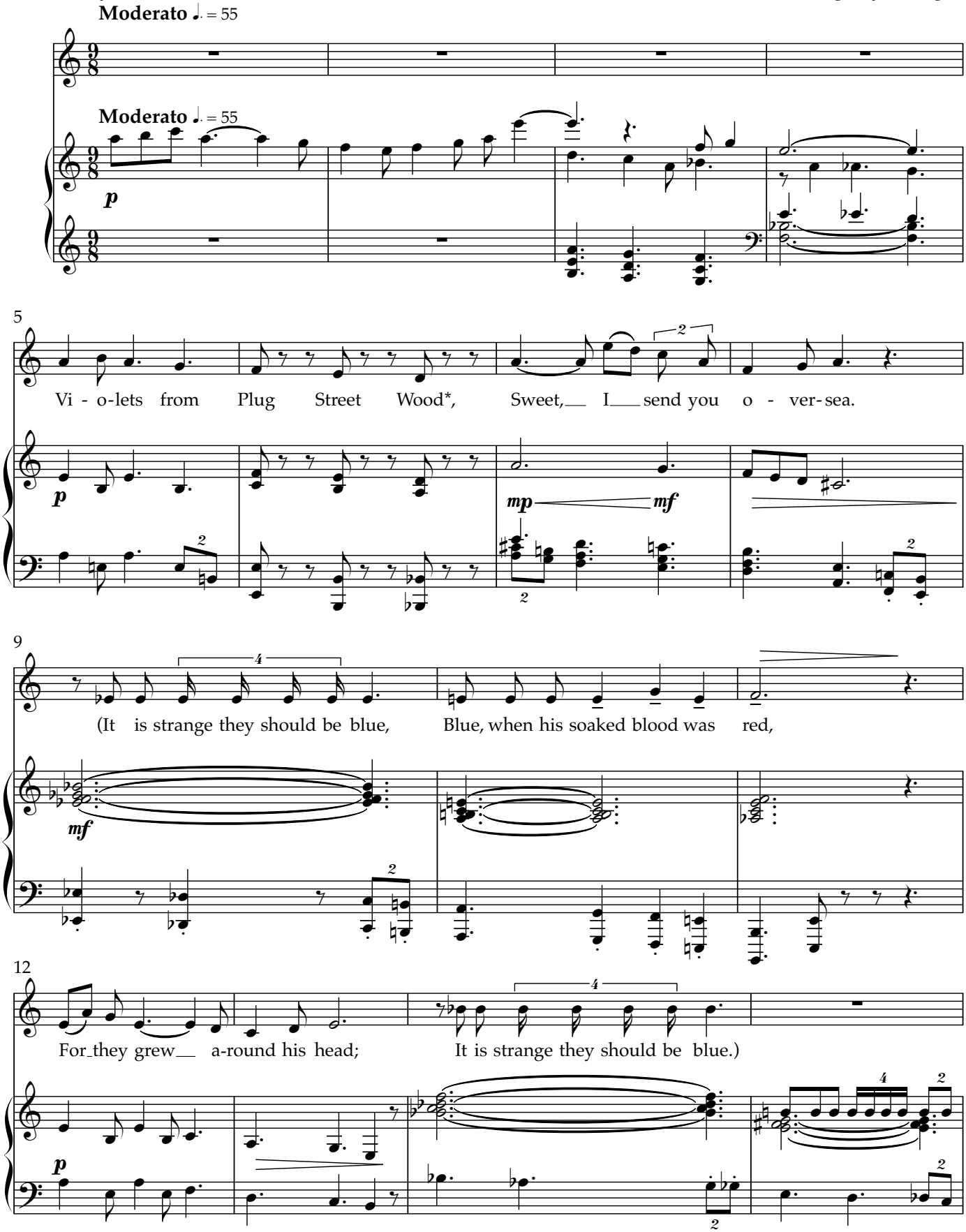

22
rit.
grey, soft bird, Barred with the blood of sun - set,
26
a tempo
Has flown to rest Un - der the scen - ted
29
rit.
wings Of the dark blue Night.
ppp

Villanelle ("Violets") Op. 47 no. 5

for Voice and Piano

Roland Leighton
Translated by

Tony Noakes
Arranged by [Arranger]



*Ploegsteert Wood, Flanders

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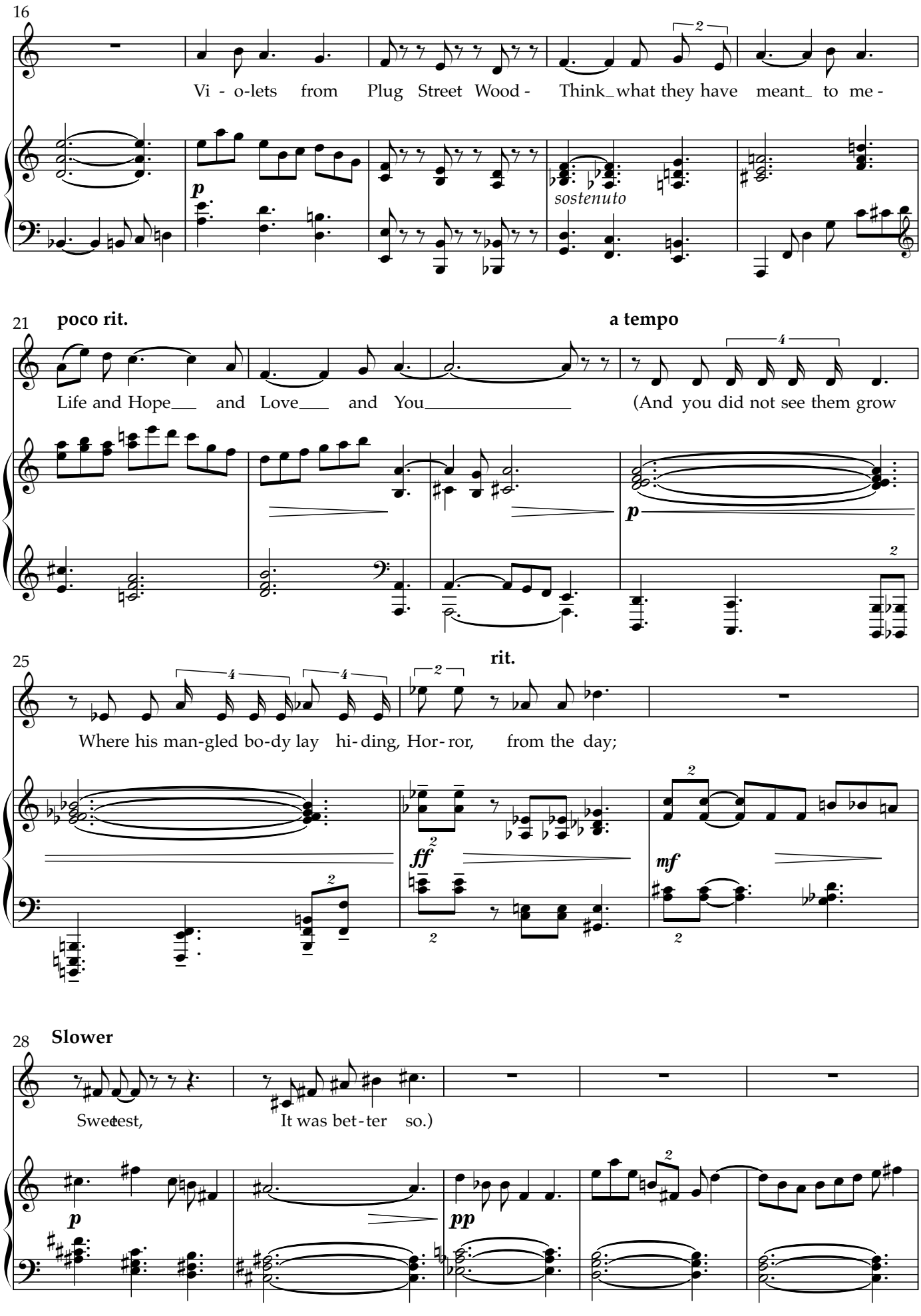
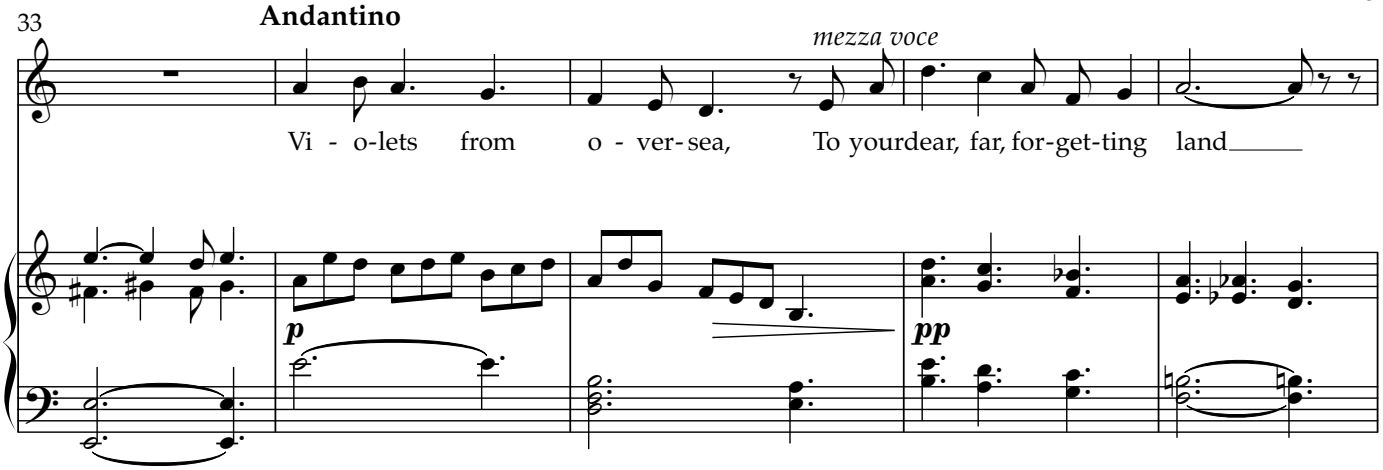
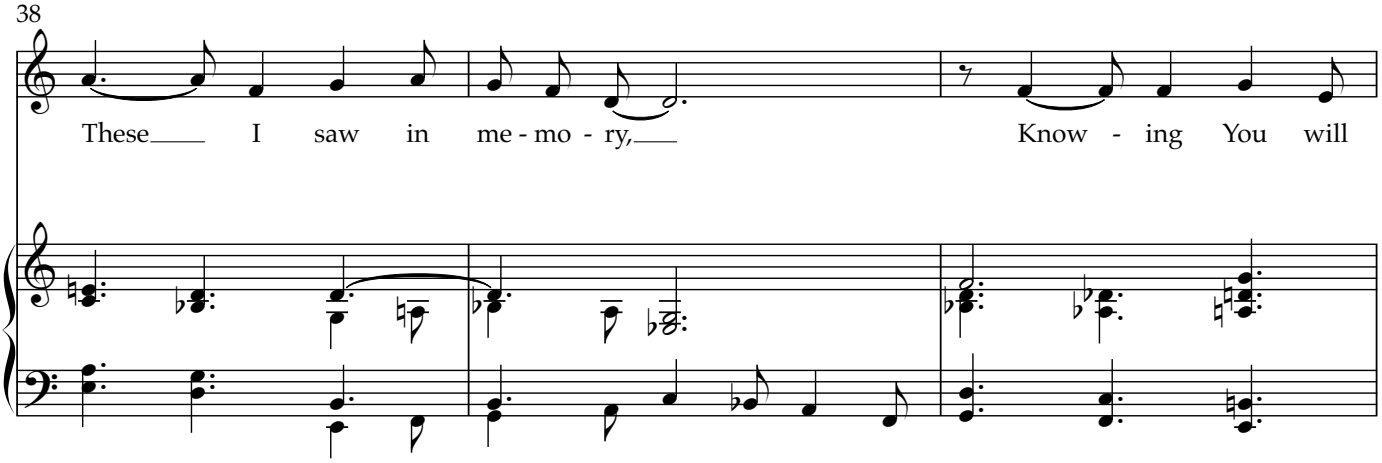
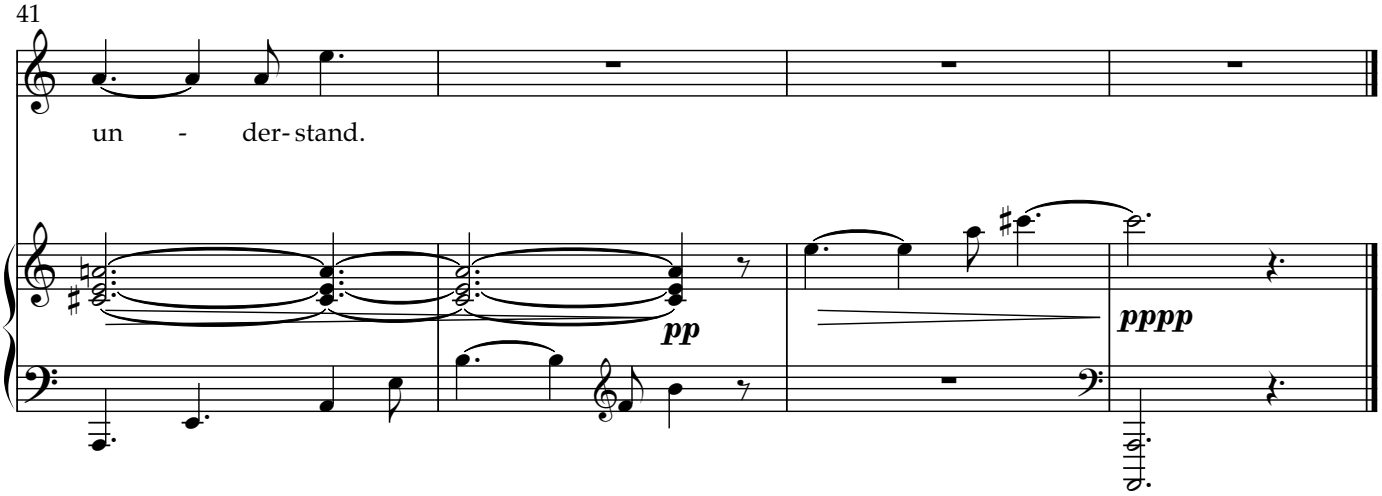

16
Vi - o-lets from Plug Street Wood - Think_what they have meant_ to me -
p
sostenuto
21
poco rit.
a tempo
Life and Hope___ and Love___ and You_____ (And you did not see them grow
p
25
rit.
Where his man-gled bo-dy lay hi-ding, Hor-ror, from the day;
ff
mf
28
Slower
Sweetest, It was bet-ter so.)
p
pp


33
Andantino
mezza voce
Vi - o-lets from o - ver-sea, To yourdear, far, for-get-ting land
p
pp

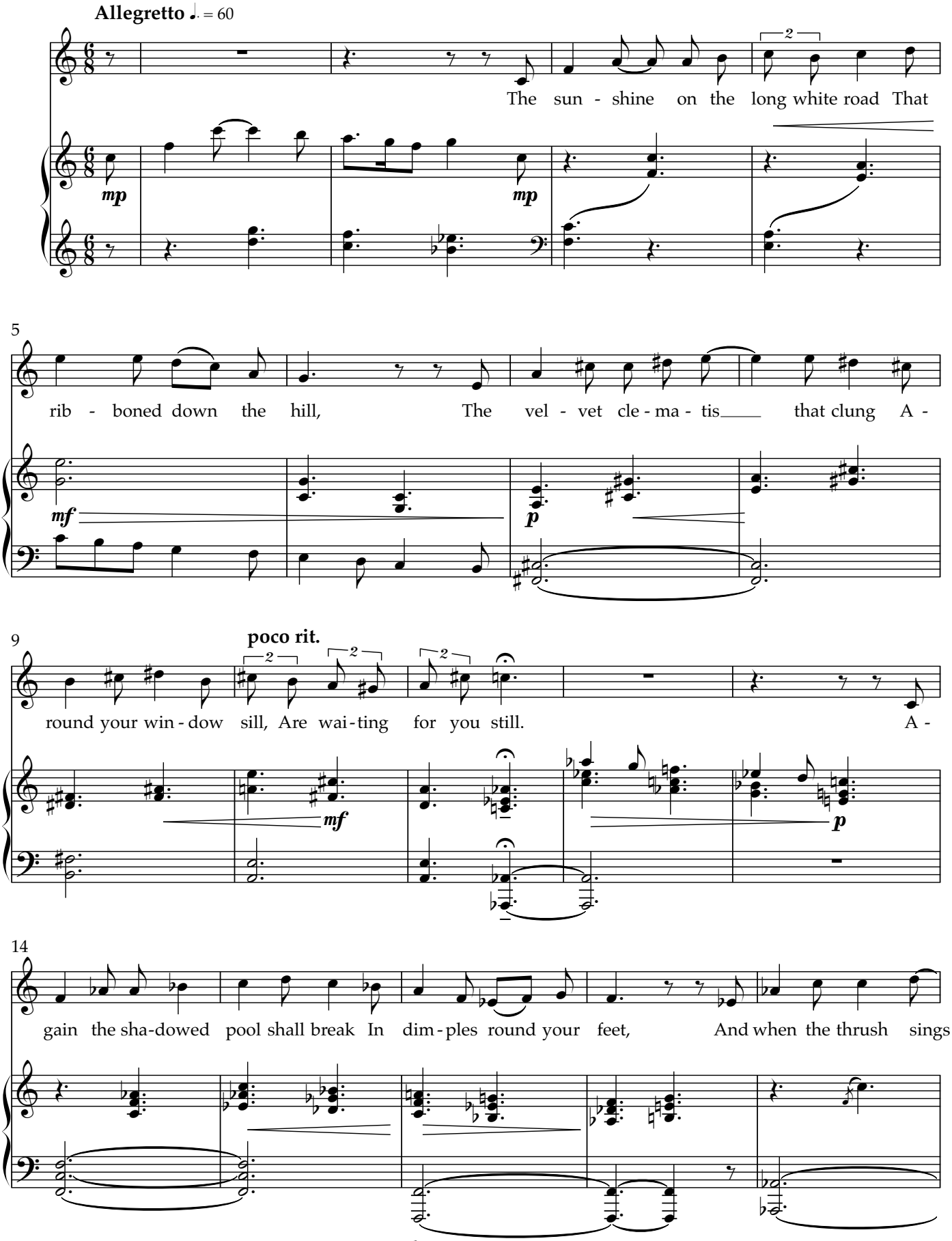

38
These I saw in me - mo - ry, Know - ing You will


41
un - der-stand.
pp
pppp

Hédauville, November 1915

Op. 47 no. 6

Roland Leighton **Tony Noakes**



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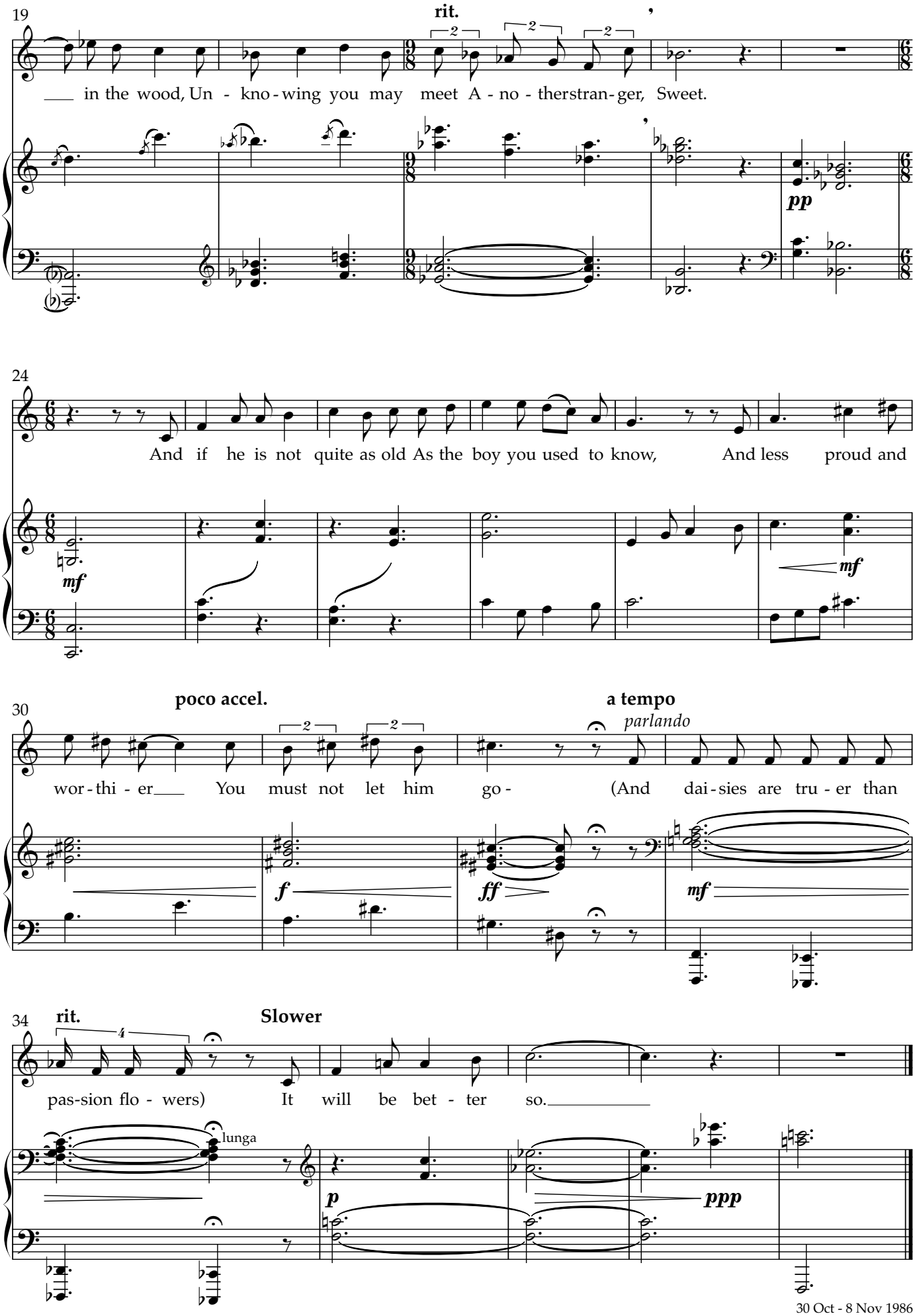
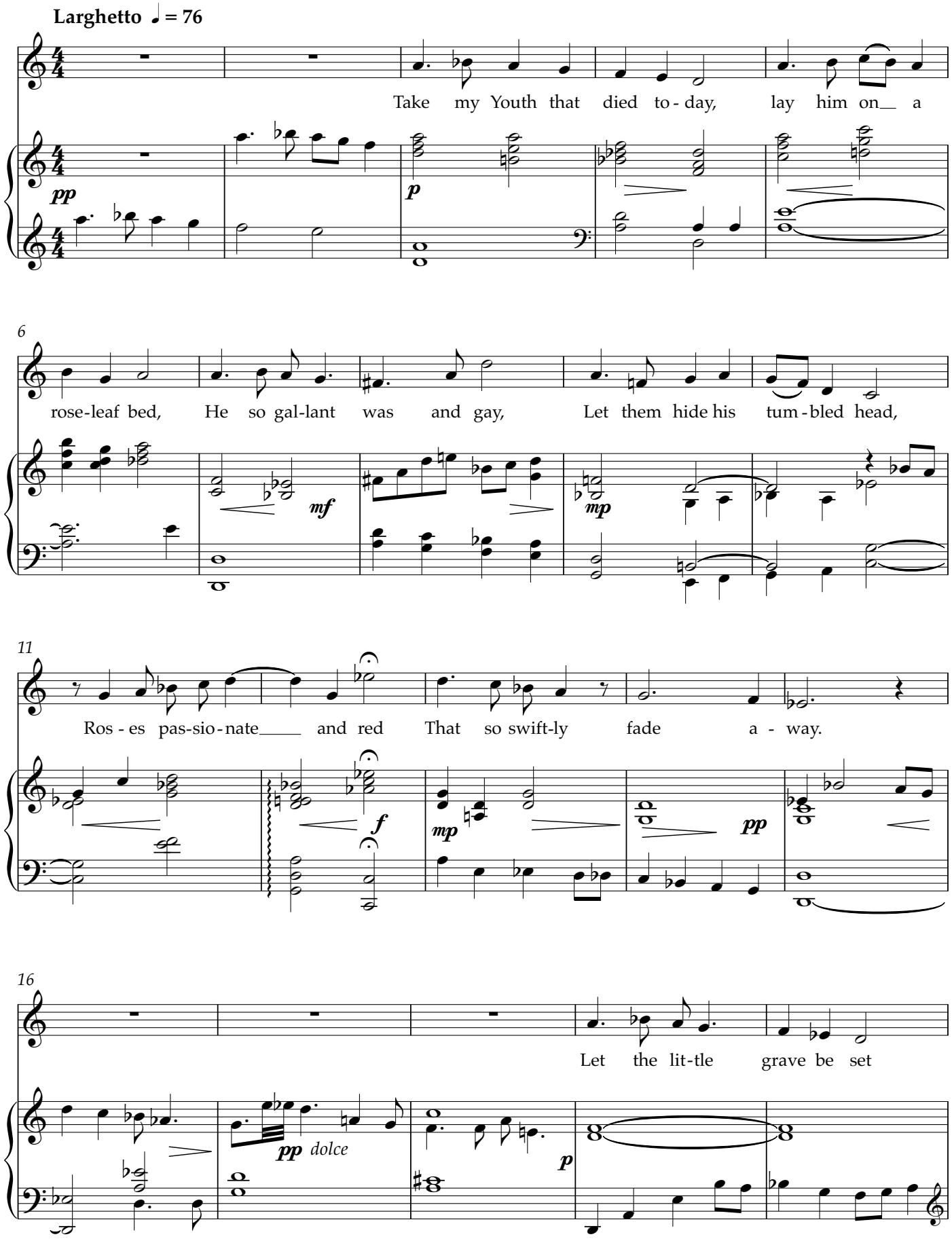


30 Oct - 8 Nov 1986

Take my Youth that died today

William Noel Hodgson

Tony Noakes



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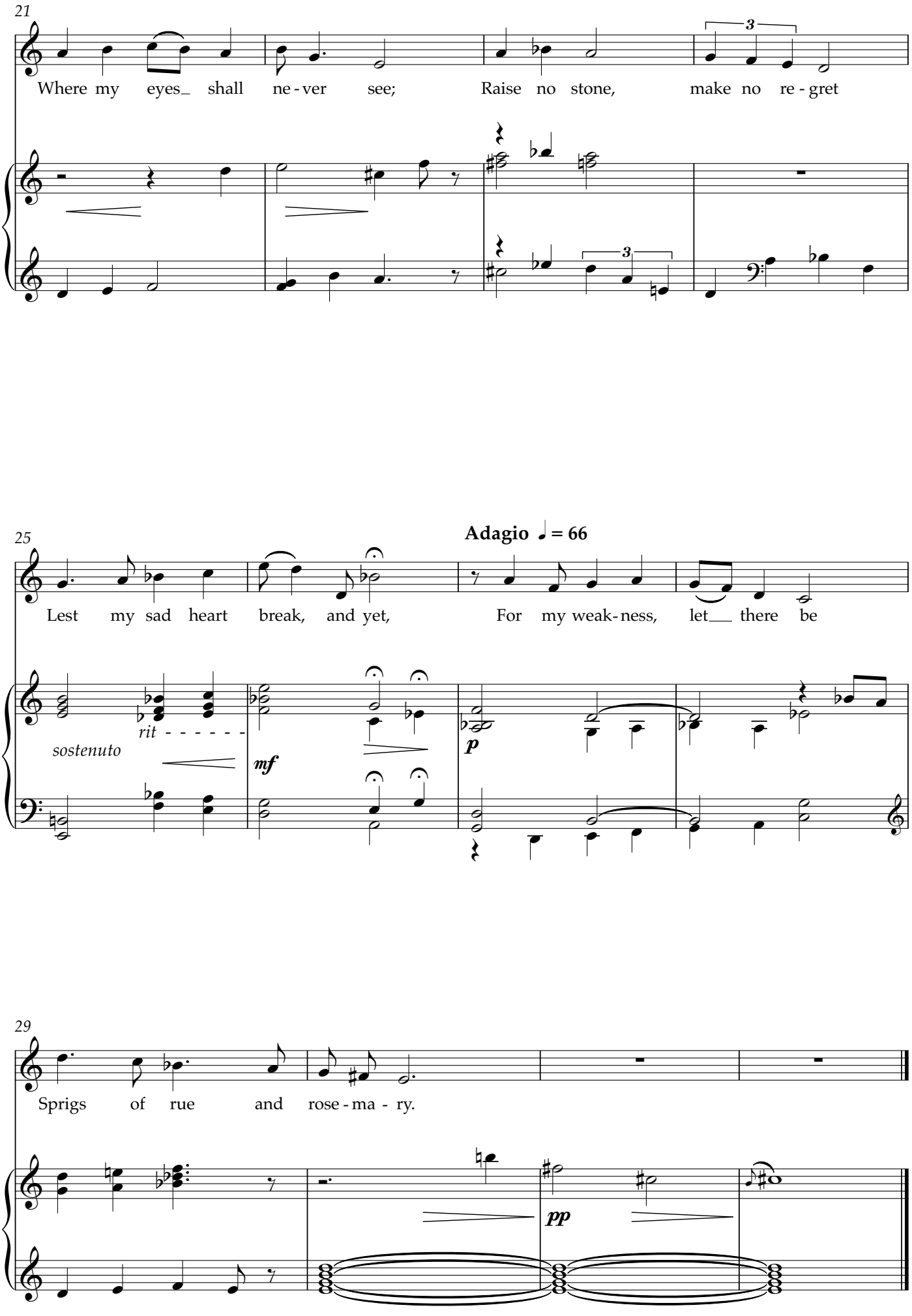
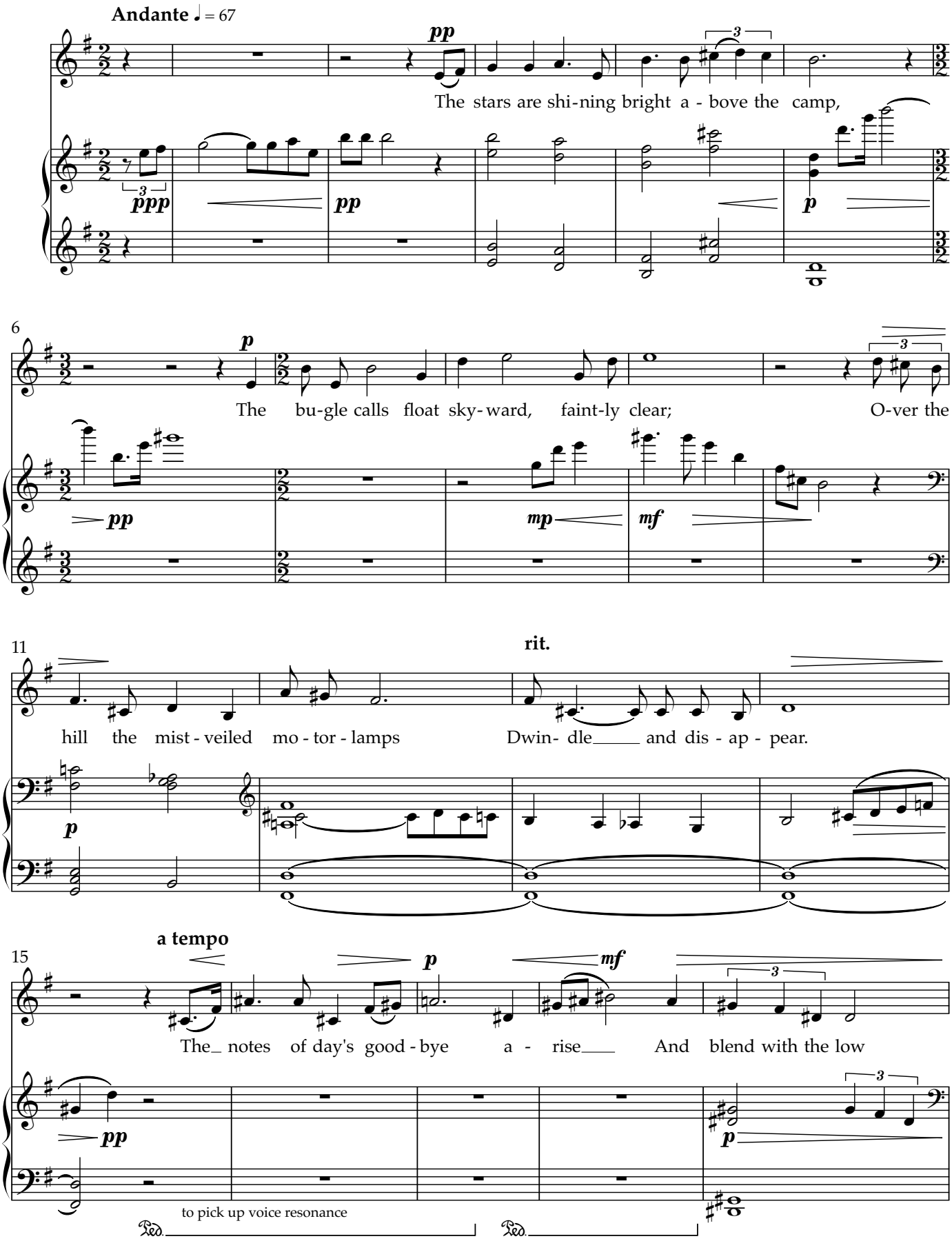

21
Where my eyes_ shall ne - ver see;
Raise no stone, make no re - gret
25
Adagio ♩ = 66
Lest my sad heart break, and yet,
For my weak - ness, let___ there be
rit - - - - - -
sostenuto
mf
p
29
Sprigs of rue and rose - ma - ry.
pp

The Last Post

Op. 47 no. 8

Vera Brittain **Tony Noakes**



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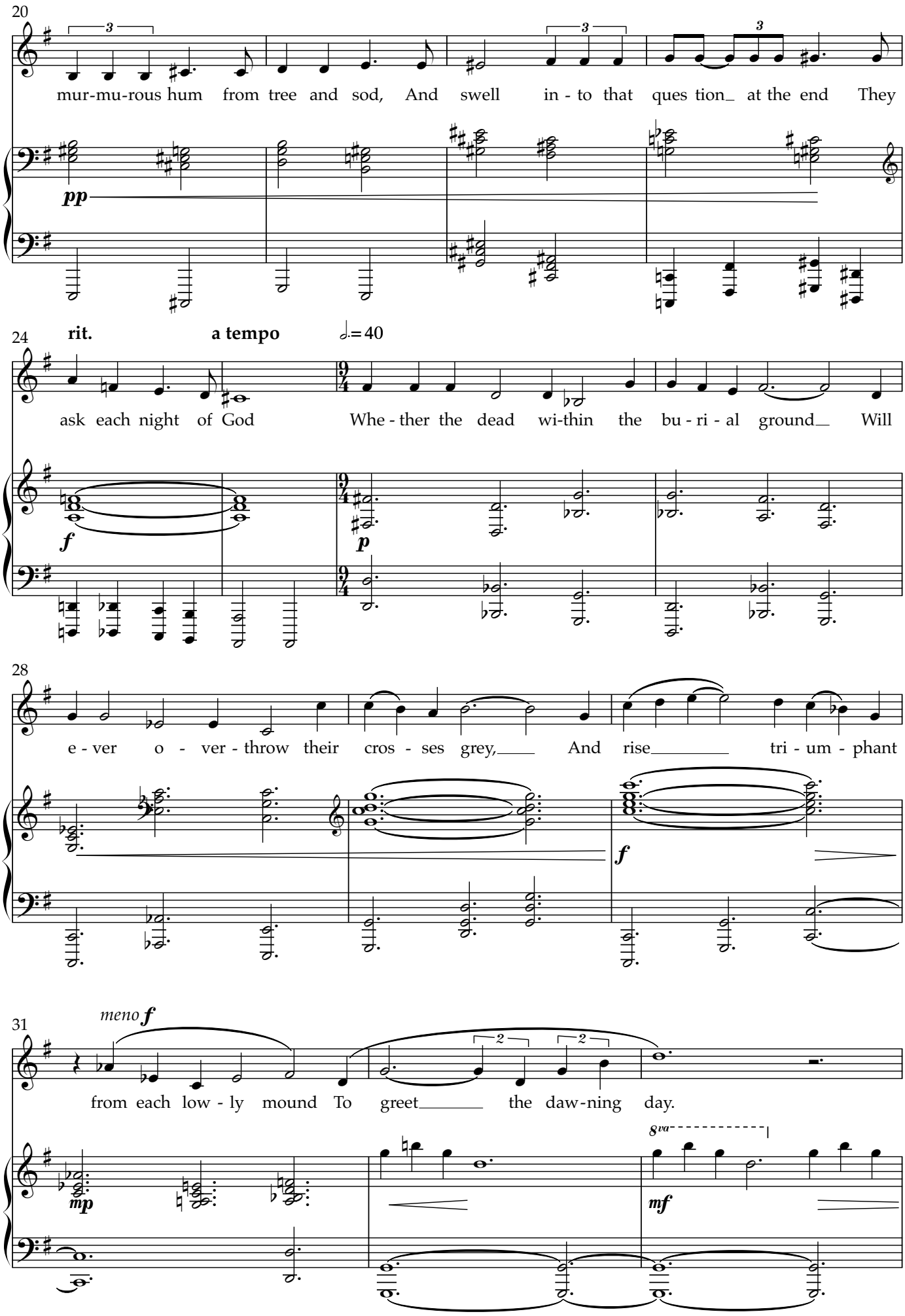
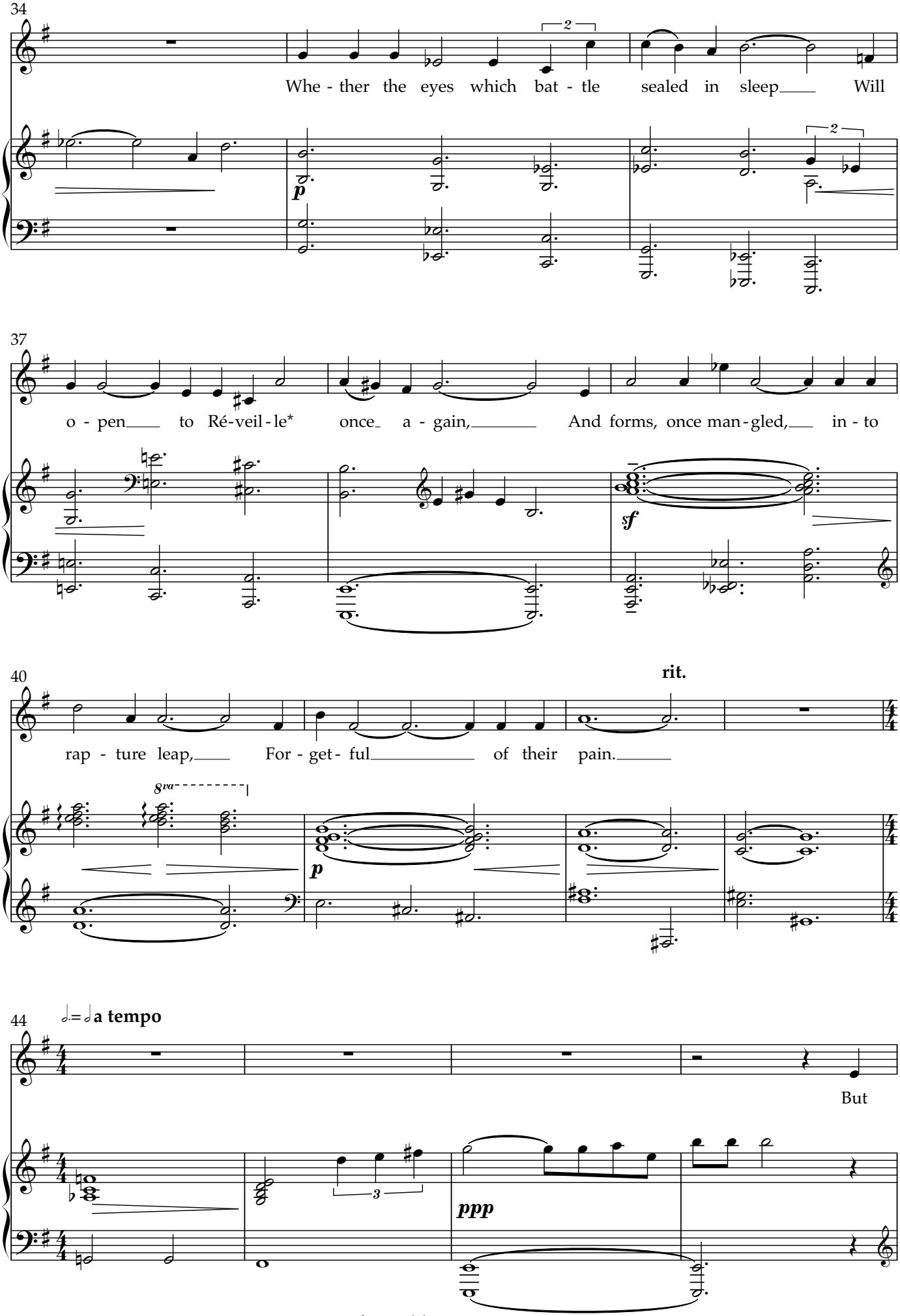

20
mur-mu-rous hum from tree and sod, And swell in - to that ques tion_ at the end They
pp
24
rit.
a tempo
♩.= 40
ask each night of God Whe - ther the dead wi-thin the bu - ri - al ground_ Will
f
p
28
e - ver o - ver - throw their cros - ses grey,_ And rise_ tri - um - phant
f
31
meno f
from each low - ly mound To greet_ the daw-ning day.
mp
8va
mf


34
Whe - ther the eyes which bat - tle sealed in sleep Will
p
37
o - pen to Ré-veil-le* once a - gain, And forms, once man-gled, in - to
sf
40
rit.
rap - ture leap, For - get - ful of their pain.
8va
p
44
a tempo
But
ppp
* re-vel-ly

48

still the stars a - bove the camp shine on, Gi-ving no an-swer for our sor-row's ease, And

pp

54

rit.

one more day with the Last Post has gone

57

Dy - ing, u - pon the breeze.

pp

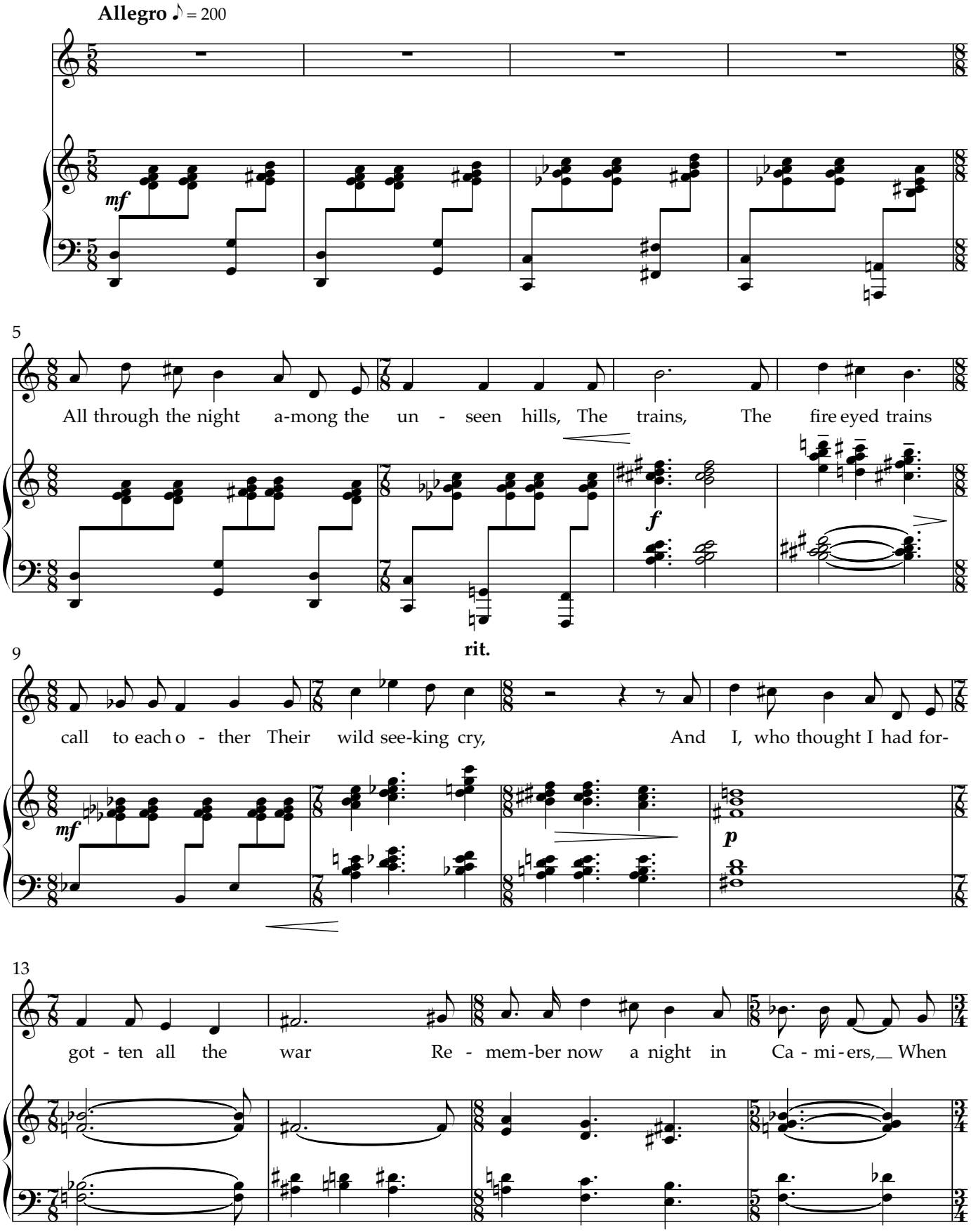
pppp

Jan - Feb 1987

Trains in France

Op. 47 no. 9

Winifred Holtby **Tony Noakes**



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17

through the dark-ness as I wake-ful lay, I heard the trains, The sa - vage shrie-king trains

21

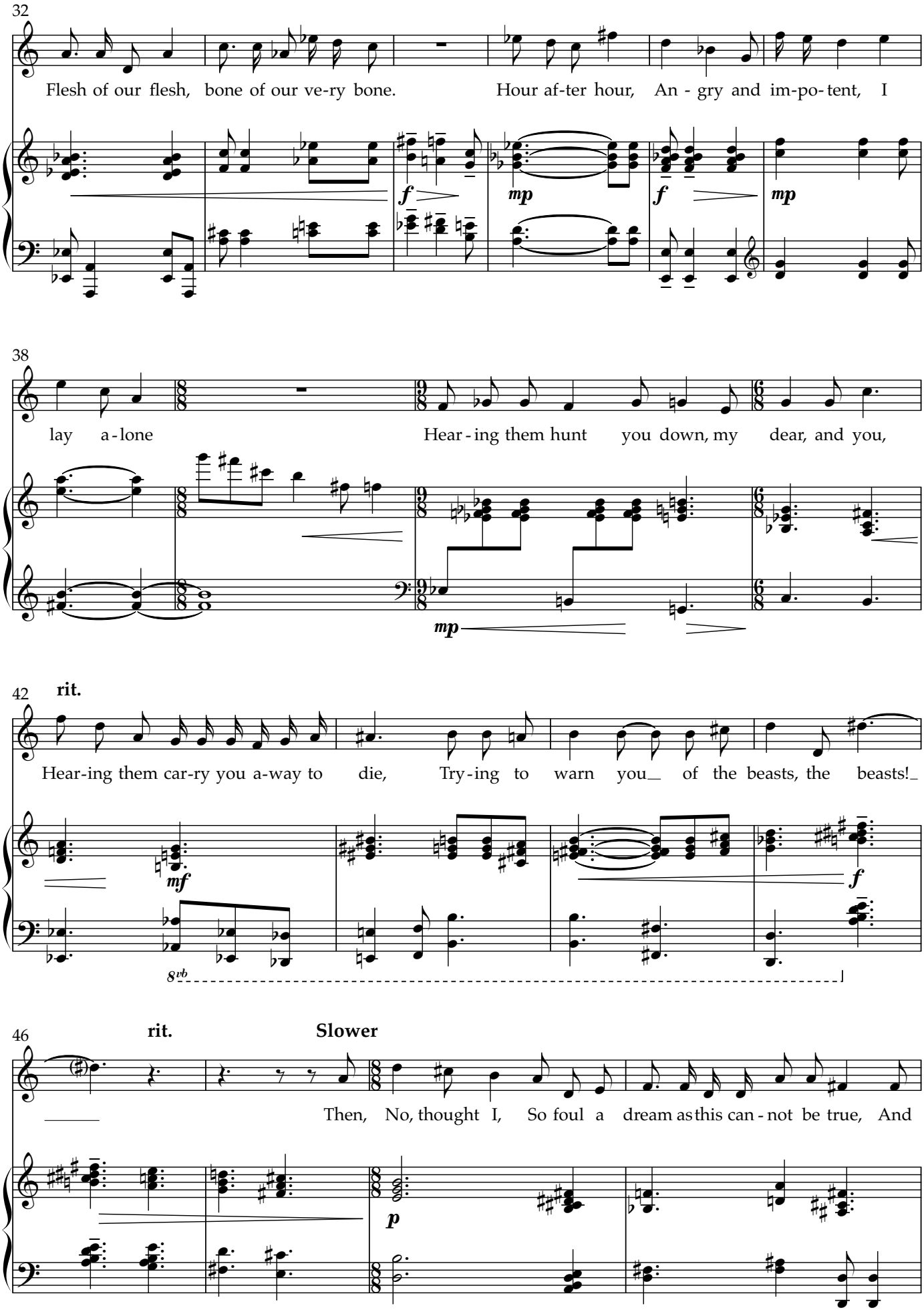
Call to each o - ther their fierce hun - ting cry, Ruth-less, in - e - vi-ta-ble, as the

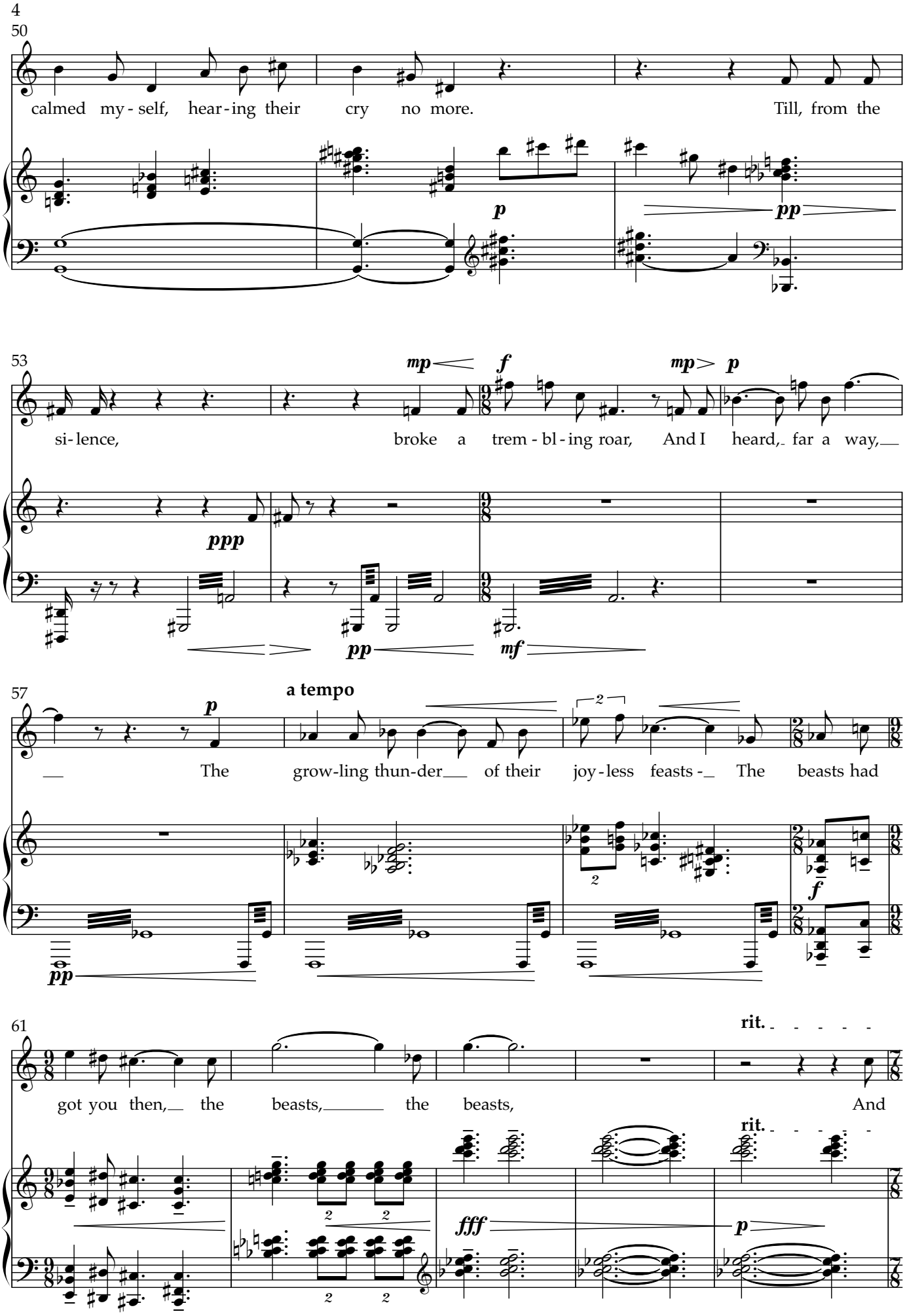
25

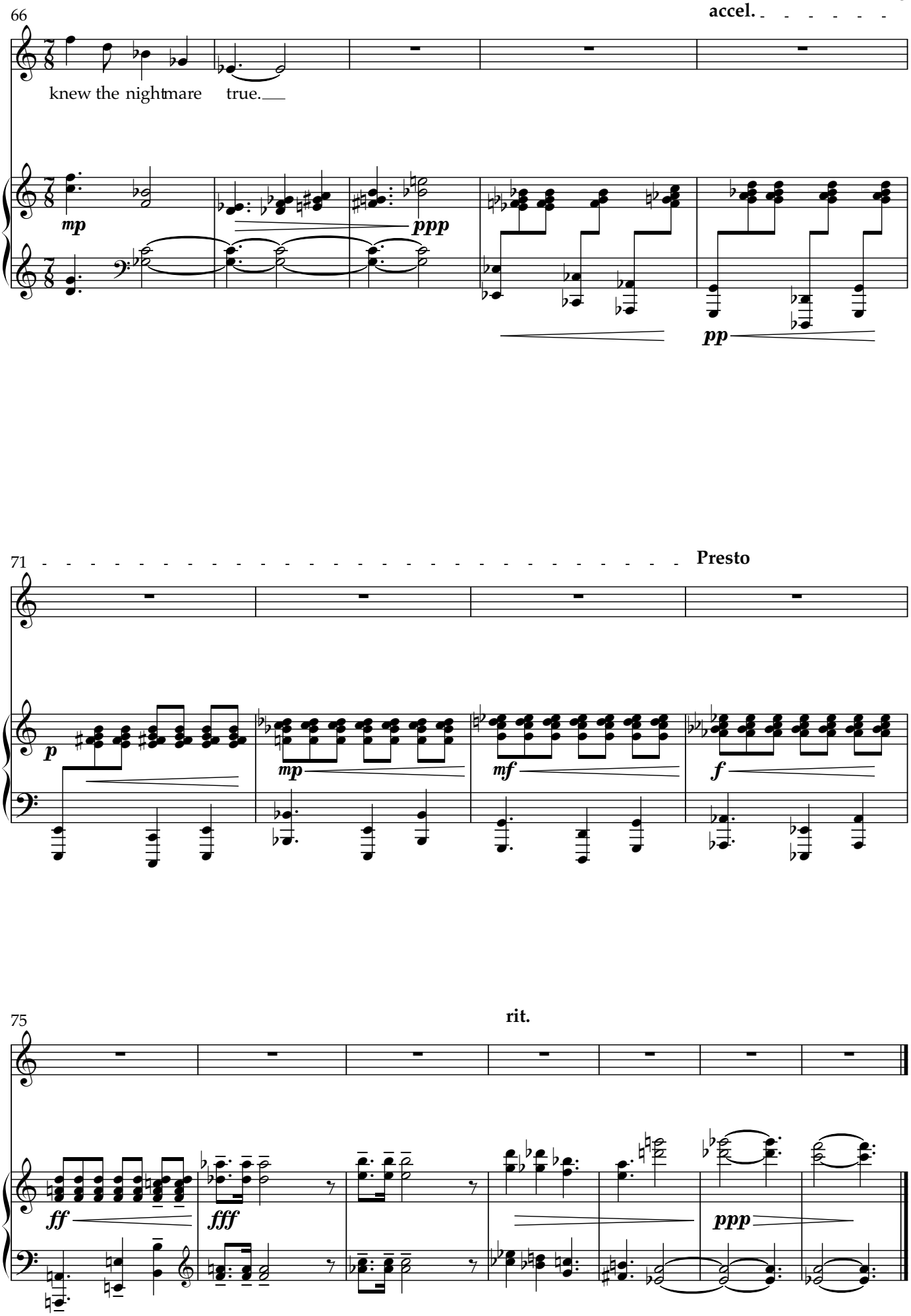
beasts Af-ter their prey.

29

Made for this end bytheir cre - a - tors, they, Whose busi - ness was to cap-ture and de-vour


32
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our ve-ry bone. Hour af-ter hour, An - gry and im-po-tent, I
f
mp
f
mp
38
lay a-lone Hear-ing them hunt you down, my dear, and you,
mp
42
rit.
Hear-ing them car-ry you a-way to die, Try-ing to warn you of the beasts, the beasts!
mf
f
8vb
46
rit.
Slower
Then, No, thought I, So foul a dream as this can-not be true, And
p

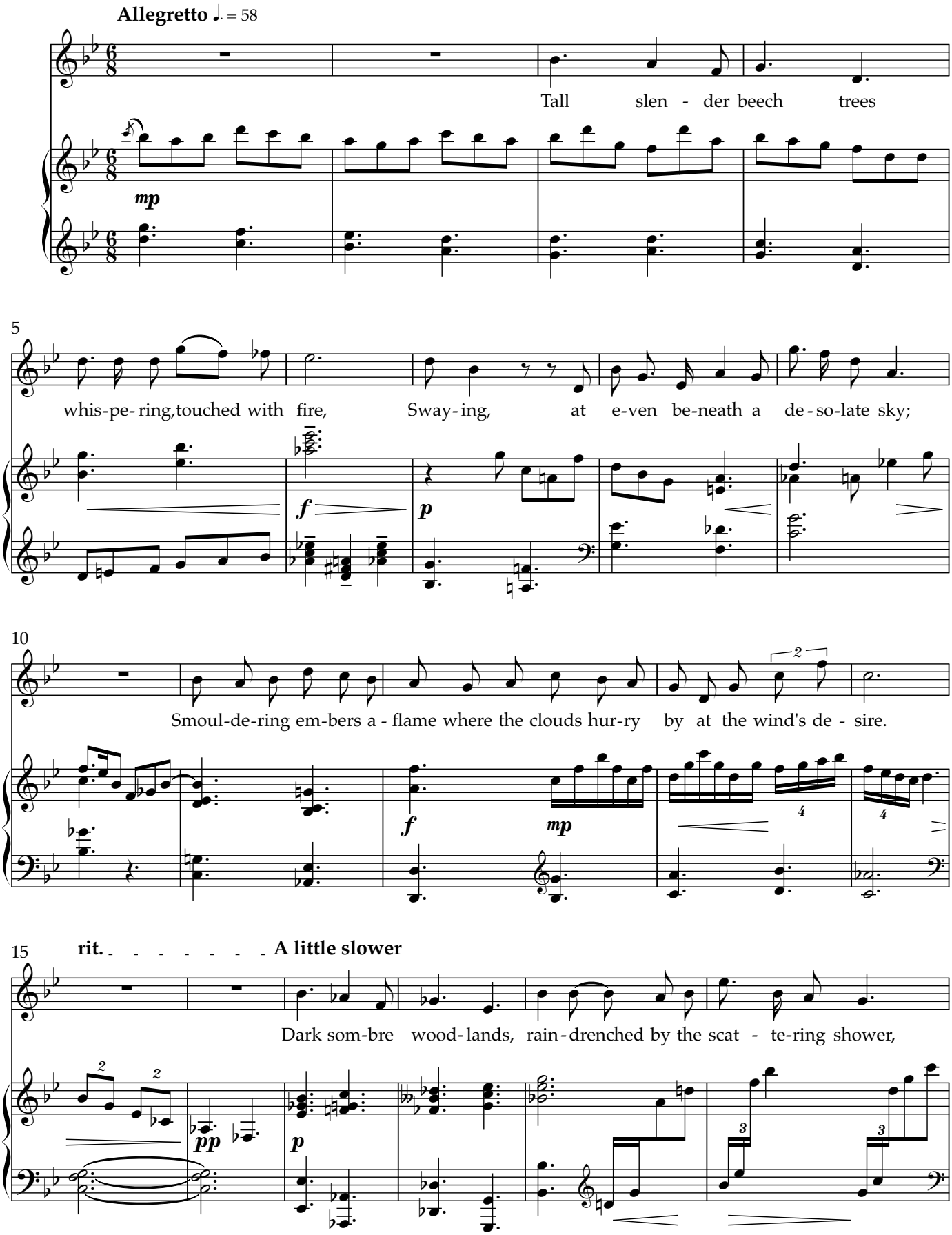

50
calmed my - self, hear - ing their cry no more. Till, from the
p
pp
53
mp
f
mp
p
si - lence, broke a trem - bl - ing roar, And I heard, far a way,
ppp
pp
mf
57
a tempo
p
The grow-ling thun-der of their joy - less feasts - The beasts had
pp
f
61
rit.
got you then, the beasts, the beasts, And
rit.
fff
p


66
accel.
knew the nightmare true.
mp
ppp
pp
71
Presto
p
mp
mf
f
75
rit.
ff
fff
ppp

Boar's Hill, October 1919

Op. 47 no. 10

Vera Brittain **Tony Noakes**



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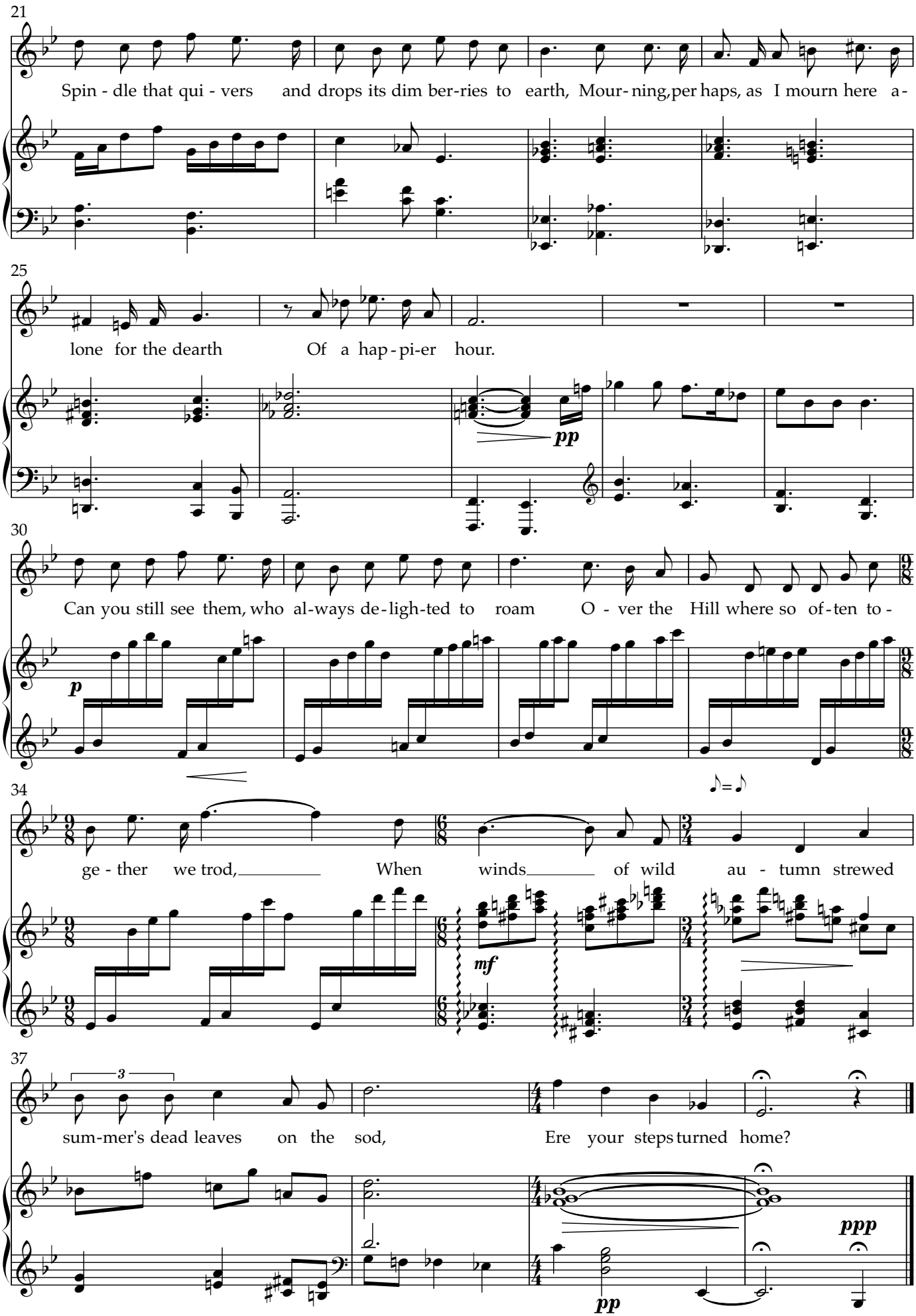
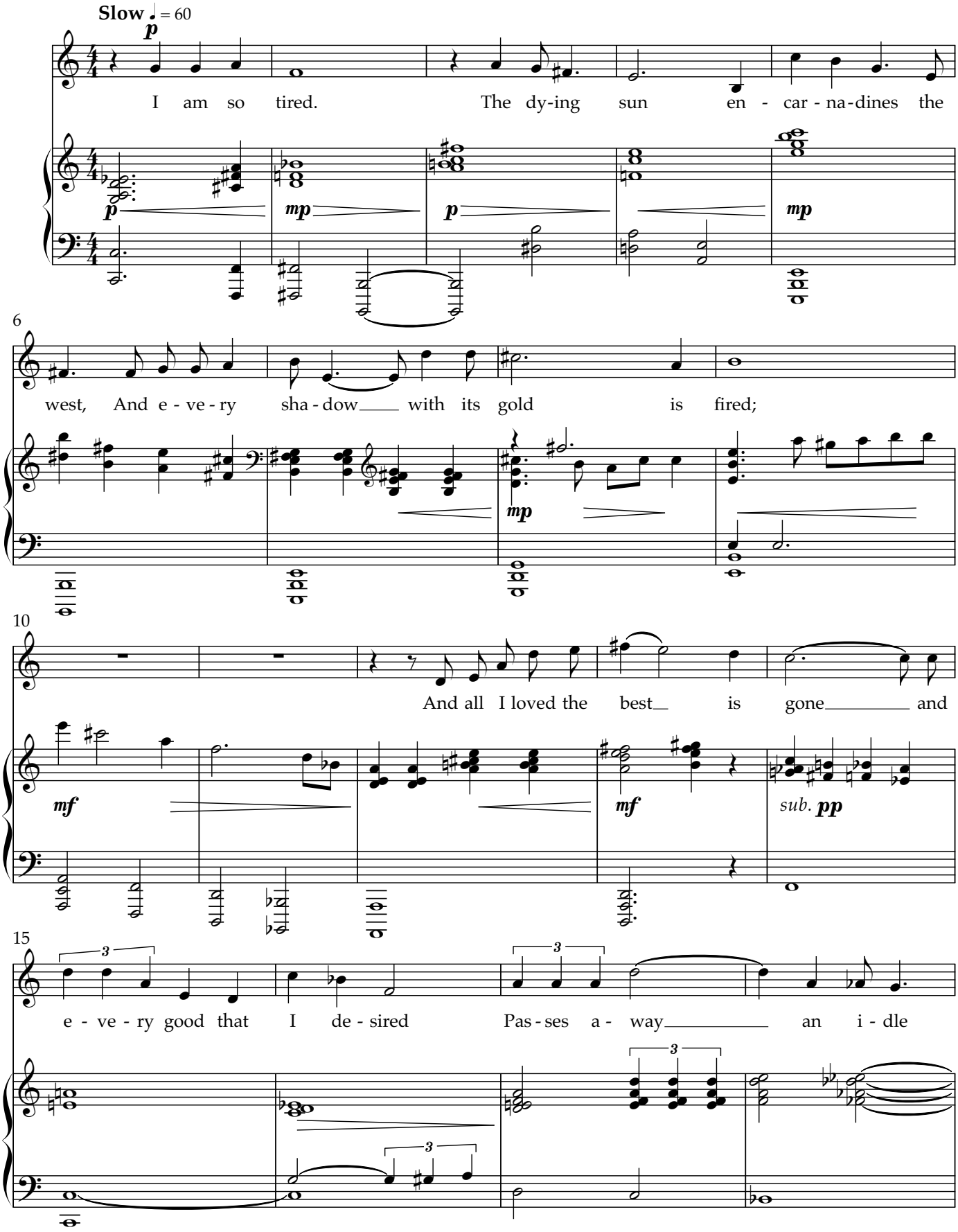

21
Spin - dle that qui - vers and drops its dim ber-ries to earth, Mour- ning, per haps, as I mourn here a-
25
lone for the dearth Of a hap - pi-er hour.
pp
30
Can you still see them, who al-ways de-ligh-ted to roam O - ver the Hill where so of-ten to -
p
34
ge - ther we trod, When winds of wild au - tumn strewed
mf
37
sum-mer's dead leaves on the sod, Ere your steps turned home?
ppp
pp

I am so tired

Op. 47 no. 11

Vera Brittain **Tony Noakes**



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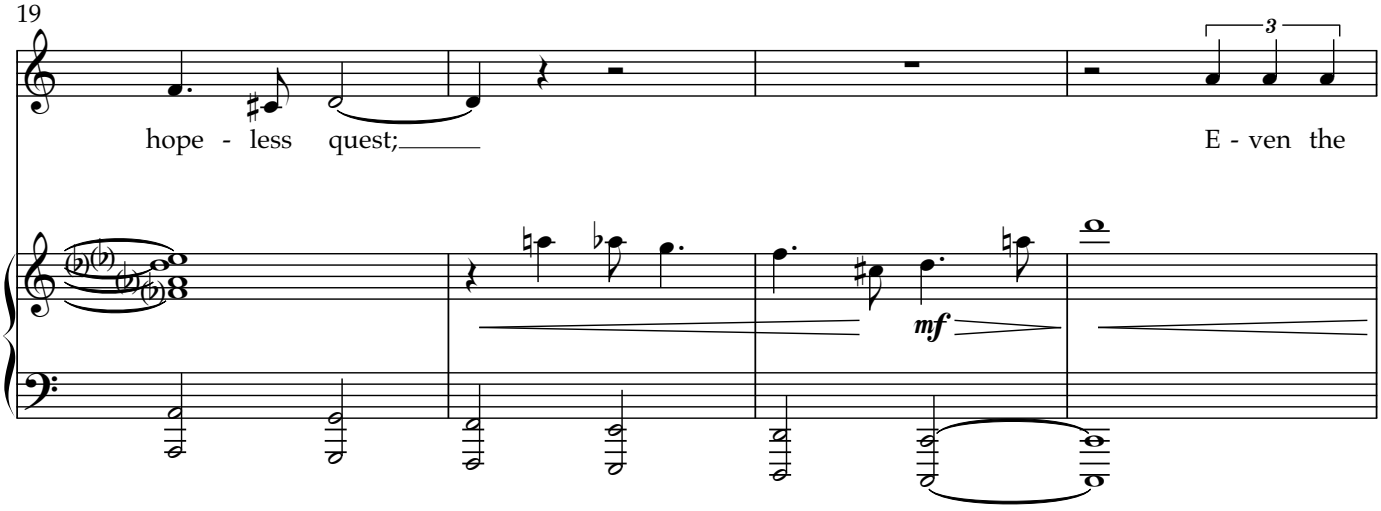
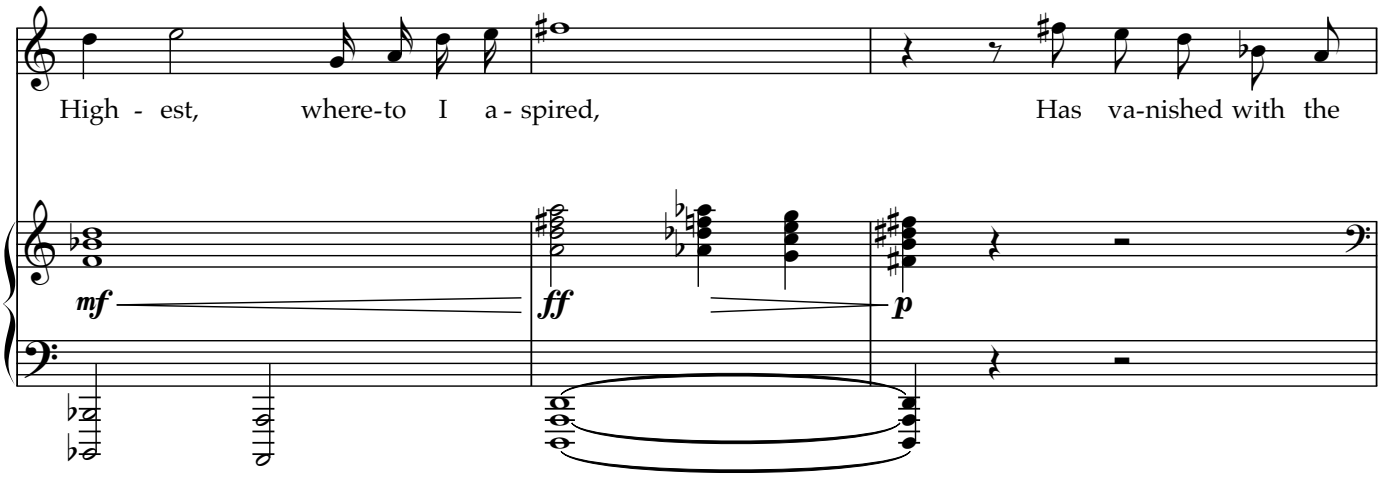
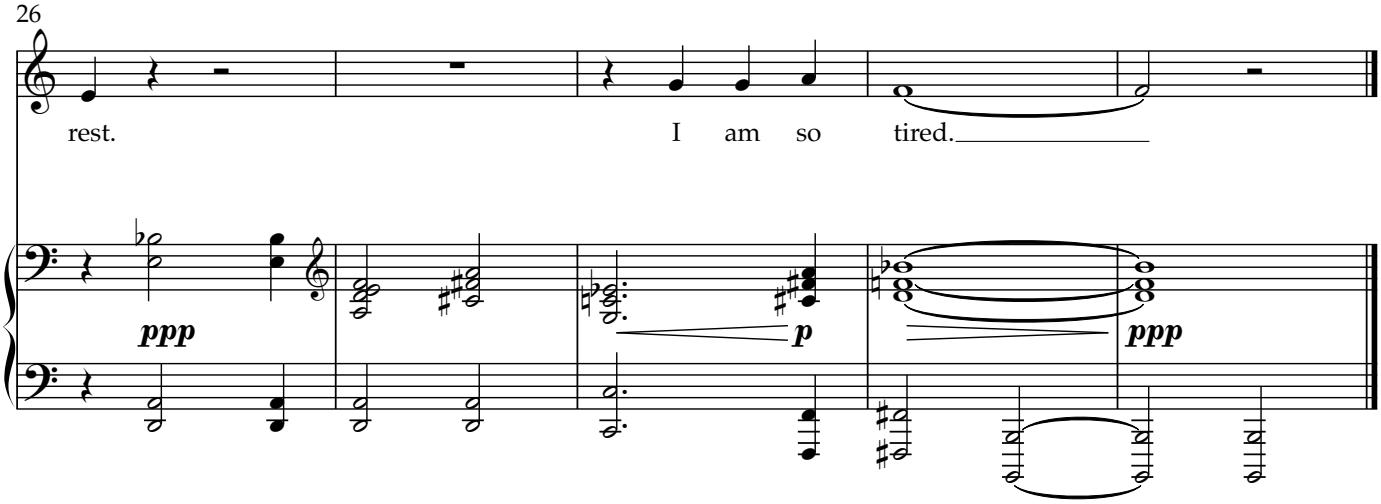
19


hope - less quest;
E - ven the
3
mf

23


High - est, where-to I a - spired,
Has va-nished with the
mf
ff
p

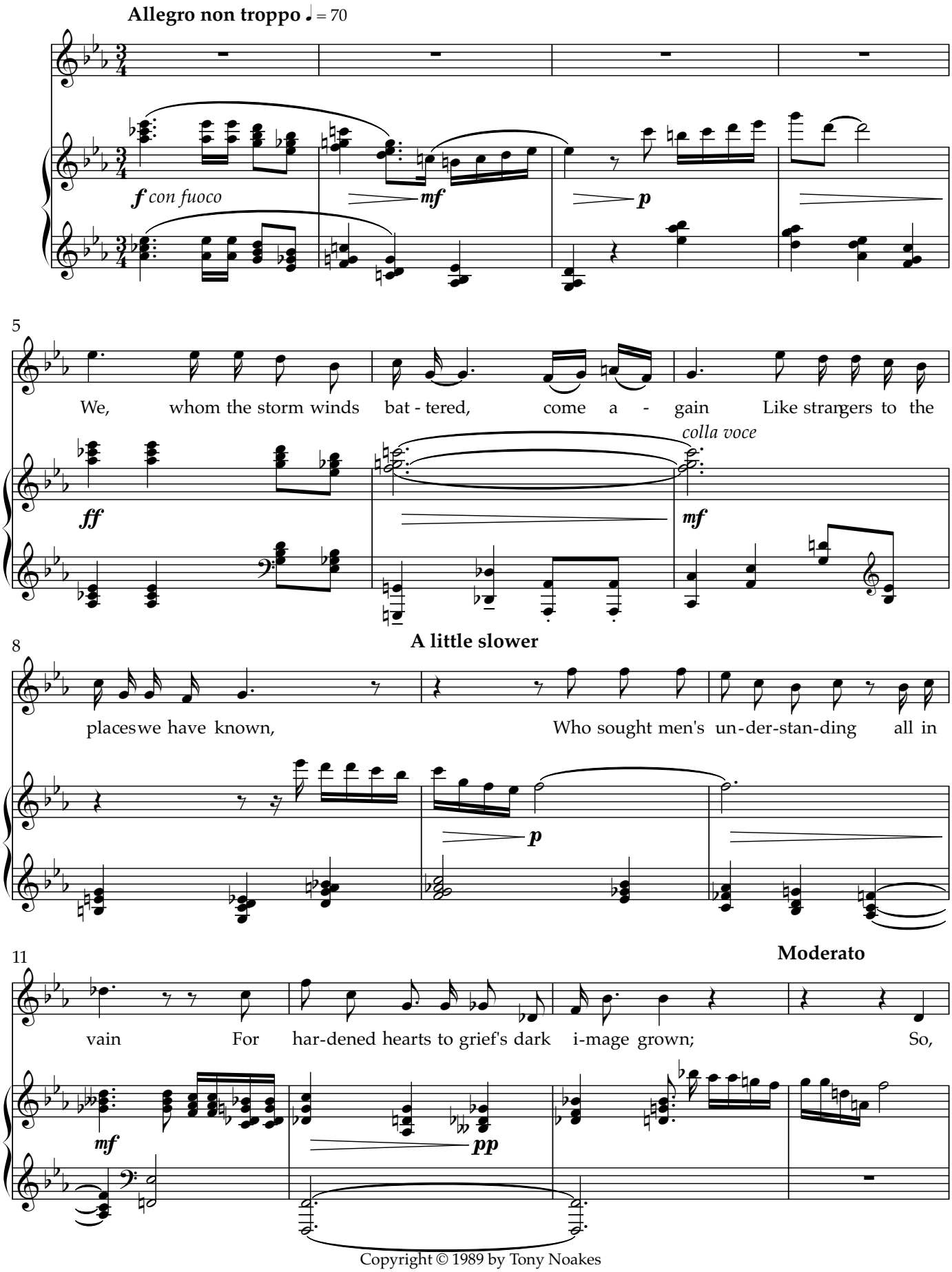
26


rest.
I am so tired.
ppp
p
ppp

The War generation: Vale

Op. 47 no. 12

Vera Brittain **Tony Noakes**



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15

pas-sing through the care-less crowd a-lone, Ghosts of a time no future can re store, We

mp *p*

20

accel.

de-so late ly roam__ for e-ver more__ An emp-ty shore.

mf *pp*

26

Tempo 1

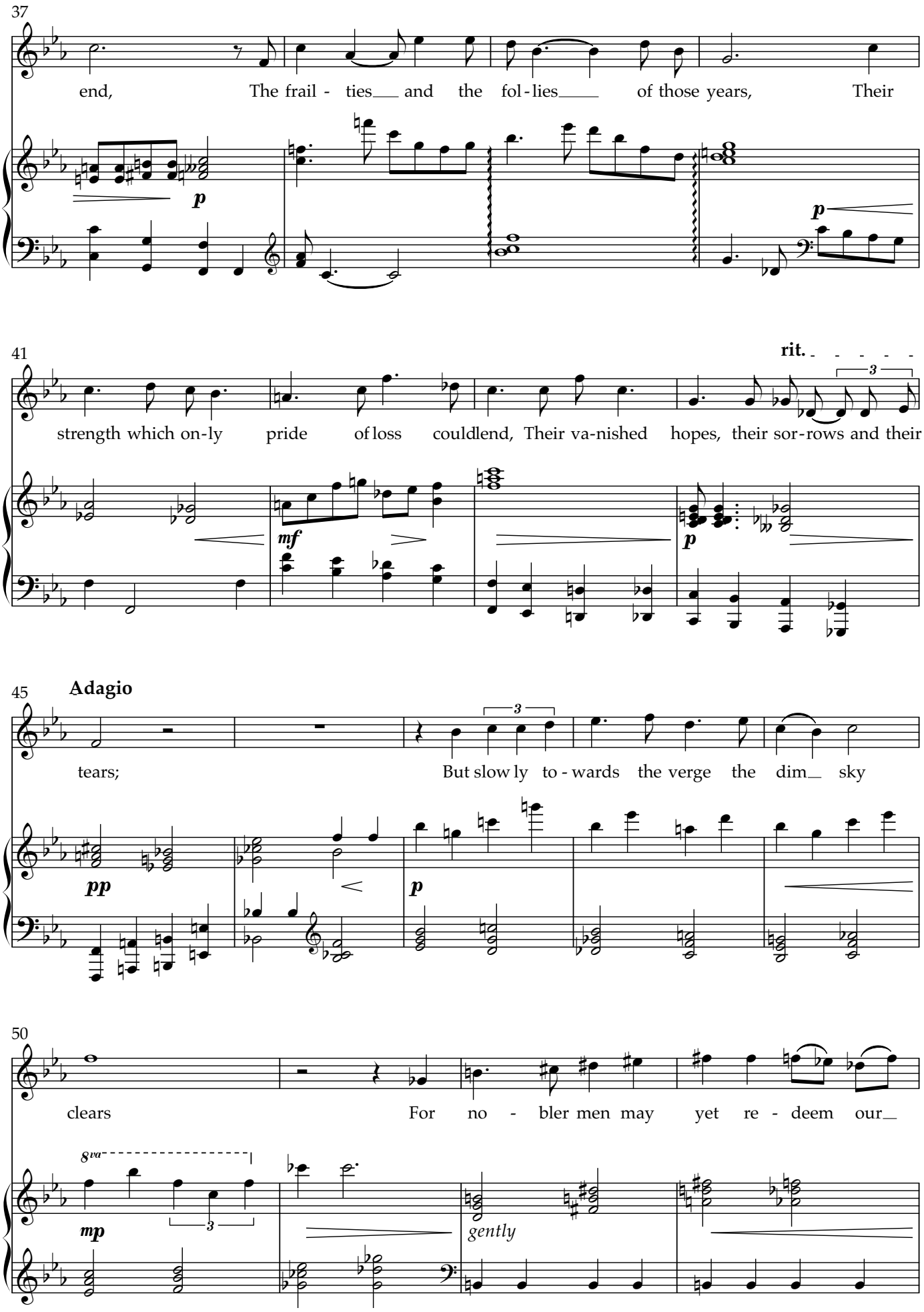
f *mf* *p* *pp*

31

For us they live till life it-self shall

ppp *p* *mf*

una corda tre corde


37
end, The frail - ties and the fol - lies of those years, Their
p
p
41
rit.
strength which on-ly pride of loss couldlend, Their va-nished hopes, their sor-rows and their
mf
p
45
Adagio
tears; But slow ly to - wards the verge the dim sky
pp
p
50
clears For no - bler men may yet re - deem our
8va
mp
gently

54

rit.

clay When we and war to - ge - ther,

mf ff

3

57

Very slow ♩= 25

one wise day, Have passed a - way.

p

Dona nobis pacem