

# Passendale

Larry Smeets (adapted freely)

Larry Nickel

Moderato ♩ = 86

Vc. *f*

Pno. *f* *mp*

6 male solo *mf* **A**

A raw re-cruit, fresh off the farm from

pizz. *mf*

*al freely*

10 *mp*  
*all basses*

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

15

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

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

*p* *arco* *p* *mf* *pp*

*p* *pp*



20

**B** tutti

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

*mf* *mp* Win-ter c to the trench-es like two black snakes with-ing thru' the snow.

*mp*

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

24

Side by side and not too far a part.

Side by side and not too far a part.

The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.



28

*p* Two armies face each other, *mf* ankle deep in mud and misery

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Two armies face each other, ankle deep in mud and misery

The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

C

33

*espress. mf*

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

where green fields used to flou - rish...

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

*f* *fp*  
No man's land

(arco)

*mf*

*mf*



37

rees, bro - ken fen - ces.

*f* *fp* *f* *fp*  
crim - son red o - ver white snow

No man's

No man's land



53

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

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



57

just like me.

just like, jus'

rit. .

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

♩ = 86

**E**

61

*mp* My en - e-my

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

*pizz. mf*

*mf* *p*

||

65

My en - e-my

*basses*

south-ern -a His sto-ry be-gins and ends here in

*p* *mp*

70

in Pass - en - dale.

Pass - en - dale.

*tenors*

*mf* We

We

*p*

*3*

*3*

*Red.*



74

**F**

*p* (tutti)

too numb to feel, too re - mote to hate. We

gaze at ea' r\_ thru' the hell-ish haze; too numb to feel, too re - mote to hate. We

ga' o - ther\_ thru' the hell - ish haze; *arco*

*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 - gers...

stare at each o-ther, to - tal strang-ers. and breathe warm air on c r fin - gers...

*mf* *mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

**Passendale** is also spelled "Passchendaele" and pronounced "Passior

The Battle of Passendale is a vivid symbol of the mud, madness and senseless slaughter of the First World War. In the late summer of 1917, the British launched a series of failed assaults against German positions on the plateau overlooking the city of Ypres, Belgium. The battlefield became a quagmire. Canadian forces entered the battle 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 next year.

Under almost continuous rain and shellfire, conditions were horrifying. Troops huddled in waterlogged shell holes, or became lost on the blasted mud-scape, not knowing where the front line was. Fog and gas separated Canadian troops from German positions. "Our feet were in water, over the tops of our boots, all the time," wrote Arthur Turner, a Canadian private 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 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 rifles, machine guns, and other equipment, making them difficult to fire. It swallowed up soldiers as they slept. It slowed stretcher-bearers — wading waist-deep in mud — and made it difficult to carry wounded away from the fighting — to a crawl. Ironically, the mud also saved lives, cushioning many of the shells and preventing their explosion. "The Battle for the Passchendaele Ridge," wrote Turner, "was without doubt one of the Muddy-cakes of the whole war." Wrote Private John Sudbury: "The enemy and ourselves were in the selfsame muck, degradation and horror. I don't think anybody cared any more about anything, only getting out of this, and the only way out was by death or wounding and we all of them were either."

CENTENARY PASSCHENDAELE, THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES

