

### III. Recitative

Yvan Goll

Narrator: Like a grey wall around Europe  
 The long battle ran.  
 Oh, the monotony of trench-warfare! Oh, trench-grave! Oh, sleep of starvation!  
 The bridges built of corpses!  
 The roads built of corpses!  
 The walls cemented with corpses!

For months on end the horizon stared mysteriously and glassily like a dead man's eye.  
 For months on end the distance rang like the same old passing-bell,  
 The days alike as a pair of graves.

Oh, you Greek dancers, dwarfed in lousy caverns!  
 Popping up like Indians when the drums sounded the attack;  
 Before sticking your bayonet into his groin, did not one of you see the Christ-like look of  
 his opponent, did not one of you notice that the man over there had a kingly heart full  
 of love?  
 Did not one of you still believe in his own and mankind's conscience?  
 You brothers, fellow men! Oh, you heroes!

Not too fast, sharply articulated, angry ( $\text{♩} = 96$ )

mf  
 (senza ped.)  
 f  
 ff  
 mf  
 f  
 ff