

**HOMEWORK:** Read the poems. Both were written by British soldiers during World War I. Answer all questions on a separate sheet of paper. Use the vocab list to facilitate your understanding of the poems.

### *The Soldier*, by Rupert Brooke



- Written at beginning of WWI (1914)
- Brooke served briefly in the navy before dying from a mosquito bite infection in 1915 at age 27

### *The Soldier*, by Rupert Brooke (1914)

- 1 If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field
- 3 That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
- 5 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
- 7 A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
- 9 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
- 11 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
- 13 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

### *Dulce et Decorum Est*, by Wilfred Owen



- Written during the war, but published after (1920)
- Owen served in the trenches, was sent home with shell shock, then returned to the trenches & was killed in action in 1918 at age 25

### *Dulce et Decorum Est*, by Wilfred Owen (1920)

- 1 Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
  - 3 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
  - 5 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
  - 7 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines [gas shells] that dropped behind.
  - 9 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
  - 11 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. . .  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
  - 13 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
  - 15 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
- If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
- 17 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
  - 19 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
  - 21 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
  - 23 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
  - 25 To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori  
*[It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country].*