Mr. Sforza MS/HS 141 – Global 4

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.

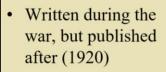
The Soldier, by Rupert Brooke

- 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)

- 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;
- 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





 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

<u>Dulce et Decorum Est, by Wilfred Owen (1920)</u>

- 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.
- 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.
- 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].