

War Poet

One of the most famous things to come out of The Great War was the poetry written by the men who served.



It was sometimes **PATRIOTIC** and proud, as in the work of RUPERT BROOKE: 1887-1915



And sometimes **BITTER** about the reality and horror of war, as in the work of WILFRED OWEN: 1893 - 1918

Check the meaning of the words highlighted in red and write a definition for each one below.

PATRIOTIC means:

.....
.....
.....

BITTER means:

.....
.....
.....

Read together these extracts from famous poems written by Brooke and Owen.

Can you tell which one belongs to which war poet?
Which extract seems *patriotic* and which one *bitter*?
What do you think they seem to be about?

A) Brooke or Owen?

GAS! Gas! Quick, boys!-- An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.--
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,--
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

B) Brooke or Owen?

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
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,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.



With a bit of detective work, could you find out what these poems are called?

Using your knowledge about life in the trenches, compose the next three lines of this narrative war poem. **Try and copy the a,b,c,b rhyme scheme and the metre.**

HIM NEXT DOOR

'I'm going to war,' said him next door,
'I'm going to fight off in France.'
'I'll be back in a month or two,' he said
'Just as soon as I get the chance.'



Out on The Somme, after not too long,

.....
.....
.....

EXTENSION TASK: Could you finish the story of 'Him Next Door' by completing a third and final stanza? Did he make it home? You decide.

.....
.....
.....
.....