**AP Euro: World War One Poetry – How Does Poetry Reflect the Changing Human Experience?**

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| ***The Vigil*** *by Sir Henry Newbolt, published in the London times August 5, 1914 [the day after Great Britain declared war on Germany after its invasion of neutral Belgium]**England: where the sacred flame**Burns before the inmost shrine,**Where the lips that love thy name**Consecrate their hopes and thine,**Where the banners of thy dead**Weave their shadows overhead,**Watch beside thine arms to-night,**Pray that God defend the Right.* | **For All We Have and Are** by Rudyard Kipling, published September 2, 1914*For all we have and are,**For all our children's fate,**Stand up and meet the war,**The Hun is at the gate!* |
| **The Soldier by Rupert Brooke,** April 1915If I should die, think only this of me:That there’s some corner of a foreign fieldThat is forever England. There shall beIn 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 the suns of home.And think, this heart, all evil shed away,A pulse in the eternal mind, no lessGives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,In hearts at peace, under an English heaven. | **Dulce Et Decorum Est** by Wilfred Owen, originally written October 1917, final version possibly March 1918 Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,Till on the haunting flares we turned our backsAnd towards our distant rest began to trudge.Men marched asleep. Many had lost their bootsBut limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hootsOf tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling,Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;But someone still was yelling out and stumblingAnd flound'ring like a man in fire or lime ...Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,As under I 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 paceBehind 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 bloodCome gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cudOf vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, --My friend, you would not tell with such high zestTo children ardent for some desperate glory,The old lie: *Dulce et decorum est* *Pro patria mori.* |

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**For each of the poems listed analyze its message as it relates to the events of the time and CAP**

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| **The Vigil** by Sir Henry NewboltOverall Message:Context:Audience:Purpose: | **For All We Have and Are** by Rudyard KiplingOverall Message:Context:Audience:Purpose: |
| **The Soldier** by Rupert BrookeOverall Message:Context:Audience:Purpose: | **Dulce Et Decorum Est** by Wilfred OwenOverall Message:Context:Audience:Purpose: |