

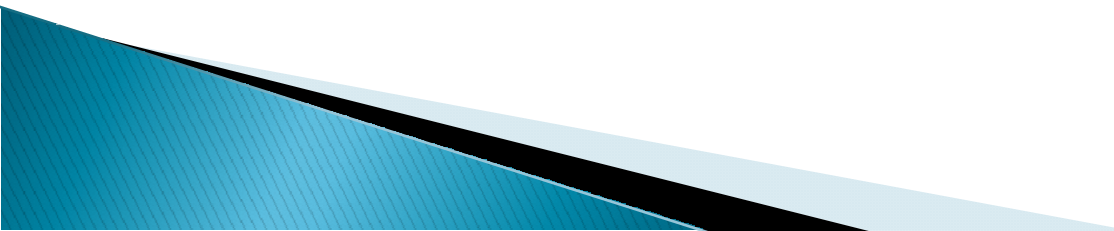
# WAR POETS

WORLD WAR I

FOR AND AGAINST

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# THE POETS – for War

- ▶ Rudyard Kipling
  - ▶ Rupert Brooke
  - ▶ Thomas Hardy
- 

# The GLORY of war



THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE ONE'S WORTH

PATRIOTIC FERVOUR



1914-1918

# THE GREAT WAR and the Shaping of the 20th Century





# WHO'S ABSENT?



*Is it You?*

# WOMEN OF BRITAIN SAY - "GO!"



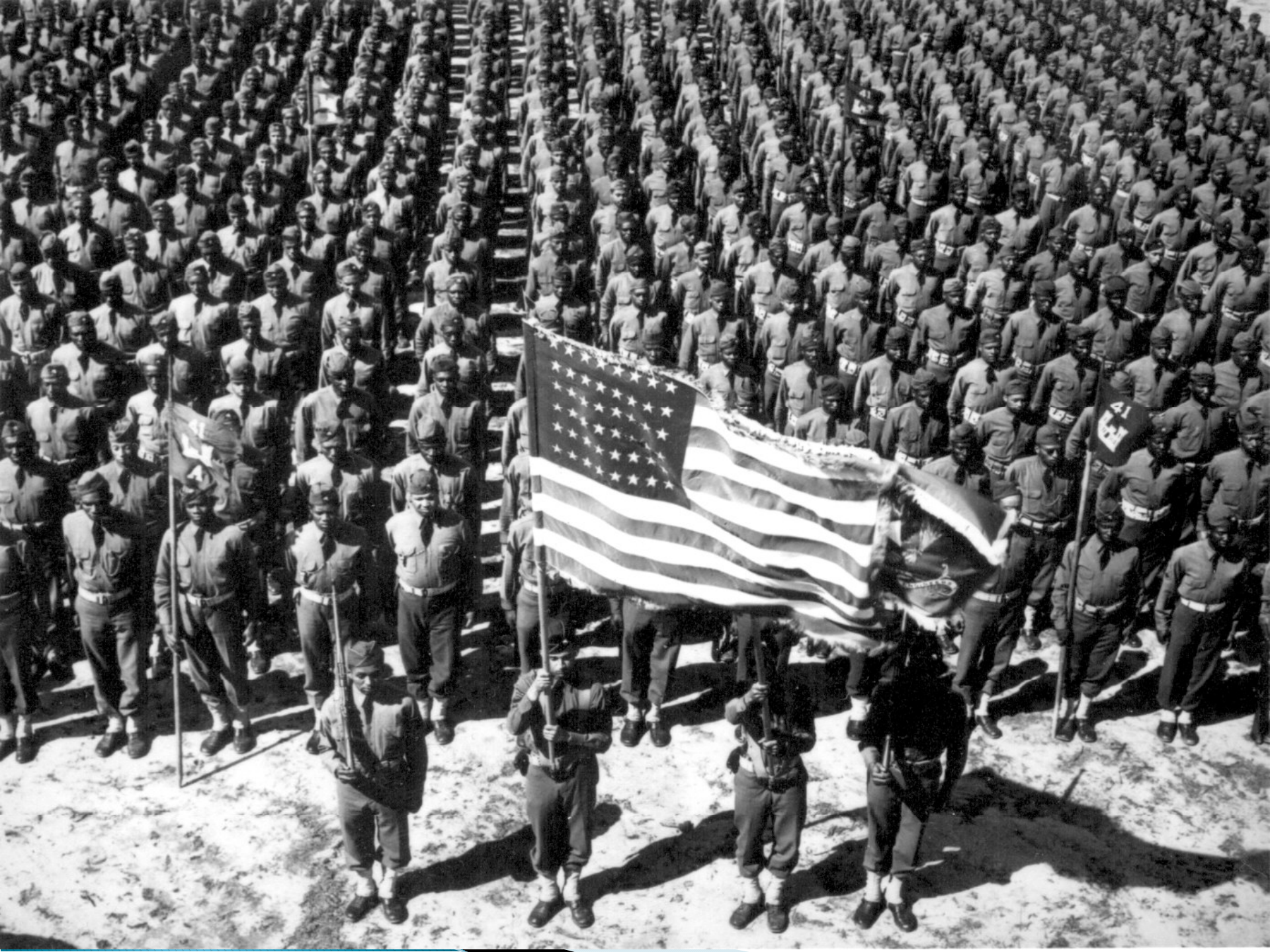


YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS  
**YOU**



**I WANT YOU**  
**FOR U.S. ARMY**  
NEAREST RECRUITING STATION





# Thomas Hardy

- ▶ “The Anvil”
  - “... more urgent comes our cry  
Not to be spared, but to be used  
Brain, sinew and spirit, before we die.”
- ▶ “For the Fallen”
  - “They shall grow not old,  
as we that are left grow old”

# Kipling

- ▶ “The game is more than the player of the game”
- ▶ Poems: “Epitaphs of the war”, “Mine Sweepers”, “Mesopotamia”

# Rupert Brooke

- ▶ “The Soldier” – his finest poem
- ▶ Halo of romance on the virtue of war





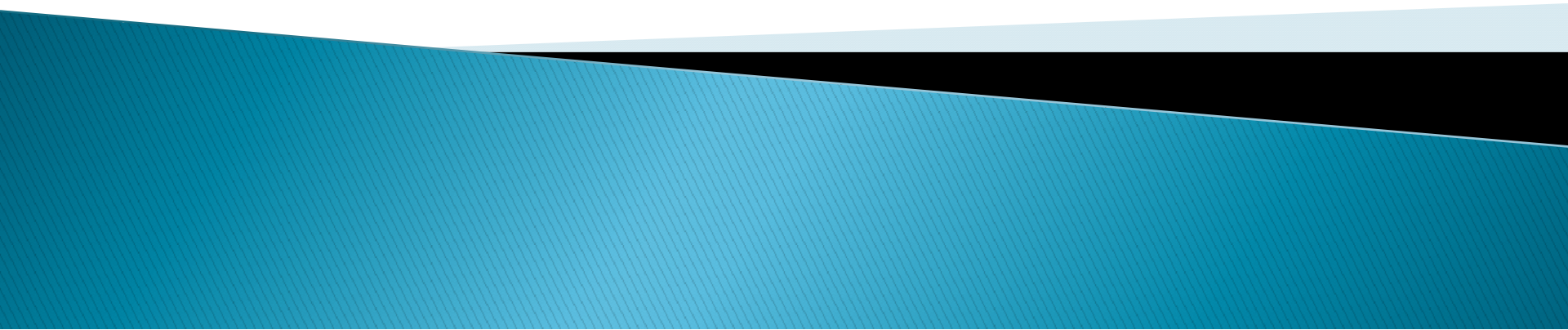


Soldiers taking rest





# Testament to the Horror of War



# The ignominy of death





# Against War

- ▶ Siegfried Sassoon
  - ▶ Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918)
  - ▶ Stephen Spender
  - ▶ Edmund Blunden
  - ▶ Isaac Rosenberg
  - ▶ Robert Graves
- 

# Wilfred Owen

- ▶ Of his collection of poetry:

“This book is not about heroes...Above all I am not concerned with poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The poetry is in the Pity...

All a poet can do is warn...”






# Strange Meeting

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
...

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall;  
By his dead smile, I knew we stood in Hell.

...  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn."



"None," said the other, "Save the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,

...

For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something has been left,  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.

Now men will go content with what we spoiled.  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.

They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from  
progress



Thank you

