

Grade 10

Term 2

poetry

Anthem for Doomed Youth

BY WILFRED OWEN

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

— Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud

BY JOHN DONNE

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

Out, Out by Robert Frost.

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.
And from there those that lifted eyes could count
Five mountain ranges one behind the other
Under the sunset far into Vermont.
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
And nothing happened: day was all but done.
Call it a day, I wish they might have said
To please the boy by giving him the half hour
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.
His sister stood beside him in her apron
To tell them 'Supper.' At the word, the saw,
As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap—
He must have given the hand. However it was,
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh,
As he swung toward them holding up the hand
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all—
Since he was old enough to know, big boy
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart—
He saw all spoiled. 'Don't let him cut my hand off—
The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!'
So. But the hand was gone already.
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright.
No one believed. They listened at his heart.
Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it.
No more to build on there. And they, since they
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

The Gift Outright

BY ROBERT FROST

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia,
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

Questions

Anthem for Doomed Youth

1. Write in no more than five lines why "Anthem for Doomed Youth" is as meaningful today as it was when Owen wrote it in 1917. (4)
2. What is an anthem? (2)
3. Identify three alliterating words in the last line of the poem. (1)
4. Did you notice that the first word of the first and second stanzas is the same (*what*) and that the first word of the last line of each stanza is also the same (*and*)? In your opinion, why did frame each stanza with *what* and *and*? (3)

Death be not proud

1. Refer to the structure of the poem.
 - (a) What type of sonnet is this? (1)
 - (b) Discuss the structure of this sonnet. (2)
2. Identify the figure of speech in lines 1–2 ('Death be not ... art not so') and explain why death is regarded as 'Mighty and dreadful'. (2)
3. Is the underlined word in line 4 ('poor death') meant LITERALLY or FIGURATIVELY? Give a reason for your answer. (2)

Out, out

1. What is the subject of the poem? (2)
2. The poem opens with the words 'snarled and rattled in the yard'. Give the figure of speech used and explain the line. (2)
3. What is the main theme of the poem? (2)

The Gift Outright

1. What is the structure of the poem? (2)
2. Describe the tone of the poem. (2)
3. Explain the symbolism in the poem. (2)
4. What is the meaning of the title? (2)
5. Identify the paradox in the poem and then explain. (3)