*Prepare one of these poems to recite aloud showing your understanding through intonation, tone and volume: you should make the meaning clear to the audience. You can work on your own or in a pair. Your recital must be ready for 7th November.*

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| ***“Invictus****,****” was written by the 19th-century******English poet William Ernest Henley. “Invictus” gave Mandela strength during his 27-year jail sentence.***  *Invictus*  *Out of the night that covers me,*  *Black as the Pit from pole to pole,*  *I thank whatever gods may be*  *For my unconquerable soul.*  *In the fell clutch of circumstance*  *I have not winced nor cried aloud.*  *Under the bludgeonings of chance*  *My head is bloody, but unbowed.*  *Beyond this place of wrath and tears*  *Looms but the Horror of the shade,*  *And yet the menace of the years*  *Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.*  *It matters not how strait the gate,*  *How charged with punishments the scroll.*  *I am the master of my fate:*  *I am the captain of my soul.* | ***In Flanders Fields was written by John McCrae, a medical officer killed at the front in 1918.***  *In Flanders Fields*  *IN Flanders fields the poppies blow*  *Between the crosses, row on row,*  *That mark our place; and in the sky*  *The larks, still bravely singing, fly*  *Scarce heard amid the guns below.*  *We are the Dead. Short days ago*  *We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,*  *Loved and were loved, and now we lie*  *In Flanders fields.*  *Take up our quarrel with the foe:*  *To you from failing hands we throw*  *The torch; be yours to hold it high.*  *If ye break faith with us who die*  *We shall not sleep,* *though poppies grow*  *In Flanders fields.* | ***Siegfried Sassoon, was an officer who became increasingly angry about the way that the war was conducted.***  *Does it Matter?*  *DOES it matter?—losing your legs?...*  *For people will always be kind,*  *And you need not show that you mind*  *When the others come in after hunting*  *To gobble their muffins and eggs.*  *Does it matter?—losing your sight?...*  *There’s such splendid work for the blind;*  *And people will always be kind,*  *As you sit on the terrace remembering*  *And turning your face to the light.*  *Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit?...*  *You can drink and forget and be glad,*  *And people won’t say that you’re mad;*  *For they’ll know you’ve fought for your country*  *And no one will worry a bit.* |
| ***Glossary***  ***bludgeonings***  ***fell***  ***unconquerable***  ***winced***  ***wrath*** | ***scarce***  ***quarrel*** |  |