*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*** |  |