**WAR POETRY**

**Assignment A: Lyrics Paul McCartney: Pipes of Peace**

**"Pipes Of Peace"**

I Light A Candle To Our Love  
In Love Our Problems Disapper  
But All In All We Soon Discover  
That One And One Is All We Long To Hear  
  
All'round The World  
Little Children Being Born To The World  
Got To Give Them All We Can 'Til The War Is Won  
Then Will The Work Be Done  
  
Help Them To Learn (Help Them To Learn)  
Songs Of Joy Instead Of Burn, Baby, Burn (Burn, Baby Burn)  
Let Us Show Them How To Play The Pipes Of Peace  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
  
Help Me To Learn  
  
Songs Of Joy Instead Of Burn, Baby, Burn  
Won't You Show Me To Play (How To Play) The Pipes Of Peace (Pipes Of Peace)  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
  
What Do You Say? (What Do You Say)  
Will The Human Race Be Run In A Day? (In A Day)  
Or Will Someone Save This Planet We're Playing On?  
Is It The Only One? (What Are We Going To Do?)  
  
Help Them To See (Help Them To See)  
That The People Here Are Like You And Me (You And Me)  
Let Us Show Them How To Play (How To Play) The Pipes Of  
Peace (Pipesofpeace)  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
Ooh\_\_\_  
I Light A Candle To Our Love  
In Love Our Problems Disapper  
But All In All We Soon Discover  
That One And One Is All We Long To Hear  
  
All'round The World  
Little Children Being Born To The World  
Got To Give Them All We Can 'Til The War Is Won  
Then Will The Work Be Done  
  
Help Them To Learn (Help Them To Learn)  
Songs Of Joy Instead Of Burn, Baby, Burn (Burn, Baby Burn)  
Let Us Show Them How To Play The Pipes Of Peace  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
  
Help Me To Learn  
  
Songs Of Joy Instead Of Burn, Baby, Burn  
Won't You Show Me To Play (How To Play) The Pipes Of Peace (Pipes Of Peace)  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
  
What Do You Say? (What Do You Say)  
Will The Human Race Be Run In A Day? (In A Day)  
Or Will Someone Save This Planet We're Playing On?  
Is It The Only One? (What Are We Going To Do?)  
  
Help Them To See (Help Them To See)  
That The People Here Are Like You And Me (You And Me)  
Let Us Show Them How To Play (How To Play) The Pipes Of Peace (Pipes of peace)  
Play The Pipes Of Peace  
Ooh\_\_\_\_  
I Light A Candle To Our Love  
In Love Our Problems Disapper  
But All In All We Soon Discover  
That One And One Is All We Long To Hear

**Assignment B (in pairs):**

1. Choose 3 of the 5 poems.
2. Read the poems carefully and write down the following things:

* Who do you think is the speaker of each poem? What makes you think so?
* All of these poems were written in different wars. Try to determine during which war each of your chosen poems were written. Write down why you think so.
* What are the similarities between your chosen poems? List them (at least 2)
* What are the differences between your chosen poems? List them (at least 2)

**Poem 1: HOW LONG?**

souls shriek  
hearts cry out  
how long can this go on?  
the violence,  
the struggle,  
this war with no victors?  
when will the bleeding stop?  
where will the hatred end?  
  
anger feeds  
upon itself  
a fiery-tonged dragon  
with his tail  
in his mouth  
black smoke fills the heavens  
rising and spreading  
above crimson-soaked  
“battlegrounds”  
lifeless bodies –  
families, children, babies -  
  
senseless,  
appalling deaths,  
anguish,  
mourning,  
heartbreak.  
suffering that's hell on earth!  
a horrifying conflict  
in the name of religion!  
  
what has humankind done?  
what have humans become?  
  
seems the whole world  
is taking sides  
  
what have we made?  
a hellhole dug by greed  
and hatred  
  
annihilation  
why?  
  
neighborhoods destroyed  
completely gone  
what's the gain?  
land made up of composted  
bodies  
flesh and bones  
that once were life  
  
how long  
can this go on?  
till nothing’s left?

And why?

**Poem 2: Strange Meeting**

It seemed that out of battle I escaped

Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped

Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

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.

With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;

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 that 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,

And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.

For by my glee might many men have laughed,

And of my weeping something had 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.

Courage was mine, and I had mystery;

Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:

To miss the march of this retreating world

Into vain citadels that are not walled.

Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,

I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,

Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.

I would have poured my spirit without stint

But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.

Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

“I am the enemy you killed, my friend.

I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned

Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.

I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.

Let us sleep now. . . .”

**Poem 3 Dreamers**

Soldiers are citizens of death's grey land,

Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows.

In the great hour of destiny they stand,

Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.

Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win

Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.

Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin

They think of firelit homes, clean beds and wives.

I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed by rats,

And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,

Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,

And mocked by hopeless longing to regain

Bank-holidays, and picture shows, and spats,

And going to the office in the train.

**Poem 4: KNACKERED**

My mind and body need a rest

Before my head turns into a mess

Twelve days to go till I’m home again

The only thing that keeps me sane

Been here for four months, seems like a year.

Dealt with anger, death and fear

So much horror in this place

So much life lost- what a waste

Bombs, bullets and no solution

Leads this place into total confusion

Give them some leave; they will be ok.

Then to return and fight another day

From all this violence, next minute at home.

Sitting there, feeling alone

How can you explain what you’ve been through

To a public who haven’t got a clue

We are human like you, the civilian

Some of us cope. Others drink to oblivion

Whatever happens, we all have nightmares

But at the end of the day, who really cares?

**Poem 5: Do I want to remember?**

Do I want to remember?

The peaceful ghetto, before the raid:

Children shaking like leaves in the wind.

Mothers searching for a piece of bread.

Shadows, on swollen legs, moving with fear.

No, I don’t want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, the creation of hell?

The shouts of the Raiders, enjoying the hunt.

Cries of the wounded, begging for life.

Faces of mothers carved with pain.

Hiding Children, dripping with fear.

No, I don’t want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, my fearful return?

Families vanished in the midst of the day.

The mass grave steaming with vapor of blood.

Mothers searching for children in vain.

The pain of the ghetto, cuts like a knife.

No, I don’t want to remember, but how can I forget?

Do I want to remember, the wailing of the night?

The doors kicked ajar, ripped feathers floating the air.

The night scented with snow-melting blood.

While the compassionate moon, is showing the way.

For the faceless shadows, searching for kin.

No, I don’t want to remember, but I cannot forget.

Do I want to remember this world upside down?

Where the departed are blessed with an instant death.

While the living condemned to a short wretched life,

And a long tortuous journey into unnamed place,

Converting Living Souls, into ashes and gas.

No. I Have to Remember and Never Let You Forget.

**Assignment C (individually or in pairs):**

1. **Go on the Internet and find a photo that for you best sums up the universal horror of war. Send your photo in Teams.**