

(Free) The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon

## The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon

*Von Siegfried Sassoon 1886-1967*  
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**Von Siegfried Sassoon 1886-1967 : The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.  
Siegfried Sassoon's War Poems Von David R. Cook I do not read much poetry, but for various reasons I wanted to read some of the British WWI poets because I knew they didn't mince words about the horror of infantry combat. Sassoon does not disappoint. His poems drip with bite, sarcasm, and some bitterness, but at the same time they are elegantly rhymed and the images are powerful. War is nasty business, not glorious, and it is also stupid. WWI was the end of

innocence and the poets who wrote of their war experiences brought home the irony of that innocence in the face of the devastation that was wrought. A sample will help. Stand-to: Good Friday Morning I'd been on duty from two till four. I went and stared at the dug-out door. Down in the frowst I heard them snore. "Stand to!" Somebody grunted and swore. Dawn was misty; the skies were still' Larks were singing, discordant, shrill; They seemed happy; but I felt ill. Deep in water I splashed my way Up the trench to our bogged front line. Rain had fallen the whole damned night. O Jesus, send me a wound to-day, And I'll believe in Your bread and wine, And get my bloody old sins washed white! This collection includes the notes that Sassoon added as commentary on some of his poems. On the above poem Sassoon notes: "I haven't shown this to any clergyman. But soldiers say they feel like that sometimes." This is poetry that grabs you and moves you, but it is a particular genre, not for everyone's taste. If one purpose of poetry is to allow us to see through some of life's darker experiences, then this collection is well worth your reading and reflection. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ouch! Von Kelly Whiting Poetry is one of my literary loves: but in this slim volume it is put to the task of exposing the soul of a young man who fights his nation's war because his honor demands that he do so while he simultaneously deplores and decries both the necessity of doing so and the method forced on him of carrying out his honorable charge. A good friend once asked me what to read to properly understand the history of World War I and while I recommended several critical histories (Churchill's, Keegan's and B.H. Liddell-Hart) I also emphasized the necessity of reading *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Goodbye to All That*, and the combined war poetry of Graves, Owen and, of necessity, Sassoon. The poetry of WWI brings to life the soul of the experience in a way no history, no matter how talented the historian, can do. It translates you into Sassoon's body and mind as he experiences the horror and shock of absolute and directionless (to his view-point, not necessarily in reality) war. These poems bring the sounds and smells of violent death and horrendous suffering - massive destruction and heroic effort - into your ears and nostrils. Indispensable. Kelly Whiting

Kurzbeschreibung HardPress Classic Books Series.de Sassoon, who lived through World War One and who died in 1967, was, as the introduction to this book tells us, irritated in his later years at always being thought of as a "war poet". Understandable perhaps from the point of view of the poet: readers on the other hand might wish to demur. The poems gathered here and chronologically ordered, thereby tracing the course of the war, are an extraordinary testimony to the almost unimaginable experiences of a combatant in that bitter conflict. Moving from the patriotic optimism of the first few poems ("... fighting for our freedom, we are free") to the anguish and anger of the later work (where "hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists / Flounders in mud ..."), there comes a point when the reality of trench-warfare and its aftershocks move beyond comprehension: Sassoon knows this, and it becomes a powerful element in his art. As a book, the images have a cumulative relentlessness that make it almost impossible to read more than a few poems in one sitting. Unlike the avant-garde experiments developing in Europe in the first decades of this century, Sassoon's verse is formally conservative--but this was perhaps necessary, for as one reads the poems, one feels that the form, the classically inflected tropes, the metre and rhyme, apart from ironising the rhetoric of glory and battle were necessary techniques for containing the emotion (and indeed, a tone of barely controlled irony may have been the only means by which these angry observations would have been considered publishable at the time). When Sassoon's line begins to fragment, as it does in several of the later poems, it is under the extreme pressure to express the inexpressible. Compassion and sympathy are omnipresent here, in their full etymological sense of suffering with or alongside others--something the higher echelons of command (those "... old men who died / Slow, natural deaths--old men with ugly souls") were never able or willing to contemplate. But Sassoon intuited the future of warfare, could sense that this was not "the war to end all wars": the mock-religious invocation of the final poem prefigures the vicious euphemisms of more recent conflicts: "Grant us the power to prove, by poison gases, / The needlessness of shedding human blood." Sassoon's bile-black irony signals a deep-felt pessimism: it was with good reason. --Burhan Tufail.co.uk Sassoon, who lived through World War One and who died in 1967, was, as the introduction to this book tells us, irritated in his later years at always being thought of as a "war poet". Understandable perhaps from the point of view of the poet: readers on the other hand might wish to demur. The poems gathered here and chronologically ordered, thereby tracing the course of the war, are an extraordinary testimony to the almost unimaginable experiences of a combatant in that bitter conflict. Moving from the patriotic optimism of the first few poems ("... fighting for our freedom, we are free") to the anguish and anger of the later work (where "hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists / Flounders in mud ..."), there comes a point when the reality of trench-warfare and its aftershocks move beyond comprehension: Sassoon knows this, and it becomes a powerful element in his art. As a book, the images have a cumulative relentlessness that make it almost impossible to read more than a few poems in one sitting. Unlike the avant-garde experiments developing in Europe in the first decades of this century, Sassoon's verse is formally conservative--but this was perhaps necessary, for as one reads the poems, one feels that the form, the classically inflected tropes, the metre and rhyme, apart from ironising the rhetoric of glory and battle were necessary techniques for containing the emotion (and indeed, a tone of barely controlled irony may have been the only means by which

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