

NOSTALGIC /  
REGRETFUL  
T O N E /  
LIKEWISE THE  
MOOD AND  
ATMOSPHERE

## A SUGGESTIVE TITLE

### Refugee Blues

Say this city has ten million souls,  
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:  
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

SYNECDOCHE

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,  
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:

We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

VISUAL/NATURE IMAGERY

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew,

Every spring it blossoms anew:

Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that.

CONSONANCE/ONOMATOPOEIA

The consul banged the table and said,

"If you've got no passport you're officially dead"

But we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;

Asked me politely to return next year:

But where shall we go to-day, my dear, but where shall we go to-day?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said;

"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread":

He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky;

It was Hitler over Europe, saying, "They must die":

O we were in his mind, my dear, O we were in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,

Saw a door opened and a cat let in:

But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but they weren't German Jews.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay,

Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:

Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;

They had no politicians and sang at their ease:

They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,

A thousand windows and a thousand doors:

Not one of them was ours, my dear, not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;

Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:

Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

## WH Auden

VARIED SYNTAX/  
FRAGMENTS/  
INTERROGATIVE/VISUAL  
IMAGERY

MOCKING TONE/  
SUBTLE  
REPRESENTATION OF  
THEIR ANGER, AGONY  
AND FRUSTRATION

THE POET, USING SKILFUL  
CRAFTSMANSHIP, MAKES  
THE REFUGEES HIS  
MOUTHPIECE/ HIS SOUNDING  
BOARD// THEY BECOME A  
COMMENTATOR ON THE  
PATHETIC SITUATION

THE REPETITION OF THE  
NEGATIVES CREATES A TONE  
OF PATHOS AND LIKEWISE, A  
NOSTALGIC ATMOSPHERE

IRONICALLY AND SUBTLY,  
THERE IS NO USE OF THE  
PRONOUN AT THE  
BEGINNING OF THE STANZA  
WHICH ADDS TO THE  
MOURNFUL TONE

CHORUS/ INCANTATORY RHYTHM

EACH TERCEt CONSISTS OF A COUPLET

REPETITION OF NEGATIVE FOR EMPHASIS

ANTITHESIS

ADVERBIAL PHRASE

DIRECT  
SPEECH

REPETITION, CAESURE

VISUAL/  
ANIMAL  
IMAGERY

INCANTATORY  
RHYTHM

NATURE  
IMAGERY

VISUAL  
IMAGERY/  
HYPERBOLE