

## UNIT -EIGHT

1. **TITLE** : **THE AXE IN THE WOOD**
2. **VALUE** : Save the forest, Save the earth.
3. **Summary of the poem:**

This poem is composed by 'Henry Clifford Dymment'. In this poem Henry says that as once he was walking, he stopped to watch a man cutting a tree. The tree was very old. As he was cutting it, the sharp axe appeared to be glittering and it struck deep inside the bark and the yellow wooden chips (which usually comes when we chop any wooden material) flew in the air.

The poet liked the sight. As the person was cutting the tree, a melodious sound was heard as he struck the axe and paused as he took it off. The poet says that people have many reasons to cut trees. It might fall as it was very old but it had more good in it than a growing tree. Then Henry compares the death of the tree to the death of thousands of men!

The poem conveys the message that the beauty of nature should be preserved and enjoyed. Thus the poet condemns the onslaught on nature in an ironic way.

### **Beauty in the poem:**

“But I saw death cut down a thousand men”

The figure of speech used here is Personification.

**Describing an inanimate object as having human qualities is called personification.**

- E.g:**
1. The stars danced playfully in the moonlit sky.
  2. She did not realize that opportunity was knocking at her door.
  3. The wind sang through the meadow.
  4. The ocean danced in the moonlight.

4. **ABOUT THE AUTHOR:**

Clifford Henry Dymont is a British poet, literary critic, editor and journalist, best known for his poems on countryside topics. He was born to Welsh parents. His mother was widowed when Dymont was four .

5. **TLM:** 1. Puppets for Introductory listening activity.(Pg 130, L -8A)  
2. Pictures depicting deforestation.



**Suggested Reading : William Wordsworth's poem on Nature.**

A Night Thought Lo! where the Moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny;  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
Or dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly  
How bright her mien!  
Far different we--a forward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
Their way pursue,  
Ingrates who wear a smile less face  
The whole year through.  
If kindred humours e'er would make  
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
From Fancy following in thy wake,  
Bright ship of heaven!  
A counter impulse let me take  
And be forgiven.

**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH**