

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Tuesday 9 June 2020

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes)

Paper Reference **9ET0/03**

English Literature

Advanced

Paper 3: Poetry

Source Booklet

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Pearson

SECTION A: Post-2000 Specified Poetry

Visitor

I find myself standing in the garden
among familiars: pink and yellow roses;
an anniversary birdbath now wrapped in moss;
the stone-grey football that soaks up water
and wheezes like an old man. On the ridged path
loose soil shifts between my toes.

I reach over the back fence, unbolt the gate,
sidestep the fat blackcurrant bush
and weave through avenues of runner beans.
In the heat of the greenhouse, time breathes
slowly, the air heavy as tomatoes;
the same air that hung about your hands.

I make an inventory: cracked flowerpots;
radio components awaiting reincarnation;
spilt seeds still clinging to dreams of geraniums.
I close the door. The sun stays inside, dozing.
In the shade of the laburnum your collection of rain
is brimming again. I deliver it. It keeps returning.

Rebecca Watts
From *The Met Office Advises Caution*, Carcanet, 2016

Material

My mother was the hanky queen
when hanky meant a thing of cloth,
not paper tissues bought in packs
from late-night garages and shops,
but things for waving out of trains
and mopping the corners of your grief:
when hankies were material
she'd have one, always, up her sleeve.

Tucked in the wrist of every cardi,
a mum's embarrassment of lace
embroidered with a V for Viv,
spittled and scrubbed against my face.
And sometimes more than one fell out
as if she had a farm up there
where dried-up hankies fell in love
and mated, raising little squares.

She bought her own; I never did.
Hankies were presents from distant aunts
in boxed sets, with transparent covers
and script initials spelling *ponce*,
the naffest Christmas gift you'd get —
my brothers too, more often than not,
got male ones: serious, and grey,
and larger, like they had more snot.

It was hankies that closed department stores,
with headscarves, girdles, knitting wool
and trouser presses; homely props
you'd never find today in malls.
Hankies, which demanded irons,
and boiling to be purified
shuttered the doors of family stores
when those who used to buy them died.

And somehow, with the hanky's loss,
greengrocer George with his dodgy foot
delivering veg from a Comma van
is history, and the friendly butcher
who'd slip an extra sausage in,
the fishmonger whose marble slab
of haddock smoked the colour of yolks
and parcelled rows of local crab

lay opposite the dancing school
where Mrs White, with painted talons,
taught us *When You're Smiling* from
a stumbling, out of tune piano:
step-together, step-together, step-together,
point! The Annual Talent Show
when every mother, fencing tears,

would whip a hanky from their sleeve
and smudge the rouge from little dears.

Nostalgia only makes me old.
The innocence I want my brood
to cling on to like ten-bob notes
was killed in TV's lassitude.
And it was me that turned it on
to buy some time to write this poem
and eat bought biscuits I would bake
if I'd commit to being home.

There's never a hanky up my sleeve.
I raised neglected-looking kids,
the kind whose noses strangers clean.
What awkwardness in me forbids
me to keep tissues in my bag
when handy packs are 50p?
I miss material handkerchiefs,
their soft and hidden history.

But it isn't mine. I'll let it go.
My mother too, eventually,
who died not leaving handkerchiefs
but tissues and uncertainty:
and she would say, should I complain
of the scratchy and disposable,
that *this is your material*
to do with, daughter, what you will.

Ros Barber
from *Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry* (Forward Ltd/Faber
& Faber, 2011)

Chainsaw Versus the Pampas Grass

It seemed an unlikely match. All winter unplugged,
grinding its teeth in a plastic sleeve, the chainsaw swung
nose-down from a hook in the darkroom
under the hatch in the floor. When offered the can
it knocked back a quarter-pint of engine oil
and juices ran from its joints and threads,
oozed across the guide-bar and the maker's name,
into the dry links.

From the summerhouse, still holding one last gulp
of last year's heat behind its double doors, and hung
with the weightless wreckage of wasps and flies,
mothballed in spider's wool...
from there, I trailed the day-glo orange power line
the length of the lawn and the garden path,
fed it out like powder from a keg, then walked
back to the socket and flicked the switch, then walked again
and coupled the saw to the flex – clipped them together.
Then dropped the safety catch and gunned the trigger.

No gearing up or getting to speed, just an instant rage,
the rush of metal lashing out at air, connected to the main.
The chainsaw with its perfect disregard, its mood
to tangle with cloth, or jewellery, or hair.
The chainsaw with its bloody desire, its sweet tooth
for the flesh of the face and the bones underneath,
its grand plan to kick back against nail or knot
and rear up into the brain.
I let it flare, lifted it into the sun
and felt the hundred beats per second drumming in its heart,
and felt the drive-wheel gargle in its throat.

The pampas grass with its ludicrous feathers
and plumes. The pampas grass, taking the warmth and light
from cuttings and bulbs, sunning itself,
stealing the show with its footstools, cushions and tufts
and its twelve-foot spears.

This was the sledgehammer taken to crack the nut.
Probably all that was needed here was a good pull or shove
or a pitchfork to lever it out at its base.
Overkill. I touched the blur of the blade
against the nearest tip of a reed – it didn't exist.
I dabbed at a stalk that swooned, docked a couple of heads,
dismissed the top third of its canes with a sideways sweep
at shoulder height – this was a game.
I lifted the fringe of undergrowth, carved at the trunk –
plant-juice spat from the pipes and tubes
and dust flew out as I ripped into pockets of dark, secret warmth.

To clear a space to work
I raked whatever was severed or felled or torn

towards the dead zone under the outhouse wall, to be fired.
Then cut and raked, cut and raked, till what was left
was a flat stump the size of a manhole cover or barrel lid
that wouldn't be dug with a spade or prized from the earth.
Wanting to finish things off I took up the saw
and drove it vertically downwards into the upper roots,
but the blade became choked with soil or fouled with weeds,
or what was sliced or split somehow closed and mended behind,
like cutting at water or air with a knife.
I poured barbecue fluid into the patch
and threw in a match – it flamed for a minute, smoked
for a minute more, and went out. I left it at that.

In the weeks that came new shoots like asparagus tips
sprang up from its nest and by June
it was riding high in its saddle, wearing a new crown.
Corn in Egypt. I looked on
from the upstairs window like the midday moon.

Back below stairs on its hook, the chainsaw seethed.
I left it a year, to work back through its man-made dreams,
to try to forget.
The seamless urge to persist was as far as it got.

Simon Armitage

from *Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry* (Forward Ltd/Faber & Faber, 2011)

Post-2000 Specified Poetry: answer question 1 or 2

Poems of the Decade: An anthology of the Forward books of poetry 2002–2011 (Faber and Faber, 2015) ISBN 978-0571325405 / ISBN 978-0571281732			
Poem title	Poet	Pages	
		New Edition	Old Edition
Eat Me	Patience Agbabi	3	13
Chainsaw Versus the Pampas Grass	Simon Armitage	6	16
Material	Ros Barber	10	20
History	John Burnside	25	35
An Easy Passage	Julia Copus	37	47
The Deliverer	Tishani Doshi	43	53
The Lammas Hireling	Ian Duhig	51	61
To My Nine-Year-Old Self	Helen Dunmore	52	62
A Minor Role	U A Fanthorpe	57	67
The Gun	Vicki Feaver	62	72
The Furthest Distances I've Travelled	Leontia Flynn	64	74
Giuseppe	Roderick Ford	66	76
Out of the Bag	Seamus Heaney	81	91
Effects	Alan Jenkins	92	102
Genetics	Sinéad Morrissey	125	135
From the Journal of a Disappointed Man	Andrew Motion	127	137
Look We Have Coming to Dover!	Daljit Nagra	129	139
Please Hold	Ciaran O'Driscoll	132	142
On Her Blindness	Adam Thorpe	170	180
Ode on a Grayson Perry Urn	Tim Turnbull	172	182

SECTION B: Specified Poetry Pre- or Post-1900

Pre-1900 – The Medieval Period

Medieval Poetic Drama: answer question 3 or 4

<i>Everyman and Medieval Miracle Plays</i>, editor A C Cawley (Everyman, 1993) ISBN 9780460872805		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
Noah's Flood (Chester)	Anon	33
The Second Shepherds' Pageant (Wakefield)		75
The Crucifixion (York)		137

<i>English Mystery Plays: A Selection</i>, editor Peter Happe (Penguin Classics, 1975) ISBN 9780140430936		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
Noah (Chester)	Anon	118
The Second Shepherds' Play		265
The Crucifixion		525

Medieval Poet – Geoffrey Chaucer: answer question 5 or 6

<i>The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale</i>, editor James Winny (Cambridge, 2016) ISBN 9781316615607		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Wife of Bath's Prologue	Geoffrey Chaucer	38
The Wife of Bath's Tale		64

Pre-1900 – Metaphysical Poetry

The Metaphysical Poets: answer question 7 or 8

Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Flea	John Donne	4
The Good Morrow		5
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		6
Woman's Constancy		7
The Sun Rising		8
A Valediction of Weeping		19
A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		21
The Apparition		22
Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed		29
'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'		31
'Death be not Proud'		32
'Batter My Heart'		33
A Hymn to God the Father		36
Redemption	George Herbert	67
The Collar		78
The Pulley		79
Love III		87
To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy	Thomas Carew	89
To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her		95
A Song ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows')		98
A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Engagement	Anne Bradstreet	135
Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	Richard Lovelace	182
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn	Andrew Marvell	195
To His Coy Mistress		198
The Definition of Love		201
Unprofitableness	Henry Vaughan	219
The World		220
To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied		241
Orinda to Lucasia		242

Metaphysical Poet – John Donne: answer question 9 or 10

John Donne Selected Poems (Penguin Classics, 2006)
ISBN 9780140424409

Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Good Morrow	John Donne	3
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		3
Woman's Constancy		4
The Sun Rising		6
The Canonization		9
Song ('Sweetest love I do not go')		12
Air and Angels		15
The Anniversary		17
Twicknam Garden		20
Love's Growth		24
A Valediction of Weeping		28
Love's Alchemy		29
The Flea		30
A Nocturnal upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		33
The Apparition		36
A Valediction Forbidding Mourning		37
The Ecstasy		39
The Funeral		45
The Relic		48
Elegy: To His Mistress Going to Bed		80
Holy Sonnet I ('Thou hast made me')		177
Holy Sonnet V ('I am a little world')		179
Holy Sonnet VI ('This is my play's last scene')		179
Holy Sonnet VII ('At the round earth's imagined corners')		180
Holy Sonnet X ('Death be not proud')		181
Holy Sonnet XI ('Spit in my face, you Jews')		182
Holy Sonnet XIV ('Batter my heart')		183
Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward		190
Hymn to God my God, in My Sickness		195
A Hymn to God the Father		197

Pre-1900 – The Romantic Period

The Romantics: answer question 11 or 12

<i>English Romantic Verse</i>, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday	William Blake	69
Songs of Experience: Holy Thursday		73
Songs of Experience: The Sick Rose		73
Songs of Experience: The Tyger		74
Songs of Experience: London		75
Lines Written in Early Spring	William Wordsworth	108
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey		109
Ode: Intimations of Immortality		133
Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
So We'll Go no more A Roving		213
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year		232
The cold earth slept below	Percy Bysshe Shelley	242
Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples		243
Ode to the West Wind		246
The Question		249
Ode to a Nightingale	John Keats	276
Ode on a Grecian Urn		279
Ode on Melancholy		283
Sonnet on the Sea		287

Romantic Poet – John Keats: answer question 13 or 14

***Selected Poems: John Keats*, editor John Barnard (Penguin Classics, 2007)
ISBN 9780140424478**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
'O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell'	John Keats	5
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer		12
On the Sea		35
'In drear-nighted December'		97
On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once Again		99
'When I have fears that I may cease to be'		100
The Eve of St Agnes		165
To Sleep		186
Ode to Psyche		187
Ode on a Grecian Urn		191
Ode to a Nightingale		193
Ode on Melancholy		195
'Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art'		219
To Autumn		219

Pre-1900 – The Victorian Period

The Victorians: answer question 15 or 16

***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008)
ISBN 9780199556311**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
From In Memoriam: VII 'Dark house, by which once more I stand'	Alfred Tennyson	23
From In Memoriam: XCV 'By night we linger'd on the lawn'		28
From Maud: I xi 'O let the solid ground'		37
From Maud: I xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'		38
From Maud: I xxii 'Come into the garden, Maud'		40
From Maud: II iv 'O that 'twere possible'		43
The Visionary	Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë	61
Grief	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	101
From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV: 'Let the world's sharpness, like a closing knife'		102
The Best Thing in the World		115
'Died...'		116
My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad		124
Meeting at Night		125
Love in a Life		134
'The Autumn day its course has run—the Autumn evening falls'	Charlotte Brontë	213
'The house was still—the room was still'		214
'I now had only to retrace'		214
'The Nurse believed the sick man slept'		215
Stanzas – ['Often rebuked, yet always back returning']	Charlotte Brontë (perhaps by Emily Brontë)	215

***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008)
ISBN 9780199556311**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
Remember	Christina Rossetti	278
Echo		278
May		280
A Birthday		280
Somewhere or Other		297
At an Inn	Thomas Hardy	465
'I Look into My Glass'		466
Drummer Hodge		467
A Wife in London		467
The Darkling Thrush		468

Victorian Poet – Christina Rossetti: answer question 17 or 18

***Christina Rossetti Selected Poems*, editor Dinah Roe (Penguin, 2008)
ISBN 9780140424690**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
Some ladies dress in muslin full and white	Christina Rossetti	12
Remember		16
The World		26
Echo		30
May		33
A Birthday		52
An Apple-Gathering		53
Maude Clare		55
At Home		57
Up-Hill		58
Goblin Market		67
What Would I Give?		88
Twice		89
Memory		112
A Christmas Carol		134
Passing and Glassing		156
Piteous my rhyme is		179
'A Helpmeet for Him'		182
As froth on the face of the deep		184
Our Mothers, lovely women pitiful		190
Babylon the Great	191	

Post-1900 – The Modernist Period

Modernism: answer question 19 or 20

<i>The Great Modern Poets, editor Michael Schmidt (Quercus, 2014) ISBN 9781848668669</i>		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Runaway	Robert Frost	30
Mending Wall		30
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening		32
Mowing		32
The Road Not Taken		32
Out, Out		33
The Red Wheelbarrow	William Carlos Williams	46
This is just to say		46
Landscape with the Fall of Icarus		46
The Hunters in the Snow		47
The Great Figure		47
Snake	D H Lawrence	50
To a Snail	Marianne Moore	64
What Are Years?		64
La Figlia Che Piange	T S Eliot	68
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock		68
Time does not bring relief; you all have lied...	Edna St Vincent Millay	78
Recuerdo		78
Wild Swans		79
The Fawn		79
in Just	e e cummings	86
what if a much of a which of a wind		86
pity this busy monster, manunkind		87
Stop all the Clocks	W H Auden	114
Lullaby		114
Musée des Beaux Arts		115
The Shield of Achilles		116

Modernist Poet – T S Eliot: answer question 21 or 22

T S Eliot: Selected Poems (Faber, 2009) ISBN 9780571247059

Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock	T S Eliot	3
Portrait of a Lady		8
Preludes		13
Rhapsody on a Windy Night		16
Gerontion		21
Sweeney Erect		26
Whispers of Immortality		32
The Waste Land		
I. The Burial of the Dead		41
II. A Game of Chess		44
III. The Fire Sermon		48
IV. Death by Water		53
V. What the Thunder said		54
The Hollow Men		65
Ash-Wednesday		71
Ariel Poems:		
Journey of the Magi (1927)		87

Post-1900 – The Movement

The Movement: answer question 23 or 24

***The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*, editor Philip Larkin with foreword by A Motion (OUP, 1973) ISBN 9780198121374**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
Hospital for Defectives	Thomas Blackburn	484
Felo De Se		485
Horror Comic	Robert Conquest	496
Man and Woman		497
Toads	Philip Larkin	537
Coming		538
At Grass		538
Take One Home for the Kiddies		539
Nothing to be Said		540
The Whitsun Weddings		540
Apology for Understatement	John Wain	555
Au Jardin des Plantes		556
A Song about Major Eatherly		557
Brooklyn Heights		562
Delay	Elizabeth Jennings	563
Song at the Beginning of Autumn		563
Answers		564
The Young Ones		564
One Flesh		565
Photograph of Haymaker 1890	Molly Holden	569
Giant Decorative Dahlias		570
Metamorphosis	Peter Porter	584
London is full of chickens on electric spits		585
Your Attention Please		585
Warning	Jenny Joseph	609
The Miner's Helmet	George Macbeth	610
The Wasps' Nest		611
When I am Dead		611
Story of a Hotel Room	Rosemary Tonks	617
Farewell to Kurdistan		617

The Movement Poet – Philip Larkin: answer question 25 or 26

<i>Philip Larkin: The Less Deceived</i> (Faber, 2011) ISBN 9780571260126		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
Lines On A Young Lady's Photograph Album	Philip Larkin	1
Wedding-Wind		3
Places, Loved Ones		4
Coming		5
Reasons for Attendance		6
Dry-Point		7
Next, Please		8
Going		9
Wants		10
Maiden Name		11
Born Yesterday		12
Whatever Happened?		13
No Road		14
Wires		15
Church Going		16
Age		18
Myxomatosis		19
Toads		20
Poetry Of Departures		22
Triple Time		23
Spring		24
Deceptions		25
I Remember, I Remember		26
Absences		28
Latest Face		29
If, My Darling		30
Skin		31
Arrivals, Departures		32
At Grass	33	

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Source information: Section A

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