

Paper Reference(s) 4ET1/01

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose

Poetry Booklet – Part 3 of the Edexcel Anthology

Wednesday 15 May 2019 – Afternoon

**DO NOT RETURN THIS
POETRY BOOKLET WITH THE
ANSWER BOOKLET.**

IF –

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, 5
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

 If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim; 10
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, 15
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

 If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss; 20
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

 If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, 25
 Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, 30
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

(Turn over)

PRAYER BEFORE BIRTH

I am not yet born; O hear me.

Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the
club-footed ghoul come near me.

I am not yet born, console me.

I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me, 5
with strong drugs dope me, with wise lies lure me,
on black racks rack me, in blood-baths roll me.

I am not yet born; provide me

With water to dandle me, grass to grow for me, trees to talk
to me, sky to sing to me, birds and a white light 10
in the back of my mind to guide me.

I am not yet born; forgive me

For the sins that in me the world shall commit, my words
when they speak me, my thoughts when they think me,
my treason engendered by traitors beyond me, 15
my life when they murder by means of my
hands, my death when they live me.

I am not yet born; rehearse me

In the parts I must play and the cues I must take when
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains 20
frown at me, lovers laugh at me, the white
waves call me to folly and the desert calls
me to doom and the beggar refuses
my gift and my children curse me.

(Continues on next page)

I am not yet born; O hear me, 25
Let not the man who is beast or who thinks he is God
come near me.

I am not yet born; O fill me
With strength against those who would freeze my
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton, 30
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with
one face, a thing, and against all those
who would dissipate my entirety, would
blow me like thistledown hither and
thither or hither and thither 35
like water held in the
hands would spill me.

Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me.
Otherwise kill me.

Louis MacNeice

BLESSING

The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo
in a tin mug, 5
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground
and the flow has found 10

a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation: every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,
brass, copper, aluminium, 15
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,
their highlights polished to perfection, 20
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.

Imtiaz Dharker

SEARCH FOR MY TONGUE

You ask me what I mean
by saying I have lost my tongue.

I ask you, what would you do
if you had two tongues in your mouth,
and lost the first one, the mother tongue,
and could not really know the other,
the foreign tongue.

5

You could not use them both together
even if you thought that way.

And if you lived in a place you had to
speak a foreign tongue,
your mother tongue would rot,
rot and die in your mouth
until you had to “spit it out”.

10

I thought I spit it out
but overnight while I dream,

15

મને હતું કે આખ્ખી જીભ આખ્ખી ભાષા,

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થું કી નાખી છે.

(may thoonky nakhi chay)

20

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay
chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

25

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

મોઢામાં ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

ફૂળની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી છબ

(fulllnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં પાકે છે.

30

(modhama pakay chay)

it grows back, a stump of a shoot
grows longer, grows moist, grows strong veins,
it ties the other tongue in knots,
the bud opens, the bud opens in my mouth,
it pushes the other tongue aside.
Everytime I think I've forgotten,
I think I've lost the mother tongue,
it blossoms out of my mouth.

35

Sujata Bhatt

HALF-PAST TWO

Once upon a schooltime
He did Something Very Wrong
(I forget what it was).

And She said he'd done
Something Very Wrong, and must 5
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

(Being cross, she'd forgotten
She hadn't taught him Time.
He was too scared of being wicked to remind her.)

He knew a lot of time: he knew 10
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

Timeformykisstime (that was Grantime).
All the important times he knew,
But not half-past two. 15

He knew the clockface, the little eyes
And two long legs for walking,
But he couldn't click its language,

So he waited, beyond onceupona,
Out of reach of all the timefors, 20
And knew he'd escaped for ever

Into the smell of old chrysanthemums on Her desk,
Into the silent noise his hangnail made,
Into the air outside the window, into ever.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

And then, My goodness, she said, 25
Scuttling in, I forgot all about you.
Run along or you'll be late.

So she slotted him back into schooltime,
And he got home in time for teatime,
Nexttime, notimeforthatnowtime, 30

But he never forgot how once by not knowing time,
He escaped into the clockless land of ever,
Where time hides tick-less waiting to be born.

U. A. Fanthorpe

PIANO

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

5

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

10

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

10

D. H. Lawrence

(Turn over)

HIDE AND SEEK

Call out. Call loud: 'I'm ready! Come and find me!'
 The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.
 They'll never find you in this salty dark,
 But be careful that your feet aren't sticking out.
 Wiser not to risk another shout. 5
 The floor is cold. They'll probably be searching
 The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens
 You mustn't sneeze when they come prowling in.
 And here they are, whispering at the door;
 You've never heard them sound so hushed before. 10
 Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb. Hide in your
 blindness.
 They're moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;
 Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're gone.
 But don't come out just yet; they'll try the lane 15
 And then the greenhouse and back here again.
 They must be thinking that you're very clever,
 Getting more puzzled as they search all over.
 It seems a long time since they went away.
 Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat; 20
 The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat.
 It's time to let them know that you're the winner.
 Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That's better!
 Out of the shed and call to them: 'I've won!
 Here I am! Come and own up I've caught you!' 25
 The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.
 The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.
 Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?

Vernon Scannell

(Turn over)

SONNET 116 'LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE...'

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments; love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark

5

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

10

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI. A BALLAD

I

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

II

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 5
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

III

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

IV

I met a Lady in the meads
 Full beautiful – a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.

V

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

VI

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

VII

She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
 And honey wild, and manna*-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said –
 'I love thee true'.

VIII

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sighed full sore, 30
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

IX

And there she lullèd me asleep
 And there I dreamed – Ah! woe betide! –
 The latest dream I ever dreamt 35
 On the cold hill side.

X

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Thee hath in thrall!' 40

(Continues on next page)

XI

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

45

John Keats

*manna – Food from heaven

POEM AT THIRTY-NINE

How I miss my father.
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

5

Writing deposit slips and checks
I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.

10

I learned to see
bits of paper as a way
to escape the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

15

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

20

(Continues on next page)

How I miss my father! 25
He cooked like a person
dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing 30
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot; 35
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire 40
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
staring into the fire.

Alice Walker

WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

In his darkroom he is finally alone
 with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
 The only light is red and softly glows,
 as though this were a church and he
 a priest preparing to intone a Mass*. 5
 Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
 beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
 though seem to now. Rural England. Home again 10
 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
 to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
 of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
 faintly start to twist before his eyes,
 a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries 15
 of this man's wife, how he sought approval
 without words to do what someone must
 and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
 from which his editor will pick out five or six 20
 for Sunday's supplement**. The reader's eyeballs prick
 with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
 From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
 he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy

*Mass – A religious service

**Sunday's supplement – A regular additional section
 placed in a Sunday newspaper

THE TYGER

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art, 10
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And waterd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?* 20

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

*Did he who made the Lamb make thee – God

(Turn over)

MY LAST DUCHESS FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast, 25
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

She rode with round the terrace – all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked
 Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35
 In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 – E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Robert Browning

HALF-CASTE

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste

Explain yuself
wha yu mean 5

when yu say half-caste
yu mean when picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas/
explain yuself 10

wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky
is a half-caste weather/ 15

well in dat case
england weather
nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
half-caste till dem overcast 20

so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass
ah rass/

explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste 25

yu mean when tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key
wid a white key
is a half-caste symphony/ 30

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Explain yuself
 wha yu mean
 Ah listening to yu wid de keen
 half of mih ear
 Ah lookin at yu wid de keen 35
 half of mih eye
 and when I'm introduced to yu
 I'm sure you'll understand
 why I offer yu half-a-hand
 an when I sleep at night 40
 I close half-a-eye
 consequently when I dream
 I dream half-a-dream
 an when moon begin to glow
 I half-caste human being 45
 cast half-a-shadow
 but yu must come back tomorrow
 wid de whole of yu eye
 an de whole of yu ear
 an de whole of yu mind 50
 an I will tell yu
 de other half
 of my story

John Agard

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

Do not go gentle into that good night,
 Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
 Because their words had forked no lightning they 5
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, 10
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light. 15

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
 Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
 Do not go gentle into that good night.
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day 5

You tell me of our future that you planned:

Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while

And afterwards remember, do not grieve: 10

For if the darkness and corruption leave

A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile

Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

If – 2001, © Rudyard Kipling, Penguin Classic
 Prayer Before Birth by Louis MacNeice from Selected Poems: Louis MacNeice (Faber and Faber, 2007)
 Blessing by Imtiaz Dharker from Postcards from God (Bloodaxe Books, 1997)
 Search for my Tongue by Sujata Bhatt from Brunizem (Carcenet Press Limited, 2007)
 Half-past Two © U.A. Fanthorpe. First published in Neck-Verse (Peterloo Poets, 1992)
 Piano by D. H. Lawrence from The Top 500 Poems, ed William Harman, Columbia University
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