

**Paper Reference(s) 4ET1/01**  
**Pearson Edexcel International GCSE (9–1)**

**English Literature**  
**PAPER 1: Poetry and Modern Prose**

**Monday 13 May 2024 – Morning**

**Time: 2 hours**

**Poetry Booklet – Part 3 of the Edexcel Anthology**

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

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## Unfinished Poem

Here is the tiny seed.  
Drop it from your palm.  
Cover it with earth.

Here is the tender shoot  
breaking through warm soil. 5  
Water it with love.

Here is the slender stalk  
Moist with morning dew.  
Shelter it with care.

Here is the velvet bud 10  
folded in itself.  
See its slow unfurling.

Here is the fragrant flower  
Open to the bees.  
Watch their happy visiting. 15

Here is the shrivelled pod  
rattling in cold wind.  
Wait for the shell to split.

Here is the tiny seed.

**Barrie Wade (c.1989)**

**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:**

**(continued on the next page)**

If – continued.

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. 5  
I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me,  
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 10  
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  
in the back of my mind to guide me.

(continued on the next page)

## Prayer Before Birth continued.

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 20  
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains  
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.

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.

(continued on the next page)

## Prayer Before Birth continued.

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 35  
thither or hither and thither  
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,

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Blessing continued.

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, 5  
and could not really know the other,  
the foreign tongue.

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

And if you lived in a place you had to 10  
speak a foreign tongue,  
your mother tongue would rot,  
rot and die in your mouth  
until you had to spit it out.

I thought I spit it out 15  
but overnight while I dream,

(continued on the next page)

Search For My Tongue continued.

મને હતું કે આલ્ખી જીભ આલ્ખી ભાષા,

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થૂંકી નાખી છે.

(may thoonly nakhī chay)

20

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામિ મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattay svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામિ ખીલે છે.

25

(modhama kheelay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fullnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામિ પાકે છે.

(modhama pakay chay)

30

(continued on the next page)

# Search For My Tongue continued.

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.

# 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  
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

5

(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  
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereovertime,  
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

10

(continued on the next page)

Half-past Two continued.

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,  
And knew he'd escaped for ever

20

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

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

25

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-past Two continued.

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.

**D H Lawrence**

## 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. 5  
Wiser not to risk another shout.  
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; 10  
You've never heard them sound so hushed before.  
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  
And then the greenhouse and back here again. 15  
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.

(continued on the next page)

Hide and Seek continued.

Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;  
The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat. 20  
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

## 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

**\*manna – Food from heaven**

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,  
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,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad continued.

IV

I met a Lady in the meads,

Full beautiful – a faery’s child,

Her hair was long, her foot was light,

And her eyes were wild.

15

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

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.

(continued on the next page)

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad continued.

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.

(continued on the next page)

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad continued.

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

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

Turn over



# 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

15

the life he knew  
and even in high school  
had a savings  
account.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Poem at Thirty-Nine continued.

He taught me 20

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

25

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

30

(continued on the next page)

Poem at Thirty-Nine continued.

Now I look and cook just like him:  
my brain light; 35  
tossing this and that  
into the pot;  
seasoning none of my life  
the same way twice; happy to feed  
whoever strays my way. 40

He would have grown  
to admire  
the woman I've become:  
cooking, writing, chopping wood,  
staring into the fire. 45

Alice Walker

## War Photographer

**\*Mass – A religious service**

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

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.

(continued on the next page)

War Photographer continued.

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 20  
from which his editor will pick out five or six  
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

# The Tyger

**\*Did he who made the Lamb make thee – God**

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  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

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

(continued on the next page)

The Tyger continued.

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 water'd 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

## 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  
'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)  
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  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps  
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint

5  
10  
15

(continued on the next page)



# My Last Duchess Ferrara continued.

# Must never hope to reproduce the faint

**Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough**

**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,**

# The dropping of the daylight in the West,

# The bough of cherries some officious fool

# Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule

**She rode with round the terrace – all and each**

**Would draw from her alike the approving speech,**

**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

**In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will**

**Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this**

**(continued on the next page)**

My Last Duchess Ferrara continued.

Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let  
 Herself be lessened 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

Turn over

# Half-caste

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

Explain yusef  
wha yu mean

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

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

well in dat case  
england weather

(continued on the next page)

Half-caste continued.

nearly always half-caste  
in fact some o dem cloud  
half-caste till dem overcast  
so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass

20

ah rass/  
explain yusef  
wha yu mean

25

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

30

Explain yusef  
wha yu mean  
Ah listening to yu wid de keen  
half of mih ear  
Ah lookin at yu wid de keen  
half of mih eye

35

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-caste continued.

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  
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  
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  
an I will tell yu  
de other half  
of my story

John Agard

Turn over

## 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.

(continued on the next page)

Do not go gentle into that good night   continued.

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

Unfinished Poem by Barrie Wade, Read Me Out Loud, Macmillan

If – 2001, © Rudyard Kipling, Penguin Classic

Prayer Before Birth, Selected Poems, Louis MacNeice, Faber

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Search For My Tongue, Sujata Bhatt, Carcanet Books

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Piano by D H Lawrence from The Top 500 Poems, ed William Harmon, Columbia University

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Sonnet 116 – Shakespeare’s Sonnets – 1999, © Shakespeare, Penguin Classic, William Shakespeare, 1609

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**Half-caste by John Agard. Source: ‘Half-caste’, John Agard, Hodder Children’s Books, 2005**

**Do not go gentle into that good night by Dylan Thomas from Selected Poems: Dylan Thomas (Penguin Classic, 2000), Dylan Thomas, 1951**

**Remember by Christina Rossetti from Selected Poems: Rossetti (Penguin Classic, 2008), Christina Rossetti, 1862**