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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)

Turn over

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:

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

If – continued.

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)

Turn over

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!’

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

If – continued.

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,

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 10
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)

Turn over

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.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Prayer Before Birth continued.

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 30
With strength against those who would freeze my
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton,
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.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Prayer Before Birth continued.

**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,
the voice of a kindly god.

5

(continued on the next page)

Blessing continued.

**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)

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,
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
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

but overnight while I dream,

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Search For My Tongue continued.

મને હતું કે આપ્પી જીભ આપ્પી ભાષા,
(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થૂંકી નાપ્પી છે.

(may thoonky nakhi chay)

20

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નાંમિ મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattaray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામિ ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

25

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Search For My Tongue continued.

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fullnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામિ પાકે છે.

(modhama pakay chay)

30

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

Turn over

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)

Turn over

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 onceupon a,

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.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-past Two continued.

And then, **My goodness**, she said,
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,

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.

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.

(continued on the next page)

Piano continued.

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.
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
And then the greenhouse and back here again.

15

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Hide and Seek continued.

**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;
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!'

The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.

25

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-fixed mark

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;

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

Turn over

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.

5

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad continued.

III

I see a lily on thy brow,

With anguish moist and fever-dew,

10

And on thy cheeks 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.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad continued.

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.

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.

John Keats

45

Turn over

Poem at Thirty-Nine

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

5

(continued on the next page)

Poem at Thirty-Nine continued.

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.

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.

(continued on the next page)

10

15

Turn over

Poem at Thirty-Nine continued.

20

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.

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)

Turn over

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 40
whoever strays my way.

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

Alice Walker

Turn over

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* .

Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

5

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

War Photographer continued.

**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
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.**

10

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

15

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

War Photographer continued.

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

Turn over

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)

Turn over

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

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.

5

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)

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

My Last Duchess Ferrara continued.

**Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
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
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,
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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-caste continued.

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 yusef

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-caste continued.

Explain yusef

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Half-caste continued.

**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**

50

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.**

(continued on the next page)

Do not go gentle into that good night continued.

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

Turn over

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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www.bloodaxebooks.com

Search For My Tongue, Sujata Bhatt, Carcanet Books

Half-past Two © U A Fanthorpe. First published in Neck-Verse (Peterloo Poets, 1992)

(continued on the next page)

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS continued.

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

Hide and Seek, Vernon Scannell, Faber and Faber 2011

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

La Belle Dame sans Merci – 2007, © John Keats, Penguin Classic, John Keats, 1819

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War Photographer, Carol Ann Duffy, Picador

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS continued.

The Tyger – 2006, © William Blake, Penguin Classic, William Blake, 1794

My Last Duchess – 2000, © Robert Browning, Penguin Classic, Robert Browning, 1842

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