

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname					Other names			
<b>Pearson Edexcel</b>		Centre Number			Candidate Number			
<b>International GCSE</b>		<input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/>			<input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/> <input type="text"/>			
<b>Monday 7 January 2019</b>								
Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)					Paper Reference <b>4ET1/01</b>			
<b>English Literature</b>								
<b>Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose</b>								
<b>You must have:</b>							Total Marks	
Question Booklet and Booklet of poems from Part 3 of the Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology (enclosed)							<input type="text"/>	

### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question from Section A, **ONE** question from Section B and **ONE** question from Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 90.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Copies of the *Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology* may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Copies of the texts studied may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS**





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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS**





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**TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS**



**Pearson Edexcel International GCSE**

**Monday 7 January 2019**

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)

Paper Reference **4ET1/01**

**English Literature**

**Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose**

**Question Booklet**

**Do not return this booklet with your Answer Booklet.**

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**Answer THREE questions:**

**Answer the question in Section A,  
ONE question from Section B  
and ONE question from Section C.**

**The poems for use with Section B are included with this paper.**

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<i>Of Mice and Men</i> , John Steinbeck	7
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## SECTION A: Unseen Poetry

Answer the question in this section.

You should spend 35 minutes on this question.

**Read the following poem.**

### **Mum Dad and Me**

My parents grew among palmtrees,  
in sunshine strong and clear.  
I grow in weather that's pale,  
misty, watery or plain cold,  
around back streets of London. 5

Dad swam in warm sea, at my age.  
I swim in a roofed pool.  
Mum – she still doesn't swim.

Mum went to an open village market  
at my age. I go to a covered  
arcade one with her now. 10  
Dad works most Saturdays.

At my age Dad played  
cricket with friends. 15  
Mum helped her mum, or talked  
shouting halfway up a hill.  
Now I read or talk on the phone.

With her friends Mum's mum washed  
clothes on a river-stone. Now  
washing-machine washes our clothes. 20  
We save time to eat to TV,  
never speaking.

My dad longed for a freedom in Jamaica.  
I want greater freedom. 25  
Mum prays for us, always.

Mum goes to church  
some evenings and Sundays.  
I go to the library.  
Dad goes for his darts at the local\*.

Mum walked everywhere, at my age. 30  
Dad rode a donkey.  
Now I take a bus  
or catch the underground train.

### **James Berry (1988)**

*\*darts at the local* – a game played at a local bar



**1** Explore how the writer presents the family in this poem.

In your answer, you should consider the writer's:

- descriptive skills
- choice of language
- use of form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

---

**(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)**

---

**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS**

**SECTION B: Anthology Poetry****Answer ONE question from this section.****You should spend 40 minutes on your chosen question.****EITHER****2** Re-read *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and *My Last Duchess*.**Compare** the ways the writers present a story in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and *My Last Duchess*.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

**(Total for Question 2 = 30 marks)****OR****3** Re-read *The Tyger*.**Compare** how the writers present power in *The Tyger* and **one other** poem from the anthology.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

**(Total for Question 3 = 30 marks)**

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS**

**SECTION C: Modern Prose**

Answer ONE question on ONE text from this section.

You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

***To Kill a Mockingbird*, Harper Lee****EITHER**

**4** 'I maintain that the Ewells started it all.' (Scout)

Explore the importance of the Ewell family in this novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**5** Show how the setting of Maycomb is significant in *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)**

---

***Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck****EITHER**

**6** Discuss the relationship between Curley and his wife in this novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**7** Examine the significance of animals in *Of Mice and Men*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)**

---

***The Whale Rider, Witi Ihimaera*****EITHER**

**8** Explore the relationship between Koro Apirana and Nanny Flowers in this novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**9** Discuss the significance of the natural world in *The Whale Rider*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 9 = 40 marks)**

---

***The Joy Luck Club, Amy Tan*****EITHER**

**10** Explore the theme of marriage in *The Joy Luck Club*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 10 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**11** Discuss the relationship between An-mei Hsu and Rose Hsu Jordan in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 11 = 40 marks)**

---

**Things Fall Apart, Chinua Achebe****EITHER**

**12** '*Things Fall Apart* is full of unnecessary violence.'

How far do you agree with this view?

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 12 = 40 marks)**

**OR**

**13** Explore the relationship between Ezinma and her parents in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

**(Total for Question 13 = 40 marks)**

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS**

**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS**

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**Acknowledgement:**

*Mum Dad and Me* by James Berry

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**Pearson Edexcel International GCSE**

**Monday 7 January 2019**

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)

Paper Reference **4ET1/01**

**English Literature**

**Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose**

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

**Do not return this Booklet with the Question Paper.**

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**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*

## 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.

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, 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,

મને હતું કે આખી જીભ આખી ભાષા.

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થૂંકી નાખી છે.

(may thoonyki nakhi chay)

20

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattray svupnama mari bhasha pachhi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

25

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fulllnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં 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. 35  
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 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.

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 for 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 5  
 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.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
 With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour 10  
 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  
 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*

**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 10  
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*



## 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

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

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 45  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

*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	How I miss my father! He cooked like a person dancing in a yoga meditation and craved the voluptuous sharing of good food.	30
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.	10  15	Now I look and cook just like him: my brain light; tossing this and that into the pot; seasoning none of my life the same way twice; happy to feed whoever strays my way.	35  40
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  25	He would have grown to admire the woman I've become: cooking, writing, chopping wood, staring into the fire.	45

*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  
 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 10  
 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,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10  
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

## 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  
 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 yusef  
wha yu mean 5

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

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 you  
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 you  
of the 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*

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