**Section C: Unseen Poetry**

Answer both questions in this section

**To Autumn**

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,

   Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

   With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,

   And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

      To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

   With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

      For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

   Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

   Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

   Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

      Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

   Steady thy laden head across a brook;

   Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,

      Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?

   Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

   And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

   Among the river sallows, borne aloft

      Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

   Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft

   The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;

      And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

**27.1**

In ‘To Autumn,’ how does the poet present the season of Autumn?

[24 marks]

**Autumn**

The thistledown's flying, though the winds are all still,

On the green grass now lying, now mounting the hill,

The spring from the fountain now boils like a pot;

Through stones past the counting it bubbles red-hot.

The ground parched and cracked is like overbaked bread,

The greensward all wracked is, bents dried up and dead.

The fallow fields glitter like water indeed,

And gossamers twitter, flung from weed unto weed.

Hill-tops like hot iron glitter bright in the sun,

And the rivers we're eying burn to gold as they run;

Burning hot is the ground, liquid gold is the air;

Whoever looks round sees Eternity there.

 John Clare.

**27.2**

In both ‘To Autumn’ and ‘Autumn’ the speakers describe experiences of Autumn.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present these attitudes?

[8 marks]

**Section C: Unseen Poetry**

Answer both questions in this section

**London**

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every Infant’s cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg’d manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper’s cry
Every blackening Church appals;
And the hapless soldier’s sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot’s curse
Blasts the new-born Infant’s tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

*William Blake*

**27.1**

In ‘London,’ how does the poet present life in the city?

[24 marks]

**Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, 1802**

*William Wordsworth*

Earth hath not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty:

This city now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Dear God! The very houses seem asleep;

And all that mighty heart is lying still!

**27.2**

In both ‘London’ and ‘Composed Upon Westminster Bridge,’ the speakers reveal their experiences of London.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present these attitudes?

[8 marks]

**Section C: Unseen Poetry**

Answer both questions in this section

**I Wouldn’t Thank You for a Valentine**

I wouldn’t thank you for a Valentine.

I won’t wake up early wondering if the postman’s been.

Should red-padded satin hearts arrive with sticky sickly saccharine

Sentiments in very vulgar verses I wouldn’t wonder if you meant them.

Two dozen anonymous Interflora roses?

I’d not bother to swither over who sent them!

I wouldn’t thank you for a Valentine.

Scrawl SWALK across the envelope

I’d just say ‘ Same Auld story

I canny be bothered deciphering it –

I’m up to hear with Amore!

The whole Valentine’s Day Thing is trivial and commercial,

A cue for unleashing clichés and candyheart motifs to

which I personally am not partial.’

 Take more than singing Telegrams, or pints of Chanel Five, or sweets,

To get me ordering oysters or ironing my black satin sheets.

I wouldn’t thank you for a Valentine.

If you sent me a solitaire and promises solemn,

Took out an ad in the *Guardian* Personal Column

 Saying something very soppy such as ‘Who Loves Ya, Poo?

I’ll tell you, I do, Fozzy Bear, that’s who!’

You’d entirely fail to charm me, in fact I’d detest it

I wouldn’t be eighteen again for anything, I’m glad I’m past it.

I wouldn’t thank you for a Valentine.

 If you sent me a single orchid, or a pair of Janet Reger’s

in a heart-shaped box and declared your Love Eternal

I’d say I’d not be caught dead in them they were

politically suspect and I’d rather something thermal.

If you hired a plane and blazed our love in a banner across the skies;

 If you bought me something flimsy in a flatteringly wrong size;

If you sent me a postcard with three Xs and told me how you felt

I wouldn’t thank you, I’d melt.

LIZ LOCHHEAD

(b. 1947)

27.1

In ‘I Wouldn’t Thank You for a Valentine,’ how does the poet present their views of love and Valentine’s Day?

[24 marks]

**Valentine**

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,
if you like.
Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

Carol Ann Duffy

27.2

In both ‘I Wouldn’t Thank You for a Valentine’ and ‘Valentine,’ the speakers reveal their experiences of love and relationships.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present love and relationships?

**Section C: Unseen Poetry**

Answer both questions in this section

**The Sun Rising**

              Busy old fool, unruly sun,

               Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

               Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

               Late school boys and sour prentices,

         Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,

         Call country ants to harvest offices,

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

               Thy beams, so reverend and strong

               Why shouldst thou think?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long;

               If her eyes have not blinded thine,

               Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,

         Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

         Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

               She's all states, and all princes, I,

               Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us; compared to this,

All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

               Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,

               In that the world's contracted thus.

         Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

         To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.

John Donne

27.1

In ‘The Sun Rising,’ how does the poet present the idea of love?

[24 marks]

**To My Dear and Loving Husband**

If ever two were one, then surely we.

If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.

If ever wife was happy in a man,

Compare with me, ye women, if you can.

I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,

Or all the riches that the East doth hold.

My love is such that rivers cannot quench,

Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.

Thy love is such I can no way repay;

The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.

Then while we live, in love let’s so persever,

That when we live no more, we may live ever.

[ANNE BRADSTREET](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/anne-bradstreet)

27.2

In both ‘The Sun Rising’ and ‘To My Dear and Loving Husband,’ the speaker conveys their love to their lover.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present their feelings about their lover and love itself?

[8 marks]

**Section C: Unseen Poetry**

Answer both questions in this section

**Mother to Son**

Well, son, I’ll tell you:

Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

It’s had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare.

But all the time

I’se been a-climbin’ on,

And reachin’ landin’s,

And turnin’ corners,

And sometimes goin’ in the dark

Where there ain’t been no light.

So boy, don’t you turn back.

Don’t you set down on the steps

’Cause you finds it’s kinder hard.

Don’t you fall now—

For I’se still goin’, honey,

I’se still climbin’,

And life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

Langston Hughes

27.1

In ‘Mother to Son,’ how does the poet present the bond between mother and son?

[24 marks]

**Catrin**

I can remember you, child,
As I stood in a hot, white
Room at the window watching
The people and cars taking
Turn at the traffic lights.
I can remember you, our first
Fierce confrontation, the tight
Red rope of love which we both
Fought over. It was a square
Environmental blank, disinfected
Of paintings or toys. I wrote
All over the walls with my
Words, coloured the clean squares
With the wild, tender circles
Of our struggle to become
Separate. We want, we shouted,
To be two, to be ourselves.

Neither won nor lost the struggle
In the glass tank clouded with feelings
Which changed us both. Still I am fighting
You off, as you stand there
With your straight, strong, long
Brown hair and your rosy,
Defiant glare, bringing up
From the heart’s pool that old rope,
Tightening about my life,
Trailing love and conflict,
As you ask may you skate
In the dark, for one more hour.

27.2

In both ‘Mother to Son’ and ‘Catrin,’ each poet presents a relationship between parent and child.

What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present the bond between parent and child?

[8 marks]