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南洋女子中學校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
SECONDARY THREE BLOCK TEST 1

April 2013

50 mins

Friday

Advanced Literature (HP)

0-0 am

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

1. Write your name on your answer script.
2. Use **dark blue or black ink**.
3. Do not use correction fluid / tape.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

You are reminded of the need for good English and legible handwriting.

Unseen Poetry

Read the question carefully before writing your answer.

Binsey Poplars

(Felled 1879)

My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,
All felled, felled, are all felled;
Of a fresh and following folded rank
Not spared, not one
That swam or sank
On meadow and river and wind-wandering
weed-winding bank.

O if we but knew what we do
When we delve or hew-
Hack and rack the growing green!
Since country is so tender
To touch, her being so slender,
That, like this sleek and seeing ball
But a prick will made no eye at all,
Where we, even where we mean
To mend her we end her,
When we hew or delve:
After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.
Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
Strokes of havoc unselfe
The sweet especial scene,
Rural scene, a rural scene,
Sweet especial rural scene.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The Poplar Field

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade:
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse¹ on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Short-lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

William Cowper

Compare the two poems, showing how the poets use tone and imagery to elicit the reader's feelings. [30m]

-END-

¹Ouse, a river in England, on whose banks the poet used to play in his childhood.

