|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Start simple  Analyse/link quotes/effects  Explore an idea | The characters in Woman Work (WW) and Overheard in County Sligo (OCS) both have to do mundane, boring housework, such as “floor to mop”, “food to shop” (WW) and “polish the lustre and brass” (OCS). The simple, repetitive nature of the rhyme in WW shows how boring the tasks are, whereas in OCS she contrasts her dreams with a much more boring reality straight afterwards. Both women feel limited by domestic chores and their traditional gender role and they both dream of being taken away to an exciting new world (“blown away by a storm” WW) or being a performer on stage (“Abbey stage”, “still the crowd with a look”), which is ………. |

The poems you’ll need are below:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Woman Work by Maya Angelou  I've got the children to tend The clothes to mend The floor to mop The food to shop Then the chicken to fry The baby to dry I got company to feed The garden to weed I've got shirts to press The tots to dress The can to be cut I gotta clean up this hut Then see about the sick And the cotton to pick.  Shine on me, sunshine Rain on me, rain Fall softly, dewdrops And cool my brow again.  Storm, blow me from here With your fiercest wind Let me float across the sky 'Til I can rest again.  Fall gently, snowflakes Cover me with white Cold icy kisses and Let me rest tonight.  Sun, rain, curving sky Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone Star shine, moon glow You're all that I can call my own. | **Overheard In County Sligo**  I married a man from County Roscommon and I live in the back of beyond with a field of cows and a yard of hens and six white geese on the pond.  At my door’s a square of yellow corn caught up by its corners and shaken, and the road runs down through the open gate and freedom’s there for the taking.  I had thought to work on the Abbey stage or have my name in a book, to see my thought on the printed page, or still the crowd with a look.  But I turn to fold the breakfast cloth and to polish the lustre and brass, to order and dust the tumbled rooms and find my face in the glass.  I ought to feel I’m a happy woman for I lie in the lap of the land, but I married the man from County Roscommon and I live at the back of beyond.  **GILLIAN CLARKE** |