GradeMax

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Surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International Advanced Level

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

English Literature

International Advanced Level
Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

Thursday 22 June 2017 – Morning
Time: 2 hours

Paper Reference
WET04/01

You must have:
Source Booklet (enclosed)
Prescribed texts (clean copies)

Total Marks

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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
  – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
  – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

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

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A: Shakespeare

Answer ONE question from this section.

Begin your answer on page 6.

Measure for Measure

EITHER

1 'In *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare exposes a society where women are treated brutally.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of the treatment of women.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 'The character of Angelo embodies the abuse of power in the play.'

In the light of this comment, examine the ways in which Shakespeare presents Angelo's use of authority and abuse of power.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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The Taming of the Shrew

EITHER

3 'In *The Taming of the Shrew*, transformation is always a possibility.'

In the light of this comment, explore how Shakespeare presents transformation in the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 'In *The Taming of the Shrew*, conformity plays a crucial part in the development of the play.'

In the light of this comment, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the idea of conformity in the play as a whole.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

Hamlet

EITHER

5 '*Hamlet* shows the inevitable futility and failure of revenge.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of revenge and its consequences.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 'Hamlet is a character struggling to find an identity in a corrupt and deeply flawed world.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of Hamlet's struggle to find an identity in a corrupt and deeply flawed world.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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King Lear

EITHER

7 'The ending of *King Lear* confirms the play's bleak and terrifying vision of injustice.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of injustice throughout the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 'In *King Lear*, Shakespeare is examining weakness and flawed judgement.'

In the light of this comment, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents human weakness and flawed judgement in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 1 ☒ **Question 2** ☒ **Question 3** ☒

Question 4 ☒ **Question 5** ☒ **Question 6** ☒

Question 7 ☒ **Question 8** ☒

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS

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SECTION B: Pre-1900 Poetry

Answer ONE question from this section.

You must select your second poem from the prescribed list for your studied collection. The poems are listed in the Source Booklet on pages 3 to 5.

Begin your answer on page 20.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

EITHER

9 Read the poem 'Batter my Heart' by John Donne on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the relationship between an individual and God is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)

OR

10 Read the poem 'To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship' by Katherine Philips on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which lasting affection is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright

EITHER

11 Read the poem 'Ode to a Nightingale' by John Keats on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the poets have presented an examination of their inner self and their place in the world. You must use this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

OR

12 Read the poem 'Ode to the West Wind' by P.B. Shelley on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the poets have presented the hope for a better world. You must use this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)

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Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

EITHER

13 Read XCV from 'In Memoriam' by Alfred Tennyson on page 12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which memory is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 13 = 25 marks)

OR

14 Read 'Home-Thoughts, from Abroad' by Robert Browning on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which poets present the significance of place in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 14 = 25 marks)

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 9** ☒ **Question 10** ☒ **Question 11** ☒

Question 12 ☒ **Question 13** ☒ **Question 14** ☒

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS

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GradeMax

Pearson Edexcel
International Advanced Level

English Literature
International Advanced Level
Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

Thursday 22 June 2017 – Morning
Source Booklet

Paper Reference
WET04/01

Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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Prescribed poetry

Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447		
Poem title	**Poet**	**Page number**
The Flea	John Donne	4
The Good Morrow		5
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		6
Woman's Constancy		7
The Sun Rising		8
A Valediction of Weeping		19
A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		21
The Apparition		22
Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed		29
'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'		31
'Death be not Proud'		32
'Batter my Heart'		33
A Hymn to God the Father		36
Redemption	George Herbert	67
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Love III		87
To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy	Thomas Carew	89
To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her		95
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Prescribed poetry

English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026		
Poem title	**Poet**	**Page number**
Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday	William Blake	69
Songs of Experience: Holy Thursday		73
Songs of Experience: The Sick Rose		73
Songs of Experience: The Tyger		74
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Lines Written in Early Spring	William Wordsworth	108
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R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida		342
Julian M. and A.G Rochelle		343
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Note for prescribed list of poems for English Romantic Verse:
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is counted as the equivalent of five poems.

Prescribed poetry

The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311		
Poem title	**Poet**	**Page number**
From In Memoriam: VII 'Dark house, by which once more I stand'	Alfred Tennyson	23
From In Memoriam: XCV 'By night we linger'd on the lawn'		28
From Maud: I.xi 'O let the solid ground'		37
From Maud: I.xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'		38
From Maud: I.xxii 'Come into the garden, Maud'		40
From Maud: II.iv 'O that 'twere possible'		43
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From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV 'Let the world's sharpness, like a closing knife'		102
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'I now had only to retrace'		214
'The Nurse believed the sick man slept'		215
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Drummer Hodge		467
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Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 9

'Batter my Heart' by John Donne

Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, 'and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurped town, to' another due,
Labour to' admit you; but oh, to no end;
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly' I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy.
Divorce me', untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you' enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 10

To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship by Katherine Philips

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcass breathed, and walked, and slept,
So that the world believed
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures, and supplies,
And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegrooms nor crown-conquerors' mirth
To mine compared can be:
They have but pieces of the earth,
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flame still light and shine,
And no bold fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright

Question 11

Ode to a Nightingale by John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness, –
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain –
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: – Do I wake or sleep?

Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright

Question 12

Ode to the West Wind by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II
Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III
Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

Question 13

XCV from 'In Memoriam' by Alfred Tennyson

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;
And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:
And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;
While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.
But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,
A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke
The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.
So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Aeonian music measuring out
The steps of time — the shocks of Chance —
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.
Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach

Thro' memory that which I became:
Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
    The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
    The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:
And suck'd from out the distant gloom
    A breeze began to tremble o'er
    The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,
And gathering freshlier overhead,
    Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
    The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,
"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
    And East and West, without a breath,
    Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

Question 14

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad by Robert Browning

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England – now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops – at the bent spray's edge –
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
– Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

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