GradeMax

Write your name here

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 25 January 2018 – Afternoon
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 'The play examines the dramatic consequences of errors of judgement.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents errors of judgement in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 'At the heart of *Measure for Measure* is the unresolved conflict between justice and mercy.'

In the light of this statement, explore Shakespeare's presentation of this conflict in the play.

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 play, conflict stems from within the family itself.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents conflict in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 'This is a play about power.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare presents power in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

Hamlet

EITHER

5 'Moments of tenderness in this play are few, but they are powerful when they happen.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents tenderness in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 'Ophelia struggles to assert herself in what is a male dominated society.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare presents Ophelia's struggle to assert herself.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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King Lear

EITHER

7 'In *King Lear* Shakespeare creates a world in which, when authority collapses, chaos results.'

In the light of this statement, explore Shakespeare's presentation of authority in the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 'The greatest wisdom in *King Lear* comes from the Fool.'

In the light of this statement, explore Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between the Fool and 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

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 19.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

EITHER

9 Read the poem 'A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day' by John Donne on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which despair 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 'The World' by Henry Vaughan on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a vision 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)

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

EITHER

11 Read the poem 'Lines Written in Early Spring' by William Wordsworth on page 9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a reflective mood 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 11 = 25 marks)

OR

12 Read the poem 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' by John Keats on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which search for meaning 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 12 = 25 marks)

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

EITHER

13 Read the poem 'Love in a Life' by Robert Browning on page 12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which love 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 the poem 'The Darkling Thrush' by Thomas Hardy on page 13 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a significant moment 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 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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Pearson Edexcel
International Advanced Level

English Literature

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

Thursday 25 January 2018 – Afternoon
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
The Collar		78
The Pulley		79
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
A Song ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows')		98
A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Engagement	Anne Bradstreet	135
Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	Richard Lovelace	182
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn	Andrew Marvell	195
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Unprofitableness	Henry Vaughan	219
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To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied		241
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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
Songs of Experience: London		75
Lines Written in Early Spring	William Wordsworth	108
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey		109
Ode: Intimations of Immortality		133
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Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
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So We'll Go no more A Roving		213
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year		232
'The cold earth slept below'	Percy Bysshe Shelley	242
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Sonnet on the Sea		287
To a Wreath of Snow	Emily Brontë	341
R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida		342
Julian M. and A.G Rochelle		343
Last Lines		348

Note for prescribed list of poems for English Romantic Verse:
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is counted as the equivalent of five poems.

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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
The Visionary	Emily Brontë and Charlotte Brontë	61
Grief	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	101
From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV 'Let the world's sharpness, like a closing knife'		102
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My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad		124
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'The Autumn day its course has run – the Autumn evening falls'	Charlotte Brontë	213
'The house was still – the room was still'		214
'I now had only to retrace'		214
'The Nurse believed the sick man slept'		215
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Remember	Christina Rossetti	278
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Somewhere or Other		297
At an Inn	Thomas Hardy	465
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Drummer Hodge		467
A Wife in London		467
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Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 9

A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day by John Donne

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks.
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interred; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring:
For I am every dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new alchemy.
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness
He ruined me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drowned the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two chaoses, when we did show
Care to aught else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the elixir grown;
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones detest
And love; all, all some properties invest;
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow', a light and body must be here.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this
Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

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Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 10

The World by Henry Vaughan

I saw eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled;
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure;
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight fog moved there so slow
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked underground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy,
Churches and altars fed him, perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heav'n in sense
And scorned pretence,
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave
Who think them brave,
And poor, despisèd truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soared up into the ring,
But most would use no wing.
'Oh fools', said I, 'thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.'
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whispered thus:
'This ring the bride-groom did for none provide
But for his bride.'

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

Question 11

Lines Written in Early Spring by William Wordsworth

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:–
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man!

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

Question 12

Ode on a Grecian Urn by John Keats

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
    Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
    A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
    Of deities or mortals, or of both,
        In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
    What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
        What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
    Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
    Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
    Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
        Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal – yet, do not grieve;
    She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
        For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
    Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
    For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
    For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
        For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
    That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
        A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
    To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
    And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
    Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
        Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
    Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
        Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
    Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
    Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty',—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

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

Question 13

Love in a Life by Robert Browning

I
ROOM after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her—
Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew:
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

II
Yet the day wears,
And door succeeds door;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares?
But 't is twilight, you see,—with such suites to explore,
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

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

Question 14

The Darkling Thrush by Thomas Hardy

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
    When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
    The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
    Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
    Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
    The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
    The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
    Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
    Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
    The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
    Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
    In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
    Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
    Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
    Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
    His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
    And I was unaware.

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