Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International Advanced Level

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

Thursday 24 January 2019

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **WET04/01**

English Literature

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

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 ▶

P55490A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1

P 5 5 4 9 0 A 0 1 2 8

Pearson

SECTION A: Shakespeare

Answer ONE question from this section.

Begin your answer on page 6.

Measure for Measure

EITHER

1 'Characters in Shakespeare's plays often have depth: in this play many characters are shallow.'

In the light of this comment, explore how Shakespeare presents character in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 'Nothing is satisfactorily resolved in *Measure for Measure*.'

In the light of this comment, examine the extent to which the play presents the audience with satisfactory resolutions.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

The Taming of the Shrew

EITHER

3 'What this play says about women is frankly unacceptable.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 'The Induction of *The Taming of the Shrew* is vital to a proper understanding of the play.'

In the light of this comment, explore the significance of the Induction (the first two scenes before Act 1 Scene 1) to the play as a whole.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

Hamlet

EITHER

5 'This is a play which shows us the damage that a father or father figure can cause.'

In the light of this comment, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents fathers or father figures in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 'Hamlet's problem is that he just can't make up his mind.'

In the light of this comment, explore the extent to which Shakespeare presents indecisiveness as key to understanding the character of Hamlet.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

King Lear

EITHER

7 'The changes in Edgar throughout the play make him difficult to understand.'

In the light of this comment explore Shakespeare's presentation of Edgar in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 'Rejection is the main theme of this play.'

In the light of this comment explore Shakespeare's presentation of rejection 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** ☒

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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 *The Flea* by John Donne on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a witty argument 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 *Love III* by George Herbert on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore how a change of mind 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)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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

EITHER

11 Read the poem *The Question* by Percy Bysshe Shelley on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the mysterious 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 *Intimations of Immortality* by William Wordsworth on page 9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which change 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 *from Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which fulfilment 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)

14 Read the poem *Echo* by Christina Rossetti on page 15 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which dreams and dreaming are 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)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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** ☒

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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

GradeMax

Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Thursday 24 January 2019

Aftermoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **WET04/01**

English Literature

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

Source Booklet
Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

P55490A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1

P 5 5 4 9 0 A

Pearson

Contents

Prescribed poetry
Metaphysical Poetry 3

Prescribed poetry
English Romantic Verse 4

Prescribed poetry
The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse 5

Question 9
The Flea 6
by John Donne

Question 10
Love III
by George Herbert 7

Question 11
The Question
by Percy Bysshe Shelley 8

Question 12
Ode: Intimations of Immortality 9
by William Wordsworth

Question 13
From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV 14
by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Question 14
Echo
by Christina Rossetti 15

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
To His Coy Mistress		198
The Definition of Love		201
Unprofitableness	Henry Vaughan	219
The World		220
To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied		241
Orinda to Lucasia		242

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
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	155
Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
Fare Thee Well		212
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
Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples		243
Ode to the West Wind		246
The Question		249
Ode to a Nightingale	John Keats	276
Ode on a Grecian Urn		279
To Autumn		282
Ode on Melancholy		283
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

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
The Best Thing in the World		115
'Died…'		116
My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad		124
Meeting at Night		125
Love in a Life		134
'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
Stanzas – ['Often rebuked, yet always back returning']	Charlotte Brontë (perhaps by Emily Brontë	215
Remember	Christina Rossetti	278
Echo		278
May		280
A Birthday		280
Somewhere or Other		297
At an Inn	Thomas Hardy	465
'I Look into My Glass'		466
Drummer Hodge		467
A Wife in London		467
The Darkling Thrush		468

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 9

***The Flea* by John Donne**

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou denyst me is;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay; three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we are met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me, the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 10

***Love III* by George Herbert**

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked any thing?

'A guest', I answered, 'worthy to be here':
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not', says Love, 'who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down', says Love, 'and taste my meat':
So I did sit and eat.

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

Question 11

***The Question* by Percy Bysshe Shelley**

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets -
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth -
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand, - and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! - Oh! to whom?

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

Question 12

***Ode: Intimations of Immortality* by William Wordsworth**

The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;-
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;-
Thou child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel - I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:-
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
- But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral:
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,-
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
In something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:-
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

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

Question 13

from *Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

LET the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife,
Shut in upon itself and do no harm
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,
And let us hear no sound of human strife
After the click of the shutting. Life to life -
I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still
The lilies of our lives may reassure
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer,
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

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

Question 14

***Echo* by Christina Rossetti**

COME to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again tho' cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

BLANK PAGE