GradeMax

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

| Candidate surname | Other names |
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**Pearson Edexcel**
**International**
**Advanced Level**

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

# Monday 25 January 2021

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* ▶

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**SECTION A: Shakespeare**

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**Write your answer in the space provided.**

***Measure for Measure***

**EITHER:**

**1** 'The drama of the play centres on conspiracies.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)**

**OR:**

**2** 'The play gives the audience a vivid presentation of a society that has lost its sense of right and wrong.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents a society that lacks morality in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)**

***The Taming of the Shrew***

**EITHER:**

**3** 'Throughout the play, the old are mocked by the young.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)**

**OR:**

**4** 'In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare presents the audience with vastly different relationships.'

In the light of this statement, explore the nature of Katherina and Petruccio's relationship in contrast with that of Bianca and Lucentio.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)**

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***Hamlet***

**EITHER:**

**5** 'In *Hamlet*, nothing is secure, there are no certainties, no trust.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways Shakespeare creates a world of uncertain values.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)**

**OR:**

**6** 'The dramatic power of this play is considerably helped by the different settings.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses different settings in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)**

***King Lear***

**EITHER:**

**7** 'The ending of *King Lear* could be seen both as unbearably tragic, and as offering hope.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ending of the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)**

**OR:**

**8** 'Edmund, obviously, is presented as a villain, but the audience may have conflicting feelings about this complex character.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the character of Edmund 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**

## 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.**

**Write your answer in the space provided.**

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow**

**EITHER:**

**9** Read the poem *Redemption* by George Herbert on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which divine poems make use of situations that are not specifically religious. Use 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 Apparition* by John Donne on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which direct address to another is used 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 *Ode on Melancholy* by John Keats on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which beauty 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 *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge on pages 9–24 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which contrast 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 *Remember* by Christina G. Rossetti on page 25 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a shift in mood or attitude 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 *Meeting at Night* by Robert Browning on page 26 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which anticipation 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)**

**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

# Monday 25 January 2021

Afternoon (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* ▶

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**Question 10**
*The Apparition* by John Donne 7

**Question 11**
*Ode on Melancholy* by John Keats 8

**Question 12**
*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge 9

**Question 13**
*Remember* by Christina G. Rossetti 25

**Question 14**
*Meeting at Night* by Robert Browning 26

## 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**

***Redemption* by George Herbert**

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolvèd to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel th' old.

In heaven at his manor I him sought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight returned, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts.
At length I heard a raggèd noise and mirth

Of thieves and murderers: there I him espied,
Who straight 'Your suit is granted' said, and died.

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry,* editor Colin Burrow**

**Question 10**

***The Apparition* by John Donne**

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent,
I' had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

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

**Question 11**

***Ode on Melancholy* by John Keats**

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
    Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
    By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
    Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
    Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
    And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
    Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
        Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
    Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
        And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
    And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
    Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips;
Ay, in the very temple of delight
    Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
        Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
    Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shalt taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

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

**Question 12**

***The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

PART I

*An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.*

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

*The wedding guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale*

He holds him with his glittering eye -
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light house top.

*The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.*

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon -
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

*The wedding guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.*

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

| | |
|---|---|
| | *T*he Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,<br>Yet he cannot choose but hear;<br>And thus spake on that ancient man,<br>The bright-eyed Mariner. |
| *The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.* | And now the Storm-blast came, and he<br>Was tyrannous and strong:<br>He struck with his o'ertaking wings,<br>And chased us south along. |
| | With sloping masts and dipping prow,<br>As who pursued with yell and blow<br>Still treads the shadow of his foe,<br>And forward bends his head,<br>The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,<br>The southward aye we fled. |
| | And now there came both mist and snow,<br>And it grew wondrous cold:<br>And ice, mast-high, came floating by,<br>As green as emerald. |
| *The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.* | And through the drifts the snowy clifts<br>Did send a dismal sheen:<br>Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken -<br>The ice was all between. |
| | The ice was here, the ice was there,<br>The ice was all around:<br>It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,<br>Like noises in a swound! |
| *Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.* | At length did cross an Albatross,<br>Thorough the fog it came;<br>As if it had been a Christian soul,<br>We hailed it in God's name. |
| | It ate the food it ne'er had eat,<br>And round and round it flew.<br>The ice did split with a thunder-fit;<br>The helmsman steered us through! |
| *And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.* | And a good south wind sprung up behind;<br>The Albatross did follow,<br>And every day, for food or play,<br>Came to the mariners' hollo! |
| | In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,<br>It perched for vespers nine;<br>Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,<br>Glimmered the white moon-shine. |

*The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.*

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! -
Why look'st thou so?' - With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

*His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.*

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

*But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

*The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

*The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.*

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

*And the Albatross begins to be avenged.*

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

*A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.*

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

*The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner, in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.*

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

*The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.*

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

*At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
*A flash of joy;*
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

*And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?*

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

*It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.*

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

*And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Spectre-woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.*

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
*Like vessel, like crew!*
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

*Death and Life-in-death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.*

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*No twilight within the courts of the sun.*

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

*At the rising of the Moon,*

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip -
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

*One after another,*

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

*His shipmates drop down dead.*

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

*But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.*

The souls did from their bodies fly,-
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!'

PART IV

*The wedding guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him.*

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

*But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.*

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'-
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

| | |
|---|---|
| *He despiseth the creatures of the calm,* | The many men, so beautiful!<br>And they all dead did lie:<br>And a thousand thousand slimy things<br>Lived on; and so did I. |
| *And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.* | I looked upon the rotting sea,<br>And drew my eyes away;<br>I looked upon the rotting deck,<br>And there the dead men lay. |
| | I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;<br>But or ever a prayer had gusht,<br>A wicked whisper came, and made<br>My heart as dry as dust. |
| | I closed my lids, and kept them close,<br>And the balls like pulses beat;<br>For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky<br>Lay like a load on my weary eye,<br>And the dead were at my feet. |
| *But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.* | The cold sweat melted from their limbs,<br>Nor rot nor reek did they:<br>The look with which they looked on me<br>Had never passed away. |
| | An orphan's curse would drag to hell<br>A spirit from on high;<br>But oh! more horrible than that<br>Is the curse in a dead man's eye!<br>Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,<br>And yet I could not die. |
| *In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.* | The moving Moon went up the sky,<br>And nowhere did abide:<br>Softly she was going up,<br>And a star or two beside - |
| | Her beams bemocked the sultry main,<br>Like April hoar-frost spread;<br>But where the ship's huge shadow lay,<br>The charmèd water burnt alway<br>A still and awful red. |

*By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.*

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

*Their beauty and their happiness.*

*He blesseth them in his heart.*

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

*The spell begins to break.*

The selfsame moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

*By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.*

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light - almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

*He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.*

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

*The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;*

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools -
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

*But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.*

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned - they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

*The lonesome Spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.*

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion -
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

*The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.*

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice
But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing -
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice
Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast -

*The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.*

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice
But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice
The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

*The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.*

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

*The curse is finally expiated.*

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen -

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring -
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze -
On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray -
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

*The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies.*

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

*And appear in their own forms of light.*

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck -
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart -
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third - I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

*The Hermit of the Wood,*

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve -
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

*Approacheth the ship with wonder.*

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said -
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look -
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared' – 'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

*The ship suddenly sinketh.*

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

*The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.*

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips - the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

*The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.*

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say -
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

*And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.*

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! -

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

*And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.*

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

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

**Question 13**

***Remember* by Christina G. Rossetti**

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

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

**Question 14**

***Meeting at Night* by Robert Browning**

I

THE grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

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