

**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.**

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**P54983A**

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### Prescribed poetry

<b>Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
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### Prescribed poetry

<b>English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
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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

<b>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
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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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.

**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 grotts 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.'

**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!

**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.

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!

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.