

Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Thursday 24 January 2019

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 ►

P55490A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1




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 7

by George Herbert

Question 11

The Question 8

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

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 15

by Christina Rossetti

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
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
<i>Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples</i>		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		465
'I Look into My Glass'	Thomas Hardy	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 waking 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