

**Pearson Edexcel**  
International Advanced Level

# English Literature

International Advanced Level

**Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry**

Tuesday 12 June 2018 – Afternoon

**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference

**WET04/01**

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

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<b>Contents</b>	<b>Page</b>
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>Metaphysical Poetry</i>	3
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>English Romantic Verse</i>	4
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse</i>	5
<b>Question 9</b> <i>The Collar</i> by George Herbert	6
<b>Question 10</b> <i>To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her</i> by Thomas Carew	7
<b>Question 11</b> <i>R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida ('Cold in the earth...')</i> by Emily Jane Brontë	9
<b>Question 12</b> <i>Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull</i> by George Gordon, Lord Byron	10
<b>Question 13</b> <i>The Visionary</i> by Emily Jane Brontë and Charlotte Brontë	11
<b>Question 14</b> <i>Come into the garden, Maud</i> by Alfred Tennyson	12

### Prescribed poetry

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

<b>English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
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		341
R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida	Emily Brontë	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		117
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad	Robert Browning	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 Collar* by George Herbert**

I struck the board, and cried, No more.  
     I will abroad.  
 What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?  
 My lines and life are free, free as the road,  
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.  
     Shall I be still in suit?  
 Have I no harvest but a thorn  
 To let me blood, and not restore  
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?  
     Sure there was wine  
 Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn  
     Before my tears did drown it.  
 Is the year only lost to me?  
     Have I no bays to crown it,  
 No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?  
     All wasted?  
 Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,  
     And thou hast hands.  
     Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
 On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute  
 Of what is fit, and not: forsake thy cage,  
     Thy rope of sands,  
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee  
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
     And be thy law,  
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
     Away; take heed:  
     I will abroad.  
 Call in thy death's head there; tie up thy fears.  
     He that forbears  
 To suit and serve his need  
     Deserves his load.  
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild,  
     At every word,  
 Me thoughts I heard one calling, 'Child';  
     And I replied, 'My Lord!'

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 10

*To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her* by Thomas Carew

1

Now you have freely given me leave to love,  
 What will you do?  
 Shall I your mirth, or pastime move  
 When I begin to woo?  
 Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?

2

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I  
 Spite of your hate  
 Without your leave can see and die;  
 Dispense a nobler fate:  
 'Tis easy to destroy; you may create.

3

Then give me leave to love, and love me too,  
 Not with design  
 To raise, as love's cursed rebels do;  
 When puling poets whine,  
 Fame to their beauty from their blubbered eyne.

4

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear  
 Your beauty's rays.  
 Joys are pure streams; your eyes appear  
 Sullen in sadder lays;  
 In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise.

5

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,  
 Wounds, flames, and darts,  
 Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,  
 Suborning all your parts,  
 Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

6

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,  
 As mild and fair,  
 Your brow as crystal smooth and clear  
 And your dishevelled hair  
 Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

7

Rich nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)

I'll spend, to dress

Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure

In equal thankfulness

You but unlock; so we each other bless.



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

**Question 11**

***R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida ('Cold in the earth...')* by Emily Jane Brontë**

Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee!  
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
Have I forgot, my Only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-wearing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains on Angora's shore;  
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover  
That noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers  
From those brown hills have melted into spring –  
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee  
While the World's tide is bearing me along:  
Stern desires and darker hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong.

No other Sun has lightened up my heaven;  
No other Star has ever shone for me:  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given –  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy;

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine!

And even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in Memory's rapturous pain;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again?

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

**Question 12**

***Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull* by George Gordon, Lord Byron**

Start not — nor deem my spirit fled;  
In me behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:  
I died: let earth my bones resign;  
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;  
And circle in the goblet's shape  
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,  
In aid of others' let me shine;  
And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,  
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,  
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce;  
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

**Prescribed text: The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, editor Christopher Ricks****Question 13*****The Visionary* by Emily Jane Brontë and Charlotte Brontë**

SILENT is the house: all are laid asleep:  
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep;  
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze  
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor;  
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door;  
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far:  
I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding-star.

Frown, my haughty sire! chide, my angry dame;  
Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with shame:  
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know,  
What angel nightly tracks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,  
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare;  
What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray,  
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

Burn, then, little lamp; glimmer straight and clear—  
Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air:  
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me;  
Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy.

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

**Question 14**

***Come into the garden, Maud* by Alfred Tennyson**

COME into the garden, Maud,  
 For the black bat, night, has flown,  
 Come into the garden, Maud,  
 I am here at the gate alone;  
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of Love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,  
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
 The flute, violin, bassoon;  
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
 To the dancers dancing in tune;  
 Till silence fell with the waking bird,  
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
 With whom she has heart to be gay.  
 When will the dancers leave her alone?  
 She is weary of dance and play."  
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
 And half to the rising day;  
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
 In babble and revel and wine.  
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
 For one that will never be thine?  
 But mine, but mine," I sware to the rose,  
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
 As the music clash'd in the hall:  
 And long by the garden lake I stood,  
 For I heard your rivulet fall  
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel doz'd on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.