

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

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Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Thursday 15 June 2023

Morning (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.

Begin your answer on page 4.

Measure for Measure

EITHER

- 1 'The most impressive thing about *Measure for Measure* is its use of irony.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses irony in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

- 2 '*Measure for Measure* tells us nothing important about love.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents love 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 'This is a play that prioritises the power of the spoken word.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare uses speech in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

- 4 'The actions of the characters in *The Taming of the Shrew* are purely selfish.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)



Hamlet**EITHER**

- 5** 'The core of *Hamlet's* fascination lies in its exploration of the unnatural.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the unnatural in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

- 6** '*Hamlet* offers an outstanding use of contrast.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses contrast in the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

King Lear**EITHER**

- 7** '*King Lear* is a play that relishes violence of all kinds.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents violence in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

- 8** 'The use of imagery and symbolism in *King Lear* is what makes it most memorable for the audience.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses imagery and symbolism 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

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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 16.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

EITHER:

- 9** Read the poem *To His Coy Mistress* by Andrew Marvell on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which female characteristics 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 9 = 25 marks)

OR

- 10** Read the poem *The World* by Henry Vaughan on pages 7–8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which faith 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)

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

EITHER:

- 11** Read the poem *Lines Written in Early Spring* by William Wordsworth on page 9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the idea of renewal 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 *Ode to a Nightingale* by John Keats on pages 10–11 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which tone and mood are created 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 *The Visionary* by Emily Brontë and Charlotte Brontë on page 12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the power of imagination 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 *Somewhere or Other* by Christina Rossetti on page 13 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which setting 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 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 PAPER = 50 MARKS



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Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Thursday 15 June 2023

Morning (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 Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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Prescribed poetry

***Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Flea	John Donne	4
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A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		21
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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
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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
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From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV 'Let the world's sharpness, like a closing knife'		102
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Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 9

To His Coy Mistress by Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
 This coyness, lady, were no crime.
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
 Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
 Of Humber would complain. I would
 Love you ten years before the flood,
 And you should, if you please, refuse
 Till the conversion of the Jews.
 My vegetable love should grow
 Vaster than empires, and more slow.
 An hundred years should go to praise
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
 Two hundred to adore each breast;
 But thirty thousand to the rest.
 An age at least to every part,
 And the last age should show your heart.
 For, lady, you deserve this state;
 Nor would I love at lower rate.
 But at my back I always hear
 Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
 And yonder all before us lie
 Deserts of vast eternity.
 Thy beauty shall no more be found,
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
 My echoing song: then worms shall try
 That long-preserved virginity,
 And your quaint honour turn to dust;
 And into ashes all my lust.
 The grave's a fine and private place,
 But none, I think, do there embrace.
 Now, therefore, while the youthful glue
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
 And while thy willing soul transpires
 At every pore with instant fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may;
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
 Let us roll all our strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one ball:
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the iron grates of life,
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.



Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

Question 10

The World by Henry Vaughan

1

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.

2

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.

3

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, despised truth sat counting by
Their victory.

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 to a Nightingale by John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thine happiness, —

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been

Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,

Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

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

Question 13

The Visionary by Emily 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

Somewhere or Other by Christina Rossetti

SOMEWHERE or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far;
Past land and sea, clean out of sight;
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near;
With just a wall, a hedge, between;
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf grown green.

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