

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

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## Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

**Wednesday 5 June 2024**

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** 'Modern audiences are more likely to view *Measure for Measure* as a tragedy rather than as a comedy.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

**OR**

**2** 'Fate eventually dominates the characters in *Measure for Measure*'.

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents fate 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** 'The poetry of *The Taming of the Shrew* is one of its engaging aspects.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

**OR**

**4** 'The main appeal of *The Taming of the Shrew* lies in the contrast between appearance and reality.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents appearance and reality 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 imagery and symbolism of *Hamlet* are its most interesting elements.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

---

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

**OR**

6 'Performances and interpretations of Gertrude's character in *Hamlet* tend to be overly negative.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

***King Lear*****EITHER**

7 '*King Lear* provides a profound insight into the nature of guilt.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

---

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

**OR**

8 'The use of setting in *King Lear* is crucial to the success of the play.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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**(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 on your chosen text.****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 6.****Begin your answer on page 16.****Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow****EITHER:**

**9** Read the poem *To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship* by Katherine Philips on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which faithfulness 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 9 = 25 marks)****OR**

**10** Read the poem *Song ('Go, and catch a falling star')* by John Donne on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which mood and tone are 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)**

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

**EITHER:**

**11** Read the poem *Ode on a Grecian Urn* by John Keats on pages 9–10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which timelessness is created 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 Question* by Percy Bysshe Shelley on page 11 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the power of the 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 12 = 25 marks)**

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

**EITHER:**

**13** Read the poem *The Best Thing in the World* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning on page 12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which nature 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)**

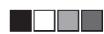
**OR**

**14** Read the poem *From Maud: I.xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'* by Alfred Tennyson on pages 13–15 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which desire 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)**



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**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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**Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level**

**Wednesday 5 June 2024**

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## **English Literature**

**International Advanced Level**

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

**Source Booklet**

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

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## Pre-1900 – Metaphysical Poetry

## The Metaphysical Poets: answer Question 9 or Question 10

***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
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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
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To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied		241
Orinda to Lucasia		242



## Pre-1900 – The Romantic Period

### The Romantics: answer Question 11 or Question 12

**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
Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
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	John Keats	249
Ode to a Nightingale		276
Ode on a Grecian Urn		279
Ode on Melancholy	John Keats	283
Sonnet on the Sea		287

## Pre-1900 – The Victorian Period

### The Victorians: answer Question 13 or Question 14

<b>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008)</b> <b>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
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	Thomas Hardy	297
At an Inn		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**

***To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship* by Katherine Philips**

I did not live until this time  
Crowned my felicity,  
When I could say without a crime  
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcass breathed, and walked, and slept,  
So that the world believed  
There was a soul the motions kept;  
But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound  
To motion, such was mine:  
But never had Orinda found  
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures, and supplies,  
And guides my darkened breast:  
For thou art all that I can prize  
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegrooms nor crown-conquerors' mirth  
To mine compared can be:  
They have but pieces of this earth,  
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flame still light and shine,  
And no bold fear control,  
As innocent as our design,  
Immortal as our soul.

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

**Question 10**

***Song ('Go, and catch a falling star') by John Donne***

Go, and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot.  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'est born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
And swear  
Nowhere  
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;  
Such a pilgrimage were sweet,  
Yet do not, I would not go,  
Though at next door we might meet,  
Though she were true when you met her,  
And last till you write your letter,  
Yet she  
Will be  
False, ere I come, to two or three.



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

### Question 11

#### ***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 ever 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.



**Question 12*****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 pearléd Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets;  
 Faint oxslips; 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: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*,**

**editor Christopher Ricks**

**Question 13**

***The Best Thing in the World* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning**

WHAT'S the best thing in the world?  
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;  
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;  
Truth, not cruel to a friend;  
Pleasure, not in haste to end;  
Beauty, not self-decked and curled  
Till its pride is over-plain;  
Light, that never makes you wink;  
Memory, that gives no pain;  
Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.  
What's the best thing in the world?  
— Something out of it, I think.



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

editor Christopher Ricks

**Question 14**

**From Maud: I.xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend' by Alfred Tennyson**

I

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.  
There is none like her, none.  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
And sweetly, on and on  
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

II

None like her, none.  
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,  
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;  
But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III

There is none like her, none.  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;  
And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

IV

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,  
And you fair stars that crown a happy day  
Go in and out as if at merry play,  
Who am no more so all forlorn,  
As when it seem'd far better to be born  
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,  
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand  
A sad astrology, the boundless plan

That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,  
 Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
 Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand  
 His nothingness into man.

## V

But now shine on, and what care I,  
 Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl  
 The countercharm of space and hollow sky,  
 And do accept my madness, and would die  
 To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

## VI

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give  
 More life to Love than is or ever was  
 In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.  
 Let no one ask me how it came to pass;  
 It seems that I am happy, that to me  
 A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
 A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

## VII

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,  
 And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.  
 O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,  
 Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?  
 Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
 Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,  
 Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?  
 'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here  
 With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

## VIII

Is that enchanted moan only the swell  
 Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?  
 And hark the clock within, the silver knell  
 Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,  
 And died to live, long as my pulses play;  
 But now by this my love has closed her sight  
 And given false death her hand, and stol'n away  
 To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell  
 Among the fragments of the golden day.  
 May nothing there her maiden grace affright!  
 Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.  
 My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
 My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;  
 It is but for a little space I go:  
 And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell  
 Beat to the noiseless music of the night!  
 Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow  
 Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?



I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.  
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,  
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,  
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe  
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:  
Let all be well, be well.



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