

**Pearson Edexcel**  
International Advanced Level

# English Literature

International Advanced Level

## Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

Sample assessment materials for first teaching  
September 2015  
**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference

**WET04/01**

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

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**PEARSON**

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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>
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
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To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her		95
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Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	Richard Lovelace	182
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Unprofitableness	Henry Vaughan	219
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To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
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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
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
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<i>Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples</i>		243
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Ode to a Nightingale	John Keats	276
Ode on a Grecian Urn		279
To Autumn		282
Ode on Melancholy		283
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To a Wreath of Snow		341
R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida	Emily Brontë	342
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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

**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
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'Died...'		116
My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
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'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
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May		280
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At an Inn	Thomas Hardy	465
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**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow****Question 9*****A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment* by Anne Bradstreet**

My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,  
My joy, my magazine of earthly store,  
If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lie?  
So many steps, head from the heart to sever  
If but a neck, soon should we be together:  
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,  
My Sun is gone so far in's zodiac,  
Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,  
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.  
My chillèd limbs now numbèd lie forlorn;  
Return, return sweet Sol from Capricorn.  
In this dead time, alas, what can I more  
Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?  
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,  
True living pictures of their father's face.  
O strange effect now thou art southward gone,  
I weary grow, the tedious day so long;  
But when thou northward to me shalt return,  
I wish my sun may never set, but burn  
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,  
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.  
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,  
Till nature's sad decree shall call thee hence;  
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,  
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

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

**Question 10**

***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 winged 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 hue  
 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 gates of life.  
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

**Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright****Question 11*****Songs of Experience: London* by William Blake**

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice: in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

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

**Question 12**

**To Autumn by John Keats**

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.  
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

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

**Question 13**

***Drummer Hodge* by Thomas Hardy**

I

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
Uncoffined – just as found:  
His landmark is a kopje-crest  
That breaks the veldt around:  
And foreign constellations west  
Each night above his mound.

II

Young Hodge the drummer never knew –  
Fresh from his Wessex home –  
The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
The Bush, the dusty loam,  
And why uprose to nightly view  
Strange stars amid the gloam.

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
Will Hodge for ever be;  
His homely Northern breast and brain  
Grow to some Southern tree,  
And strange-eyed constellations reign  
His stars eternally.

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

### Question 14

#### ***My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning**

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
 Looking as if she were alive. I call  
 That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands  
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
 'Fra Pandolf' by design, for never read  
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps  
 Fra Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps  
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint  
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
 Half-flush that dies along her throat.' Such stuff  
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
 A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,  
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
 The bough of cherries some officious fool  
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked  
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked  
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
 In speech—which I have not—to make your will  
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this  
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let  
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—  
 E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your master's known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!