



GCE A LEVEL

1720U30-1



S19-1720U30-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE – A2 unit 3
Poetry Pre-1900 and Unseen Poetry

MONDAY, 3 JUNE 2019 – MORNING

2 hours

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet and clean copies (no annotation) of your set texts for this paper.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** question in Section B.
Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Both Section A and Section B carry 60 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend an hour on each section. In Section A, you are advised to spend approximately 20 minutes on part (i) and 40 minutes on part (ii).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Poetry pre-1900 (open book)

Answer **one** question in this section.

You must have a clean copy (no annotation) of the poetry text which you have studied. Only the prescribed edition must be used.

Each question is in **two** parts. In both **part (i)** and **part (ii)** you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)** you are **also** required to demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received.

Either,

Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale* (Cambridge)

1. (i) Re-read lines 606–626 from “The bride was broght abedde...” to “...we mowe do no sinne”. Examine Chaucer’s presentation of the wedding night in these lines. [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which stories and religious ideas influence Chaucer’s presentation of the relationships between men and women in *The Merchant’s Prologue and Tale*. [45]

Or,

John Donne: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

2. (i) Re-read ‘Hymn to God my God, in my Sickness’ on pages 195–196. Examine Donne’s use of imagery in this poem. [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which Donne’s presentation of his attitudes to God reflects his religious beliefs and knowledge. [45]

Or,

John Milton: *Paradise Lost Book IX* (Oxford)

3. (i) Re-read lines 571–593 from “I was at first as other beasts...” to “...but could not reach”. Analyse Milton’s presentation of the Tree of Knowledge in these lines. [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which Milton makes use of Biblical and Classical knowledge in his presentation of Eden in *Paradise Lost Book IX*. [45]

Or,

John Keats: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

4. (i) Re-read 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer' on page 12. How does Keats present the experience of reading in this poem? [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which Keats makes use of the Classics and other literatures in his writing about beauty and wonder. [45]

Or,

Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

5. (i) Re-read 'The Greatest of these is Charity' on page 187. Explore Rossetti's presentation of love in this poem. [15]
- (ii) Explore some of the ways in which Victorian attitudes and ideas influence Rossetti's poems about love. [45]

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer Question 6.

In your response, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
 - explore connections across poems.
6. Compare the presentation of Spring in Poem A: 'The Trees are Down' by Charlotte Mew and in **one** other poem, **either** Poem B: 'in Just-' by e.e. cummings, **or** Poem C: 'Turning' by John Ormond, **or** Poem D: 'Spring' by Edna St. Vincent Millay. [60]

Poem A: 'The Trees are Down' by Charlotte Mew

– and he cried with a loud voice:
Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees –
(from The Book of Revelation)

They are cutting down the great plane-trees at the end of
the gardens.
For days there has been the grate of the saw, the swish of
the branches as they fall,
The crash of the trunks, the rustle of trodden leaves,
With the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas', the loud common talk,
the loud common laughs of the men, above it all.

I remember one evening of a long past Spring
Turning in at a gate, getting out of a cart, and finding a large
dead rat in the mud of the drive.
I remember thinking: alive or dead, a rat was a god-forsaken
thing,
But at least, in May, that even a rat should be alive.

The week's work here is as good as done. There is just one bough
On the roped bole, in the fine grey rain,
Green and high
And lonely against the sky.
(Down now! –)
And but for that,
If an old dead rat
Did once, for a moment, unmake the Spring, I might never
have thought of him again.

It is not for a moment the Spring is unmade to-day;
These were great trees, it was in them from root to stem:
When the men with the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas' have
carted the whole of the whispering loveliness away
Half the Spring, for me, will have gone with them.

It is going now, and my heart has been struck with the hearts
of the planes;
Half my life it has beat with these, in the sun, in the rains,
In the March wind, the May breeze,
In the great gales that came over to them across the roofs
from the great seas.
There was only a quiet rain when they were dying;
They must have heard the sparrows flying,
And the small creeping creatures in the earth where they were
lying –
But I, all day, I heard an angel crying:
'Hurt not the trees.'

Poem B: 'in Just-' by e.e. cummings

in Just-
 spring when the world is mud-
 luscious the little
 lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
 running from marbles and
 piracies and it's
 spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
 old balloonman whistles
 far and wee
 and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
 spring
 and

the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
 far
 and
 wee

Poem C: 'Turning' by John Ormond

When would winter end?
 The numb garden lay sentenced
 In frost, all green long gone to ground,
 As day by day, hour by grudging hour,
 The birds grew fewer.
 Day by day the trees thinned and darkened.
 When would winter end?

Threats perched as strangers
 In hawthorn and apple tree,
 Magpies, unwelcome black and white
 Patchwork, to be clapped away;
 Even a sparrow-hawk perched, lurking,
 As the solstice could not be
 Coaxed on by the ritual of crumbs.
 When would the winter end?

Then the clenched earth relented
 And there where there had been nothing
 Crouched three winter aconites, each
 With five yellow fingertips drawn close
 (A poised Italianate gesture), savouring
 The sun; and then, surprised,
 The crocuses' audacity, blue
 Under the frost-burned rose-bush.
 And winter's long watch was ended
 Insomuch as each moment then
 Hurried to the truth of March.

Poem D: 'Spring' by Edna St. Vincent Millay

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
 Beauty is not enough.
 You can no longer quiet me with the redness
 Of little leaves opening stickily.
 I know what I know.
 The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
 The spikes of the crocus.
 The smell of the earth is good.
 It is apparent that there is no death.
 But what does that signify?
 Not only under ground are the brains of men
 Eaten by maggots.
 Life in itself
 Is nothing,
 An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
 It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
 April
 Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

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