



**GCE A LEVEL**

1720U30-1



Z22-1720U30-1

**TUESDAY, 7 JUNE 2022 – MORNING**

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

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 948–972 from “‘Now wyf,’ quod he...” to “‘...and lat us rome aboute.’”  
How does Chaucer present Januarie’s love for May in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Chaucer shows us a world in which desire is always mistaken for true love. [45]

**Or,**

#### **John Donne: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)**

2. (i) Re-read ‘The Sun Rising’ on pages 6–7. Examine how Donne makes use of the sun in this poem. [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, discuss some of the ways in which Donne writes about the overwhelming power of love. [45]

**Or,**

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

3. (i) Re-read lines 114–134 from “With what delight...” to “...that destruction wide may range.”. How does Milton present Satan in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Milton writes about the effects of human free will. [45]

Or,

**William Blake: *Poems selected by Patti Smith* (Vintage)**

4. (i) Re-read 'The Little Black Boy' on page 82. Examine Blake's presentation of the boy in this poem. [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Blake presents the cruelty and injustices of society. [45]

Or,

**(For re-sitting candidates only)**

**John Keats: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)**

5. (i) Re-read lines 1–20 (the first two stanzas) of 'Ode to a Nightingale' on page 193. How does Keats present his experience of listening to the nightingale in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Keats writes about suffering. [45]

Or,

**Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)**

6. (i) Re-read 'From the Antique.' on page 27. How does Rossetti present the speaker's feelings in this poem? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, examine how Rossetti makes use of the natural world to explore her thoughts and feelings. [45]

## Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer Question 7.

In your response, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
  - explore connections across poems.
7. Compare the presentation of childhood in Poem A: 'Pampas Grass' by Gillian Clarke and in **one** other poem, **either** Poem B: 'In the beginning' by Jane Griffiths, **or** Poem C: 'Childhood' by Edwin Muir, **or** Poem D: 'The Cool Web' by Robert Graves. [60]

### Poem A: 'Pampas Grass' by Gillian Clarke

I'm five, and looking after my father.  
I hold his hand. The house has a white gate.  
There's a signpost with a name I can't say.  
He says, 'We're going to see a friend.'  
Inside his voice a secret silence,  
like the water table he explained to me.

At the door's a tall man, his pretty wife.  
The baby smells of milk. I'm sent to play.  
My father's voice is making something better.  
The man's in the RAF. I saw him  
talking to my mother and her friend,  
the one whose sweetheart died in the war.

There is no undercurrent I can't hear,  
no murmur I miss in the hum and purr  
of grown-up silences, not words out loud  
but river-rumour running underground,  
or voices behind glass when no-one speaks  
the words their faces tell.

By the gate's a plant I name for the place  
whose word on the signpost I can't say.  
I stroke the plumes, silk-sound in my hands,  
singing like tails of mountain ponies,  
or water-talk you almost understand,  
Aberga-feathers shedding words on the wind.

**Poem B: 'In the beginning' by Jane Griffiths**

In the beginning was the tree,  
the hooked silhouette of it, the swing,  
the inedible apples.

In the beginning was the train,  
the rumour of it, its reverberations  
quick between the branches.

In the beginning was the sun,  
kaleidoscopic, held up for inspection  
between finger and thumb.

And beyond the tree the world  
was a solid circumference, a perfect  
round of hills

where north was up the road  
and the sea was down. There were three  
gates to the garden

in the beginning, before the sun  
set above the station and the tree blacked  
into a sky

where at night the trains kept running  
on and on and a voice called home  
all the possible destinations.

**Poem C: 'Childhood' by Edwin Muir**

Long time he lay upon the sunny hill,  
To his father's house below securely bound.  
Far off the silent, changing sound was still,  
With the black islands lying thick around.

He saw each separate height, each vaguer hue,  
Where the massed islands rolled in mist away,  
And though all ran together in his view  
He knew that unseen straits between them lay.

Often he wondered what new shores were there.  
In thought he saw the still light on the sand,  
The shallow water clear in tranquil air,  
And walked through it in joy from strand to strand.

Over the sound a ship so slow would pass  
That in the black hill's gloom it seemed to lie.  
The evening sound was smooth like sunken glass,  
And time seemed finished ere the ship passed by.

Grey tiny rocks slept round him where he lay,  
Moveless as they, more still as evening came,  
The grasses threw straight shadows far away,  
And from the house his mother called his name.

**Poem D: 'The Cool Web' by Robert Graves**

Children are dumb to say how hot the day is,  
How hot the scent is of the summer rose,  
How dreadful the black wastes of evening sky,  
How dreadful the tall soldiers drumming by.

But we have speech, to chill the angry day,  
And speech, to dull the rose's cruel scent.  
We spell away the overhanging night,  
We spell away the soldiers and the fright.

There's a cool web of language winds us in,  
Retreat from too much joy or too much fear:  
We grow sea-green at last and coldly die  
In brininess and volubility.

But if we let our tongues lose self-possession,  
Throwing off language and its watery clasp  
Before our death, instead of when death comes,  
Facing the wide glare of the children's day,  
Facing the rose, the dark sky and the drums,  
We shall go mad no doubt and die that way.

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