

**A LEVEL ENGLISH LITERATURE****UNIT 3****Poetry Pre-1900 and Unseen Poetry****SPECIMEN PAPER****2 hours****ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

In addition to this examination paper, you will need a 12 page answer book 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 book provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each section carries 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.

No certificate will be awarded to a candidate detected in any unfair practice during the examination.

Section A: Poetry Pre-1900 (open-book, clean copy)

Answer **one** question.

You will need a clean copy (no annotation) of the set text which you have studied.

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:

- show wider knowledge and understanding of the poetry text you have studied
- take account of relevant contexts.

Either,

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

1. (i) Re-read lines 365 – 386 of *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*, from "Heigh fantasye and curious bisynesse..." to "...and may nat see". How does Chaucer present Januarie's state of mind in these lines? [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which the Merchant's attitudes and values might be reflected in the presentation of Januarie and his marriage. [45]

Or,

John Donne: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

2. (i) Re-read 'Holy Sonnet VI', *This is my play's last scene*, on page 179. Analyse Donne's use of imagery in this poem. [15]
- (ii) Discuss the ways in which readers might find inconsistencies in Donne's presentation of man's relationship with God. [45]

Or,

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

3. (i) Re-read lines 886-904 of *Paradise Lost Book IX* from "Thus Eve with countenance blithe" to "...the sacred Fruit forbidden!" Analyse Milton's use of imagery in these lines. [15]
- (ii) Examine Milton's presentation of Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost Book IX*, taking account of the ways in which readers of different times or cultures might respond to their relationship. [45]

Or,

John Keats: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

4. (i) Re-read stanzas 1 and 2 of 'Ode to a Nightingale' on page 193. Analyse how Keats creates a sense of place in this extract. [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which Keats's poetry is based upon the need to escape the everyday world. [45]

Or,

Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

5. (i) Re-read 'A Triad' on page 47. Analyse Rossetti's use of imagery in this poem. [15]
- (ii) Consider how Rossetti presents a variety of attitudes towards conventional ideas of romantic love. [45]

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the compulsory question.

In your response to this section, you are required to:

- make connections between two poems
- show how meanings are shaped through detailed analysis of both poems.

11. Compare presentation of love in Poem A: 'Valentine' by Elizabeth Bishop and **one** other poem, **either** Poem B: 'Sea Holly' by Jean Sprackland, **or** Poem C: 'The Indian Serenade' by Percy Bysshe Shelley **or** Poem D: 'Poor but Hones' (Anon: an anonymous poet). [60]

Poem A: 'Valentine' by Elizabeth Bishop

Love is feathered like a bird
 To keep him warm,
 To keep him safe from harm,
 And by what winds or drafts his nest is stirred
 They chill not Love.
 Warm lives he:
 No warmth gives off,
 Or none to me.

Claws he has like any hawk
 To clutch and keep,
 To clutch so he may sleep
 While round the red heart's perch his claws can lock
 And fasten Love.
 His hold he'll not resign,
 Nor from the heart fall off,
 Or not from mine.

At nights the grackle Love will start
 To shriek and shrill,
 Nor will he once be still
 Till he has wide awake the backward heart.
 So selfish Love,
 Go hush;
 Feathers and claws take off
 Or seek some bush.

Poem B: 'Sea Holly' by Jean Sprackland

When I came to live with him, I came bringing flowers.
 Not the usual pale translucent blooms
 With the rot already in them – neither he nor I
 needed telling that love is fragile.

The flowers I chose were fierce and electric.
 Where I come from, they thrust up through sand.
 Spring tides and salt winds blitz them
 but they blaze in the storm like blue torches.

On warm days, painted ladies glut on their nectar
 and the candied root was once an aphrodisiac,
 but the head of sweetness wears a steel collar,
 a star of bracts sharp enough to draw blood.

I stood in the street, spiked with all my warnings.
 And he opened the door, and the flowers and I went in.

Poem C: 'The Indian Serenade' by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I

I arise from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night.
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright:
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me- who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream-
 The Champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart; -
 As I must on thine,
 Oh, belovèd as thou art!

III

Oh lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast; -
 Oh! Press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last.

Poem D: 'Poor but Honest' (Anon)

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's whim:
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame;
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,
In the Park and all so gay:
All the nobs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village
Where her aged parents live,
Drinking the champagne she sends them;
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters,
Like a bird with broken wing:
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in the splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says: 'Farewell, blighted Love.'
There's a scream, a splash – Good Heavens!
What is she a'doing of?

Then they drag her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang,
For they thought that she was drowned;
But the corpse got up and sang:

'It's the same the whole world over;
It's the poor what gets the blame,
It's the rich what gets the pleasure.
Ain't it all a blooming shame?