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**Pearson Edexcel**  
**International**  
**Advanced Level**

Centre Number

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# English Literature

**International Advanced Level**

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

Thursday 22 June 2017 – Morning

**Time: 2 hours**

Paper Reference

**WET04/01**

**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 6.**

***Measure for Measure***

**EITHER**

- 1** 'In *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare exposes a society where women are treated brutally.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of the treatment of women.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

**OR**

- 2** 'The character of Angelo embodies the abuse of power in the play.'

In the light of this comment, examine the ways in which Shakespeare presents Angelo's use of authority and abuse of power.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)**

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## *The Taming of the Shrew*

### **EITHER**

- 3** 'In *The Taming of the Shrew*, transformation is always a possibility.'

In the light of this comment, explore how Shakespeare presents transformation in the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

### **OR**

- 4** 'In *The Taming of the Shrew*, conformity plays a crucial part in the development of the play.'

In the light of this comment, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the idea of conformity in the play as a whole.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)**

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## *Hamlet*

### **EITHER**

- 5** 'Hamlet shows the inevitable futility and failure of revenge.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of revenge and its consequences.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

### **OR**

- 6** 'Hamlet is a character struggling to find an identity in a corrupt and deeply flawed world.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of Hamlet's struggle to find an identity in a corrupt and deeply flawed world.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

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*King Lear*

**EITHER**

**7** 'The ending of *King Lear* confirms the play's bleak and terrifying vision of injustice.'

In the light of this comment, explore Shakespeare's presentation of injustice throughout the play.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

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

**OR**

**8** 'In *King Lear*, Shakespeare is examining weakness and flawed judgement.'

In the light of this comment, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents human weakness and flawed judgement in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . 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 from this section.**

**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 5.**

**Begin your answer on page 20.**

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

**EITHER**

- 9** Read the poem 'Batter my Heart' by John Donne on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the relationship between an individual and God 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 'To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship' by Katherine Philips on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which lasting affection 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 10 = 25 marks)**

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

**EITHER**

**11** Read the poem 'Ode to a Nightingale' by John Keats on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the poets have presented an examination of their inner self and their place in the world. You must use 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 'Ode to the West Wind' by P.B. Shelley on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the poets have presented the hope for a better world. You must use 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)**

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

**EITHER**

**13** Read XCV from 'In Memoriam' by Alfred Tennyson on page 12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which memory 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 'Home-Thoughts, from Abroad' by Robert Browning on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which poets present the significance of place 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 . 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

# English Literature

International Advanced Level

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

Thursday 22 June 2017 – Morning

**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference

**WET04/01**

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

Turn over ►

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| <b>Contents</b>  | <b>Page</b> |
|--|-------------|
| <b>Prescribed poetry</b><br><i>Metaphysical Poetry</i>   | 3           |
| <b>Prescribed poetry</b><br><i>English Romantic Verse</i>  | 4           |
| <b>Prescribed poetry</b><br><i>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse</i>                              | 5           |
| <b>Question 9</b><br><i>'Batter my Heart'</i> by John Donne  | 6           |
| <b>Question 10</b><br><i>To My Excellent Lucasia,</i><br><i>on Our Friendship</i> by Katherine Philips | 7           |
| <b>Question 11</b><br><i>Ode to a Nightingale</i> by John Keats  | 8           |
| <b>Question 12</b><br><i>Ode to the West Wind</i> by Percy Bysshe Shelley                              | 10          |
| <b>Question 13</b><br><i>XCV from 'In Memoriam'</i> by Alfred Tennyson                                 | 12          |
| <b>Question 14</b><br><i>Home-Thoughts, from Abroad</i> by Robert Browning                             | 14          |

## Prescribed poetry

| <b>Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006)<br/>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,<br>Being the Shortest Day                              |                   | 21                 |
| The Apparition   |                   | 22                 |
| 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     |
| 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<br>Engagement                              | Anne Bradstreet   | 135                |
| Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars  | Richard Lovelace  | 182                |
| The Nymph Complaining for the Death<br>of her Fawn                                     | Andrew Marvell    | 195                |
| To His Coy Mistress  |                   | 198                |
| The Definition of Love   |                   | 201                |
| Unprofitableness   | Henry Vaughan     | 219                |
| The World  |                   | 220                |
| To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship   | Katherine Philips | 240                |
| A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied  |                   | 241                |
| Orinda to Lucasia  |                   | 242                |

## Prescribed poetry

| <b>English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973)<br/>ISBN 9780140421026</b> |                           |                    |
|--|---------------------------|--------------------|
| <b>Poem title</b>  | <b>Poet</b>               | <b>Page number</b> |
| 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                |
| 'The cold earth slept below'   | Percy Bysshe Shelley      | 242                |
| <i>Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples</i>   |                           | 243                |
| Ode to the West Wind   |                           | 246                |
| The Question   |                           | 249                |
| Ode to a Nightingale   | John Keats                | 276                |
| Ode on a Grecian Urn   |                           | 279                |
| To Autumn  |                           | 282                |
| Ode on Melancholy  |                           | 283                |
| Sonnet on the Sea  |                           | 287                |
| To a Wreath of Snow  | Emily Brontë              | 341                |
| R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida  |                           | 342                |
| Julian M. and A.G Rochelle   |                           | 343                |
| Last Lines   |                           | 348                |

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         |
| The Best Thing in the World   |  | 115         |
| 'Died...'   |  | 116         |
| My Last Duchess   |  | 117         |
| Home-Thoughts, from Abroad  | Robert Browning                            | 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  |  | 297         |
| At an Inn   | Thomas Hardy                               | 465         |
| 'I Look into My Glass'  |  | 466         |
| Drummer Hodge   |  | 467         |
| A Wife in London  |  | 467         |
| The Darkling Thrush   |  | 468         |

**Question 9**

**'Batter my Heart' by John Donne**

Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, 'and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurped town, to' another due,  
Labour to' admit you; but oh, to no end;  
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue,  
Yet dearly' I love you, and would be loved fain,  
But am betrothed unto your enemy.  
Divorce me', untie, or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you' enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

**Question 10**

**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 the 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.

**Question 11**

**Ode to a Nightingale by John Keats**

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
    My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
    One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
    But being too happy in thine happiness, –  
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees  
        In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
    Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
    Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
    Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
    And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
    What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
    Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
    Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
    And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
    Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
    Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
    And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
    Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
    But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
    Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
    Wherewith the seasonable month endows



The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain –  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: – Do I wake or sleep?

**Question 12**

**Ode to the West Wind by Percy Bysshe Shelley**

**I**

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

**II**

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

**III**

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

#### **IV**

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

#### **V**

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

**Question 13**

**XCV from 'In Memoriam' by Alfred Tennyson**

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry;  
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn;  
And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:  
The brook alone far-off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn:  
And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;  
While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.  
But when those others, one by one,  
Withdrew themselves from me and night,  
And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,  
A hunger seized my heart; I read  
Of that glad year which once had been,  
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,  
The noble letters of the dead:  
And strangely on the silence broke  
The silent-speaking words, and strange  
Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth; and strangely spoke  
The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
On doubts that drive the coward back,  
And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.  
So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,  
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
About empyreal heights of thought,  
And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,  
Aeonian music measuring out  
The steps of time — the shocks of Chance —  
The blows of Death. At length my trance  
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.  
Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
Or ev'n for intellect to reach

Thro' memory that which I became:  
Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
    The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,  
    The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field:  
And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
    A breeze began to tremble o'er  
    The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,  
And gathering freshlier overhead,  
    Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
    The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,  
"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;  
    And East and West, without a breath,  
    Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day.

**Question 14**

**Home-Thoughts, from Abroad by Robert Browning**

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England – now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops – at the bent spray's edge –  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
– Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

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