

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Tuesday 21 January 2025

Morning (Time: 2 hours)

Paper
reference

WET04/01

English Literature

International Advanced Level

UNIT 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

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 4.

Measure for Measure

EITHER

- 1** 'Of all the characters in *Measure for Measure*, Lucio is the most interesting.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents Lucio in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

- 2** '*Measure for Measure's* main appeal lies in its creation of suspense and tension.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare creates suspense and tension in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

The Taming of the Shrew

EITHER

- 3** 'The significance of money and business lies at the heart of *The Taming of the Shrew*.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare presents money and business in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

- 4** '*The Taming of the Shrew's* brilliant use of irony is its one redeeming feature.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses irony in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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Hamlet**EITHER**

- 5 'Ultimately, Claudius is little more than a comic book villain, possessing little threat and no real menace.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents Claudius in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

- 6 'The subplots in *Hamlet* add nothing to the substance of the play – they are no more than idle distractions.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses subplots in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

King Lear**EITHER**

- 7 'In *King Lear*, Kent's honesty proves one of the few redeeming aspects of human nature.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents Kent's honesty in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

- 8 '*King Lear* provides a profound and unusual insight into various types of love.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents various types of love in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



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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 16.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

EITHER

- 9** Read the poem *A Song: ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows')* by Thomas Carew on page 6 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which beauty 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 *A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment* by Anne Bradstreet on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which imagery and symbolism are used 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 *The Tyger* by William Blake on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which power 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 11 = 25 marks)

OR

12 Read the poem *Ode: Intimations of Immortality* by William Wordsworth on pages 9–13 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which childhood 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 12 = 25 marks)

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

EITHER

13 Read the poem '*I now had only to retrace*' by Charlotte Brontë on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a sense of place is created 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 the poem *May* by Christina Rossetti on page 15 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which loss 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 14 = 25 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



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Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Tuesday 21 January 2025

Morning (Time: 2 hours)

Paper
reference

WET04/01

English Literature

International Advanced Level

UNIT 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

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Prescribed poetry

***Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447**

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Prescribed poetry

**English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973)
ISBN 9780140421026**

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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 |
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Question 9

A Song: ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows') by Thomas Carew

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose:
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For in pure love heav'n did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.



Question 10

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 'joyed 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
Than 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.
Oh 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.

Question 11

The Tyger by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



Question 12

Ode: Intimations of Immortality by William Wordsworth

The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel – I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: –
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 – But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.



Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral:
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, –
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
In something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: –
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;



Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Question 13

'I now had only to retrace' by Charlotte Brontë

I NOW had only to retrace
The long and lonely road
So lately in the rainbow chase
With fearless ardour trod

Behind I left the sunshine now
The evening setting sun,
Before a storm rolled dark and low
Some gloomy hills upon

It came with rain—it came with wind
With swollen stream it howled
And night advancing black and blind
In ebon horror scowled

Lost in the hills—all painfully
I climbed a heathy peak
I sought I longed afar to see
My life's light's parting streak

The West was black as if no day
Had ever lingered there
As if no red expiring ray
Had tinged the enkindled air

And morning's portals could not lie
Where yon dark Orient spread
The funeral North—the black dark sky
Alike mourned [] dead



Question 14

May by Christina Rossetti

I CANNOT tell you how it was;
But this I know: it came to pass
Upon a bright and breezy day
When May was young; ah pleasant May!
As yet the poppies were not born
Between the blades of tender corn;
The last egg had not hatched as yet,
Nor any bird foregone its mate.

I cannot tell you what it was;
But this I know: it did but pass.
It passed away with sunny May,
With all sweet things it passed away,
And left me old, and cold, and grey.

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