



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED

General Certificate of Education

2024

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 2

assessing

The Study of Poetry Pre 1900
and Unseen Poetry

MV18

[AEL21]

WEDNESDAY 5 JUNE, MORNING

Time

2 hours, plus your additional time allowance.

Instructions to Candidates

Write your Centre Number and Candidate Number on the Answer Booklet provided.

Answer **two** questions. Answer **one** question from Section A on your chosen poet and the question from Section B.

A Resource Booklet is provided for use with Section A.

The unseen poem for Section B is printed in the examination paper.

This unit is closed book.

Information for Candidates

The total mark for this paper is 100.

Both sections carry equal marks, i.e. 50 marks for each question.

Quality of written communication will be assessed in **all** responses.

Section A: The Study of Poetry Pre 1900

In Section A you will be marked on your ability to:

- articulate informed, personal and creative responses to literary texts, using associated concepts and terminology, and coherent, accurate written expression (AO1)
- analyse ways in which meanings are shaped in literary texts (AO2)
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received (AO3)
- explore connections within and between literary texts (AO4)

Answer **one** question from Section A on your chosen poet.

1 Chaucer: The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to Extract **1(a)** printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and other appropriately selected parts of the text, and making use of relevant external contextual information on medieval attitudes to marriage, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to present the theme of marriage. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.

(b) By referring closely to Extract **1(b)** printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and other appropriately selected parts of the text, and making use of relevant external contextual information on medieval views of male authority, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to present the Wife's view of male authority. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text.

2 Donne

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to “Since she whom I loved hath paid her last debt” (Poem **2(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external biographical information, examine the **poetic methods** which Donne uses to write about the speaker’s relationship to God. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

(b) By referring closely to “The Flea” (Poem **2(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on the nature of Metaphysical poetry, examine the **poetic methods** which Donne uses to write about difficulties in love. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

3 Blake

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to “The Ecchoing Green” (Poem **3(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on childhood in late-eighteenth-century England, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about childhood. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

(b) By referring closely to “Introduction” from **Songs of Experience** (Poem **3(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external biographical information, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about spiritual things. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

4 Keats

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to “La Belle Dame sans Merci” (Poem **4(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external biographical information, examine the **poetic methods** which Keats uses to write about love. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

(b) By referring closely to “When I have fears” (Poem **4(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on the nature of Romantic poetry, examine the **poetic methods** which Keats uses to write about poetic fame. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

5 Dickinson

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to “There came a Day at Summer’s full” (Poem **5(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on Puritan religious beliefs, examine the **poetic methods** which Dickinson uses to write about an intense human relationship. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

(b) By referring closely to “I felt a Funeral, in my Brain” (Poem **5(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external biographical information, examine the **poetic methods** which Dickinson uses to write about mental anguish. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

6 Barrett Browning

Answer either (a) or (b)

(a) By referring closely to “If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange” (Poem **6(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external biographical information, examine the **poetic methods** which Barrett Browning uses to write about the experience of being in love. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

(b) By referring closely to “My Heart and I” (Poem **6(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on the position of women in nineteenth-century society, examine the **poetic methods** which Barrett Browning uses to write about women’s suffering. [50 marks]

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem.

Section B: Unseen Poetry

In Section B you will be marked on your ability to:

- articulate informed, personal and creative responses to literary texts, using associated concepts and terminology, and coherent, accurate written expression (AO1)
- analyse ways in which meanings are shaped in literary texts (AO2)
- explore literary texts informed by different interpretations (AO5)

Answer the question set in Section B.

In this poem the speaker recalls his encounter with a young child who rejects his ideas about death. The child insists that despite the passing of two siblings there are still seven children in her family.

Explore the thoughts and feelings of the speaker through **analysis** of the poetic methods used by Wordsworth.

[50 marks]

We Are Seven

———A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!”
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

William Wordsworth

This is the end of the question paper

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Resource Booklet
(For Section A only)

Extract 1(a) Chaucer: The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

(extract for use with Question 1(a))

Lo, heere, the wise king, daun Salomon;
I trowe he hadde wives mo than oon.
As wolde God it were leveful unto me
To be refresshed half so ofte as he!
Which yifte of God hadde he for alle his wives!
No man hath swich that in this world alive is.
God woot, this noble king, as to my wit,
The firste night had many a mirie fit
With ech of hem, so wel was him on live.
Yblessed be God that I have wedded five!
Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal.
For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chaast in al.
Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygon,
Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon,
For thanne, th'apostel seith that I am free
To wedde, a Goddes half, where it liketh me.
He seith that to be wedded is no sinne;
Bet is to be wedded than to brinne.
What rekketh me, thogh folk seye vileynie
Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamie?
I woot wel Abraham was an hooly man,
And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I kan;
And ech of hem hadde wives mo than two,
And many another holy man also.
Wher can ye seye, in any manere age,
That hye God defended mariage
By expres word? I pray yow, telleth me.
Or where commanded he virginitee?
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
Th'apostel, whan he speketh of maidenhede,

He seyde that precept therof hadde he noon.
Men may conseille a womman to been oon,
But conseilling is no comandement.
He putte it in oure owene juggement;
For hadde God comanded maidenhede,
Thanne hadde he dampned wedding with the dede.

Extract 1(b) Chaucer: The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale

(extract for use with Question 1(b))

For God so wys be my savacioun,
I ne loved nevere by no discrecioun,
But evere folwede myn appetit,
Al were he short, or long, or blak, or whit;
I took no kep, so that he liked me,
How poore he was, no eek of what degree.

What sholde I seye? But, at the monthes ende,
This joly clerk, Jankin, that was so hende,
Hath wedded me with greet solempnitee;
And to him yaf I al the lond and fee
That evere was me yeven therbifoore.
But afterward repented me ful soore;
He nolde suffer nothing of my list.
By God! he smoot me ones on the list,
For that I rente out of his book a leef,
That of the strook myn ere wax al deaf.
Stibourn I was as is a leonesse,
And of my tonge a verray jangleresse,
And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,
From hous to hous, although he had it sworn;
For which he often times wolde preche,
And me of olde Romain geestes teche;
How he Simplicius Gallus lefte his wyf,
And hire forsook for terme of al his lyf,
Noght but for open-heveded he hir say
Lookinge out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romain tolde he me by name,
That, for his wyf was at a someres game
Withouten his witing, he forsook hire eke.
And thanne wolde he upon his Bible seke

That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste
Where he comandeth, and forbedeth faste,
Man shal nat suffer his wyf go roule aboute.
Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten doute:

“Whoso that buildeth his hous al of salwes,
And priketh his blinde hors over the falwes,
And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes,
Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes!”

Poem 2(a) Donne: “Since she whom I loved hath paid her last debt”

(poem for use with Question **2(a)**)

Since she whom I loved hath paid her last debt
To nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her soul early into heaven ravishèd,
Wholly in heavenly things my mind is set.
Here the admiring her my mind did whet
To seek thee God; so streams do show the head;
But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts me yet.
But why should I beg more love, when as thou
Dost woo my soul, for hers offering all thine:
And dost not only fear lest I allow
My love to saints and angels, things divine,
But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Lest the world, flesh, yea Devil put thee out.

Poem 2(b) Donne: "The Flea"

(poem for use with Question 2(b))

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;
Confess it, this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,
 Yet this enjoys before it woo,
 And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
 And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
 Though use make you apt to kill me,
 Let not to this, self-murder added be,
 And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?
In what could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me, the weaker now;
 'Tis true, then learn how false, fears be;
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

Poem 3(a) Blake: "The Ecchoing Green"

(poem for use with Question 3(a))

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The sky-lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' chearful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls & boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the Ecchoing Green.'

Till the little ones weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,

And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

Poem 3(b) Blake: "Introduction" (Songs of Experience)

(poem for use with Question 3(b))

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed Soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might controll
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

"O Earth, O Earth return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more.
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The wat'ry shore,
Is giv'n thee till the break of day."

Poem 4(a) Keats: “La Belle Dame sans Merci”

(poem for use with Question 4(a))

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said —
‘I love thee true!’

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream’d — ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!’

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill’s side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Poem 4(b) Keats: “When I have fears”

(poem for use with Question 4(b))

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love, — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

Poem 5(a) Dickinson: “There came a Day at Summer’s full”

(poem for use with Question **5(a)**)

There came a Day at Summer’s full,
Entirely for me –
I thought that such were for the Saints,
Where Resurrections – be –

The Sun, as common, went abroad,
The flowers, accustomed, blew,
As if no soul the solstice passed
That maketh all things new –

The time was scarce profaned, by speech –
The symbol of a word
Was needless, as at Sacrament,
The Wardrobe – of our Lord –

Each was to each The Sealed Church,
Permitted to commune this – time –
Lest we too awkward show
At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast – as Hours will,
Clutched tight, by greedy hands –
So faces on two Decks, look back,
Bound to opposing lands –

And so when all time had leaked,
Without external sound
Each bound the Other’s Crucifix –
We gave no other Bond –

Sufficient troth, that we shall rise –
Deposed – at length, the Grave –
To that new Marriage,
Justified – through Calvaries of Love –

Poem 5(b) Dickinson: "I felt a Funeral, in my Brain"

(poem for use with Question 5(b))

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum –
Kept beating – beating – till I thought
My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down –
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing – then –

Poem 6(a) Barrett Browning: “If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange”

(poem for use with Question **6(a)**)

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors ... another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief, tries more ... as all things prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
Yet love me — wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within, the wet wings of thy dove.

Poem 6(b) Barrett Browning: "My Heart and I"

(poem for use with Question 6(b))

I

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.

We sit beside the headstones thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.

The moss reprints more tenderly

The hard types of the mason's knife,
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life

With which we're tired, my heart and I.

II

You see we're tired, my heart and I.

We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,

As if such colours could not fly.

We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;

At last we're tired, my heart and I.

III

How tired we feel, my heart and I!

We seem of no use in the world;

Our fancies hang grey and uncurled

About men's eyes indifferently;

Our voice which thrilled you, so will let

You sleep; our tears are only wet:

What do we here, my heart and I?

IV

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!

It was not thus in that old time

When Ralph sate with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.

'Dear love, you're looking tired,' he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head:
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

V

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
We lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

VI

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

VII

Yet who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth no doubt
Is little room for things worn out:
Disdain them, break them, throw them by.
And if before the days grew rough
We **once** were loved, used, — well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

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