

New
Specification



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED

General Certificate of Education

2018

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 2

assessing

The Study of Poetry Pre 1900
and Unseen Poetry

[AEL21]

TUESDAY 12 JUNE, AFTERNOON



AEL21

TIME

2 hours.

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.

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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 appropriate 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 based 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 sex, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to write about sexual desire.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text. [50]

- (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 attitudes to marriage, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to write about the theme of sovereignty in marriage.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text. [50]

2 Donne

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to "A Jet Ring Sent" (Poem **2(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on Metaphysical poetry, examine the **poetic methods** which Donne uses to write about attitudes to love.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

- (b) By referring closely to "Batter my heart" (Poem **2(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 Donne uses to write about feelings of religious anxiety.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

3 Blake

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “The Garden of Love” (Poem 3(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 Blake uses to write about his views of religion.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

- (b) By referring closely to “Holy Thursday” 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 contextual information on social conditions in late eighteenth-century England, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about social injustice.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

4 Keats

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer” (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 the classical Greek world.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

- (b) By referring closely to Extract 4(b) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and other appropriately selected parts of “The Eve of St. Agnes”, and making use of relevant external contextual information on the nature of Romantic poetry, examine the **poetic methods** which Keats uses to tell a love story.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and other relevant parts of the text. [50]

5 Dickinson

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “Because I could not stop for Death –” (Poem **5(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 Dickinson uses to write about attitudes to death.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

- (b) By referring closely to “She rose to His Requirement” (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 marriage.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

6 Barrett Browning

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “The Forced Recruit” (Poem **6(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on nineteenth-century Italian nationalism, examine the **poetic methods** which Barrett Browning uses to write about the struggle for Italian independence.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

- (b) By referring closely to “What can I give thee back” (Poem **6(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 Barrett Browning uses to write about love.

N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of each poem. [50]

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 appropriate 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.

As he considers the city, the speaker conveys only admiration.

By referring closely to the ideas presented in the poem, and the poetic methods which Sandburg uses, **show how far you would agree** with the view expressed above.

Chicago

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the
gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and
go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have
seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them
back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and
strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid
against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the
wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the
people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog
Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to
the Nation.

Carl Sandburg

[50]

THIS IS THE END OF THE QUESTION PAPER

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TUESDAY 12 JUNE, AFTERNOON

RESOURCE BOOKLET
(For Section A only)

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

(extract to go with Question 1 (a))

Virginitee is greet perfeccioun,
And continence eek with devocioun,
But Crist, that of perfeccioun is welle,
Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle
Al that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore
And in swich wise folwe hym and his foore.
He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfitly;
And lordynges, by youre leve, that am nat I.
I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age
In the actes and in fruyt of mariage.

Telle me also, to what conclusioun
Were membres maad of generacioun,
And of so parfit wys a wight ywrought?
Trusteth right wel, they were nat maad for noght.
Glose whoso wole, and seye bothe up and doun,
That they were maked for purgacioun
Or uryne, and oure bothe thynges smale
Were eek to knowe a femele from a male,
And for noon oother cause,—say ye no?
The experience woot wel it is noght so.
So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe,
I sey this, that they maked ben for bothe,
This is to seye, for office, and for ese
Of engendrure, ther we nat God displese.
Why sholde men elles in hir bookes sette
That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dette?
Now wherwith sholde he make his paiement,
If he ne used his sely instrument?
Thanne were they maad upon a creature
To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure.

But I seye noght that every wight is holde,
That hath swich harneys as I to yow tolde,
To goon and usen hem in engendrure.
Thanne sholde men take of chastitee no cure.
Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man,
And many a seint, sith that the world bigan;
Yet lyved they evere in parfit chastitee.
I nyl envye no virginitee.
Lat hem be breed of pured whete seed,
And lat us wyves hoten barley-breed;
And yet with barley-breed, Mark telle kan,
Oure Lord Jhesu refresshed many a man.
In swich estaat as God hath cleped us
I wol persevere; I nam nat precius.
In wyfhode I wol use myn instrument
As frely as my Makere hath it sent.

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

(extract to go with Question 1 (b))

“Chese now,” quod she, “oon of these thynges tweye:
To han me foul and old til that I deye,
And be to yow a trewe, humble wyf,
And nevere yow displese in al my lyf;
Or elles ye wol han me yong and fair,
And take youre aventure of the repair
That shal be to youre hous by cause of me,
Or in som oother place, may wel be.
Now chese yourselven, wheither that yow liketh.”

This knyght avyseth hym and sore siketh,
But atte laste he seyde in this manere:
“My lady and my love, and wyf so deere,
I put me in youre wise governance;
Cheseth youreself which may be moost plesance,
And moost honour to yow and me also.
I do no fors the wheither of the two;
For as yow liketh, it suffiseth me.”

“Thanne have I gete of yow maistrie,” quod she,
“Syn I may chese and governe as me lest?”

“Ye, certes, wyf,” quod he, “I holde it best.”

“Kys me,” quod she, “we be no lenger wrothe;
For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,
This is to seyn, ye, bothe fair and good.
I prey to God that I moote sterven wood,
But I to yow be also good and trewe
As evere was wyf, syn that the world was newe.
And but I be to-morn as fair to seene
As any lady, emperice, or queene,
That is bitwixe the est and eke the west,
Dooth with my lyf and deth right as yow lest.
Cast up the curtyn, looke how that it is.”

And whan the knyght saugh verrailly al this,
That she so fair was, and so yong therto,
For joye he hente hire in his armes two,
His herte bathed in a bath of blisse.
A thousand tyme a-rewe he gan hire kisse,
And she obeyed hym in every thyng
That myghte doon hym plesance or likyng.

And thus they lyve unto hir lyves ende
In parfit joye; and Jhesu Crist us sende
Housbondes meeke, yonge, and fressh abedde,
And grace t'overbide hem that we wedde;
And eek I praye Jhesu shorte hir lyves
That wol nat be governed by hir wyves;
And olde and angry nygardes of dispence,
God sende hem soone verray pestilence!

Poem 2(a) Donne: *A Jet Ring Sent*

(poem to go with Question 2 (a))

Thou art not so black, as my heart,
Nor half so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
What wouldst thou say? Shall both our properties by thee be spoke,
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh why should aught less precious, or less tough
Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
I am cheap, and naught but fashion, fling me away.

Yet stay with me since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb.
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me,
She that, oh, broke her faith, would soon break thee.

Poem 2(b) Donne: *Batter my heart*

(poem to go with Question 2 (b))

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 usurpt town, to another due,
Labour to'admit you, but oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, 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'enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

Poem 3(a) Blake: *The Garden of Love*

(poem to go with Question 3 (a))

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys & desires.

Poem 3(b) Blake: *Holy Thursday* (*Songs of Experience*)

(poem to go with Question 3 (b))

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak & bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns;
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

Poem 4(a) Keats: *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*

(poem to go with Question 4 (a))

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise –
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Extract 4(b) Keats: from *The Eve of St. Agnes*

(extract to go with Question 4 (b))

VI

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by – she heeded not at all : in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss – in sooth such things have been.

X

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell,
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Poem 5(a) Dickinson: *Because I could not stop for Death* –

(poem to go with Question 5 (a))

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For his Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –

Poem 5(b) Dickinson: *She rose to His Requirement*

(poem to go with Question **5 (b)**)

She rose to His Requirement – dropt
The Playthings of Her Life
To take the honorable Work
Of Woman, and of Wife –

If aught She missed in Her new Day,
Of Amplitude, or Awe –
Or first Prospective – Or the Gold
In using, wear away,

It lay unmentioned – as the Sea
Develops Pearl, and Weed,
But only to Himself – be known
The Fathoms they abide –

Poem 6(a) Barrett Browning: *The Forced Recruit*

(poem to go with Question 6 (a))

SOLFERINO, 1859

I

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

II

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

III

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

IV

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

V

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands;—
'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

VI

Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!

VII

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Aye, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

VIII

One tricolour floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

IX

But he,—without witness or honour,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

X

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

XI

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

Poem 6(b) Barrett Browning: *What can I give thee back*

(poem to go with Question 6 (b))

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so; not cold, – but very poor instead.
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colours from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther! Let it serve to trample on.

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