



*Rewarding Learning*

**ADVANCED**

**General Certificate of Education**

**2019**

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# English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 2

*assessing*

The Study of Poetry Pre 1900  
**and** Unseen Poetry



AEL21

**[AEL21]**

**TUESDAY 11 JUNE, AFTERNOON**

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## 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 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 across 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 sexual morality, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to write about the Wife of Bath as a rebel against such attitudes.

**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 Romances, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses in the Tale to present a story of extraordinary adventures.

**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 “Thou hast made me” (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 spiritual salvation.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “Elegy 5 *His Picture*” (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 lovers parting.

**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 Little Vagabond” (poem **3(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on Blake’s views on religion, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about the Church.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “Holy Thursday” (*Songs of Innocence*) (poem **3(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on the treatment of children in the eighteenth century, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about the treatment of children.

**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 “To Autumn” (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 impermanence of life.

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

- (b) By referring closely to the extract from “Sleep and Poetry” (extract **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 inspiration.

**N.B. Equal marks are available for your treatment of the given extract and the selected poem.** [50]

## 5 Dickinson

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “An awful Tempest mashed the air – ” (poem **5(a)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on nineteenth-century views on nature, examine the **poetic methods** which Dickinson uses to write about nature.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –” (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 suffering.

**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 “Let the world’s sharpness like a clasping knife” (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 security that love provides.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “Void in Law” (poem **6(b)**) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on social injustice in the nineteenth century, examine the **poetic methods** which Barrett Browning uses to write about such injustice.

**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 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 considers a road-traffic accident.**

**Analyse** the poetic methods used by Shapiro to **explore** the thoughts and feelings of the speaker.

Poem removed due to copyright

Title: "Auto Wreck" by Karl Shapiro

New & Selected Poems, 1940-1986 by Karl Jay Shapiro.

Published by University of Chicago Press; University Edition, September 1, 1987

Poem can be viewed on this website: <https://www.encyclopedia.com/arts/educational-magazines/auto-wreck>

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**THIS IS THE END OF THE QUESTION PAPER**

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**RESOURCE BOOKLET  
(For Section A only)**

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

(extract for use with Question 1 (a))

Whan that my fourthe housbonde was on beere,  
I weep algate, and made sory cheere,  
As wives mooten, for it is usage,  
And with my coverchief covered my visage,  
But for that I was purveyed of a make,  
I wepte but small, and that I undertake.

To chirche was myn housbonde born a-morwe  
With neighebores, that for him maden sorwe;  
And Jankin,oure clerk, was oon of tho.  
As help me God! Whan that I saugh him go  
After the beere, me thought he had a paire  
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire  
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hold.  
He was, I trowe, a twenty winter oold,  
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;  
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.  
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel;  
I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seel.  
As helpe me God! I was a lusty oon,  
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon;  
And trewely, as mine housbondes tolde me,  
I hadde the beste *quoniam* mighte be.  
For certes, I am al Venerien  
In feeling, and myn herte is Marcien.  
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse,  
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardinesse;  
Myn ascendant was Taur, and Mars therinne.  
Allas, allas, that evere love was sinne!  
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun  
By vertu of my constellacioun;  
That made me I koude noght withdrawe  
My chaumbre of Venus from a good felawe.  
Yet have I Martes mark upon my face,  
And also in another privee place.  
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, ne 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 ...

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

(extract for use with Question 1 (b))

In th'olde dayes of the King Arthour,  
Of which that Britons speken greet honour,  
Al was this land fulfild of faerie.  
The elf-queene, with her joly compaignie,  
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede.  
This was the olde opinion, as I rede;  
I speke of manie hundred yeres ago.  
But now kan no man se none elves mo,  
For now the grete charitee and prayeres  
Of limitours and othere hooly freres,  
That serchen every lond and every stroom,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,  
Blessinge halles, chambres, kitchens, boures,  
Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,  
Thropes, bernes, shipnes, daeries –  
This maketh that ther ben no faeries.  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,  
In undermeles and in morweninges,  
And seyth his matins and his hooly thinges  
As he gooth in his limitacioun.  
Wommen may go now saufly up and doun.  
In every bussh or under every tree  
Ther is noon oother incubus but he,  
And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.  
And so bifel it that this king Arthour  
Hadde in his hous a lusty bachelor,  
That on a day cam ridinge fro river;  
And happed that, alone as he was born,  
He saugh a maide walking him biforn,  
Of which maide anon, maugree hir heed,  
By verray force, he rafte hire maidenhed.  
For which oppressioun was swich clamour  
And swich pursute unto the king Arthour,  
That dampned was this knight for to be deed,  
By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his heed –  
Paraventure swich was the statute tho –  
But that the queene and othere ladies mo  
So longe preyeden the king of grace  
Til he his lyf him graunted in the place,  
And yaf him to the queene, al at her wille,  
To chese wheither she wolde him save or spille.

The queene thanketh the king with al hir might,  
And after this thus spak she to the knight,  
Whan that she saugh hir time, upon a day:  
'Thou standest yet' quod she, 'in swich array  
That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee.  
I grante thee lyf, if thou kanst tellen me  
What thing is it that wommen moost desiren.  
Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from iren!  
And if thou kanst nat tellen it anon,  
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon  
A twelf-month and a day, to seche and leere  
An answeere suffisant in this mateere;  
And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace,  
Thy body for to yelden in this place.'

**Poem 2(a) Donne: "Thou hast made me"**

(poem for use with Question 2 (a))

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?  
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,  
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,  
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;  
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,  
Despair behind, and death before doth cast  
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh;  
Only thou art above, and when towards thee  
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;  
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
That not one hour myself I can sustain;  
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

**Poem 2(b) Donne: "Elegy 5 *His Picture*"**

(poem for use with Question 2 (b))

Here take my picture, though I bid farewell.  
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.  
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more  
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.  
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand,  
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tanned,  
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head  
With care's rash sudden hoariness o'erspread,  
My body'a sack of bones, broken within,  
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin;  
If rival fools tax thee to'have loved a man,  
So foul, and coarse, as oh, I may seem then,  
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,  
Do his hurts reach me? Doth my worth decay?  
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he  
Should now love less, what he did love to see?  
That which in him was fair and delicate,  
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state  
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough  
To feed on that, which to disused tastes seems tough.

**Poem 3(a) Blake: "The Little Vagabond"**

(poem for use with Question **3 (a)**)

Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,  
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;  
Besides I can tell where I am used well,  
Such usage in heaven will never do well.

But if at the Church they would give us some Ale,  
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,  
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing,  
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;  
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,  
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch.

And God, like a father rejoicing to see  
His children as pleasant and happy as he,  
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel,  
But kiss him & give him both drink and apparel.

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

(poem for use with Question **3 (b)**)

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
The children walking two & two, in red & blue & green,  
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.  
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

**Poem 4(a) Keats: "To Autumn"**

(poem for use with Question 4 (a))

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

III

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, –  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

**Extract 4(b) Keats: "Sleep and Poetry"**

(extract for use with Question 4 (b))

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen,  
That am not yet a glorious denizen  
Of thy wide heaven – Should I rather kneel  
Upon some mountain-top until I feel  
A glowing splendour round about me hung,  
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?  
O Poesy! For thee I grasp my pen,  
That am not yet a glorious denizen  
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,  
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,  
Smooth'd for intoxication by the breath  
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death  
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow  
The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo,  
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear  
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring me to the fair  
Visions of all places: a bowery nook  
Will be elysium – an eternal book  
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying  
About the leaves, and flowers – about the playing  
Of nymphs in woods and fountains; and the shade  
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;  
And many a verse from so strange influence  
That we must ever wonder how, and whence  
It came. Also imaginings will hover  
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover  
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander  
In happy silence, like the clear Meander  
Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot  
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,  
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress  
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,  
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,  
All that was for our human senses fitted.  
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize  
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease,  
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see  
Wings to find out an immortality.

**Poem 5(a) Dickinson: “An awful Tempest mashed the air – ”**

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

An awful Tempest mashed the air –  
The clouds were gaunt, and few –  
A Black – as of a Spectre’s Cloak  
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs –  
And whistled in the air –  
And shook their fists –  
And gnashed their teeth –  
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit – the Birds arose –  
The Monster’s faded eyes  
Turned slowly to his native coast –  
And peace – was Paradise!

**Poem 5(b) Dickinson:** “One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted – ”

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

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –  
One need not be a House –  
The Brain has Corridors – surpassing  
Material Place –

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting  
External Ghost,  
Than its interior Confronting –  
That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,  
The Stones a’chase –  
Than Unarmed, one’s a’self encounter –  
In lonesome Place –

Ourself behind ourself, concealed –  
Should startle most –  
Assassin hid in our Apartment  
Be Horror’s least.

The Body – borrows a Revolver –  
He bolts the Door –  
O’erlooking a superior spectre –  
Or More –

**Poem 6(a) Barrett Browning: "Let the world's sharpness like a clasping knife"**

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

Let the world's sharpness like a clasping knife  
Shut in upon itself and do no harm  
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,  
And let us hear no sound of human strife  
After the click of the shutting. Life to life –  
I lean upon thee, dear, without alarm,  
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm  
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife  
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still  
The lilies of our lives may reassure  
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible  
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer:  
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.  
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

**Poem 6(b) Barrett Browning: "Void in Law"**

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

I

Sleep, little babe, on my knee,  
Sleep, for the midnight is chill,  
And the moon has died out in the tree,  
And the great human world goeth ill.  
Sleep, for the wicked agree:  
Sleep, let them do as they will.  
Sleep.

II

Sleep, thou hast drawn from my breast  
The last drop of milk that was good;  
And now, in a dream, suck the rest,  
Lest the real should trouble thy blood.  
Suck, little lips dispossessed,  
As we kiss in the air whom we would.  
Sleep.

III

O lips of thy father! the same,  
So like! Very deeply they swore  
When he gave me his ring and his name,  
To take back, I imagined, no more!  
And now is all changed like a game,  
Though the old cards are used as of yore?  
Sleep.

IV

'Void in law,' said the Courts. Something wrong  
In the forms? Yet, 'Till death part us two,  
I, James, take thee, Jessie,' was strong,  
And ONE witness competent. True  
Such a marriage was worth an old song,  
Heard in Heaven though, as plain as the New.  
Sleep.

V

Sleep, little child, his and mine!  
Her throat has the antelope curve,  
And her cheek just the colour and line  
Which fade not before him nor swerve:  
Yet *she* has no child! – the divine  
Seal of right upon loves that deserve.  
Sleep.

VI

My child! though the world take her part,  
Saying, 'She was the woman to choose,  
He had eyes, was a man in his heart,' –  
We twain the decision refuse:  
We ... weak as I am, as thou art ...  
Cling on to him, never to loose.  
Sleep.

VII

He thinks that, when done with this place,  
All's ended? he'll new-stamp the ore?  
Yes, Caesar's – but not in our case.  
Let him learn we are waiting before  
The grave's mouth, the heaven's gate, God's face,  
With implacable love evermore.  
Sleep.

VIII

He's ours, though he kissed her but now;  
He's ours, though she kissed in reply;  
He's ours, though himself disavow,  
And God's universe favour the lie;  
Ours to claim, ours to clasp, ours below,  
Ours above ... if we live, if we die.  
Sleep.

IX

Ah, baby, my baby, too rough  
Is my lullaby? What have I said?  
Sleep! When I've wept long enough  
I shall learn to weep softly instead,  
And piece with some alien stuff  
My heart to lie smooth for thy head.  
Sleep.

X

Two souls met upon thee, my sweet;  
Two loves led thee out to the sun:  
Alas, pretty hands, pretty feet,  
If the one who remains (only one)  
Set her grief at thee, turned in a heat  
To thine enemy, – were it well done?  
Sleep.

XI

May He of the manger stand near  
And love thee! An infant He came  
To His own who rejected Him here,  
But the Magi brought gifts all the same.  
/ hurry the cross on my Dear!  
My gifts are the griefs I declaim!  
Sleep.





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