



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED

General Certificate of Education

2022

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 2

assessing

The Study of Poetry Pre 1900
and Unseen Poetry



AEL21

[AEL21]

THURSDAY 9 JUNE, MORNING

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.

BLANK PAGE

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 ideas about marriage, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to write about the miseries of marriage.

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 ideas about the nature of women, examine the **poetic methods** which Chaucer uses to write about women.

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 “Spit in my face ye Jews, and pierce my side” (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 attitudes to sin.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “The Triple Fool” (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 the pains of love.

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 Black Boy” (Poem 3(a)) printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and one other appropriately selected poem, and making use of relevant external contextual information on social conditions in eighteenth-century England, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about the powerless in society.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “The Chimney Sweeper” 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 eighteenth-century attitudes to children, examine the **poetic methods** which Blake uses to write about the relationship between parents and 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 “Ode on Melancholy” (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 suffering.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art” (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 desire.

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

5 Dickinson

Answer either (a) or (b)

- (a) By referring closely to “The last Night that She lived” (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 attitudes to death, 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 “There’s a certain Slant of light” (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 painful experiences.

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 Extract **6(a)** from “A Curse for a Nation” printed in the accompanying Resource Booklet and other appropriately selected parts of “A Curse for a Nation”, and making use of relevant external contextual information on social and political conditions in the nineteenth century, examine the **poetic methods** which Barrett Browning uses to write about injustice.

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

- (b) By referring closely to “Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think” (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 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 reflects upon the arrival and departure of a motorcycle gang.

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

On the Move

The blue jay scuffling in the bushes follows
Some hidden purpose, and the gust of birds
That spurts across the field, the wheeling swallows,
Has nested in the trees and undergrowth.
Seeking their instinct, or their poise, or both,
One moves with an uncertain violence
Under the dust thrown by a baffled sense
Or the dull thunder of approximate words.

On motorcycles, up the road, they come:
Small, black, as flies hanging in heat, the Boys,
Until the distance throws them forth, their hum
Bulges to thunder held by calf and thigh.
In goggles, donned impersonality,
In gleaming jackets trophied with the dust,
They strap in doubt – by hiding it, robust –
And almost hear a meaning in their noise.

Exact conclusion of their hardiness
Has no shape yet, but from known whereabouts
They ride, direction where the tyres press.
They scare a flight of birds across the field:
Much that is natural, to the will must yield.
Men manufacture both machine and soul,
And use what they imperfectly control
To dare a future from the taken routes.

It is a part solution, after all.
One is not necessarily discord
On earth; or damned because, half animal,
One lacks direct instinct, because one wakes
Afloat on movement that divides and breaks.
One joins the movement in a valueless world,
Choosing it, till, both hurler and the hurled,
One moves as well, always toward, toward.

A minute holds them, who have come to go:
The self-defined, astride the created will
They burst away; the towns they travel through
Are home for neither bird nor holiness,
For birds and saints complete their purposes.
At worst, one is in motion; and at best,
Reaching no absolute, in which to rest,
One is always nearer by not keeping still.

Thom Gunn

Source for poem:

“On the Move” from COLLECTED POEMS by Thom Gunn. Copyright © 1994 by Thom Gunn. Faber and Faber, rights granted for throughout World excluding USA.

“On the Move” from COLLECTED POEMS by Thom Gunn. Copyright © 1994 by Thom Gunn. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux. All Rights Reserved. Rights granted for USA

THIS IS THE END OF THE QUESTION PAPER

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for.
In some cases, efforts to contact copyright holders may have been unsuccessful and CCEA
will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgement in future if notified.



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED

**General Certificate of Education
2022**

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 2

assessing

The Study of Poetry Pre 1900
and Unseen Poetry

[AEL21]

THURSDAY 9 JUNE, MORNING

**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))

What sholde I seye? but, at the monthes ende,
This joly clerke, 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 suffre 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!”
But al for noght, I sette noght an hawe
Of his proverbes n’of his olde sawe,
Ne I wolde nat of him corrected be.
I hate him that my vices telleth me,
And so doo mo, God woot, of us than I.
This made him with me wood al outrely;
I nolde noght forbere him in no cas.

Now wol I sey yow sooth, by Seint Thomas,
Why that I rente out of his book a leef,
For which he smoot me so that I was deaf.

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

(extract for use with Question 1(b))

Wo was this knight, and sorwefully he siketh;
But what, he may nat do al as him liketh.
And at the laste he chees him for to wende,
And come again, right at the yeres ende,
With swich answeere as God wolde him purveye;
And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth his weye.

He seketh every hous and every place
Where as he hopeth for to finde grace,
To lerne what thing wommen loven moost;
But he ne koude arriven in no coost
Wher as he mighte finde in this mateere
Two creatures accordinge in-feere.
Somme seyde wommen loven best richesse,
Somme seyde honour, somme seyde jolinesse,
Somme riche array, somme seyden lust abedde,
And oftetime to be widwe and wedde.
Somme seyde that oure hertes been moost esed
Whan that we been yflatered and yplesed.
He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lie.
A man shal winne us best with flaterie;
And with attendance, and with bisnesse,
Been we ylimed, boothe moore and lesse.

And somme seyen that we loven best
For to be free, and do right as us lest,
And that no man repreve us of oure vice,
But seye that we be wise, and no thing nice.
For trewely ther is noon of us alle,
If any wight wol clawe us on the galle,
That we nel kike, for he seith us sooth.
Assay, and he shal finde it that so dooth;
For, be we never so vicious withinne,
We wol been holden wise and clene of sinne.

And somme seyn that greet delit han we
For to been holden stable and eek secree,
And in o purpos stedefastly to dwelle,
And nat biwreie thing that men us telle.
But that tale is nat worth a rake-stele.
Pardee, we wommen konne no thing hele;
Witnesse on Mida, – wol ye heere the tale?

Poem 2(a) Donne: "Spit in my face ye Jews, and pierce my side"

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

Spit in my face ye Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
For I have sinned, and sinned, and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath died:
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They killed once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorified.
Oh let me then, his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
And Jacob came clothed in vile harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God clothed himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

Poem 2(b) Donne: "The Triple Fool"

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

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry;
But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three;
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Poem 3(a) Blake: "The Little Black Boy"

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

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives his light and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' "

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me.
And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

Poem 3(b) Blake: "The Chimney Sweeper" (*Songs of Experience*)

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

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying "weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe!
"Where are thy father & mother, say?"
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury;
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

Poem 4(a) Keats: "Ode on Melancholy"

(poem for use with Question **4(a)**)

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

Poem 4(b) Keats: “Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art”

(poem for use with Question **4(b)**)

Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art –
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors –
No – yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow’d upon my fair love’s ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever – or else swoon to death.

Poem 5(a) Dickinson: "The last Night that She lived"

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

The last Night that She lived
It was a Common Night
Except the Dying – this to Us
Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things –
Things overlooked before
By this great light upon our Minds
Italicized – as 'twere.

As We went out and in
Between Her final Room
And Rooms where Those to be alive
Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist
While She must finish quite
A Jealousy for Her arose
So nearly infinite –

We waited while She passed –
It was a narrow time –
Too jostled were Our Souls to speak
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot –
Then lightly as a Reed
Bent to the Water, struggled scarce –
Consented, and was dead –

And We – We placed the Hair –
And drew the Head erect –
And then an awful leisure was
Belief to regulate –

Poem 5(b) Dickinson: "There's a certain Slant of light"

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

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

Extract 6(a) Barrett Browning: from “A Curse for a Nation”

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

PROLOGUE

I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said, ‘Write!
Write a Nation’s curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea.’

I faltered, taking up the word:
‘Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another
To send thy curse against my brother.

For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretch out kindly hands to me.’

‘Therefore,’ the voice said, ‘shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
From the summits of love a curse is driven,
As lightning is from the tops of heaven.’

‘Not so,’ I answered. ‘Evermore
My heart is sore
For my own land’s sins: for little feet
Of children bleeding along the street:

For parked-up honours that gainsay
The right of way:
For almsgiving through a door that is
Not open enough for two friends to kiss:

For love of freedom which abates
Beyond the Straits:
For patriot virtue starved to vice on
Self-praise, self-interest and suspicion:

For an oligarchic parliament
And bribes well-meant.
What curse to another land assign,
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?’

‘Therefore,’ the voice said, ‘shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
A foul thing done *within* thy gate.’

‘Not so,’ I answered once again.
‘To curse, choose men.
For I, a woman, have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down.’

‘Therefore,’ the voice said, ‘shalt thou write
My curse to-night.
Some women weep and curse, I say
(And no one marvels), night and day.

And thou shalt take their part to-night,
Weep and write.
A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt, and bitter, and good.’

So thus I wrote, and mourned indeed,
What all may read.
And thus, as was enjoined on me,
I send it over the Western Sea.

Poem 6(b) Barrett Browning: "Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think"

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

Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sate alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice ... but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains, as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand ... why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech, – nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for.
In some cases, efforts to contact copyright holders may have been unsuccessful and CCEA
will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgement in future if notified.