

General Certificate of Education  
January 2007  
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)**  
**Unit 6 Reading for Meaning**

**LTA6**

Wednesday 31 January 2007 1.30 pm to 4.30 pm

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 16-page answer book.

Time allowed: 3 hours

**Instructions**

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is LTA6.
- Answer **both** parts of the question.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

**Information**

- Materials from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 40.

**Advice**

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between the different aspects of English Literature.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

### 1 Reading

- Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study. You will be using this material to answer the questions in the examination which appear on the facing page.
- Alongside the four pieces (**B**, **C**, **D** and **E**) about The First World War (the prescribed area for study) you will find **Extract A**, a pre-twentieth century song by James Thomson. This also has **war** as its theme.
- Read all five pieces and their introductions carefully and closely several times in the light of the specific questions set.

### 2 Timing

- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on Question 1(a); this will include reading and planning time.
- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on Question 1(b); this will include reading and planning time.

### 3 Wider Reading

- Question 1(b) tests your wider reading on the subject of **War in Literature** with specific reference to literature of and about **The First World War**.
- In your answers, you should take every opportunity to refer to this wider reading and to your knowledge of this specific area of study.

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Answer **both** parts of Question 1.

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1 (a) You should spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on this question.

Basing your answer on **Extract A and Extract B**, you should:

- write a comparison of the ways the writers write about their feelings for Britain
- say how far you agree with the view that Thomson's song presents a more persuasive patriotic message than Bottomley's editorial.

*(20 marks)*

(b) You should spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on this question.

By comparing **Extracts C, D and E**, and by referring to your **wider reading**, examine how typical in both style and treatment of subject matter these writings are of literature from and about The First World War.

You should consider:

- language, form and structure
- the writers' thoughts and feelings about war and contemporary society
- the influence of the time of composition
- the gender of the writers.

*(20 marks)*

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Turn over ►**

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**THE READING**
**Extract A**

*Rule, Britannia!* is a song written by James Thomson in 1740.

*Rule, Britannia!*

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain.  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
 All thine shall be the subject main;  
 And every shore it circles, thine.  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.'

JAMES THOMSON  
 1700–1748

**Extract B**

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**Turn over ►**

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**Extract C**

Miles Malleon wrote his play, *Black 'ell* in 1916. The play was immediately banned by the War Office. In this scene, Harold Gould has just returned on leave to learn that he has been awarded a medal for distinguished service. This scene shows not only his own reaction to this news, but also the reactions of his parents, of his girlfriend Jean, and of his uncle, the Colonel.

HAROLD. [*Almost to himself.*] No... it isn't true ... it isn't true. [*He stares at the little group; and, hypnotised as JEAN was, they wait in silence. He is evidently striving again with the past.*] ... There were six in it when I started, and it was empty when he came... if I could remember ... O, my Christ! if it is true... and they want to reward me for it. [*He talks horribly in the air.*] I won't take it... I won't touch it... you know I won't, don't you? [*He sinks into a chair, covering his face with his hands.*] O, my Christ!

MR. GOULD. Hullo!

MRS. GOULD. What is it?

JEAN. He's been telling me – it isn't a bit like we expected... he's been telling me about the man he killed.

COLONEL. It's all right, people; they're often like that at first... shock, you know – nerves... he'll be all right in a day or two.

[*HAROLD has not raised his head from his hands, and MR. GOULD, going to him, pats him gently and kindly on the shoulder.*]

MR. GOULD. There, there, there, my dear old chap; we understand... of course, we do... one or two good breakfasts at home, a few nights in your own comfortable bed, and a dinner with me at the Club, eh?... you'll be as right as rain. [*No answer.*] Come along, old man, pull yourself together. [*No answer.*] It sounds strange, here in my own house, telling the soldier who's been facing death for us for nearly a year to 'pull himself together.'

HAROLD. [*Suddenly looking up.*] It isn't a soldier's job to get killed... it's his job to kill.

MR. GOULD. [*Momentarily nonplussed.*] Yes... but –

HAROLD. You know, it isn't *them* so much... or even *him*... it's her, waiting there... coming back to Jean makes you realise.

MR. GOULD. Oh, come, come, come!... you've killed your men, we know; but it was in fair fight.

HAROLD. Fair fight!

MR. GOULD. Well, if it wasn't fair fight, it wasn't *you* that was fighting foul... we know *that*... I shouldn't let myself be weak.

HAROLD. Fair fight! If you only knew what it means... all of it... all fighting's foul!

MR. GOULD. Oh, come – that’s rather a queer view! [*He tries a little joviality.*] We get quite enough of that sort of thing from the cranks at home. We can’t do with any sentimentalism, you know, from the men who are doing the work.

HAROLD. Fair fight!

[*He is evidently on the verge of breaking down completely.* THE COLONEL, *who is not a man of words, has taken up his position with his back to the fireplace; MRS. GOULD and JEAN can only watch and listen.* When MR. GOULD speaks again, *he is entirely serious.*

MR. GOULD. Come, old man, I want you to listen to me, quietly... are you listening? [HAROLD *nods assent.*] ... Look here... if a criminal was to come into this room and attack me, or your mother, or Jean, you’d be the first to protect us... Eh?... of course you would. Well, that’s what you’ve been doing... and you wouldn’t be so much upset if you happened to damage the blackguard in the process... of course you wouldn’t ... my dear old chap, nobody wanted this war... but if you’re attacked you’ve got to defend yourself... That’s all it is... it’s perfectly simple... but, by Jove! we *are* proud of you, and we *are* thankful to you for the way you’ve been protecting your home, and your country, and all that she stands for.

HAROLD. D’you know when I heard all that last? ... all of it almost... in their trenches. [*He has risen in a passionate, nervous excitement.*] I was lying there all night, quite close, and I heard them talking, just like our chaps do sometimes – laughing and joking about all the things they’re going through, and knowing they’ve got to climb out in the morning and don’t stand a dog’s chance of being alive – not death itself simply, but bits of you smashed up, and you lie and roll about; you can hear them crying out all over the place – and the night before they wait... and make fun... and they know all the time – it’s just in the early morning, when it gets a bit colder and the light begins to come in the sky, waiting – my God! they are fine, all of ’em... d’you think they’d do that to each other, month after month, if they didn’t both think they were right and the others wrong, and they were protecting something? It’s all a bloody muddle!

MR. GOULD. Harold!!

**Extract D**

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**Turn over for Extract E**

**Turn over ►**

**Extract E**

The poet, W. N. Hodgson (1893–1916), enlisted in the Devonshire Regiment at the start of the war. He was awarded the Military Cross in 1915. He died on the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916. This poem was written two days before he was killed.

*Before Action*

“By all the glories of the day  
And the cool evening’s benison,  
By that last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done,  
By beauty lavishly outpoured  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of man’s hopes and fears,  
And all the wonders poets sing,  
The laughter of unclouded years,  
And every sad and lovely thing;  
By the romantic ages stored  
With high endeavour that was his,  
By all his mad catastrophes  
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
Saw with uncomprehending eyes  
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
Must say goodbye to all of this;—  
By all delights that I shall miss,  
Help me to die, O Lord.”

W. N. HODGSON

**END OF EXTRACTS**

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Extract B Source: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *John Bull* magazine from *What Greater Glory*, B Caws and R Watts (eds.) (Blackie) 1974. With kind permission of Springer Science and Business Media.

Extract C Source: MILES MALLESON, *Black 'ell*, 1916. Reprinted by permission of Samuel French Ltd on behalf of the Estate of Miles Malleison.

Extract D Source: 'Not So Quiet' by Helen Zenna Smith from *The Virago Book of Women and The Great War*, JOYCE MARLOW (ed.), (Virago) 1999

Extract E Source: 'Before Action' by W. N. Hodgson from *The War Poets*, ROBERT GIDDINGS (ed.), (Bloomsbury) 1988

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