



ADVANCED
General Certificate of Education
January 2010

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

assessing

Module 4: Response to Unseen Poetry
and
The Study of Poetry Written Before 1770

[A2L11]



A2L11RB

MONDAY 18 JANUARY, AFTERNOON

RESOURCE BOOKLET FOR SECTION B ONLY

If you are answering on Chaucer or Pope, you must make sure that you select the appropriate extract for the question you are doing. For example, if you are doing Question 2(a), you must select extract 2(a).

2 (a) Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* (extract to go with Questions)

And every night and day was his custume,
Whan he hadde leysur and vacacioun
From oother worldly occupacioun,
To reden on this book of wikked wives.
He knew of hem mo legendes and lives
Than been of goode wives in the Bible.
For trusteth wel, it is an impossible
That any clerk wol speke good of wives,
But if it be of hooly seintes lives,
Ne of noon oother womman never the mo.
Who peyntede the leon, tel me who?
By God! if wommen hadde writen stories,
As clerkes han withinne hire oratories,
They wolde han writen of men moore wikkednesse
Than al the mark of Adam may redresse.
The children of Mercurie and of Venus
Been in hir wirking ful contrarius;
Mercurie loveth wisdam and science,
And Venus loveth riot and dispence.
And, for hire diverse disposicioun,
Ech falleth in otheres exaltacioun.
And thus, God woot, Mercurie is desolat
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat;
And Venus falleth ther Mercurie is reysed.
Therefore no womman of no clerk is preysed.
The clerk, whan he is oold, and may noight do
Of Venus werkes worth his olde sho,
Thanne sit he down, and writ in his dotage
That wommen kan nat kepe hir mariage.
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee
That I was beten for a book, pardee!

2 (b) Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* (extract to go with Questions 1-4)

This knight aviseth him 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,
“Sin I may chese and governe as me lest?”

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

“Kis 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, sin 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 curtin, looke how that it is.”

And whan the knight 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 time a-rewhe he gan hire kisse,
And she obeyed him in every thing
That mighte doon him plesance or liking.

And thus they live unto hir lives 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 lives
That wol nat be governed by hir wives;
And olde and angry nigardes of dispence,
God sende hem soone verray pestilence!

3 (a) Gardner (editor): *The Metaphysical Poets*

Love

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit downe, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

3 (b) Gardner (editor): *The Metaphysical Poets*

A Valediction: forbidding mourning

As virtuous men passe mildly' away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the spheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by'a love, so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must goe, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to avery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as it comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
Thy firmnes makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

4 (a) Herrick: *Selected Poems*

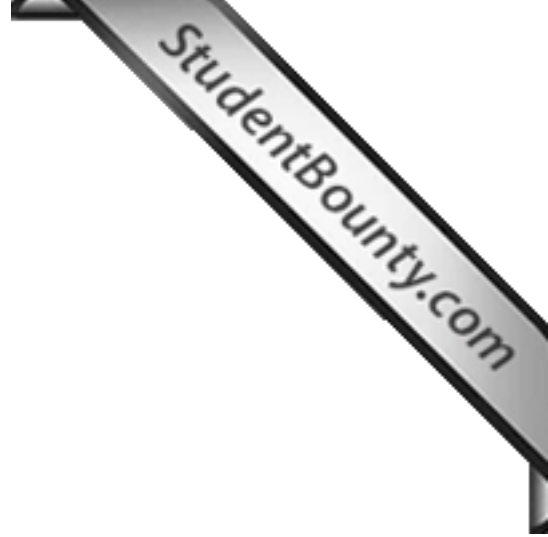
To His Sweet Saviour

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to fly, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives as if that she
Had broke her wheel, or crackt her axletree.
Just so it is with me who, list'ning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerful peeping day.
Sick is my heart; O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses;
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death;
Let me Thy voice betimes i'th' morning hear;
Call, and I'll come; say Thou the when and where;
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

4 (b) Herrick: *Selected Poems*

To Daffodils

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his Noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.



5 (a) Pope: *The Rape of the Lock* (extract from Canto IV to go with Question 2)

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay *Poll* sat mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!
A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

5 (b) Pope: *The Rape of the Lock* (extract from Canto V to go with Question 5)

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in *Cupid's* flames, – but burn alive.

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