



**ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)      LITA3**  
**Unit 3 Reading for Meaning**

**Specimen paper for examinations in June 2010 onwards**  
**This question paper uses the [new numbering system](#) and [new AQA answer book](#)**

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 16-page answer book.

**Time allowed**

- 2 hours 30 minutes

**Instructions**

- Use black ink or black 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 LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

**Information**

- Material from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

**Advice**

- This unit assess your understanding of the relationships between the different aspects of English Literature.

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

## 1 Reading

- Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study, **Love Through the Ages**. You will be using this material to answer the two questions on the page opposite.
- Read all 4 pieces (A, B, C and D) and their introductions several times in the light of the questions set. Your reading should be close and careful.

## 2 Wider Reading

- The questions test your wider reading in the prescribed area for study, **Love Through the Ages**. In your answers, you should take every opportunity to refer to your wider reading.

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Answer **both** questions.

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**Question 1**

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Read the two poems (Extract A and B) carefully. They were written at different times by different writers.

Basing your answer on the poems and, where appropriate, your wider reading in the poetry of love, compare the ways the two poets have used poetic form, structure and language to express their thoughts and ideas.

**Question 2**

*(40 marks)*

0	2
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Write a comparison of the ways Shakespeare and Hardy present the partings of people who love each other.

You should consider:

- the ways the writers' choices of form, structure and language shape your responses to these extracts
- how your wider reading in the literature of love has contributed to your understanding and interpretation of the extracts.

*(40 marks)*

**END OF QUESTIONS**

## THE READING

### Extract A

The poet, Michael Drayton (1563 – 1631), became a page to Sir Henry Goodeere of Polesworth who ensured that he was educated. He fell in love with Sir Henry's daughter who provided the inspiration for *Idea*, a sonnet sequence written in 1619. The following poem is taken from that sequence.

#### *Idea in Sixtie Three Sonnets [61]*

Since ther's no helpe, Come let us kisse and part,  
Nay, I have done: You get no more of Me,  
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I my Selfe can free:  
Shake hands for ever, Cancell all our Vowes,  
And when We meet at any time againe,  
Be it not seene in either of our Browes,  
That We one jot of former Love reteyne:  
Now at the last gaspe of Love's latest Breath,  
When his Pulse fayling, Passion speechlesse lies,  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
From Death to Life thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

**Extract B**

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950) was an American lyrical poet and the first woman to receive the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. She was also known for her unconventional bohemian lifestyle and for her many love affairs with both men and women. She had a significant relationship with the poet, George Dillon, for whom this and many other sonnets were written.

*If I should learn, in some quite casual way*

IF I should learn, in some quite casual way,  
That you were gone, not to return again –  
Read from the back-page of a paper, say,  
Held by a neighbor in a subway train,  
How at the corner of this avenue  
And such a street (so are the papers filled)  
A hurrying man - who happened to be you -  
At noon today had happened to be killed,  
I could not cry aloud – I could not cry  
Aloud, or wring my hands in such a place –  
I should but watch the station lights rush by  
With a more careful interest on my face,  
Or raise my eyes and read with greater care  
Where to store furs and how to treat the hair.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**Turn over for Extract C**

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**Extract C**

This extract is taken from the play *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616). Unknown to their feuding families, Juliet and Romeo have married and spent the night together, but Romeo has been banished from Verona because he killed a member of Juliet's family. So they must part.

JULIET Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I.

It is some meteor that the sun exhales  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go.  
Come, death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; It is not day.

JULIET It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
O now I would they had changed voices too,  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO More light and light; more dark and dark our woes.

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**Extract D**

This extract is taken from *The Woodlanders* (1887) written by Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928). Melbury had promised his daughter Grace to Giles Winterborne, but she rejects him and marries the new doctor. A poor villager, Marty South, had always loved Giles but he did not reciprocate her feelings, although he was kind to her. When the doctor was unfaithful, Grace turned to Giles who let her sleep in his house during stormy weather. He slept outside, fell ill and died. In this extract, which is the end of the novel, Grace's father has discovered that she has returned to her husband.

Melbury now returned to the room, and the men having declared themselves refreshed they all started on the homeward journey, which was by no means cheerless under the rays of the high moon. Having to walk the whole distance they came by a footpath rather shorter than the highway, though difficult except to those who knew the country well. This brought them by way of the church: and passing the graveyard they observed as they talked a motionless figure standing by the gate.

'I think it was Marty South,' said the hollow-tuner parenthetically.

'I think 'twas; 'a was always a lonely maid,' said Upjohn. And they passed on homeward, and thought of the matter no more.

It was Marty, as they had supposed. That evening had been the particular one of the week upon which Grace and herself had been accustomed to privately deposit flowers on Giles's grave, and this was the first occasion since his death eight months earlier on which Grace had failed to keep her appointment. Marty had waited in the road just outside Melbury's, where her fellow-pilgrim had been wont to join her, till she was weary; and at last, thinking that Grace had missed her, and gone on alone, she followed the way to the church, but saw no Grace in front of her. It got later, and Marty continued her walk till she reached the churchyard gate; but still no Grace. Yet her sense of comradeship would not allow her to go on to the grave alone, and still thinking the delay had been unavoidable she stood there with her little basket of flowers in her clasped hands, and her feet chilled by the damp ground, till more than two hours had passed. She then heard the footsteps of Melbury's men, who presently passed on their return from the search. In the silence of the night Marty could not help hearing fragments of their conversation, from which she acquired a general idea of what had occurred, and that Mrs Fitzpiers was by that time in the arms of another man than Giles.

Immediately they had dropped down the hill she entered the churchyard, going to a secluded corner behind the bushes where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne. As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible in her, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.

'Now, my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine, and only mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died! But I – whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee again. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven!.....But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

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**END OF EXTRACTS**



**There are no questions printed on this page**

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**Turn Over ►**