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General Certificate of Education
2010

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

assessing

The Study of Poetry 1300–1800
and Drama

[AL211]



AL211RB

TUESDAY 8 JUNE, AFTERNOON

RESOURCE BOOKLET FOR SECTION A ONLY

If you are answering on Chaucer, Pope or Goldsmith you must make sure that you select the appropriate extract for the question you are doing. For example, if you are doing Question 1(a), you must select extract 1(a).

1 (a) Chaucer: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* (extract to go with Question 1)

“Sire,” quod this boy, “it nedeth never-a-deel;
It was me toold er ye cam heer two houres.
He was, pardee, an old felawe of youre;
And sodeynly he was yslain to-night,
Fordronke, as he sat on his bench upright.
Ther cam a privee thief men clepeth Deeth,
That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
And with his spere he smoot his herte atwo,
And wente his wey withouten wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilence.
And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
Me thinketh that it were necessarie
For to be war of swich an adversarie.
Beth redy for to meete him everemoore;
Thus taughte me my dame; I sey namoore.”
“By seinte Marie,” seyde this taverner,
“The child seith sooth, for he hath slain this yeer,
Henne over a mile, withinne a greet village,
Bothe man and womman, child, and hine, and page;
I trowe his habitacioun be there.
To been avised greet wisdom it were,
Er that he dide a man a dishonour.”

“Ye, Goddes armes!” quod this riotour,
“Is it swich peril with him for to meete?
I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
I make avow to Goddes digne bones!
Herkneth, felawes, we thre been al ones;
Lat ech of us holde up his hand til oother,
And ech of us bicomem otheres brother,
And we wol sleen this false traitour Deeth.
He shal be slain, he that so manye sleeth,
By Goddes dignitee, er it be night.”

Togidres han thise thre hir trouthes plight
To live and dien ech of hem for oother,
As though he were his owene ybore brother.
And up they stirte, al dronken in this rage,
And forth they goon towardses that village
Of which the taverner hadde spoke biforn.
And many a grisly ooth thanne han they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body al torente –
Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him hente.

1 (b) Chaucer: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* (extract to go with Question 1)

Goode men and wommen, o thing warne I yow:
If any wight be in this chirche now
That hath doon sinne horrible, that he
Dar nat for shame of it yshriven be,
Or any womman, be she yong or old,
That hath ymaad hir housbonde cokewold,
Swich folk shal have no power ne no grace
To offren to my relikes in this place.
And whoso findeth him out of swich blame,
He wol come up and offre in Goddes name,
And I assoille him by the auctoritee
Which that by bulle ygraunted was to me.”

By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by yeer,
An hundred mark sith I was pardoner.
I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet,
And whan the lewed peple is doun yset,
I preche so as ye han herd bifoore,
And telle an hundred false japes moore.
Thanne peyne I me to strecche forth the nekke,
And est and west upon the peple I bekke,
As dooth a dowve sittinge on a berne.
Mine handes and my tonge goon so yerne
That it is joye to se my bisynesse
Of avarice and of swich cursednesse
Is al my preching, for to make hem free
To yeven hir pens, and namely unto me.
For myn entente is nat but for to winne,
And nothing for correccioun of sinne.
I rekke nevere, whan that they been beried,
Though that hir soules goon a-blakeberied.
For certes, many a predicacioun
Comth ofte time of yvel entencioun;
Som for plesance of folk and flaterye,
To been avaunced by ypocrisye,
And som for veyne glorie, and som for hate.
For whan I dar noon oother weyes debate,
Thanne wol I stinge him with my tonge smerte
In preching, so that he shal nat asterte
To been defamed falsly, if that he
Hath trespassed to my bretheren or to me.
For though I telle noght his propre name,
Men shal wel knowe that it is the same
By signes, and by othere circumstances.
Thus quyte I folk that doon us displesances;
Thus spitte I out my venym under hewe
Of hoolinesse, to semen hooly and trewe.

2 (a) Donne: *Selected Poems* (extract to go with Question 2(a))

The Relic

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain
(For graves have learned that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed),
And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let'us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time or land
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop and the king
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be'a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex no more we knew
Than our guardian angels do;

Coming and going, we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touched the seals
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.
These miracles we did, but now, alas,
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

2 (b) Donne: *Selected Poems* (extract to go with Question 2(b))

Holy Sonnet XIV

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for You
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

I, like an usurped town to another due,
Labour to admit You, but O, to no end.
Reason, Your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love You, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto Your enemy;
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to You, imprison me, for I,
Except You enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except You ravish me.

3 (a) Pope: *The Rape of the Lock* (extract to go with Question 3(a))

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing – This verse to *Caryll*, Muse! is due:
 This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle *Belle*?
 Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

So! thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest:
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

3 (b) Pope: *The Rape of the Lock* (extract to go with Question 3(b))

Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, *Thalestris* call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks ruffle and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

4 (a) Goldsmith: *The Deserted Village* (extract to go with Question 4(a))

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped – What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? – Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

4 (b) Goldsmith: *The Deserted Village* (extract to go with Question **4(b)**)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

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