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## English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

*assessing*

The Study of Poetry 1300–1800

*and Drama*

[AL211]

MONDAY 14 MAY, MORNING

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# 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)

Thanne shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,  
 Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones,—  
 Relikes been they, as wenen they echoon.  
 Thanne have I in latoun a sholder-boon  
 Which that was of an hooly Jewes sheep.  
 “Goode men,” I seye, “taak of my wordes keep;  
 If that this boon be wasshe in any welle,  
 If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle  
 That any worm hath ete, or worm ystonge,  
 Taak water of that welle and wassh his tonge,  
 And it is hool anon; and forthermoore,  
 Of pokkes and of scabbe and every soore  
 Shal every sheep be hool that of this welle  
 Drinketh a draughte. Taak kep eek what I telle:  
 If that the good-man that the beestes oweth  
 Wol every wyke, er that the cok him croweth,  
 Fastinge, drinken of this welle a draughte,  
 As thilke hooly Jew oure eldres taughte,  
 His beestes and his stoor shal multiplie.

And, sires, also it heeeth jalousie;  
 For though a man be falle in jalous rage,  
 Lat maken with this water his potage,  
 And nevere shal he moore his wif mistriste,  
 Though he the soothe of hir defaute wiste,  
 Al had she taken prestes two or thre.

Heere is a miteyn eek, that ye may se.  
 He that his hand wol putte in this mitayn,  
 He shal have multiplying of his grain,  
 Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,  
 So that he offre pens, or elles grottes.

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.”

1 (b) Chaucer: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* (extract to go with Questions 1-3)

'Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,'  
Seyde this oother hasardour anon;  
'Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!  
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deeth,  
That in this contree alle oure freendes sleeth.  
Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his espye,  
Telle where he is, or thou shalt it abyge,  
By God, and by the hooly sacrament!  
For soothly thou art oon of his assent  
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!'

'Now, sires,' quod he, 'if that yow be so leef  
To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,  
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,  
Under a tree, and there he wole abide;  
Noght for youre boost he wole him no thing hide.  
Se ye that ook? Right there ye shal him finde.  
God save yow, that boghte again mankinde,  
And yow amende.' Thus seyde this olde man;  
And everich of these riotoures ran  
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde  
Of florins fine of gold ycoined rounde  
Wel ny an eichte bussshels, as hem thoughte.  
No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,  
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,  
For that the florins been so faire and brighte,  
That doun they sette hem by this precious hoord.  
The worste of hem, he spak the firste word.

'Bretheren,' quod he, 'taak kep what that I seye;  
My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.  
This tresor hath Fortune unto us yiven,  
In mirthe and joliftee oure lyf to liven,  
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.  
Ey! Goddes precious dignitee! who wende  
To-day that we sholde han so fair a grace?  
But mighte this gold be caried fro this place  
Hoom to myn hous—or elles unto youres  
(For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures)—  
Thanne were we in heigh felicitee.

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

*Holy Sonnet XIV ('Batter my heart')*

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.

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

*The Good Morrow*

I wonder by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved. Were we not weaned till then?  
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?  
Or snorted we in the 'seven sleepers' den?  
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear,  
For love, all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room an everywhere.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,  
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
Where can we find two better hemispheres  
Without sharp North, without declining West?  
What ever dies was not mixed equally;  
If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

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

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?  
 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;  
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
 The little engine on his finger's ends;  
 This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instance, anxious *Ariel* sought  
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
 He watch'd th'ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,  
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,  
 T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;  
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,  
 (But airy substance soon unites again)  
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
 And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,  
 When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last;  
 Or when rich *China* vessels fall'n from high,  
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!

'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'  
 (The Victor cry'd) 'the glorious Prize is mine!'

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

*Canto IV*

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 shears 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!



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

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green:  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way.  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made.  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied,

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more.  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.



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

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care that never must be mine,  
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
No surly porter stands in guilty state  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate,  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way;  
And all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.





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