

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel**  
**International**  
**Advanced Level**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**Thursday 23 January 2020**

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)

Paper Reference **WET04/01**

**English Literature**

**International Advanced Level**

**Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry**

**You must have:**

Source Booklet (enclosed)

Prescribed texts (clean copies)

Total Marks

## Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

## Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

## Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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**SECTION A: Shakespeare****Answer ONE question from this section.****Begin your answer on page 4.*****Measure for Measure*****EITHER**

- 1** 'This is a play full of contrasts, and Shakespeare uses them to powerful dramatic effect.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare achieves dramatic effect through the use of contrast.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)****OR**

- 2** 'Time is used to heighten the dramatic intensity of the play.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses time in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)*****The Taming of the Shrew*****EITHER**

- 3** 'Comic one moment and serious the next – it is hard for the audience of the play to know when to start laughing and when to stop.'

In the light of this statement, explore the mix of light-heartedness and seriousness in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)****OR**

- 4** 'This play shows that characters who are sufficiently determined can usually get what they want.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which determination leading to success is presented in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)**

## *Hamlet*

### **EITHER**

- 5** 'Despite the wider politics of the play, its main concern is what happens within closely-knit families.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents family drama in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)**

### **OR**

- 6** 'Shakespeare does not simply use Laertes as a device for staging a swordfight and bringing the play to its conclusion: Laertes is enormously significant throughout the play.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses Laertes in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)**

## *King Lear*

### **EITHER**

- 7** 'This play is a study of greed and how it leads to ruin.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents greed in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)**

### **OR**

- 8** 'The play sounds continuous warning notes, showing how not to behave as a father.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents fatherhood in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)**



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

- Chosen question number:
- |            |                          |            |                          |            |                          |
|------------|--------------------------|------------|--------------------------|------------|--------------------------|
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| Question 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> | Question 5 | <input type="checkbox"/> | Question 6 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS**



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**SECTION B: Pre-1900 Poetry**

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**You must select your second poem from the prescribed list for your studied collection.**

**The poems are listed in the Source Booklet on pages 3 to 5.**

**Begin your answer on page 16.**

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow**

**EITHER**

- 9** Read the poem *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell on pages 6 to 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which unfairness is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

- 10** Read the poem *Orinda to Lucasia* by Katherine Philips on page 9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which contrasts are presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)**

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**Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright**

**EITHER**

**11** Read the poem *The Tyger* by William Blake on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a sense of fear is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**12** Read the poem *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey* by William Wordsworth on pages 11 to 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the passage of time is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)**

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**Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks**

**EITHER**

**13** Read the poem *O that 'twere possible* from *Maud* by Alfred Tennyson on pages 15 to 17 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which an individual voice is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 13 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**14** Read the poem *My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning on pages 18 to 19 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a sense of mystery is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 14 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

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Question 9

Question 10

Question 11

Question 12

Question 13

Question 14

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS**



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**Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level**

**Thursday 23 January 2020**

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)

Paper Reference **WET04/01**

**English Literature**

**International Advanced Level**

**Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry**

**Source Booklet**

**Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.**

*Turn over* ►

**P61134A**

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<b>Contents</b>	<b>Page</b>
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>Metaphysical Poetry</i>	3
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>English Romantic Verse</i>	4
<b>Prescribed poetry</b> <i>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse</i>	5
<b>Question 9</b> <i>The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn</i> by Andrew Marvell	6
<b>Question 10</b> <i>Orinda to Lucasia</i> by Katherine Philips	9
<b>Question 11</b> <i>The Tyger</i> by William Blake	10
<b>Question 12</b> <i>Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey</i> by William Wordsworth	11
<b>Question 13</b> <i>O that 'twere possible</i> from <i>Maud</i> by Alfred Tennyson	15
<b>Question 14</b> <i>My Last Duchess</i> by Robert Browning	18

## Prescribed poetry

***Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006)  
ISBN 9780140424447**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Flea	John Donne	4
The Good Morrow		5
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		6
Woman's Constancy		7
The Sun Rising		8
A Valediction of Weeping		19
A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		21
The Apparition		22
Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed		29
'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'		31
'Death be not Proud'		32
'Batter My Heart'		33
A Hymn to God the Father		36
Redemption		George Herbert
The Collar	78	
The Pulley	79	
Love III	87	
To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy	Thomas Carew	89
To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her		95
A Song ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows')		98
A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Engagement	Anne Bradstreet	135
Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	Richard Lovelace	182
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn	Andrew Marvell	195
To His Coy Mistress		198
The Definition of Love		201
Unprofitableness	Henry Vaughan	219
The World		220
To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied		241
Orinda to Lucasia		242

### Prescribed poetry

<b><i>English Romantic Verse</i>, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday	William Blake	69
Songs of Experience: Holy Thursday		73
Songs of Experience: The Sick Rose		73
Songs of Experience: The Tyger		74
Songs of Experience: London		75
Lines Written in Early Spring	William Wordsworth	108
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey		109
Ode: Intimations of Immortality		133
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	155
Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
Fare Thee Well		212
So We'll Go no more A Roving		213
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year		232
'The cold earth slept below'	Percy Bysshe Shelley	242
<i>Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples</i>		243
Ode to the West Wind		246
The Question		249
Ode to a Nightingale	John Keats	276
Ode on a Grecian Urn		279
To Autumn		282
Ode on Melancholy		283
Sonnet on the Sea		287
To a Wreath of Snow		341
R. Alcona to J. Brenzaida	Emily Brontë	342
Julian M. and A.G Rochelle		343
Last Lines		348

Note for prescribed list of poems for English Romantic Verse:  
*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is counted as the equivalent of five poems.



## Prescribed poetry

***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008)  
ISBN 9780199556311**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
From In Memoriam: VII 'Dark house, by which once more I stand'	Alfred Tennyson	23
From In Memoriam: XCV 'By night we linger'd on the lawn'		28
From Maud: I.xi 'O let the solid ground'		37
From Maud: I.xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'		38
From Maud: I.xxii 'Come into the garden, Maud'		40
From Maud: II.iv 'O that 'twere possible'		43
The Visionary	Emily Brontë and Charlotte Brontë	61
Grief	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	101
From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV 'Let the world's sharpness, like a closing knife'		102
The Best Thing in the World		115
'Died...'		116
My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad		124
Meeting at Night		125
Love in a Life		134
'The Autumn day its course has run—the Autumn evening falls'	Charlotte Brontë	213
'The house was still—the room was still'		214
'I now had only to retrace'		214
'The Nurse believed the sick man slept'		215
Stanzas – ['Often rebuked, yet always back returning']	Charlotte Brontë (perhaps by Emily Brontë)	215
Remember	Christina Rossetti	278
Echo		278
May		280
A Birthday		280
Somewhere or Other		297
At an Inn	Thomas Hardy	465
'I Look into My Glass'		466
Drummer Hodge		467
A Wife in London		467
The Darkling Thrush		468

**Question 9**

***The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell**

The wanton troopers riding by  
Have shot my fawn and it will die.  
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive  
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didst alive  
Them any harm; alas, nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,  
Nor do I for all this, nor will;  
But if my simple pray'rs may yet  
Prevail with heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears  
Rather than fail. But, oh, my fears!  
It cannot die so. Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything,  
And nothing may we use in vain:  
E'en beasts must be with justice slain,  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine, and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean: their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain.  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well),  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me: nay, and I know  
What he said then, I'm sure I do.  
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear.'  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:  
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away  
With this, and very well content  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game: it seemed to bless  
Itself in me. How could I less  
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be  
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it too might have done so

As Sylvio did: his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false or more than he.  
But I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at mine own fingers nursed;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It waxed more white and sweet than they.  
It had so sweet a breath! And oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft  
And white - shall I say than my hand?  
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet;  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race;  
And, when 't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness.  
And all the springtime of the year  
It only lovèd to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes.  
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
It like a bank of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed  
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed;  
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill,  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help! O help! I see it faint,  
And die as calmly as a saint.  
See how it weeps. The tears do come,  
Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.  
So weeps the wounded balsam: so  
The holy frankincense doth flow.  
The brotherless Heliades  
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill  
It till it do o'erflow with mine;  
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to  
Whither the swans and turtles go:  
In fair Elysium to endure,  
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.  
Oh do not run too fast; for I  
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall  
Be cut in marble, and, withal,  
Let it be weeping too; but there  
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,  
For I so truly thee bemoan  
That I shall weep though I be stone,  
Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there.  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made:  
For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee.

**Question 10**

***Orinda to Lucasia* by Katherine Philips**

1

Observe the weary birds ere night be done,  
How they would fain call up the tardy sun,  
    With feathers hung with dew,  
    And trembling voices too;  
They court their glorious planet to appear,  
That they may find recruits of spirits there.  
    The drooping flowers hang their heads,  
    And languish down into their beds,  
While brooks more bold and fierce than they,  
    Wanting those beams, from whence  
    All things drink influence,  
Openly murmur, and demand the day.

2

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me  
Than he to all the under-world can be;  
    From thee I've heat and light,  
    Thy absence makes my night.  
But ah! my friend, it now grows very long,  
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:  
    My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,  
    And still my heart thy dawning seeks,  
And to thee mournfully it cries,  
    That if too late I wait,  
    E'en thou mayst come too late,  
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

**Question 11**

***The Tyger* by William Blake**

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**Question 12**

**Lines**

**COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR**

**JULY 13, 1798**

**by William Wordsworth**

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur. - Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beautiful forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind  
With tranquil restoration: - feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: - that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, -  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft -  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart -  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. - I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, not any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. - That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour



Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. - And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear, - both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance -  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence - wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love - oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

**Question 13**

***O that 'twere possible from Maud by Alfred Tennyson***

I

O THAT 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

II

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
By the home that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

III

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee:  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

IV

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendour falls  
On the little flower that clings

To the turrets and the walls;  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet;  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings;  
In a moment we shall meet;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold.

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about!  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That *will* show itself without.

IX

Then I rise, the eavedrops falls,  
And the yellow vapours choke  
The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,  
The shadow still the same;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.

XII

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'  
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest'?

XIII

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me:  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

**Question 14**

***My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning**

***Ferrara***

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
'Fra Pandolf' by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps  
'Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint  
'Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
'Half-flush that dies along her throat:' such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked  
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this  
'Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
'Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
— E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your master's known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

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