



GCE A LEVEL – NEW

1720U30-1



S17-1720U30-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE – A2 unit 3
Poetry Pre-1900 and Unseen Poetry

THURSDAY, 15 JUNE 2017 – MORNING

2 hours

1720U301
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet and clean copies (no annotation) of your set texts for this paper.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** question in Section B.
Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Both Section A and Section B carry 60 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend an hour on each section. In Section A, you are advised to spend approximately 20 minutes on part (i) and 40 minutes on part (ii).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Poetry pre-1900 (open book)

Answer **one** question in this section.

You must have a clean copy (no annotation) of the poetry text which you have studied. Only the prescribed edition must be used.

Each question is in **two** parts. In both **part (i)** and **part (ii)** you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)** you are **also** required to:

- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received.

Either,

Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale* (Cambridge)

1. (i) Re-read lines 654 – 672 from 'Now wol I speke of woful Damyan...' to '...and leyde it at his herte'. How does Chaucer present Damyan in these lines? [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which ideas about courtly romance influence the presentation of love in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*. [45]

Or,

John Donne: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

2. (i) Re-read 'Love's Alchemy' on pages 29 – 30. Examine Donne's use of poetic techniques in this poem. [15]
- (ii) Consider some of the ways in which Donne uses surprising areas of knowledge to explore the relationships of lovers. [45]

Or,

John Milton: *Paradise Lost Book IX* (Oxford)

3. (i) Re-read lines 494 – 518 from 'So spake the enemy of Mankind...' to '...To lure her eye;'. Analyse Milton's presentation of the serpent in these lines. [15]
- (ii) Consider the ways in which different ideas about evil are reflected in Milton's presentation of Satan. [45]

Or,

John Keats: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

4. (i) Re-read 'On the Sea' on page 35. How does Keats present the sea in this poem. [15]
(ii) Consider some of the ways in which Keats' responses to nature influence his presentation of death and decay. [45]

Or,

Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

5. (i) Re-read 'Sweet Death' on page 14. Examine Rossetti's use of poetic techniques in this poem. [15]
(ii) Consider some of the ways in which Rossetti uses nature to write about grief. [45]

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer Question 6.

In your response, you are required to:

- *analyse how meanings are shaped*
 - *explore connections across poems.*
6. Compare the presentation of birds in Poem A: 'The Skylark' by John Clare and in **one** other poem, **either** Poem B: 'Returning, We Hear the Larks' by Isaac Rosenberg, **or** Poem C: 'Red Kites at Tregaron' by Gwyneth Lewis, **or** Poem D: 'Parrot' by Stevie Smith. [60]

Poem A: 'The Skylark' by John Clare

The rolls and harrows lie at rest beside
 The battered road and spreading far and wide
 Above the russet clods the corn is seen
 Sprouting its spiry points of tender green
 Where squats the hare to terrors wide awake
 Like some brown clod the harrows failed to break
 While neath the warm hedge boys stray far from home
 To crop the early blossoms as they come
 Where buttercups will make them eager run
 Opening their golden caskets to the sun
 To see who shall be first to pluck the prize
 And from their hurry up the skylark flies
 And oer her half formed nest with happy wings
 Winnows the air – till in the cloud she sings
 Then hangs a dust spot in the sunny skies
 And drops and drops till in her nest she lies
 Where boys unheeding past – neer dreaming then
 That birds which flew so high would drop again
 To nests upon the ground where anything
 May come at to destroy had they the wing
 Like such a bird, themselves would be too proud
 And build on nothing but a passing cloud
 As free from danger as the heavens are free
 From pain and toil – there would they build and be
 And sail about the world to scenes unheard
 Of and unseen – O were they but a bird
 So think they while they listen to its song
 And smile and fancy and so pass along
 While its low nest moist with the dews of morn
 Lies safely with the leveret in the corn

Poem B: 'Returning, We Hear the Larks' by Isaac Rosenberg

Sombre the night is,
 And though we have our lives, we know
 What sinister threat lurks there.

Dragging these anguished limbs, we only know
 This poison-blasted track opens on our camp –
 On a little safe sleep.

But hark! – joy – joy – strange joy.
 Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.
 Music showering our upturned list'ning faces.

Death could drop from the dark
 As easily as song –
 But song only dropped,
 Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
 By dangerous tides,
 Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin lies there,
 Or her kisses where a serpent hides.

Poem C: 'Red Kites at Tregaron' by Gwyneth Lewis

They know where to find me when they want to feed.
 At dusk I prepare, lay out the fat

and spread unspeakable offal in snow
 like scarlet necklaces. They know

how to find me. They are my words
 for beauty and other birds

fight them, vulgar, down threads of air
 which bring them to me. They brawl for hair,

for skin, torn giblets and gizzard which I
 provide for them, domestic. Inside

the house is so cold I can see my breath,
 my face in the polished oak. My mouth

is sweet with silence. Talon and claw
 are tender to me, the crow

much kinder than men. What is most foul
 in me kites love. At night I feel

their clear minds stirring in rowan and oak
 out in the desert. I stroke

the counterpane, my sleepless skies
 filled with the stars of untameable eyes.

Poem D: 'Parrot' by Stevie Smith

The old sick green parrot
High in a dingy cage
Sick with malevolent rage
Beadily glugged his furious eye
On the old dark
Chimneys of Noel Park

Far from his jungle green
Over the seas he came
To the yellow skies, to the dripping rain,
To the night of his despair.
And the pavements of his street
Are shining beneath the lamp
With a beauty that's not for one
Born under a tropic sun.

He has croup. His feathered chest
Knows no minute of rest.
High on his perch he sits
And coughs and spits,
Waiting for death to come.
Pray heaven it won't be long.

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