



Rewarding Learning

ADVANCED
General Certificate of Education
January 2011

English Literature
Assessment Unit A2 1
assessing
The Study of Poetry 1300–1800
and Drama

[AL211]

MONDAY 17 JANUARY, 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)

O cursed sinne of alle cursednesse!
 O traitours homicide, O wikkednesse!
 O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye!
 Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileynye
 And othes grete, of usage and of pride!
 Allas! mankinde, how may it bitide
 That to thy creatour, which that the wroghte,
 And with his precious herte-blood thee boghte,
 Thou art so fals and so unkinde, allas?

Now, goode men, God foryeve yow youre trespas,
 And ware yow fro the sinne of avarice!
 Myn hooly pardoun may yow alle warice,
 So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,
 Or elles silver broches, spoones, ringes.
 Boweth youre heed under this hooly bulle!
 Cometh up, ye wives, offreth of youre wolle!
 Youre names I entre heer in my rolle anon;
 Into the blisse of hevене shul ye gon.
 I yow assoille by myn heigh power,
 Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as cleer
 As ye were born. – And lo, sires, thus I preche.
 And Jhesu Crist, that is oure soules leche,
 So graunte yow his pardoun to receive,
 For that is best; I wol yow nat deceive.

But sires, o word forgat I in my tale:
 I have relikes and pardoun in my male
 As faire as any man in Engelond,
 Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.
 If any of yow wole, of devocion,
 Offren, and han myn absolucion,
 Com forth anon, and kneleth heere adoun,
 And mekely receiveth my pardoun;
 Or elles taketh pardoun as ye wende,
 Al newe and fressh at every miles ende,
 So that ye offren, alwey newe and newe,
 Nobles or pens, whiche that be goode and trewe.
 It is an honour to everich that is heer
 That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer
 T'assoille yow, in contree as ye ride,
 For adventures whiche that may bitide.
 Paraventure ther may fallen oon or two
 Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke atwo.
 Looke which a seuretee is it to yow alle
 That I am in youre felaweshipe yfalle,
 That may assoille yow, bothe moore and lasse,
 Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.

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

Looke eek that to the king Demetrius,
The king of Parthes, as the book seith us,
Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn,
For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
For which he heeld his glorie or his renoun
At no value or reputacioun.

Lordes may finden oother maner pley
Honest ynough to drive the day away.

Now wol I speke of othes false and grete

A word or two, as olde bookes trete.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And fals swering is yet moore reprevable.

The heighe God forbad swering at al,
Witnesse on Mathew; but in special
Of swering seith the hooly Jeremye,
'Thou shalt swere sooth thine othes, and nat lie,
And swere in doom, and eek in rightwisesse';
But idel swering is a cursednesse.

Bihoold and se that in the firste table
Of heighe Goddes heestes honorable,
Hou that the seconde heeste of him is this:
'Take nat my name in idel or amis.'

Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering
Than homicide or many a cursed thing;
I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
This knoweth, that his heestes understondeth,
How that the seconde heeste of God is that.
And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,
That vengeance shal nat parten from his hous
That of his othes is to outrageous.

'By Goddes precious herte,' and 'By his nailes,'
And 'By the blood of Crist that is in Hayles,
Sevene is my chaunce, and thyn is cynk and treye!

'By Goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
This daggere shal thurghout thyn herte go!' –
This fruit cometh of the bicched bones two,
Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicide.

Now, for the love of Crist, that for us dyde,
Lete youre othes, bothe grete and smale.
But, sires, now wol I telle forth my tale.

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

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey,
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirled by it.
Hence is't that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my soul's form bends towards the
East.

There I should see a sun, by rising, set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made His own lieutenant, Nature, shrink,
It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
And turn all spheres at once, pierced with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God for His apparel, ragged and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon His miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnished thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransomed us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st
towards me,
O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to Thee but to receive
Corrections, till They mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts and my deformity,
Restore Thine image, so much, by Thy grace,
That Thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

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

The Anniversary

All kings and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corpse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their
graves remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest,
But we no more than all the rest;
Here upon earth, we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we, where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two?
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our reign.

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

Canto II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver *Thames*.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck:
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy sprindges we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

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

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere *Phœbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

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

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.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

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

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.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs – and GOD has given my share –
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return – and die at home at last.

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