



Rewarding Learning

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General Certificate of Education
2013

English Literature

Assessment Unit A2 1

assessing

The Study of Poetry 1300–1800

and Drama

[AL211]

MONDAY 13 MAY, MORNING



AL211

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 youres;
 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 say 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)

This cursed man hath in his hond yhent
This poisoun in a box, and sith he ran
Into the nexte strete unto a man,
And borwed of him large botelles thre;
And in the two his poison poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
For al the night he shoop him for to swinke
In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this riotour, with sory grace,
Hadde filled with wyn his grete botels thre,
To his felawes again repaireth he.

What nedeth it to sermone of it moore?
For right as they hadde cast his deeth bifoore,
Right so they han him slain, and that anon.
And whan that this was doon, thus spak that oon:
"Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us merie,
And afterward we wol his body berie."
And with that word it happed him, par cas,
To take the botel ther the poison was,
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.

But certes, I suppose that Avycen
Wroot nevere in no canon, ne in no fen,
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
Than hadde these wrecches two, er hir ending.
Thus ended been these homicides two,
And eek the false empoisonere also.

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?

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

The Sun Rising

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late schoolboys and sour prentices,
Go tell court-huntmen that the King will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong,
Why should'st thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long:
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me
Whether both the Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes I,
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compared to this,
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy;
Thou Sun art half as happy'as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere.

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

Holy Sonnet VII (At the round earth's imagined corners)

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if Thou'hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

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

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair;
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care:
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* law,
Or some frail *China* jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care;
The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
And, *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of *Shock*.

To fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

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

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising fire.
“O wretched maid!” she spread her hands, and cry’d,
(While *Hampton*’s echoes, wretched maid! reply’d)
“Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort’ring irons wreath’d around?
For this with fillets strain’d your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival’d shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
’Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th’ inestimable prize,
Expos’d thro’ crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten’d by the diamond’s circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in *Hyde-Park Circus* grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!”

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

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
 Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury, thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And Piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

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

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
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 decked, 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 blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
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?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

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