



GCE A LEVEL

1720U30-1



WEDNESDAY, 24 MAY 2023 – AFTERNOON

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

2 hours

1720U301
01

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 1–20 from “Weping and wailing...” to “...that it sholde so bifalle!”. How does Chaucer present the Merchant in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, examine Chaucer’s presentation of masculine values in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*. [45]

Or,

John Donne: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

2. (i) Re-read lines 1–20 on page 39 of ‘The Ecstasy’, from “Where, like a pillow...” to “...all the day.”. How does Donne present togetherness in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Donne writes about close relationships. [45]

Or,

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

3. (i) Re-read lines 1080–1100 from “How shall I behold the face...” to “...Into the thickest wood.”. How does Milton present the effects of eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge in these lines? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider Milton’s presentation of the Fall in *Paradise Lost Book IX*. [45]

Or,

William Blake: *Poems selected by Patti Smith* (Vintage)

4. (i) Re-read 'The Tyger' on page 113. How does Blake make use of the tiger in this poem? [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Blake presents God. [45]

Or,

Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* (Penguin Classics)

5. (i) Re-read lines 383–407 on page 78 of 'Goblin Market' from "‘Thank you,’ said Lizzie..." to "...make her eat.". Analyse the ways in which Rossetti creates atmosphere in these lines. [15]
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Rossetti writes about relationships. [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 journeys in Poem A: 'Troop Train Returning' by Les Murray and in **one** other poem, **either** Poem B: 'Enlli' by Christine Evans, **or** Poem C: 'Penitence' by John Burnside, **or** Poem D: 'Driving in Fog' by Robert Minhinnick. [60]

Poem A: 'Troop Train Returning' by Les Murray

Beyond the Divide¹
 the days become immense,
 beyond our war
 in the level lands of wheat,
 the things that we defended are still here,
 the willow-trees pruned neatly cattle-high,
 the summer roads where far-back bullock drays²
 foundered in earth and mouldered into yarns.
 From a ringbarked tree, as we go cheering by
 a tower and a whirlwind of white birds,
 as we speed by
 with a whistle for the plains.

On kitbags in the aisle, old terrors doze,
 clumsy as rifles in a peacetime train.
 Stopped at a siding
 under miles of sun,
 I watched a friend I mightn't see again
 shyly shake hands, becoming a civilian,
 and an old Ford truck
 receding to the sky.

I walk about. The silo³, tall as Time,
 casts on bright straws its coldly southward shade.

All things are spaced out here
 each in its value.
 The pepper-trees beside the crossroads pub
 are dim with peace,
 pumpkins are stones
 in fields so loosely green.

In a little while, I'll be afraid to look
 out for my house and the people that I love,
 they have been buried in the moon so long.

Beyond all wars
 in the noonday lands of wheat,
 the whistle summons shouters from the bar,
 refills the train with jokes and window noise.
 This perfect plain
 casts out the things we've done
 as we jostle here, relaxed as farmers, smoking,
 held at this siding
 till the red clicks green.

¹ Divide: a mountain range.

² drays: carts.

³ silo: a tall tower to store grain

Poem B: 'Enlli'¹ by Christine Evans

We get to it through troughs and rainbows

flying and falling, falling and flying

rocked in an eggshell
over drowned mountain ranges.

The island swings towards us, slowly.

We slide in on an oiled keel,
step ashore with birth-wet, wind-red faces
wiping the salt from our eyes
and notice sudden, welling
quiet, and how here the breeze
lets smells of growing things
settle and grow warm, a host of presences
drowsing, their wings too fine to see.

There's a green track, lined with meadowsweet.
Stone houses, ramparts to the weather.
Small fields that run all one way
west to the sea, inviting feet
to make new paths to their own
discovered places.

After supper, lamplight
soft as the sheen of buttercups
and candle-shadow blossoms
bold on the bedroom wall.

Outside's a swirl of black and silver.
The lighthouse swings its white bird round
as if one day it will let go
the string, and let
the loosed light fly
back to its roost with the calling stars.

¹ Enlli: an island off the north Wales coast.

Poem C: 'Penitence' by John Burnside

I was driving into the wind
 on a northern road,
 the redwoods swaying around me like a black
 ocean.

I'd drifted off: I didn't see the deer
 till it bounced away,
 the back legs swinging outwards as I braked
 and swerved into the tinder
 of the verge.

Soon as I stopped
 the headlamps filled with moths
 and something beyond the trees was tuning in,
 a hard attention
 boring through my flesh
 to stroke the bone.

That shudder took so long
 to end, I thought the animal had slipped
 beneath the wheels, and lay there
 quivering.

I left the engine running; stepped outside;
 away, at the edge of the light, a body
 shifted amongst the leaves
 and I wanted to go, to help, to make it well,
 but every step I took
 pushed it away.

Or – no; that's not the truth,
 or all the truth:
 now I admit my own fear held me back,
 not fear of the dark, or that presence
 bending the trees;
 not even fear, exactly, but the dread
 of touching, of colliding with that pain.
 I stood there, in the river of the wind,
 for minutes; then I walked back to the car
 and drove away.

I want to think that deer
 survived; or, if it died,
 it slipped into the blackness unawares.
 But now and then I drive out to the woods
 and park the car: the headlamps fill with moths;
 the woods tune in; I listen to the night
 and hear an echo, fading through the trees,
 my own flesh in the body of the deer
 still resonant, remembered through the fender.¹

¹ fender: an American word for a part of the front of a car.

Poem D: 'Driving in Fog' by Robert Minhinnick

Driving in fog I part the crowded air,
Then the night falls huge and white across the car.

It is as if I stopped believing in the world
The dark conceals, preferring the immense, cold

Flowerings of fog the headlights stain
To dull amber, the solderings of rain

That glisten on this crawling vehicle.
Yet I never seem to break its streaming wall,

Never reach that moment I can rightly say
Here it begins: always it remains a yard away

In the blurred crowding of fields that overhang
The road, the pale entangling yarns

Of my own breath. Here is not the rain's
Assault, the sullen-strange communion

Of the snow. This is no weather but the bland
Present's arrest, for even the trees stand

Like inked letters half-erased. All traffic
Stops. The fog's white sweat gives radiance to the dark.

In a shrunken world I wait for it to pass,
But the fog like countless faces crowds the glass.

END OF PAPER