



GCE A LEVEL

1720U30-1

WEDNESDAY, 24 MAY 2023 – AFTERNOON

ENGLISH LITERATURE – A2 unit 3

Poetry Pre-1900 and Unseen Poetry

**2 hours plus your additional time
allowance**

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.

(Turn over)

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.

(Turn over)

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.

(Turn over)

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 marks]

(ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, examine Chaucer's presentation of masculine values in The Merchant's Prologue and Tale. [45 marks]

(Turn over)

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 marks]**
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Donne writes about close relationships. [45 marks]**

(Turn over)

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 marks]**
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider Milton’s presentation of the Fall in Paradise Lost Book IX. [45 marks]**

(Turn over)

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 marks]**
- (ii) With close reference to relevant
contexts, consider some of the ways
in which Blake presents God.
[45 marks]**

(Turn over)

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 marks]**
- (ii) With close reference to relevant contexts, consider some of the ways in which Rossetti writes about relationships. [45 marks]**

(Turn over)

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 marks]

(Turn over)

**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.**

(Turn over)

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,
(Turn over)

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

(Turn over)

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.

(Turn over)

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.**

(Turn over)

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

(Turn over)

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**

(Turn over)

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