Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

| Candidate surname | Other names |
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# Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

## Friday 23 January 2026

Morning (Time: 2 hours)

Paper reference **WET04/01**

# English Literature

## International Advanced Level
## UNIT 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

**You must have:**
Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided – *there may be more space than you need.*
- Plan your answers in the spaces provided. Plans will not be marked unless no other response is provided.

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

*Turn over* ▶

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## SECTION A

## Shakespeare

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**Begin your answer on page 4.**

***Measure for Measure***

**EITHER**

**1** 'The minor characters in this play could all be removed and nothing would be lost.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the minor characters in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**2** '*Measure for Measure* provides a fascinating exploration of willpower.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents willpower in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)**

***The Taming of the Shrew***

**EITHER**

**3** 'Despite being a comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew* tells us nothing about happiness nor how to attain it.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare presents happiness in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**4** 'Much of the play's interest is derived from the character of Lucentio, whose charm is irresistible.'

In the light of this statement, explore how Shakespeare presents the character of Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)**

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***Hamlet***

**EITHER**

**5** '*Hamlet* without Horatio would be a better play – he adds so little to the narrative.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents Horatio in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**6** 'The fact that nothing is ever quite as it appears adds greatly to the interest of the play.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents appearance and reality in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)**

***King Lear***

**EITHER**

**7** '*King Lear's* main appeal lies in its exploration of truth.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents truth in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**8** 'Lear is such an unlikable character that ultimately the audience is happy to see him go.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents King Lear in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)**

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**Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.**

Chosen question number:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Question 1** ☒ | **Question 2** ☒ | **Question 3** ☒ |
| **Question 4** ☒ | **Question 5** ☒ | **Question 6** ☒ |
| **Question 7** ☒ | **Question 8** ☒ | |

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS**

## SECTION B

## Pre-1900 Poetry

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**You must select your second poem from the prescribed list for your studied collection.**

**The poems are listed in the Source Booklet on pages 3 to 6.**

**Begin your answer on page 16.**

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow**

**EITHER:**

**9** Read the poem *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell on pages 7–9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which mood and tone are created in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**10** Read the poem *'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'* by John Donne on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which human nature is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)**

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**Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright**

**EITHER:**

**11** Read the poem *Ode to the West Wind* by Percy Bysshe Shelley on pages 11–12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the power of nature is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**12** Read the poem *On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year* by George Gordon, Lord Byron on page 13 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which powerful emotions are presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)**

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**Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks**

**EITHER:**

**13** Read the poem *From Maud: I.xi 'O let the solid ground'* by Alfred Tennyson on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the theme of hope is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 13 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**14** Read the poem *Echo* by Christina Rossetti on page 15 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which love is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 14 = 25 marks)**

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**Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.**

Chosen question number: **Question 9** ☒ **Question 10** ☒ **Question 11** ☒

**Question 12** ☒ **Question 13** ☒ **Question 14** ☒

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS**
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS**

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Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

# Friday 23 January 2026

Morning (Time: 2 hours)

Paper reference **WET04/01**

# English Literature

## International Advanced Level

## UNIT 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

**Source Booklet**

**Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.**

*Turn over* ▶

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P 7 8 9 0 6 A

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**Contents** **Page**

**Prescribed poetry**
*Metaphysical Poetry* 3

**Prescribed poetry**
*English Romantic Verse* 4

**Prescribed poetry**
*The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* 5–6

**Question 9**
*The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell 7–9

**Question 10**
*'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'* by John Donne 10

**Question 11**
*Ode to the West Wind* by Percy Bysshe Shelley 11–12

**Question 12**
*On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year* by George Gordon, Lord Byron 13

**Question 13**
*From Maud: I.xi 'O let the solid ground'* by Alfred Tennyson 14

**Question 14**
*Echo* by Christina Rossetti 15

**Pre-1900 – Metaphysical Poetry**

**The Metaphysical Poets: answer Question 9 or Question 10**

| ***Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447** | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Poem title** | **Poet** | **Page number** |
| The Flea | John Donne | 4 |
| The Good Morrow | | 5 |
| Song ('Go and catch a falling star') | | 6 |
| Woman's Constancy | | 7 |
| The Sun Rising | | 8 |
| A Valediction of Weeping | | 19 |
| A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day | | 21 |
| The Apparition | | 22 |
| Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed | | 29 |
| 'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners' | | 31 |
| 'Death be not Proud' | | 32 |
| Batter my Heart | | 33 |
| A Hymn to God the Father | | 36 |
| Redemption | George Herbert | 67 |
| The Collar | | 78 |
| The Pulley | | 79 |
| Love (III) | | 87 |
| To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy | Thomas Carew | 89 |
| To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her | | 95 |
| A Song ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows') | | 98 |
| A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment | Anne Bradstreet | 135 |
| Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars | Richard Lovelace | 182 |
| The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn | Andrew Marvell | 195 |
| To His Coy Mistress | | 198 |
| The Definition of Love | | 201 |
| Unprofitableness | Henry Vaughan | 219 |
| The World | | 220 |
| To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship | Katherine Philips | 240 |
| A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied | | 241 |
| Orinda to Lucasia | | 242 |

**Pre-1900 – The Romantic Period**

**The Romantics: answer Question 11 or Question 12**

| ***English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026** | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Poem title** | **Poet** | **Page number** |
| Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday | William Blake | 69 |
| Songs of Experience: Holy Thursday | | 73 |
| Songs of Experience: The Sick Rose | | 73 |
| Songs of Experience: The Tyger | | 74 |
| Songs of Experience: London | | 75 |
| Lines Written in Early Spring | William Wordsworth | 108 |
| Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey | | 109 |
| Ode: Intimations of Immortality | | 133 |
| Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull | George Gordon, Lord Byron | 211 |
| So We'll Go no more A Roving | | 213 |
| On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year | | 232 |
| 'The cold earth slept below' | Percy Bysshe Shelley | 242 |
| Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples | | 243 |
| Ode to the West Wind | | 246 |
| The Question | | 249 |
| Ode to a Nightingale | John Keats | 276 |
| Ode on a Grecian Urn | | 279 |
| Ode on Melancholy | | 283 |
| Sonnet on the Sea | | 287 |

**Pre-1900 – The Victorian Period**

**The Victorians: answer Question 13 or Question 14**

| ***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311** | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Poem title** | **Poet** | **Page number** |
| From In Memoriam: VII 'Dark house, by which once more I stand' | Alfred Tennyson | 23 |
| From In Memoriam: XCV 'By night we linger'd on the lawn' | | 28 |
| From Maud: I xi 'O let the solid ground' | | 37 |
| From Maud: I xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend' | | 38 |
| From Maud: I xxii 'Come into the garden, Maud' | | 40 |
| From Maud: II iv 'O that 'twere possible' | | 43 |
| The Visionary | Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë | 61 |
| Grief | Elizabeth Barrett Browning | 101 |
| From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV: 'Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife' | | 102 |
| The Best Thing in the World | | 115 |
| 'Died…' | | 116 |
| My Last Duchess | Robert Browning | 117 |
| Home-Thoughts, from Abroad | | 124 |
| Meeting at Night | | 125 |
| Love in a Life | | 134 |
| 'The Autumn day its course has run–the Autumn evening falls' | Charlotte Brontë | 213 |
| 'The house was still–the room was still' | | 214 |
| 'I now had only to retrace' | | 214 |
| 'The Nurse believed the sick man slept' | | 215 |
| Stanzas – ['Often rebuked, yet always back returning'] | Charlotte Brontë (perhaps by Emily Brontë) | 215 |

| ***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311** | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Poem title** | **Poet** | **Page number** |
| Remember | Christina Rossetti | 278 |
| Echo | | 278 |
| May | | 280 |
| A Birthday | | 280 |
| Somewhere or Other | | 297 |
| At an Inn | Thomas Hardy | 465 |
| 'I Look into My Glass' | | 466 |
| Drummer Hodge | | 467 |
| A Wife in London | | 467 |
| The Darkling Thrush | | 468 |

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow**

**Question 9**

**The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn by Andrew Marvell**

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm; alas, nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But, oh, my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain:
E'en beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.
    Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
    Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed,
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white – shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as on the foùr winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.
And all the springtime of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
O help! O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps. The tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam: so
The holy frankincense doth flow.

The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go:
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
Oh do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble, and, withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made:
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

**Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow**

**Question 10**

**'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners' by John Donne**

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, death, 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.

**Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright**

**Question 11**

**Ode to the West Wind by Percy Bysshe Shelley**

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystàlline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

**Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright**

**Question 12**

**On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year by George Gordon, Lord Byron**

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze –
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* – and 'tis not *here* –
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake (not Greece – she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! – unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live*?
The land of honourable death
Is here: – up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out – less often sought than found –
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824

**Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks**

**Question 13**

**From Maud: I.xi 'O let the solid ground' by Alfred Tennyson**

I

O LET the solid ground
   Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
   What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
   What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

Let the sweet heavens endure,
   Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
   That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

**Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks**

**Question 14**

**Echo by Christina Rossetti**

COME to me in the silence of the night;
    Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
    As sunlight on a stream;
        Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
    Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
    Where thirsting longing eyes
        Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
    My very life again tho' cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
    Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
        Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

(Wr. 1854; pub. 1862)

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