

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname		Other names	
Centre Number		Candidate Number	
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Pearson Edexcel International Advanced Level

Friday 5 June 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)

Prescribed texts (clean copies)

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** '*Measure for Measure* presents a powerful exploration of responsibility.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

- 2** 'Claudio doesn't really deserve to be saved – he is presented to the audience as a flat and uninteresting character.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the character of Claudio 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** 'Baptista gets what he deserves — it is hard for the audience to find any sympathy for him whatsoever.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

- 4** '*The Taming of the Shrew* is a powerful meditation on what it is to belong to a family.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents family in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)



Hamlet**EITHER**

- 5 'The world of *Hamlet* is entirely without honour.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

- 6 'Laertes is an empty stereotype, whose role as a foil is the only engaging thing about him.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents the character of Laertes 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 creation of suspense and tension.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

- 8 'Understanding the significance of the Fool is central to appreciating *King Lear*'s depth.'

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

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

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 on your chosen text.

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 *Love (III)* by George Herbert on page 7 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which voice is used 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 *The Sun Rising* by John Donne on page 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which contentment 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 *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey* by William Wordsworth on pages 9–12 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which fulfilment 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 *Sonnet on the Sea* by John Keats on page 13 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a search for meaning 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 12 = 25 marks)

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

EITHER

- 13** Read the poem *Love in a Life* by Robert Browning on page 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which longing 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 *A Wife in London* by Thomas Hardy on page 15 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which loss 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)

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 5 June 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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Prescribed poetry

***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
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Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed		29
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Redemption	George Herbert	67
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To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy	Thomas Carew	89
To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her		95
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To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship	Katherine Philips	240
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**English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973)
ISBN 9780140421026**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday	William Blake	69
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Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull	George Gordon, Lord Byron	211
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On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year		232
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Prescribed poetry

***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 clasp knife'		102
The Best Thing in the World		115
'Died...'		116
My Last Duchess	Robert Browning	117
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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
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***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008)
ISBN 9780199556311**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
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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
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Question 9

***Love (III)* by George Herbert**

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lacked any thing?

'A guest', I answered, 'worthy to be here':
 Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
 I cannot look on thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not', says Love, 'who bore the blame?'
 'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down', says Love, 'and taste my meat':
 So I did sit and eat.

Question 10

***The Sun Rising* by John Donne**

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 huntsmen 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 shouldst 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 th' 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.

Question 11

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey by William Wordsworth

Lines

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,
ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING
A TOUR
JULY 13, 1798

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. – Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: – feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: – that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, –
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft –
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart –
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. – I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. – That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour



Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear, – both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance –
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence – wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love – oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!



Question 12

***Sonnet on the Sea* by John Keats**

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be mov'd for days from whence it sometime fell,
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody –
Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

Question 13

***Love in a Life* by Robert Browning**

I

ROOM after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her—
Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew:
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

II

Yet the day wears,
And door succeeds door;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares?
But 't is twilight, you see,—with such suites to explore,
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

(1855)

Question 14

A Wife in London by Thomas Hardy

(December, 1899)

I

SHE sits in the tawny vapour
That the Thames-side lanes have uprolled,
Behind whose webby fold on fold
Like a waning taper
The street-lamp glimmers cold.

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,
Flashed news is in her hand
Of meaning it dazes to understand
Though shaped so shortly:
He—he has fallen—in the far South Land. ...

II

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,
The postman nears and goes:
A letter is brought whose lines disclose
By the firelight flicker
His hand, whom the worm now knows:

Fresh—firm—penned in highest feather—
Page-full of his hoped return,
And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn
In the summer weather,
And of new love that they would learn.

(1901)

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