Answer both sections
Section A = 40% of your final grade.
Section B = 60% of your final grade.

Section A (short answer section)
Answer both of the following questions/exercises. Write your answers in full sentences. An answer to a question in this section need not be longer than about one and a half pages.

1. Attached you will find excerpts from three poems on your pensum. Choose TWO of these and identify (i) the type of poem (keeping in mind that there may be more than one answer); (ii) the rhyme scheme and pattern of meter (again there may be more than one kind of scheme or pattern, or none at all). In addition, comment briefly on what relation you see between the form of the poem and its contents.

2. Attached you will find a speech by Helena from William Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream (Act1, scene 1). Discuss this speech, including in your discussion the following:
   - The technical term for this sort of speech, delivered by a character alone on the stage.
   - The conventions associated with such speeches, especially in Shakespeare’s plays.
   - The verse-form that Shakespeare uses for this speech (if you wish, you may comment on Shakespeare’s use of this verse-form elsewhere in the play; you may also, if you wish, point out how this verse-form contrasts with other forms of language used in the play).
   - The way in which the topic addressed by Helena relates to the action and themes of the play more broadly.

Section B (essay section)
Answer only ONE of the following (EITHER question 3 OR question 4).

3. Attached you will find the texts of “Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night” by Dylan Thomas, “To the Memory of Mr Oldham” by John Dryden and “Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802” by William Wordsworth. Write an essay on ONE of these poems in which you (i) state how you would categorize the poem of your choice, (ii) explain in detail in what ways the form that the poet has chosen might be appropriate to the contents of the poem, and (iii) comment in detail on the use of poetic devices (for example, metaphors, similes, alliteration, assonance, images, etc.)

4. Attached you will find a speech by Iago from William Shakespeare’s Othello (Act 1, scene 1). Iago is in conversation with Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman, and is disappointed/angry at not having gained the military promotion he wanted from Othello. Use this speech as a starting point for an essay in which you discuss the character portrayal and character development of both Iago and Othello. Your essay should address how the play conveys the nature of these characters, including consideration of the language and imagery used by Shakespeare (especially in the speech provided but also in the play more broadly).
For Question 1:

From “Sir Patrick Spens”, Anonymous

The king sits in Dumferling town,
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
“O where will I get guid sailor
To sail this ship of mine?”

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king’s richt knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea.”

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

From “The Garden” by Ezra Pound

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington Gardens,
And she is dying piecemeal
of a sort of emotional anaemia.

And round about there is a rabble
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.
They shall inherit the earth.

From “My Last Duchess” by Robert Browning

That’s my last duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf’s hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will’t please you sit and look at her? I said
“Frà Pandolf” by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus.

[Note: the final line quoted does not end at ‘thus.’ in the full poem]
For Question 2:

Helena  How happy some o’er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia’s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love’s mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere;
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia’s eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine,
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

_A Midsummer Night’s Dream_ 1.1.225-245

For Question 3:

“To The Memory Of Mr Oldham” by John Dryden
Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mold with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young friend performed and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness, and maturing time.
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue;
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

“Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night” by Dylan Thomas
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

“Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802” by William Wordsworth
Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
For Question 4:

Iago

O sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time much like his master’s ass
For nought but provender, and when he’s old, cashiered.
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago;
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end.
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern, ‘tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

*Othello*, 1.1.39-66