



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Authors

May/June 2007

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

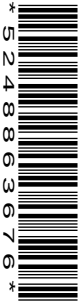
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Thou, Nature, art my goddess.'
Discuss the effects of Shakespeare's use of nature and natural imagery in the play.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action of the following passage, show how it contributes to your understanding of Lear's relationship with his daughters.

Lear: I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, 5
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot, 10
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure;
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Regan: Not altogether so. 15
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does. 20

Lear: Is this well spoken?

Regan: I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house 25
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Goneril: Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Regan: Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye, 30
We could control them. If you will come to me—
For now I spy a danger—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty. To no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear: I gave you all. 35

Regan: And in good time you gave it.

Lear: Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you

	With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?	40
<i>Regan:</i>	And speak't again, my lord. No more with me.	
<i>Lear:</i>	Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd When others are more wicked; not being the worst Stands in some rank of praise. [<i>To Goneril</i>] I'll go with thee.	45
	Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty, And thou art twice her love.	
<i>Goneril:</i>	Hear me, my lord; What need you five and twenty, ten, or five, To follow in a house where twice so many Have a command to tend you?	50
<i>Regan:</i>	What need one?	
<i>Lear:</i>	O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars Are in the poorest thing superfluous. Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's.	55

Act 2, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 Either (a) 'I partly think
A due sincerity governed his deeds
Till he did look on me.'
How 'sincere' do you find Angelo in *Measure for Measure*?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on its dramatic importance in the play.

Lucio: What news, friar, of the Duke?
Duke: I know none. Can you tell me of any?
Lucio: Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?
Duke: I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well. 5
Lucio: It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.
Duke: He does well in't.
Lucio: A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar. 10
Duke: It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.
Lucio: Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you? 15
Duke: How should he be made, then?
Lucio: Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true. And he is a motion generative; that's infallible. 20
Duke: You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.
Lucio: Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy. 25
Duke: I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way. 30
Lucio: O, sir, you are deceiv'd.
Duke: 'Tis not possible.
Lucio: Who—not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you. 35
Duke: You do him wrong, surely.
Lucio: Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.
Duke: What, I prithee, might be the cause?
Lucio: No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand: the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise. 40
Duke: Wise? Why, no question but he was.
Lucio: A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Act 3, Scene 2

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss Austen's treatment of status and social position in *Persuasion*.
- Or** (b) Paying careful attention to the language and tone, consider the significance of the following passage in the novel.

Such was her situation, with a vacant space at hand, when Captain Wentworth was again in sight. She saw him not far off. He saw her too; yet he looked grave, and seemed irresolute, and only by very slow degrees came at last near enough to speak to her. She felt that something must be the matter. The change was indubitable. The difference between his present air and what it had been in the octagon room was strikingly great.—Why was it? She thought of her father—of Lady Russell. Could there have been any unpleasant glances? He began by speaking of the concert, gravely; more like the Captain Wentworth of Uppercross; owned himself disappointed, had expected better singing; and, in short, must confess that he should not be sorry when it was over. Anne replied, and spoke in defence of the performance so well, and yet in allowance for his feelings, so pleasantly, that his countenance improved, and he replied again with almost a smile. They talked for a few minutes more; the improvement held; he even looked down towards the bench, as if he saw a place on it well worth occupying; when, at that moment, a touch on her shoulder obliged Anne to turn around.—It came from Mr. Elliot. He begged her pardon, but she must be applied to, to explain Italian again. Miss Carteret was very anxious to have a general idea of what was next to be sung. Anne could not refuse; but never had she sacrificed to politeness with a more suffering spirit. 5

A few minutes, though as few as possible, were inevitably consumed; and when her own mistress again, when able to turn and look as she had done before, she found herself accosted by Captain Wentworth, in a reserved yet hurried sort of farewell. “He must wish her good night. He was going—he should get home as fast as he could.” 10

“Is not this song worth staying for?” said Anne, suddenly struck by an idea which made her yet more anxious to be encouraging. 15

“No!” he replied impressively, “there is nothing worth my staying for;” and he was gone directly.

Jealousy of Mr. Elliot! It was the only intelligible motive. Captain Wentworth jealous of her affection! Could she have believed it a week ago—three hours ago! For a moment the gratification was exquisite. But alas! there were very different thoughts to succeed. How was such jealousy to be quieted? How was the truth to reach him? How, in all the peculiar disadvantages of their respective situations, would he ever learn her real sentiments? It was misery to think of Mr. Elliot's attentions.—Their evil was incalculable. 30

Chapter 20

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of the different settings and locations in the novel *Wuthering Heights*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the language and tone and showing what it adds to your understanding of the Lintons.

He began to speak first.

'Remain where you are, Catherine,' he said, without any anger in his voice, but with much sorrowful despondency. 'I shall not stay. I am neither come to wrangle, nor be reconciled; but I wish just to learn whether, after this evening's events, you intend to continue your intimacy with –'

5

'Oh, for mercy's sake,' interrupted the mistress, stamping her foot, 'for mercy's sake, let us hear no more of it now! Your cold blood cannot be worked into a fever – your veins are full of ice-water – but mine are boiling, and the sight of such chilliness makes them dance.'

'To get rid of me – answer my question,' persevered Mr Linton. 'You *must* answer it; and that violence does not alarm me. I have found that you can be as stoical as any one, when you please. Will you give up Heathcliff hereafter, or will you give up me? It is impossible for you to be *my* friend, and *his* at the same time; and I absolutely *require* to know which you choose.'

10

'I require to be let alone!' exclaimed Catherine, furiously. 'I demand it! Don't you see I can scarcely stand? Edgar, you – you leave me!'

15

She rung the bell till it broke with a twang: I entered leisurely. It was enough to try the temper of a saint, such senseless, wicked rages! There she lay dashing her head against the arm of the sofa, and grinding her teeth, so that you might fancy she would crash them to splinters!

20

Mr Linton stood looking at her in sudden compunction and fear. He told me to fetch some water. She had no breath for speaking.

I brought a glass full; and, as she would not drink, I sprinkled it on her face. In a few seconds she stretched herself out stiff, and turned up her eyes, while her cheeks, at once blanched and livid, assumed the aspect of death.

25

Linton looked terrified.

'There is nothing in the world the matter,' I whispered. I did not want him to yield, though I could not help being afraid in my heart.

'She has blood on her lips!' he said, shuddering.

'Never mind!' I answered, tartly. And I told him how she had resolved, previous to his coming, on exhibiting a fit of frenzy.

30

I incautiously gave the account aloud, and she heard me, for she started up – her hair flying over her shoulders, her eyes flashing, the muscles of her neck and arms standing out preternaturally. I made up my mind for broken bones, at least; but she only glared about her, for an instant, and then rushed from the room.

35

The master directed me to follow; I did, to her chamber door; she hindered me from going farther by securing it against me.

As she never offered to descend to breakfast next morning, I went to ask whether she would have some carried up.

'No!' she replied, peremptorily.

40

The same question was repeated at dinner, and tea; and again on the morrow after, and received the same answer.

Mr Linton, on his part, spent his time in the library, and did not inquire concerning his wife's occupations. Isabella and he had had an hour's interview, during which he tried to elicit from her some sentiment of proper horror for Heathcliff's advances;

45

but he could make nothing of her evasive replies, and was obliged to close the examination, unsatisfactorily; adding, however, a solemn warning, that if she were so insane as to encourage that worthless suitor, it would dissolve all bonds of relationship between herself and him.

Chapter 11

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) How important is Chaucer's presentation of 'chivalrie' to the meaning and effects of *The Knight's Tale*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the language and tone of the following passage, relating it to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Knight's Tale* as a whole.

And right anon swich strif ther is bigonne,
 For thilke grauntyng, in the hevene above,
 Bitwixe Venus, the goddesse of love,
 And Mars, the stierne god armypotente,
 That Juppiter was bisy it to stente; 5
 Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,
 That knew so manye of adventures olde,
 Foond in his olde experience an art
 That he ful soone hath plesed every part.
 As sooth is seyde, elde hath greet advantage; 10
 In elde is bothe wysdom and usage;
 Men may the olde atrenne, and noght atrede.
 Saturne anon, to stynten strif and drede,
 Al be it that it is agayn his kynde,
 Of al this strif he gan remedie fynde. 15
 "My deere doghter Venus," quod Saturne,
 "My cours, that hath so wyde for to turne,
 Hath moore power than woot any man.
 Myn is the drenchyng in the see so wan;
 Myn is the prison in the derke cote; 20
 Myn is the stranglyng and hangyng by the throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebellyng,
 The groynynge, and the pryvee empoysonyng;
 I do vengeance and pleyne correccioun,
 Whil I dwelle in the signe of the leoun. 25
 Myn is the ruyne of the hie halles,
 The fallynge of the toures and of the walles
 Upon the mynour or the carpenter.
 I slow Sampson, shakynge the piler;
 And myne be the maladyes colde, 30
 The derke tresons, and the castes olde;
 My lookyng is the fader of pestilence.
 Now weep namoore, I shal doon diligence
 That Palamon, that is thyn owene knyght,
 Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight. 35
 Though Mars shal helpe his knyght, yet nathelees
 Bitwixe yow ther moot be som tyme pees,
 Al be ye noght of o compleccioun,
 That causeth al day swich divisioun.
 I am thyn aiel, redy at thy wille; 40
 Weep now namoore, I wol thy lust fulfille."
 Now wol I stynten of the goddes above,
 Of Mars, and of Venus, goddesse of love,
 And telle yow as pleyntly as I kan
 The grete effect, for which that I bygan. 45

CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the roles and characterisation of Mr and Mrs Micawber and their children in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Dickens's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

"Why, this here candle now!" said Mr. Peggotty, gleefully holding out his hand towards it, "I know wery well that arter she's married and gone, I shall put that candle theer, just that same as now. I know wery well that when I'm here o' nights (and where else should I live, bless your arts, whatever fortun I come into?) and she ain't here, or I ain't theer, I shall put the candle in the winder, and sit afore the fire, pretending I'm expecting of her, like I'm a doing now. *There's a babby for you,*" said Mr. Peggotty, with another roar, "in the form of a Sea Porkypine! Why, at the present minute, when I see the candle sparkle up, I says to myself, 'She's a looking at it! Em'ly's a coming!' *There's a babby for you,* in the form of a Sea Porkypine! Right for all that," said Mr. Peggotty, stopping in his roar, and smiting his hands together; "fur here she is!" 5

It was only Ham. The night should have turned more wet since I came in, for he had a large sou'-wester hat on, slouched over his face.

"Wheer's Em'ly?" said Mr. Peggotty.

Ham made a motion with his head, as if she were outside. Mr. Peggotty took the light from the window, trimmed it, put it on the table, and was busily stirring the fire, when Ham, who had not moved, said: 15

"Mas'r Davy, will you come out a minute, and see what Em'ly and me has got to show you?"

We went out. As I passed him at the door, I saw, to my astonishment and fright, that he was deadly pale. He pushed me hastily into the open air, and closed the door upon us. Only upon us two. 20

"Ham! what's the matter?"

"Mas'r Davy!—" Oh, for his broken heart, how dreadfully he wept!

I was paralysed by the sight of such grief. I don't know what I thought, or what I dreaded. I could only look at him. 25

"Ham! Poor good fellow! For Heaven's sake, tell me what's the matter!"

"My love, Mas'r Davy—the pride and hope of my art—her that I'd have died for, and would die for now—she's gone!"

"Gone?" 30

"Em'ly's run away! Oh, Mas'r Davy, think *how* she's run away, when I pray my good and gracious God to kill her (her that is so dear above all things) sooner than let her come to ruin and disgrace!"

The face he turned up to the troubled sky, the quivering of his clasped hands, the agony of his figure, remain associated with that lonely waste, in my remembrance, to this hour. It is always night there, and he is the only object in the scene. 35

"You're a scholar," he said, hurriedly, "and know what's right and best. What am I to say, indoors? How am I ever to break it to him, Mas'r Davy?"

I saw the door move, and instinctively tried to hold the latch on the outside, to gain a moment's time. It was too late. Mr. Peggotty thrust forth his face; and never could I forget the change that came upon it when he saw us, if I were to live five hundred years. 40

Chapter 31

- | | | |
|---------|--|----------------------|
| | [Enter] SUBTLE | |
| Mammon: | Good morrow, Father. | |
| Subtle: | Gentle son, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you? | 5 |
| Mammon: | An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him. | |
| Subtle: | Son, I doubt
You're covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal appetite.
Take heed, you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry,
To see my labours, now, e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love, and zeal hath placed 'em.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with yourself,
To whom, I have poured my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have looked no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts, employ
So great, and catholic a bliss: be sure,
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle, and most secret ways. | 10
15
20
25 |
| Mammon: | I know, sir,
You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman. | |
| Surly: | Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone: would not be gulled. | 30 |
| Subtle: | Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Eulenspiegel. | 35 |
| | [Enter FACE] | |
| Face: | Anon, sir. | 40 |
| Subtle: | Look well to the register,
And let your heat, still, lessen by degrees,
To the aludels. | |
| Face: | Yes, sir. | |
| Subtle: | Did you look
O' the bolt's head yet? | 45 |
| Face: | Which, on D, sir? | |

Subtle: What's the complexion? *Ay.*

Face: Whitish. 50

Subtle: Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filtered,
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;
And leave him closed in *balneo*. 55

Face: I will, sir.

Surly: What a brave language here is? Next to canting?

Subtle: I have another work; you never saw, son,
That, three days since, passed the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become 60
Sulphur o' nature.

Mammon: But 'tis for me?

Subtle: What need you?
You have enough, in that is, perfect.

Mammon: O, but— 65

Subtle: Why, this is covetise!

Mammon: No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all, in pious uses,
Founding of colleges, and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals, 70
And now, and then, a church.

Act 2, Scene 3

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

- 8 **Either** (a) Write an essay on Marvell's presentation of women in the poems in your selection.
- Or** (b) With close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

Bermudas

Where the remote *Bermudas* ride
 In th' Oceans bosome unespy'd,
 From a small Boat, that row'd along,
 The listning Winds receiv'd this Song.
 What should we do but sing his Praise 5
 That led us through the watry Maze,
 Unto an Isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
 That lift the Deep upon their Backs. 10
 He lands us on a grassy Stage;
 Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.
 He gave us this eternal Spring,
 Which here enamells every thing;
 And sends the Fowls to us in care, 15
 On daily Visits through the Air.
 He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
 Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
 And does in the Pomgranates close,
 Jewels more rich than *Ormus* shows. 20
 He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
 And throws the Melons at our feet.
 But Apples plants of such a price,
 No Tree could ever bear them twice.
 With Cedars, chosen by his hand, 25
 From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land.
 And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
 Proclaime the Ambergris on shoar.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast. 30
 And in these Rocks for us did frame
 A Temple, where to sound his Name.
 Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may 35
 Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*.
 Thus sung they, in the *English* boat,
 An holy and a chearful Note,
 And all the way, to guide their Chime,
 With falling Oars they kept the time. 40

JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels*

- 9 **Either** (a) Swift claimed 'I do not hate mankind.'
To what extent does your reading of *Gulliver's Travels* support this claim?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on Swift's narrative methods.

I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the Emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her Imperial Majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the Palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigrim* (the Blefuscudians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the Emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his Majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his Majesty, that he would give orders to the Grand Justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the Empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use: and, in the presence of her chief confidants could not forbear vowing revenge.

Book 1, Chapter 5

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

- 10 Either** (a) 'The theme of Tennyson's best work is isolation, a sense of being cut off from people or places.'
In what ways and to what extent does this reflect your own view of the poems in your selection?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following passage from 'Maud', relating it to other poems in your selection.

I.XVIII

I
I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end, 5
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

II
None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seemed her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more; 10
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III
There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon 15
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed 20
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread 25
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.

from 'Maud' I.XVIII

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