



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/52

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2020

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- You must answer at least **one** (b) passage-based question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **20** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

1 Either **(a)** *Richard:* Thus play I in one person many people
And none contented.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following scene, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

<i>Gaunt:</i>	Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood	
	Doth more solicit me than your exclaims	5
	To stir against the butchers of his life!	
	But since correction lieth in those hands	
	Which made the fault that we cannot correct,	
	Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;	
	Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,	10
	Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.	

Duchess: Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood, 15
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood, 20
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that womb, 25
That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die, 30
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt – it is despair;
In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaught' red,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee. 35

	That which in mean men we entitle patience Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.	
<i>Gaunt:</i>	God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute, His deputy anointed in His sight, Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully, Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift An angry arm against His minister.	40
<i>Duchess:</i>	Where then, alas, may I complain myself?	45
<i>Gaunt:</i>	To God, the widow's champion and defence.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Why then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight. O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or, if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom That they may break his foaming courser's back And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife, With her companion, Grief, must end her life.	50
<i>Gaunt:</i>	Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry. As much good stay with thee as go with me!	55
<i>Duchess:</i>	Yet one word more – grief boundeth where it falls, Not with the empty hollowness, but weight. I take my leave before I have begun, For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York. Lo, this is all – nay, yet depart not so; Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him – ah, what? – With all good speed at Plashy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there see But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls, Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? And what hear there for welcome but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there To seek out sorrow that dwells every where. Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die; The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.	60
		65
		70
		75

[Exeunt.]

Act 1, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare develops an audience's response to Leontes through his relationships with others.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing how it develops the play's concerns.

Florizel: But come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses.

Shepherd: Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Polixenes: Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you; 5
Have you a father?

Florizel: I have, but what of him?

Polixenes: Knows he of this?

Florizel: He neither does nor shall.

Polixenes: Methinks a father 10
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak, hear, 15
Know man from man, dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Florizel: No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed 20
Than most have of his age.

Polixenes: By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason 25
The father – all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity – should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Florizel: I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, 30
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Polixenes: Let him know't.

Florizel: He shall not.

Polixenes: Prithee let him. 35

Florizel: No, he must not.

Shepherd: Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Florizel: Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract. 40

Polixenes [*Discovering himself*]: Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

- To be acknowledg'd – thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with – 45
- Shepherd:* O, my heart!
- Polixenes:* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers and made 50
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack – as never
I mean thou shalt – we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, 55
Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman – yea, him too 60
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee – if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee 65
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.
- Perdita:* Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly 70
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. [To FLORIZEL] Will't please you, sir, be
gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine – 75
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
- Camillo:* Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
- Shepherd:* I cannot speak nor think, 80
Nor dare to know that which I know. [To FLORIZEL] O
sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died, 85
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. [To PERDITA] O
cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure 90
To mingle faith with him! – Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Act 4, Scene 4

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Austen's presentation of different attitudes to social class and status in *Northanger Abbey*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of the relationship between Catherine and Henry.

The play concluded—the curtain fell—Henry Tilney was no longer to be seen where he had hitherto sat, but his father remained, and perhaps he might be now coming round to their box. She was right; in a few minutes he appeared, and, making his way through the then thinning rows, spoke with like calm politeness to Mrs. Allen and her friend.—Not with such calmness was he answered by the latter: 5
 “Oh! Mr. Tilney, I have been quite wild to speak to you, and make my apologies. You must have thought me so rude; but indeed it was not my own fault,—was it, Mrs. Allen? Did not they tell me that Mr. Tilney and his sister were gone out in a phaeton together? and then what could I do? But I had ten thousand times rather have been with you; now had not I, Mrs. Allen?” 10

“My dear, you tumble my gown,” was Mrs. Allen's reply.

Her assurance, however, standing sole as it did, was not thrown away; it brought a more cordial, more natural smile into his countenance, and he replied in a tone which retained only a little affected reserve:—“We were much obliged to you at any rate for wishing us a pleasant walk after our passing you in Argyle-street: 15
 you were so kind as to look back on purpose.”

“But indeed I did not wish you a pleasant walk; I never thought of such a thing; but I begged Mr. Thorpe so earnestly to stop; I called out to him as soon as ever I saw you; now, Mrs. Allen, did not—Oh! you were not there; but indeed I did; and, if Mr. Thorpe would only have stopped, I would have jumped out and run after you.” 20

Is there a Henry in the world who could be insensible to such a declaration? Henry Tilney at least was not. With a yet sweeter smile, he said every thing that need be said of his sister's concern, regret, and dependence on Catherine's honour.—“Oh! do not say Miss Tilney was not angry,” cried Catherine, “because I know she was; for she would not see me this morning when I called; I saw her 25
 walk out of the house the next minute after my leaving it; I was hurt, but I was not affronted. Perhaps you did not know I had been there.”

“I was not within at the time; but I heard of it from Eleanor, and she has been wishing ever since to see you, to explain the reason of such incivility; but perhaps I can do it as well. It was nothing more than that my father—they were just 30
 preparing to walk out, and he being hurried for time, and not caring to have it put off, made a point of her being denied. That was all, I do assure you. She was very much vexed, and meant to make her apology as soon as possible.”

Catherine's mind was greatly eased by this information, yet a something of solicitude remained, from which sprang the following question, thoroughly artless in 35
 itself, though rather distressing to the gentleman:—“But, Mr. Tilney, why were *you* less generous than your sister? If she felt such confidence in my good intentions, and could suppose it to be only a mistake, why should *you* be so ready to take offence?”

"Me!—I take offence!"

40

"Nay, I am sure by your look, when you came into the box, you were angry."

"I angry! I could have no right."

"Well, nobody would have thought you had no right who saw your face." He replied by asking her to make room for him, and talking of the play.

He remained with them some time, and was only too agreeable for Catherine 45 to be contented when he went away. Before they parted, however, it was agreed that the projected walk should be taken as soon as possible; and, setting aside the misery of his quitting their box, she was, upon the whole, left one of the happiest creatures in the world.

Volume 1, Chapter 12

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Chaucer's presentation of different attitudes to religion in *The Knight's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to *The Knight's Tale*.

"To speke of roial lynage and richesse,
 Though that she were a queene or a princesse,
 Ech of you bothe is worthy, doutelees,
 To wedden whan tyme is, but nathelees
 I speke as for my suster Emelye, 5
 For whom ye have this strif and jalousye.
 Ye woot yourself she may nat wedden two
 Atones, though ye fighten everemo.
 That oon of you, al be hym looth or lief,
 He moot go pipen in an yvy leef; 10
 This is to seyn, she may nat now han bothe,
 Al be ye never so jalouse ne so wrothe.
 And forthy I yow putte in this degree,
 That ech of yow shal have his destyne
 As hym is shape, and herkneth in what wyse; 15
 Lo heere youre ende of that I shal devyse.
 My wyl is this, for plat conclusioun,
 Withouten any repplicacioun, —
 If that you liketh, take it for the beste:
 That everich of you shal goon where hym leste 20
 Frely, withouten raunson or daunger;
 And this day fifty wykes, fer ne ner,
 Everich of you shal brynge an hundred knyghtes
 Armed for lystes up at alle rightes,
 Al redy to darreyne hire by bataille. 25
 And this bihote I yow withouten faille,
 Upon my trouthe, and as I am a knyght,
 That wheither of yow bothe that hath myght, —
 This is to seyn, that wheither he or thow
 May with his hundred, as I spak of now, 30
 Sleen his contrarie, or out of lystes dryve,
 Thanne shal I yeve Emelya to wyve
 To whom that Fortune yeveth so fair a grace.
 The lystes shal I maken in this place,
 And God so wisly on my soule rewe, 35
 As I shal evene juge been and trewe.
 Ye shul noon oother ende with me maken,
 That oon of yow ne shal be deed or taken.
 And if yow thynketh this is weel ysaid,
 Seyeth youre avys, and holdeth you apayd. 40
 This is youre ende and youre conclusioun."
 Who looketh lightly now but Palamoun?
 Who spryngeth up for joye but Arcite?
 Who kouthe telle, or who kouthe it endite, 45
 The joye that is maked in the place
 Whan Theseus hath doon so fair a grace?
 But doun on knees wente every maner wight,
 And thonked hym with al hir herte and myght,

And namely the Thebans often sithe.
And thus with good hope and with herte blithe
They taken hir leve, and homward gonne they ride
To Thebes, with his olde walles wyde.

50

from *The Knight's Tale*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Dickens shape a reader's response to the role and characterisation of Nancy?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Mr Bumble and his relationship with Mrs Corney.

'I'm better now,' said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.
Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness; and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.
'Peppermint,' exclaimed Mrs. Corney, in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. 'Try it! There's a little—a little something else in it.' 5
Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips; took another taste; and put the cup down empty.
'It's very comforting,' said Mrs. Corney.
'Very much so indeed, ma'am,' said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her. 10
'Nothing,' replied Mrs. Corney. 'I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur.'
'Not weak, ma'am,' retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. 'Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?'
'We are all weak creeturs,' said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.
'So we are,' said the beadle. 15
Nothing was said, on either side, for a minute or two afterwards. By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.
'We are all weak creeturs,' said Mr. Bumble. 20
Mrs. Corney sighed.
'Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney,' said Mr. Bumble.
'I can't help it,' said Mrs. Corney. And she sighed again.
'This is a very comfortable room, ma'am,' said Mr. Bumble, looking round.
'Another room, and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing.' 25
'It would be too much for one,' murmured the lady.
'But not for two, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble, in soft accents. 'Eh, Mrs. Corney?'
Mrs. Corney drooped her head, when the beadle said this; the beadle drooped his, to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney, with great propriety, turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief; but insensibly 30 replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.
'The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?' inquired the beadle, affectionately pressing her hand.
'And candles,' replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.
'Coals, candles, and house-rent free,' said Mr. Bumble. 'Oh, Mrs. Corney, what 35 a Angel you are!'
The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sank into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.
'Such porochial perfection!' exclaimed Mr. Bumble, rapturously. 'You know that 40 Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinators?'
'Yes,' replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.
'He can't live a week, the doctor says,' pursued Mr. Bumble. 'He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a vacancy: that vacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a jining of 45 hearts and housekeepings!'

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

'The little word?' said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. 'The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?'

'Ye—ye—yes!' sighed out the matron.

50

'One more,' pursued the beadle; 'compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?'

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak: and twice failed. At length summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said, it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was 'a irresistible duck.'

55

Chapter 27

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*

6 Either (a) 'Tess is a victim of the selfishness of those around her.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Hardy's presentation of Tess?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Angel and his relationship with his parents.

The appeal duly found its way to the breakfast-table of the quiet Vicarage to the westward, in that valley where the air is so soft and the soil so rich that the effort of growth requires but superficial aid by comparison with the tillage at Flintcomb-Ash, and where to Tess the human world seemed so different (though it was much the same). It was purely for security that she had been requested by Angel to send her communications through his father, whom he kept pretty well informed of his changing addresses in the country he had gone to exploit for himself with a heavy heart. 5

'Now,' said old Mr Clare to his wife, when he had read the envelope, 'if Angel proposes leaving Rio for a visit home at the end of next month, as he told us that he hoped to do, I think this may hasten his plans; for I believe it to be from his wife.' He breathed deeply at the thought of her; and the letter was redirected to be promptly sent on to Angel. 10

'Dear fellow, I hope he will get home safely,' murmured Mrs Clare. 'To my dying day I shall feel that he has been ill-used. You should have sent him to Cambridge in spite of his want of faith, and given him the same chance as the other boys had. He would have grown out of it under proper influence, and perhaps would have taken Orders after all. Church or no Church, it would have been fairer to him.' 15

This was the only wail with which Mrs Clare ever disturbed her husband's peace in respect of their sons. And she did not vent this often; for she was as considerate as she was devout, and knew that his mind too was troubled by doubts as to his justice in this matter. Only too often had she heard him lying awake at night, stifling sighs for Angel with prayers. But the uncompromising Evangelical did not even now hold that he would have been justified in giving his son, an unbeliever, the same academic advantages that he had given to the two others, when it was possible, if not probable, that those very advantages might have been used to decry the doctrines which he had made it his life's mission and desire to propagate, and the mission of his ordained sons likewise. To put with one hand a pedestal under the feet of the two faithful ones, and with the other to exalt the unfaithful by the same artificial means, he deemed to be alike inconsistent with his convictions, his position, and his hopes. Nevertheless, he loved his misnamed Angel, and in secret mourned over this treatment of him as Abraham might have mourned over the doomed Isaac while they went up the hill together. His silent self-generated regrets were far bitterer than the reproaches which his wife rendered audible. 20 25 30 35

They blamed themselves for this unlucky marriage. If Angel had never been destined for a farmer he would never have been thrown with agricultural girls. They did not distinctly know what had separated him and his wife, nor the date on which the separation had taken place. At first they had supposed it must be something of the nature of a serious aversion. But in his later letters he occasionally alluded to the intention of coming home to fetch her; from which expressions they hoped the division might not owe its origin to anything so hopelessly permanent as that. He had told them that she was with her relatives, and in their doubts they had decided not to intrude into a situation which they knew no way of bettering. 40

The eyes for which Tess's letter was intended were gazing at this time on a 45
limitless expanse of country from the back of a mule which was bearing him from the
interior of the South-American Continent towards the coast. His experiences of this
strange land had been sad. The severe illness from which he had suffered shortly
after his arrival had never wholly left him, and he had by degrees almost decided to
relinquish his hope of farming here, though, as long as the bare possibility existed 50
of his remaining, he kept this change of view a secret from his parents.

Chapter 49

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X

- 7 Either (a) 'For Milton, Hell is both a place and a state of mind.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Milton's presentation of Hell in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

- Or (b) Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of his concerns in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

Down he descended straight; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in 5
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard, 10
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching thus to Adam called aloud:
"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here, 15
Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought.
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth."
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first 20
To offend, discount'nanced both, and discomposed;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile. 25
Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answered brief:
"I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied:
"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared, 30
But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied: 35
"O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains, 40
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all
Devolved; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine, 45
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat." 50

Book X

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Shelley's presentation of love and the pursuit of love. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Shelley's poetic methods, discuss the following extract from 'Mont Blanc', showing what it adds to your understanding of his concerns.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
 Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
 Within the dædal earth; lightning, and rain,
 Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
 The torpor of the year when feeble dreams 5
 Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
 Holds every future leaf and flower;—the bound
 With which from that detested trance they leap;
 The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
 And that of him and all that his may be; 10
 All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
 Are born and die; revolve, subside and swell.
 Power dwells apart in its tranquillity
 Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
 And *this*, the naked countenance of earth, 15
 On which I gaze, even these primæval mountains
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
 Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice,
 Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power 20
 Have piled: dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
 A city of death, distinct with many a tower
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
 Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
 Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky 25
 Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
 Branchless and shattered stand: the rocks, drawn down
 From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
 The limits of the dead and living world, 30
 Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
 Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil;
 Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
 So much of life and joy is lost. The race
 Of man, flies far in dread; his work and dwelling 35
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
 And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
 Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,
 Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
 Meet in the vale, and one majestic River, 40
 The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
 Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

V.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,	
The still and solemn power of many sights,	45
And many sounds, and much of life and death.	
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,	
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend	
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,	
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,	50
Or the star-beams dart through them:—Winds contend	
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath	
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home	
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes	
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods	55
Over the snow. The secret strength of things	
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome	
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!	
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,	
If to the human mind's imaginings	60
Silence and solitude were vacancy?	

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