



# Shakespeare and the Literary Heritage

## GCSE Controlled Assessment Information

16 December 2015

### Question:

How do the studied poets and Shakespeare use literary techniques to show how people respond to forces in the world over which they have no control?

### Guidance

Your answer should be up to 2000 words in length and use extensive examples comparing both the play to a range of poetry. It may also:

- You will need to look at how the authors' ideas and characters' responses to forces in the world about which they have no control are presented in the texts. You must frequently include detailed quotations and examples.
- You will need to make thoughtful observations and why the authors went to such lengths to explore this idea.
- You will need to consider the literary context of both texts - the authors' own lives, the reason they may have written these pieces, and the social perceptions of fate in those times.
- You must analyse in detail how the writers use literary techniques to explore these ideas and what the different effects are on you and other readers/ audiences.

### Conditions:

This assessment will be run under controlled conditions - which means that no assistance can be rendered, and you only have access to the official resource materials for its entire duration.

- The assessment will be run over five episodes, during class periods.
- A single sheet of notes and a copy of the play and your selected poems (un-annotated) may be brought to the assessment.



# Do not go gentle into that good night

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.



# A Song in a Storm

Rudyard Kipling

Be well assured that on our side  
The abiding oceans fight,  
Though headlong wind and heaping tide  
Make us their sport to-night.  
By force of weather, not of war,  
In jeopardy we steer.  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall appear  
How in all time of our distress,  
And our deliverance too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Out of the mist into the mirk  
The glimmering combers roll.  
Almost these mindless waters work  
As though they had a soul  
-Almost as though they leagued to whelm  
Our flag beneath their green:  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall be seen, etc.

Be well assured, though wave and wind  
Have mightier blows in store,  
That we who keep the watch assigned  
Must stand to it the more;  
And as our streaming bows rebuke  
Each billow's balked career,  
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear, etc.

No matter though our decks be swept  
And mast and timber crack --  
We can make good all loss except  
The loss of turning back.  
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep  
Let courteous trumpets sound,  
To welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it will be found, etc.

Be well assured, though in our power  
Is nothing left to give  
But chance and place to meet the hour,  
And leave to strive to live.  
Till these dissolve our Order holds,  
Our Service binds us here.  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress,  
As in our triumph too,

The game is more than the player of the game  
And the ship is more than the crew!



# On My First Sonne

Ben Jonnson

## Original Version

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
My sinne was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy  
Seven yeeres thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,  
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.  
O, could I loose all father, now. For why  
Will man lament the state he should envie?  
To have so soone scap'd worlds, and fleshes  
rage,  
And, if no other miserie, yet age  
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye  
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetrie.  
For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vowes be  
such,  
As what he loves may never like too much.

## Modernised Version:

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.  
Seven years tho' wert lent to me, and I thee pay,  
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.  
O, could I lose all father now! For why  
Will man lament the state he should envy?  
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,  
And if no other misery, yet age?  
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say, "Here doth lie  
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry."  
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,  
As what he loves may never like too much.