

AP English Literature and Composition Unit 1 Assessment 2

In the following poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), the speaker examines the complex relationship between man and time. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-written essay in which you analyze how Shelley uses literary devices to contribute the meaning of the poem.

Ozymandias¹

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

¹ Greek name of Ramses II, the pharaoh who was an arrogant tyrant and master of propaganda—claiming to have single-handedly saved his troops from a Hittite ambush (a battle his army actually lost), proclaiming himself Ramses the Great, and building monuments to his own glory across Egypt

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In the following poem by Thomas Nashe (1567-1601), the speaker addresses the complex relationship between man and time. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-written essay in which you analyze how Nashe uses literary devices to contribute the meaning of the poem.

A Litany in Time of Plague

Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss;
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys;
Death proves them all but toys;
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic¹ himself must fade.
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's² eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector³ brave;
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds open her gate.
"Come, come!" the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree,
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage;
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

¹ one who practices the medical arts, especially those that are purging or cathartic in nature

² in Greek mythology, the most beautiful woman in the world, over whom the Trojan War was fought

³ in Greek mythology, the bravest and most skilled soldier of the Trojan War

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In the following poem by Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), the speaker addresses the complex relationship between man and time. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-written essay in which you analyze how Marvell uses literary devices to contribute the meaning of the poem.

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side¹
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber² would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,³
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;⁴
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on they forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity;
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power,
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

¹ river that is sacred to Hindus, stretching from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal

² river of northeast England significant for defense and trade

³ myth common to various major religions that recounts the near destruction of humanity in ancient times

⁴ an event predicted in Christian mythology, signaling the end of human history on earth