

**CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/5**

PAPER 5 Shakespeare and Other pre-20th Century Authors

**OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2002**

2 hours

Additional materials:  
Answer paper

**TIME** 2 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

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

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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**This question paper consists of 21 printed pages and 3 blank pages.**

## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 1 **Either** (a) Write an essay on the role and significance of Polixenes in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, discussing the ways in which it contributes to the concerns and atmosphere of the play.

*Enter Autolycus, singing*

*Autolycus:* When daffodils begin to peer,  
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. 5  
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  
 The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.  
 I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I  
 am out of service.  
 But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15  
 The pale moon shines by night;  
 And when I wander here and there,  
 I then do most go right.  
 If tinkers may have leave to live,  
 And bear the sow-skin budget, 20  
 Then my account I well may give  
 And in the stocks avouch it.  
 My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father  
 nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was  
 likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I 25  
 purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows  
 and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are  
 terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a  
 prize!

*Enter Clown*

*Clown:* Let me see: every 'leven wether tod's; every tod yields pound and odd 30  
 shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

*Autolycus:* [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clown:* I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our  
 sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants,  
 rice – what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath 35  
 made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me  
 four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers – three-man song-men all,  
 and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but  
 one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must  
 have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates – none, that's out 40

of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg;  
four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

*Autolycus:* [*Groveling on the ground*] O that ever I was born!

Act 4 Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

2 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that the play's main concern is to explore the worst and the best of human nature?

**Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following episode unfolds?

*Iago:* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,  
How quickly should you speed!

*Cassio:* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Othello:* Look, how he laughs already! 5

*Iago:* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cassio:* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

*Othello:* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

*Iago:* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Othello:* Now he importunes him 10  
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.  
*Iago:* She gives it out that you shall marry her.  
Do you intend it?

*Cassio:* Ha, ha, ha!

*Othello:* Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph? 15

*Cassio:* I marry her! What, a customer! I prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Othello:* So, so, so, so – they laugh that wins.

*Iago:* Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.

*Cassio:* Prithee, say true. 20

*Iago:* I am a very villain else.

*Othello:* Ha you scor'd me? Well.

*Cassio:* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Othello:* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. 25

*Cassio:* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was t'other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble – by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck.

*Othello:* Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

*Cassio:* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha! 30

*Othello:* Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

*Cassio:* Well, I must leave her company.

*Enter Bianca*

*Iago:* Before me! Look where she comes. 35

*Cassio:* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one. What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bianca:* Let the devil and his dam haunt you. What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work – a likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There – give it your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't. 40

*Cassio:* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Othello:* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! 45

*Bianca:* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when  
you are next prepar'd for. [Exit.

*Iago:* After her, after her.

*Cassio:* Faith, I must; she'll rail i' th' street else.

*Iago:* Will you sup there? 50

*Cassio:* Faith, I intend so.

*Iago:* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cassio:* Prithee come; will you?

*Iago:* Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.

*Othello:* [Coming forward] How shall I murder him, Iago? 55

Act 4, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'The world of the play is one of terrible uncertainty for the characters who inhabit it.' In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, is an atmosphere of uncertainty created in the play?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, giving particular attention to the characterisation of the women.

|                      |  |    |
|----------------------|--|----|
| <i>Stanley:</i>      | Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.<br>Take all the swift advantage of the hours;<br>You shall have letters from me to my son<br>In your behalf, to meet you on the way.<br>Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.   | 5  |
| <i>Duchess:</i>      | O ill-dispersing wind of misery!<br>O my accursed womb, the bed of death!<br>A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,<br>Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.   | 10 |
| <i>Stanley:</i>      | Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.  | 15 |
| <i>Anne:</i>         | And I with all unwillingness will go.<br>O, would to God that the inclusive verge<br>Of golden metal that must round my brow<br>Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains!<br>Anointed let me be with deadly venom,<br>And die ere men can say, 'God save the Queen!'   | 20 |
| <i>Q. Elizabeth:</i> | Go, go, poor soul; I envy not thy glory.<br>To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.   | 25 |
| <i>Anne:</i>         | No, why? When he that is my husband now<br>Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;<br>When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands<br>Which issued from my other angel husband,<br>And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd –<br>O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,<br>This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed<br>For making me, so young, so old a widow;<br>And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;<br>And be thy wife, if any be so mad,<br>More miserable by the life of thee<br>Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.'<br>Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,<br>Within so small a time, my woman's heart<br>Grossly grew captive to his honey words<br>And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,<br>Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest;<br>For never yet one hour in his bed<br>Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,<br>But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.<br>Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;<br>And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me. | 30 |
| <i>Q. Elizabeth:</i> | Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.   | 35 |
| <i>Anne:</i>         | No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.   | 40 |
| <i>Dorset:</i>       | Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!   | 45 |
| <i>Anne:</i>         | Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!   | 45 |
| <i>Duchess:</i>      | [ <i>To Dorset</i> ] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!<br>[ <i>To Anne</i> ] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!  | 45 |

[*To Queen Elizabeth*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts  
possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

50

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Q. Elizabeth:* Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.

55

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well.

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 4, Scene 1

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 4 **Either** (a) How far do you find the title of this novel an appropriate one for the characters and issues it explores?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, suggesting how far its style and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

Fortunately for those who pay their court through such foibles, a fond mother, though, in pursuit of praise for her children, the most rapacious of human beings, is likewise the most credulous; her demands are exorbitant; but she will swallow any thing; and the excessive affection and endurance of the Miss Steeles towards her offspring, were viewed therefore by Lady Middleton without the smallest surprise or distrust. She saw with maternal complacency all the impertinent incroachments and mischievous tricks to which her cousins submitted. She saw their sashes untied, their hair pulled about their ears, their work-bags searched, and their knives and scissors stolen away, and felt no doubts of its being a reciprocal enjoyment. It suggested no other surprise than that Elinor and Marianne should sit so composedly by without claiming a share in what was passing. 5 10

‘John is in such spirits to-day!’ said she, on his taking Miss Steele’s pocket handkerchief, and throwing it out of window. ‘He is full of monkey tricks.’

And soon afterwards, on the second boy’s violently pinching one of the same lady’s fingers, she fondly observed, ‘How playful William is!’ 15

‘And here is my sweet little Annamaria,’ she added, tenderly caressing a little girl of three years old, who had not made a noise for the last two minutes; ‘And she is always so gentle and quiet – never was there such a quiet little thing!’

But unfortunately, in bestowing these embraces, a pin in her ladyship’s head-dress slightly scratching the child’s neck, produced from this pattern of gentleness such violent screams as could hardly be outdone by any creature professedly noisy. The mother’s consternation was excessive; but it could not surpass the alarm of the Miss Steeles, and everything was done by all three, in so critical an emergency, which affection could suggest as likely to assuage the agonies of the little sufferer. She was seated in her mother’s lap, covered with kisses, her wound bathed with lavender-water by one of the Miss Steeles, who was on her knees to attend her, and her mouth stuffed with sugar-plums by the other. With such a reward for her tears, the child was too wise to cease crying. She still screamed and sobbed lustily, kicked her two brothers for offering to touch her, and all their united soothings were ineffectual till Lady Middleton luckily remembering that in a scene of similar distress, last week, some apricot marmalade had been successfully applied for a bruised temple, the same remedy was eagerly proposed for this unfortunate scratch, and a slight intermission of screams in the young lady on hearing it, gave them reason to hope that it would not be rejected. She was carried out of the room therefore in her mother’s arms, in quest of this medicine, and as the two boys chose to follow, though earnestly entreated by their mother to stay behind, the four young ladies were left in a quietness which the room had not known for many hours. 20 25 30 35

‘Poor little creature!’ said Miss Steele, as soon as they were gone. ‘It might have



been a very sad accident.'

'Yet I hardly know how,' cried Marianne, 'unless it had been under totally different circumstances. But this is the usual way of heightening alarm, where there is nothing to be alarmed at in reality.' 40

'What a sweet woman Lady Middleton is,' said Lucy Steele.

Marianne was silent; it was impossible for her to say what she did not feel, however trivial the occasion; and upon Elinor, therefore, the whole task of telling lies when politeness required it always fell. She did her best, when thus called on, by speaking of Lady Middleton with more warmth than she felt, though with far less than Miss Lucy. 45

from Chapter 21

ANNE BRONTË: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

- 5 **Either** (a) ‘Helen’s moralising makes her a tedious heroine.’ With this comment in mind, discuss your own response to Helen.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, giving particular attention to its portrayal of the heroine at this point in the narrative.

Mr Hargrave did depart on the morrow; and I have never seen him since. The others stayed on for two or three weeks longer; but I kept aloof from them as much as possible, and still continued my labour, and have continued it, with almost unabated ardour, to the present day. I soon acquainted Rachel with my design, confiding all my motives and intentions to her ear, and, much to my agreeable surprise, found little difficulty in persuading her to enter into my views. She is a sober, cautious woman, but she so hates her master, and so loves her mistress and her nursling, that after several ejaculations, a few faint objections, and many tears and lamentations that I should be brought to such a pass, she applauded my resolution and consented to aid me with all her might – on one condition only – that she might share my exile: otherwise, she was utterly inexorable, regarding it as perfect madness for me and Arthur to go alone. With touching generosity, she modestly offered to aid me with her little hoard of savings, hoping I would ‘excuse her for the liberty, but really, if I would do her the favour to accept it as a loan, she would be very happy.’ Of course I could not think of such a thing; – but now, thank heaven, I have gathered a little hoard of my own, and my preparations are so far advanced that I am looking forward to a speedy emancipation. Only let the stormy severity of this winter weather be somewhat abated, and then, some morning, Mr Huntingdon will come down to a solitary breakfast-table, and perhaps be clamouring through the house for his invisible wife and child, when they are some fifty miles on their way to the western world – or it may be more, for we shall leave him hours before the dawn, and it is not probable he will discover the loss of both until the day is far advanced. 5 10 15 20

I am fully alive to the evils that may, and must result upon the step I am about to take; but I never waver in my resolution, because I never forget my son. It was only this morning – while I pursued my usual employment, he was sitting at my feet, quietly playing with the shreds of canvas I had thrown upon the carpet – but his mind was otherwise occupied, for, in a while, he looked up wistfully in my face, and gravely asked – 25

– ‘Mamma, why are you wicked?’ 30

‘Who told you I was wicked, love?’

‘Rachel.’

‘No, Arthur, Rachel never said so, I am certain.’

‘Well, then, it was papa,’ replied he, thoughtfully. Then, after a reflective pause, he added, ‘At least, I’ll tell you how it was I got to know: when I’m with papa, if I say mamma wants me, or mamma says I’m not to do something that he tells me to do, he always says, “Mamma be damned,” – and Rachel says it’s only wicked people that are damned. So, mamma, that’s why I think you must be wicked – and I wish you wouldn’t.’ 35

‘My dear child, I am not. Those are bad words, and wicked people often say them of 40

others better than themselves. Those words cannot make people be damned, nor show that they deserve it. God will judge us by our own thoughts and deeds, not by what others say about us. And when you hear such words spoken, Arthur, remember never to repeat them: it is wicked to say such things of others, not to have them said against you.'

45

'Then it's papa that's wicked,' said he, ruefully.

'Papa is wrong to say such things, and you will be very wrong to imitate him now that you know better.'

'What *is* imitate?'

'To do as he does.'

50

'Does *he* know better?'

'Perhaps he does; but that is nothing to you.'

'If he doesn't, you ought to tell him, mamma.'

'I *have* told him.'

The little moralist paused and pondered. I tried in vain to divert his mind from the subject.

55

'I'm sorry papa's wicked,' said he mournfully, at length, 'for I don't want him to go to hell.' And so saying he burst into tears.

I consoled him with the hope that perhaps his papa would alter and become good before he died – but is it not time to deliver him from such a parent?

60

from Chapter 39

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Greedy and unscrupulous, but thoroughly entertaining ...' Discuss the contrasts of tone and emphasis in the characterisation of the Pardoner.
- Or** (b) How characteristic do you find the following extract of the style and concerns of the Pardoner's *Prologue and Tale* as a whole?

Now wol I speke of othes false and grete  
 A word or two, as olde bookes trete.  
 Gret swering is a thing abhominable,  
 And fals swering is yet moore reprevable. 5  
 The heighe God forbad swering at al,  
 Witnesse on Mathew; but in special  
 Of swering seith the hooly Jeremye,  
 'Thou shalt swere sooth thine othes, and nat lie,  
 And swere in doom, and eek in rightwisnesse'; 10  
 But idel swering is a cursednesse.  
 Bihoold and se that in the firste table  
 Of heighe Goddes heestes honorable,  
 Hou that the seconde heeste of him is this:  
 'Take nat my name in idel or amis.' 15  
 Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering  
 Than homicide or many a cursed thing;  
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;  
 This knoweth, that his heestes understondeth,  
 How that the seconde heeste of God is that. 20  
 And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,  
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his hous  
 That of his othes is to outrageous.  
 'By Goddes precious herte,' and 'By his nailes,'  
 And 'By the blood of Crist that is in Hayles,  
 Sevene is my chaunce, and thyn is cynk and treye! 25  
 'By Goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,  
 This daggere shal thurghout thyn herte go!' –  
 This fruit cometh of the bicched bones two,  
 Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicide. 30  
 Now, for the love of Crist, that for us dyde,  
 Lete youre othes, bothe grete and smale.  
 But, sires, now wol I telle forth my tale.  
 These riotoures thre of whiche I telle,  
 Longe erst er prime rong of any belle, 35  
 Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke,  
 And as they sat, they herde a belle clinke  
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave.  
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave:  
 'Go bet,' quod he, 'and axe redily 40  
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;  
 And looke that thou reporte his name weel.'  
 'Sire,' quod this boy, 'it nedeth never-a-deel;  
 It was me toold er ye cam heer two houres.  
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youre; 45  
 And sodeynly he was yslain to-night,  
 Fordronke, as he sat on his bench upright.  
 Ther cam a privee thief men clepeth Deeth,

That in this contree al the peple sleeth,  
And with his spere he smoot his herte atwo,  
And wente his wey withouten wordes mo.'

EMILY DICKINSON: *A Choice of Emily Dickinson's Verse*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'A combination of the ordinary and the extraordinary ...' Discuss Dickinson's style and concerns in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, giving particular attention to features of style which you find characteristic of Dickinson's poetry in this selection.

Because I could not stop for Death –  
 He kindly stopped for me –  
 The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
 And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
 And I had put away  
 My labour and my leisure too,  
 For His Civility – 5

We passed the School, where Children strove  
 At Recess – in the Ring – 10  
 We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
 We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –  
 The Dews drew quivering and chill –  
 For only Gossamer, my Gown – 15  
 My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed  
 A Swelling of the Ground –  
 The Roof was scarcely visible –  
 The Cornice – in the Ground – 20

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet  
 Feels shorter than the Day  
 I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
 Were toward Eternity –

JOHN DONNE: *The Metaphysical Poets* (ed. Gardner)

- 8 **Either** (a) Many of Donne's poems are addressed directly to someone or something. Consider some of the varied effects that are achieved by using this approach.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you find it characteristic of Donne's poetry in your selection.

*Twicknam Garden*

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,  
 Hither I come to seek the spring,  
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,  
 Receive such balms, as else cure everything;  
 But O, self traitor, I do bring 5  
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,  
 And can convert manna to gall,  
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought  
 True paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me, that winter did 10  
 Benight the glory of this place,  
 And that a grave frost did forbid  
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;  
 But that I may not this disgrace  
 Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me 15  
 Some senseless piece of this place be;  
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groan here,  
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers come,  
 And take my tears, which are love's wine, 20  
 And try your mistress' tears at home,  
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;  
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,  
 Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,  
 Than by her shadow, what she wears. 25  
 O perverse sex, where none is true but she,  
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

HENRY FIELDING: *Joseph Andrews*

- 9 **Either** (a) In the preface to *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding claims ‘the only source of the true ridiculous is affectation.’ How far does the novel illustrate this claim, in your view?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage as an example of Fielding’s handling of action in the novel.

Adams had soon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments; and now the house-door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants came in. The captain told the host, that two fellows, who were in his house, had run away with a young woman, and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then inquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joseph roared out in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain inquired what firearms they had; to which the host answered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it, for he had heard one ask the other in the evening what they should have done if they had been overtaken, when they had no arms; to which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist in a just cause. This satisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated downstairs, saying, it was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no firearms, than, bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, that if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated; but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. Fanny, bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relations in the world which she knew of; and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her; which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what had happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson interrupting him received a blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dexterous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaux could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain’s face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrated on the floor with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket; the red



liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or furrows rather of his cheeks, when one of the servants, snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down, for the parson, wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with his other brought the enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined. 50  
55

Hitherto Fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers' side, when, according to her custom, she began to show the fickleness of her disposition; for now the host entering the field, or rather chamber, of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and darting his head into his stomach (for he was a stout fellow, and an expert boxer) almost staggered him; but Joseph stepping one leg back, did with his left hand so chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground. 60  
65

from Book 3 Chapter 9

BEN JONSON: *Volpone*

10 **Either** (a) 'A conceited egoist who delights in the excellence of his own performance.' Give your view of the characterisation of Volpone in the light of this description.

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following sequence, suggesting how it contributes to the meaning and effect of the play as a whole.

|                       |  |                                  |    |
|-----------------------|--|----------------------------------|----|
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | Ay, he plays both with me.<br>I pray you, stay. This heat will do more harm<br>To my complexion than his heart is worth.<br>(I do not care to hinder, but to take him).<br>How it comes off!   | [ <i>Touching her make-up.</i> ] | 5  |
| <i>1st woman:</i>     | My master's yonder.  |                                  |    |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> |  | Where?                           |    |
| <i>2nd woman:</i>     | With a young gentleman.  |                                  |    |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | That same's the party!<br>In man's apparel. Pray you, sir, jog my knight;<br>I will be tender to his reputation,<br>However he demerit.  |                                  | 10 |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | My lady!   |                                  |    |
| <i>Peregrine:</i>     | Where?   |                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | 'Tis she indeed, sir, you shall know her. She is,<br>Were she not mine, a lady of that merit<br>For fashion, and behaviour, and for beauty<br>I durst compare –  |                                  | 15 |
| <i>Peregrine:</i>     | It seems you are not jealous,<br>That dare commend her.  |                                  | 20 |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | Nay, and for discourse –   |                                  |    |
| <i>Peregrine:</i>     | Being your wife, she cannot miss that.   |                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | [ <i>As the groups meet</i> ] Madam,<br>Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;<br>He seems a youth, but he is –  |                                  | 25 |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | None?  |                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | Yes, one,<br>Has put his face as soon into the world –   |                                  |    |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | You mean, as early? but today?   |                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | How's this!  |                                  | 30 |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | Why, in this habit, sir, you apprehend me.<br>Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become you;<br>I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name<br>Had been more precious to you; that you would not<br>Have done this dire massacre on your honour;<br>One of your gravity and rank besides!<br>But, knights, I see, care little for the oath<br>They make to ladies – chiefly, their own ladies. |                                  | 35 |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knight-hood –   |                                  |    |
| <i>Peregrine:</i>     | [ <i>Aside</i> ] Lord! how his brain is humbled for an oath.   |                                  | 40 |
| <i>Sir Politic:</i>   | I reach you not.   |                                  |    |
| <i>Lady Would-be:</i> | Right, sir, your polity<br>May bear it through thus. [ <i>To Peregrine</i> ] Sir, a word with you.<br>I would be loath to contest publicly<br>With any gentlewoman; or to seem<br>Froward or violent (as <i>The Courtier</i> says)<br>It comes too near rusticity in a lady,   |                                  | 45 |

Which I would shun by all means; and, however  
 I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet  
 T'have one fair gentlewoman thus be made 50  
 Th'unkind instrument to wrong another,  
 And one she knows not – ay, and to persèver –  
 In my poor judgement is not warranted  
 From being a solecism in our sex,  
 If not in manners. 55

*Peregrine:* How is this!

*Sir Politic:* Sweet Madam,  
 Come nearer to your aim.

*Lady Would-be:* Marry, and will, sir.  
 Since you provoke me with your impudence 60  
 And laughter of your light land-siren here,  
 Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite –

*Peregrine:* What's here?  
 Poetic fury, and historic storms!

*Sir Politic:* The gentleman, believe it, is of worth, 65  
 And of our nation.

*Lady Would-be:* Ay, your Whitefriars nation!  
 Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, ay!  
 And am ashamed you should ha' no more forehead  
 Than thus to be the patron, or St George, 70  
 To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,  
 A female devil in a male outside.

*Sir Politic:* [*To Peregrine*] Nay,  
 And you be such a one, I must bid adieu  
 To your delights! The case appears too liquid. 75

Act 4 Scene 2

JOHN KEATS: *Lyric Poems*

- 11 **Either** (a) Keats said in one of his letters; 'I never can feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty.' Consider the importance of ideas and images of beauty in Keats's poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you find it characteristic of Keats's methods and effects.

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

O, what can ail thee, knight at arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering;  
 The sedge has withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

O, what can ail thee, knight at arms, 5  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow 10  
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads, 15  
 Full beautiful – a faery's child,  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,  
 She looked at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed 20  
 And nothing else saw all day long;  
 For sideways would she lean, and sing  
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet, 25  
 And honey wild, and manna dew;  
 And sure in language strange she said –  
 I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot, 30  
 And there she gazed and sighed full sore:  
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
 With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep, 35  
 And there I dreamed, ah woe betide,  
 The latest dream I ever dreamed  
 On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:  
They cry'd – 'La belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!'

40

I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke, and found me here  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

45





