



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Authors

October/November 2009

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 **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'He hath ever but slenderly known himself.'
'I am a very foolish fond old man.'
Discuss your response to the role and characterisation of Lear himself in the light of these comments.
- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following episode unfolds? You should refer to language and tone in your answer.

Kent: O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edgar [*Aside*]: My tears begin to take his part so much
They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear: The little dogs and all, 5
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edgar: Tom will throw his head at them.
Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite; 10
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail –
Tom will make him weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head, 15
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and
market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear: Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about
her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard 20
hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred;
only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say
they are Persian, but let them be chang'd.

Kent: Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear: Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so. 25
We'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool: And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Gloucester: Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?

Kent: Here, sir; but trouble him not – his wits are gone. 30

Gloucester: Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master; 35
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct. 40

Kent: Oppressed nature sleeps.
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy
 master; 45
 Thou must not stay behind.

Gloucester: Come, come, away.
 [*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) Trinculo calls Caliban 'A most credulous monster' and Prospero refers to him as 'this thing of darkness'. Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Caliban in the light of his relationships with other characters in *The Tempest*.
- Or** (b) How satisfying as the ending to the play do you find the following passage? You should pay attention to the language and tone in your answer.

Prospero: Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave –
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power. 5
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil –
For he's a bastard one – had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine. 10

Caliban: I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alonso: Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Sebastian: He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alonso: And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 15
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trinculo: I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear
me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Sebastian: Why, how now, Stephano!

Stephano: O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp. 20

Prospero: You'd be king 'o the isle, sirrah?

Stephano: I should have been a sore one, then.

Alonso [Pointing to Caliban]: This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Prospero: He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell; 25
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Caliban: Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool! 30

Prospero: Go to; away!

Alonso: Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebastian: Or stole it, rather. 35
[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.]

Prospero: Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away – the story of my life, 40
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized, 45
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alonso: I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely. 50

Prospero: I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ariel.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements 55
Be free, and fare thou well! – Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

Act 5, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 3 Either** (a) ‘She is the dullest of heroines without a spark of life or humour about her!’
What is your own view of the role and characterisation of Anne Elliot in *Persuasion*?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the development of the novel as a whole.

Winthrop, without beauty and without dignity, was stretched before them; an indifferent house, standing low, and hemmed in by the barns and buildings of a farm-yard.

Mary exclaimed, “Bless me! here is Winthrop – I declare I had no idea! – well, now I think we had better turn back; I am excessively tired.”

5

Henrietta, conscious and ashamed, and seeing no cousin Charles walking along any path, or leaning against any gate, was ready to do as Mary wished; but “No,” said Charles Musgrove, and “no, no,” cried Louisa more eagerly, and taking her sister aside, seemed to be arguing the matter warmly.

Charles, in the meanwhile, was very decidedly declaring his resolution of calling on his aunt, now that he was so near; and very evidently, though more fearfully, trying to induce his wife to go too. But this was one of the points on which the lady shewed her strength, and when he recommended the advantage of resting herself a quarter of an hour at Winthrop, as she felt so tired, she resolutely answered, “Oh! no, indeed! – walking up that hill again would do her more harm than any sitting down could do her good;” – and, in short, her look and manner declared, that go she would not.

10

After a little succession of these sort of debates and consultations, it was settled between Charles and his two sisters, that he, and Henrietta, should just run down for a few minutes, to see their aunt and cousins, while the rest of the party waited for them at the top of the hill. Louisa seemed the principal arranger of the plan; and, as she went a little way with them, down the hill, still talking to Henrietta, Mary took the opportunity of looking scornfully around her, and saying to Captain Wentworth,

20

“It is very unpleasant, having such connexions! But I assure you, I have never been in the house above twice in my life.”

25

She received no other answer, than an artificial, assenting smile, followed by a contemptuous glance, as he turned away, which Anne perfectly knew the meaning of.

The brow of the hill, where they remained, was a cheerful spot; Louisa returned, and Mary, finding a comfortable seat for herself, on the step of a stile, was very well satisfied so long as the others all stood about her; but when Louisa drew Captain Wentworth away, to try for a gleaning of nuts in an adjoining hedge-row, and they were gone by degrees quite out of sight and sound, Mary was happy no longer; she quarrelled with her own seat, – was sure Louisa had got a much better somewhere, – and nothing could prevent her from going to look for a better also. She turned through the same gate, – but could not see them. – Anne found a nice seat for her, on a dry sunny bank, under the hedge-row, in which she had no doubt of their still being – in some spot or other. Mary sat down for a moment, but it would not do; she was sure Louisa had found a better seat somewhere else, and she would go on, till she overtook her.

30

35

40

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) In your view what do mock-heroic effects contribute to *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale* as a whole.

"Sire monk, namoore of this, so God yow blesse!
 Youre tale anoyeth al this compaignye.
 Swich talkyng is nat worth a boterflye,
 For therinne is ther no desport ne game.
 Wherefore, sire Monk, or daun Piers by youre name, 5
 I pray yow hertely telle us somewhat elles;
 For sikerly, nere clynkyng of youre belles,
 That on youre bridel hange on every syde,
 By hevene kyng, that for us alle dyde,
 I sholde er this han fallen doun for sleep, 10
 Although the slough had never been so deep;
 Thanne hadde your tale al be toold in veyn.
 For certainly, as that thise clerkes seyn,
 Whereas a man may have noon audience,
 Noght helpeth it to tellen his sentence. 15
 And wel I woot the substance is in me,
 If any thyng shal wel reported be.
 Sir, sey somewhat of huntyng, I yow preye."
 "Nay," quod this Monk, "I have no lust to pleye.
 Now lat another telle, as I have toold." 20
 Thanne spakoure Hoost with rude speche and boold,
 And seyde unto the Nonnes Preest anon,
 "Com neer, thou preest, com hyder, thou sir John!
 Telle us swich thyng as mayoure hertes glade.
 Be blithe, though thou ryde upon a jade. 25
 What thogh thyn hors be bothe foul and lene?
 If he wol serve thee, rekke nat a bene.
 Looke that thyn herte be murie everemo."
 "Yis, sir," quod he, "yis, Hoost, so moot I go,
 But I be myrie, ywis I wol be blamed." 30
 And right anon his tale he hath attamed,
 And thus he seyde unto us everichon,
 This sweete preest, this goodly man sir John.

CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*

- 5 **Either** (a) What in your view does David Copperfield's relationship with Dora contribute to the meaning and effects of the novel?
- Or** (b) How significant do you find the following passage to the novel as a whole? You should consider language, tone and narrative structure in your answer.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily. 5

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free – or so I judged from the motion of his arm – and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. As length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it – when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone! 10 15

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet – insensible – dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever. 20

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door. 25

“Sir,” said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, “will you come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

“Has a body come ashore?” 30

He said, “Yes.”

“Do I know it?” I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children – on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind – among the ruins of the home he had wronged – I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school. 35

Chapter 55

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Hardy's presentation of women and its contribution to the meaning and effects of the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the methods and effects of Hardy's writing in the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

His face showed marks of deep sadness, his eyes lighting on them with an unfocused gaze; and he still held in his hand the few sticks he had been out to gather. As soon as he recognized them he started.

'What, Abel Whittle; is it that ye are heere?' said Farfrae.

'Ay, yes, sir! You see he was kind-like to mother when she wer here below, though 'a was rough to me.'

'Who are you talking of?'

'O sir – Mr Henchet! Didn't ye know it? He's just gone – about half-an-hour ago, by the sun; for I've got no watch to my name.'

'Not – dead?' faltered Elizabeth-Jane.

'Yes, ma'am, he's gone! He was kind-like to mother when she wer here below, sending her the best ship-coal, and hardly any ashes from it at all; and taties, and such-like that were very needful to her. I seed en go down street on the night of your worshipful's wedding to the lady at yer side, and I thought he looked low and faltering. And I followed en over Grey's Bridge, and he turned and zeed me, and said, "You go back!" But I followed, and he turned again, and said, "Do you hear, sir? Go back!" But I zeed that he was low, and I followed on still. Then 'a said, "Whittle, what do ye follow me for when I've told ye to go back all these times?" And I said, "Because, sir, I see things be bad with 'ee, and ye wer kind-like to mother if ye were rough to me, and I would fain be kind-like to you." Then he walked on, and I followed; and he never complained at me no more. We walked on like that all night; and in the blue o' the morning, when 'twas hardly day, I looked ahead o' me, and I zeed that he wambled, and could hardly drag along. By that time we had got past here, but I had seen that this house was empty as I went by, and I got him to come back; and I took down the boards from the windows, and helped him inside.

"What, Whittle," he said, "and can ye really be such a poor fond fool as to care for such a wretch as I!" Then I went on further, and some neighbourly woodmen lent me a bed, and a chair, and a few other traps, and we brought 'em here, and made him as comfortable as we could. But he didn't gain strength, for you see, ma'am, he couldn't eat – no, no appetite at all – and he got weaker; and today he died. One of the neighbours have gone to get a man to measure him.'

'Dear me – is that so!' said Farfrae.

As for Elizabeth, she said nothing.

'Upon the head of his bed he pinned a piece of paper, with some writing upon it,' continued Abel Whittle. 'But not being a man o' letters, I can't read writing; so I don't know what it is. I can get it and show ye.'

They stood in silence while he ran into the cottage; returning in a moment with a crumpled scrap of paper. On it there was pencilled as follows:–

MICHAEL HENCHARD'S WILL

That Elizabeth-Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me.

& that I be not bury'd in consecrated ground.
& that no sexton be asked to toll the bell.
& that nobody is wished to see my dead body.
& that no murners walk behind me at my funeral.
& that no flours be planted on my grave.

That Elizabeth-Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me.

& that I be not bury'd in consecrated ground.
& that no sexton be asked to toll the bell.
& that nobody is wished to see my dead body.
& that no murners walk behind me at my funeral.
& that no flours be planted on my grave.

& that no man remember me.
To this I put my name.

MICHAEL HENCHARD

'What are we to do?' said Donald, when he had handed the paper to her.

50

Chapter 45

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

- 7 **Either** (a) Marvell refers to 'a green Thought in a green Shade'.
In what ways and to what effects does Marvell use images and references to gardens in the poems in your selection? You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms

Ye living Lamps, by whose dear light
The Nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate;

Ye Country Comets, that portend 5
No War, nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the Grasses fall;

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame 10
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish Fires do stray;

Your courteous Lights in vain you wast,
Since *Juliana* here is come, 15
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'The rape itself is both significant and insignificant.'
Discuss Pope's poetic methods and concerns in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Discuss the methods and effects of Pope's writing, by close reference to the language and tone of the following passage.

"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 5
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires? 10
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.
 "Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace. 15
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd and love denied:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear, 20
 And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau. 25
 "Oft when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 30
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive, 35
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call,
 Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
 "Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name." 40

Canto 1

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'His most successful poems are about loss and longing for something lost.' Discuss Tennyson's methods and concerns in the light of this comment. You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following passage from *Tithonus*, relating it to other poems in your selection.

Tithonus

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality 5

Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn. 10

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man –
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
 To his great heart none other than a God!
 I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.' 15

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,
 And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
 And though they could not end me, left me maimed 20

To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide, 25

Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance 30
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

10 Either (a) What in your view does the sub-plot of Castruchio, the Cardinal and Julia contribute to the meaning and effects of the play?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, imagery and dramatic action in the following passage, show what it contributes to your understanding of Ferdinand and the Cardinal.

| | | |
|-------------------|---|----|
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | Methinks I see her laughing, Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat, quickly, Or my imagination will carry me To see her in the shameful act of sin. | |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | With whom? | 5 |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | Happily, with some strong-thigh'd bargeman; Or one o'th' wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire That carries coals up to her privy lodgings. | |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | You fly beyond your reason. | 10 |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | Go to, mistress! 'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my wild-fire But your whore's blood. | |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | How idly shows this rage! which carries you, As men convey'd by witches, through the air On violent whirlwinds: this intemperate noise Fifty resembles deaf men's shrill discourse, Who talk aloud, thinking all other men To have their imperfection. | 15 |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | Have not you My palsy? | 20 |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | Yes, I can be angry Without this rupture; there is not in nature A thing, that makes man so deform'd, so beastly As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself: You have divers men, who never yet express'd Their strong desire of rest but by unrest, By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself In tune. | 25 |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | So, I will only study to seem The thing I am not. I could kill her now, In you, or in myself, for I do think It is some sin in us, Heaven doth revenge By her. | 30 |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | Are you stark mad? | 35 |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | I would have their bodies Burnt in a coal-pit, with the ventage stopp'd, That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to Heaven: Or dip the sheets they lie in, in pitch or sulphur, Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match: Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis, And give't his lecherous father, to renew The sin of his back. | 40 |
| <i>Cardinal:</i> | I'll leave you. | |
| <i>Ferdinand:</i> | Nay, I have done; I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell, | 45 |

And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat. In, in, I'll go sleep:
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,
And fix her in a general eclipse.

50

Exeunt.

Act 2, Scene 5

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.