
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2015

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between Rosalind and Celia contribute to the meaning and effects of *As You Like It*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the play's methods and concerns.

Touchstone: We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Audrey: Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touchstone: A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you. 5
Audrey: Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.
 [Enter WILLIAM.]
Touchstone: It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 10
William: Good ev'n, Audrey.
Audrey: God ye good ev'n, William.
William: And good ev'n to you, sir. 15
Touchstone: Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?
William: Five and twenty, sir.
Touchstone: A ripe age. Is thy name William?
William: William, sir. 20
Touchstone: A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?
William: Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touchstone: 'Thank God.' A good answer. Art rich?
William: Faith, sir, so so.
Touchstone: 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise? 25
William: Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touchstone: Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool'. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 30
William: I do, sir. 35

- Touchstone:* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
- William:* No, sir.
- Touchstone:* Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I am he. 40
- William:* Which he, sir?
- Touchstone:* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon – which is in the vulgar leave – the society – which in the boorish is company – of this female – which in the common is woman – which together is: abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart. 45
50
55
- Audrey:* Do, good William.
- William:* God rest you merry, sir. [Exit]
[Enter CORIN.]
- Corin:* Our master and mistress seeks you; come away, away. 60
- Touchstone:* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, I attend.

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) *Iago*: . . . he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him
 And makes me poor indeed.

Discuss the significance of *Iago*'s comment to the play's meaning and effects.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the play's methods and concerns.

[*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.]

Desdemona: Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia: Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves my husband
 As if the case were his. 5

Desdemona: O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cassio: Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, 10
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona: I know't – I thank you. You do love my lord;
 You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
 Than in a politic distance. 15

Cassio: Ay, but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
 That, I being absent, and my place supplied, 20
 My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona: Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
 I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last article. My lord shall never rest; 25
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle everything he does
 With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die 30
 Than give thy cause away.

[*Enter* OTHELLO and IAGO.]

Emilia: Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio: Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona: Why, stay, and hear me speak. 35

Cassio: Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Desdemona: Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit* CASSIO.]

<i>Iago:</i>	Ha! I like not that.	40
<i>Othello:</i>	What dost thou say?	
<i>Iago:</i>	Nothing, my lord; or if – I know not what.	
<i>Othello:</i>	Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?	
<i>Iago:</i>	Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it, That he would sneak away so guilty-like, Seeing your coming.	45
<i>Othello:</i>	I do believe 'twas he.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	How now, my lord! I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.	50
<i>Othello:</i>	Who is't you mean?	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord, If I have any grace or power to move you, His present reconciliation take; For if he be not one that truly loves you, That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in an honest face. I prithee call him back.	55
<i>Othello:</i>	Went he hence now?	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	Yes, faith; so humbled That he hath left part of his grief with me To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.	60
<i>Othello:</i>	Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	But shall't be shortly?	
<i>Othello:</i>	The sooner, sweet, for you.	65

Act 3, Scene 3

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

3 **Either** (a) 'Elinor was then at liberty to think and be wretched.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of Elinor Dashwood in the light of this quotation from *Sense and Sensibility*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favourite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another! – and *that* other, a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married, – and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat! 5

But so it was. Instead of falling a sacrifice to an irresistible passion, as once she had fondly flattered herself with expecting, – instead of remaining even for ever with her mother, and finding her only pleasures in retirement and study, as afterwards in her more calm and sober judgment she had determined on, – she found herself at nineteen, submitting to new attachments, entering on new duties, placed in a new home, a wife, the mistress of a family, and the patroness of a village. 10

Colonel Brandon was now as happy, as all those who best loved him, believed he deserved to be; – in Marianne he was consoled for every past affliction; – her regard and her society restored his mind to animation, and his spirits to cheerfulness; and that Marianne found her own happiness in forming his, was equally the persuasion and delight of each observing friend. Marianne could never love by halves; and her whole heart became, in time, as much devoted to her husband, as it had once been to Willoughby. 15

Willoughby could not hear of her marriage without a pang; and his punishment was soon afterwards complete in the voluntary forgiveness of Mrs Smith, who, by stating his marriage with a woman of character, as the source of her clemency, gave him reason for believing that had he behaved with honour towards Marianne, he might at once have been happy and rich. That his repentance of misconduct, which thus brought its own punishment, was sincere, need not be doubted; – nor that he long thought of Colonel Brandon with envy, and of Marianne with regret. But that he was for ever inconsolable, that he fled from society, or contracted an habitual gloom of temper, or died of a broken heart, must not be depended on – for he did neither. He lived to exert, and frequently to enjoy himself. His wife was not always out of humour, nor his home always uncomfortable; and in his breed of horses and dogs, and in sporting of every kind, he found no inconsiderable degree of domestic felicity. 25

For Marianne, however – in spite of his incivility in surviving her loss – he always retained that decided regard which interested him in everything that befell her, and made her his secret standard of perfection in woman; – and many a rising beauty would be slighted by him in after-days as bearing no comparison with Mrs Brandon. 30

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) What in your view does Chaucer's presentation of physical and verbal violence contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

The queene thanketh the kyng with al hir myght,
 And after this thus spak she to the knyght,
 Whan that she saugh hir tyme, upon a day:
 "Thou standest yet," quod she, "in swich array
 That of thy lyf yet hastow no suretee. 5
 I grante thee lyf, if thou kanst tellen me
 What thyng is it that wommen moost desiren.
 Be war, and keep thy nekke-boon from iren!
 And if thou kanst nat tellen it anon,
 Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon 10
 A twelf-month and a day, to seche and leere
 An answeere suffisant in this mateere;
 And suretee wol I han, er that thou pace,
 Thy body for to yelden in this place."
 Wo was this knyght, and sorwefully he siketh; 15
 But what! he may nat do al as hym liketh.
 And at the laste he chees hym for to wende,
 And come agayn, right at the yeres ende,
 With swich answeere as God wolde hym purveye;
 And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth his weye. 20
 He seketh every hous and every place
 Where as he hopeth for to fynde grace,
 To lerne what thyng wommen loven moost;
 But he ne koude arryven in no coost
 Wher as he myghte fynde in this mateere 25
 Two creatures accordynge in-feere.
 Somme seyde wommen loven best richesse,
 Somme seyde honour, somme seyde jolynesse,
 Somme riche array, somme seyden lust abedde,
 And oftetyme to be wydwe and wedde. 30
 Somme seyde that oure hertes been moost esed
 Whan that we been yflatered and yplesed.
 He gooth ful ny the sothe, I wol nat lye.
 A man shal wynne us best with flaterye;
 And with attendance, and with bisynesse, 35
 Been we ylymed, bothe moore and lesse.
 And somme seyen that we loven best
 For to be free, and do right as us lest,
 And that no man repreve us of oure vice,
 But seye that we be wise, and no thyng nyce. 40

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Education was almost entirely a matter of luck – usually ill luck – in those distant days.'

Discuss Eliot's presentation of education and learning in the light of this quotation from *The Mill on the Floss*.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationships presented here.

'Father,' said Tom when they had finished tea, 'do you know exactly how much money there is in the tin box?'

'Only a hundred and ninety-three pound,' said Mr Tulliver. 'You've brought less o' late, but young fellows like to have their own way with their money. Though I didn't do as I liked before / was of age.' He spoke with rather timid discontent. 5

'Are you quite sure that's the sum, father?' said Tom. 'I wish you would take the trouble to fetch the tin box down. I think you have perhaps made a mistake.'

'How should I make a mistake?' said his father sharply. 'I've counted it often enough, but I can fetch it if you won't believe me.'

It was always an incident Mr Tulliver liked, in his gloomy life, to fetch the tin box and count the money. 10

'Don't go out of the room, mother,' said Tom, as he saw her moving when his father was gone upstairs.

'And isn't Maggie to go?' said Mrs Tulliver. 'Because somebody must take away the things.' 15

'Just as she likes,' said Tom indifferently.

That was a cutting word to Maggie. Her heart had leaped with the sudden conviction that Tom was going to tell their father the debts could be paid, and Tom would have let her be absent when that news was told! But she carried away the tray and came back immediately. The feeling of injury on her own behalf could not predominate at that moment. 20

Tom drew to the corner of the table near his father when the tin box was set down and opened, and the red evening light falling on them made conspicuous the worn, sour gloom of the dark-eyed father and the suppressed joy in the face of the fair-complexioned son. The mother and Maggie sat at the other end of the table, the one in blank patience, the other in palpitating expectation. 25

Mr Tulliver counted out the money, setting it in order on the table, and then said, glancing sharply at Tom, 'There now! you see I was right enough.'

He paused, looking at the money with bitter despondency.

'There's more nor three hundred wanting; it'll be a fine while before / can save that. Losing that forty-two pound wi' the corn was a sore job. This world's been too many for me. It's took four years to lay *this* by – it's much if I'm above ground for another four year ... I must trusten to you to pay 'em,' he went on, with a trembling voice, 'if you keep i' the same mind now you're coming o' age ... But you're like enough to bury me first.' 30

He looked up in Tom's face with a querulous desire for some assurance.

'No, father,' said Tom, speaking with energetic decision, though there was tremor discernible in his voice too, 'you will live to see the debts all paid. You shall pay them with your own hand.'

His tone implied something more than mere hopefulness or resolution. A slight electric shock seemed to pass through Mr Tulliver, and he kept his eyes fixed on Tom with a look of eager inquiry, while Maggie, unable to restrain herself, rushed to her father's side and knelt down by him. Tom was silent a little while before he went on. 40

'A good while ago, my uncle Glegg lent me a little money to trade with, and that has answered. I have three hundred and twenty pounds in the bank.' 45

His mother's arms were around his neck as soon as the last words were uttered, and she said, half-crying –

'Oh, my boy, I knew you'd make iverything right again, when you got a man.'

Book 5, Chapter 6

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

6 **Either** (a) 'Clym, despite his good intentions, is the cause of the tragedies on Egdon Heath.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on the role and characterisation of Clym Yeobright?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Wildeve and Eustacia.

He had long since begun to sigh again for Eustacia; indeed, it may be asserted that signing the marriage register with Thomasin was the natural signal to his heart to return to its first quarters, and that the extra complication of Eustacia's marriage was the one addition required to make that return compulsory.

Thus, for different reasons, what was to the rest an exhilarating movement was to these two a riding upon the whirlwind. The dance had come like an irresistible attack upon whatever sense of social order there was in their minds, to drive them back into old paths which were now doubly irregular. Through three dances in succession they spun their way; and then, fatigued with the incessant motion, Eustacia turned to quit the circle in which she had already remained too long. Wildeve led her to a grassy mound a few yards distant, where she sat down, her partner standing beside her. From the time that he addressed her at the beginning of the dance till now they had not exchanged a word.

'The dance and the walking have tired you?' he said tenderly.

'No; not greatly.'

'It is strange that we should have met here of all places, after missing each other so long.'

'We have missed because we tried to miss, I suppose.'

'Yes. But you began that proceeding – by breaking a promise.'

'It is scarcely worth while to talk of that now. We have formed other ties since then – you no less than I.'

'I am sorry to hear that your husband is ill.'

'He is not ill – only incapacitated.'

'Yes: that is what I mean. I sincerely sympathize with you in your trouble. Fate has treated you cruelly.'

She was silent awhile. 'Have you heard that he has chosen to work as a furze-cutter?' she said in a low, mournful voice.

'It has been mentioned to me,' answered Wildeve hesitatingly. 'But I hardly believed it.'

'It is true. What do you think of me as a furze-cutter's wife?'

'I think the same as ever of you, Eustacia. Nothing of that sort can degrade you: you ennoble the occupation of your husband.'

'I wish I could feel it.'

'Is there any chance of Mr Yeobright getting better?'

'He thinks so. I doubt it.'

'I was quite surprised to hear that he had taken a cottage. I thought, in common with other people, that he would have taken you off to a home in Paris immediately after you had married him. "What a gay, bright future she has before her!" I thought. He will, I suppose, return there with you, if his sight gets strong again?'

Observing that she did not reply he regarded her more closely. She was almost weeping. Images of a future never to be enjoyed, the revived sense of her bitter disappointment, the picture of the neighbours' suspended ridicule which was raised by Wildeve's words, had been too much for proud Eustacia's equanimity.

Wildeve could hardly control his own too forward feelings when he saw her 45
silent perturbation. But he affected not to notice this, and she soon recovered her
calmness.

Book 4, Chapter 3

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Keats presents the natural world as an escape from life's harsh realities.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Keats's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Keats's poetic methods and concerns.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
 Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain; 5
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more, 10
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love! – then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

8 **Either** (a) 'A struggle between doubt and belief.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of Rossetti's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's poetic methods and concerns.

An Apple-Gathering

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple tree
 And wore them all that evening in my hair:
 Then in due season when I went to see
 I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass 5
 As I had come I went the selfsame track:
 My neighbours mocked me while they saw me pass
 So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Liliast smiled in trudging by, 10
 Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
 Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
 Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
 A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
 A voice talked with her thro' the shadows cool 15
 More sweet to me than song.

Ah Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
 Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
 I counted rosiest apples on the earth 20
 Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk
 Laughing and listening in this very lane:
 To think that by this way we used to walk
 We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbours pass me, ones and twos 25
 And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
 And hastened: but I loitered, while the dews
 Fell fast I loitered still.

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