
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2016

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 **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** 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 **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) What, in your view, does the Duke's disguise as a friar contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Angelo: I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.
I do arrest your words. Be that you are, 5
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isabella: I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord, 10
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Angelo: Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isabella: My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Angelo: He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love. 15

Isabella: I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Angelo: Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose. 20

Isabella: Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.
Sign me a present pardon for my brother
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud 25
What man thou art.

Angelo: Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation outweigh 30
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes 35
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;

Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow, 40
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can: my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isabella: To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 45
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite, 50
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up 55
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, 60
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

Act 2, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Cassio and Roderigo.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Othello and Desdemona.

Desdemona: Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Othello: Why, what art thou?

Desdemona: Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife. 5

Othello: Come, swear it, damn thyself; lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd – swear thou art honest.

Desdemona: Heaven doth truly know it. 10

Othello: Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona: To whom, my lord? With whom?
How am I false?

Othello: Ah, Desdemona! away! away! away!

Desdemona: Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep? 15
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too. 20

Othello: Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes, 25
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at! – O, O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well; 30
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up – to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads 35
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin –
Ay, here, look grim as hell.

Desdemona: I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles, 40
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee!
Would thou had'st never been born!

- Desdemona:* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 45
- Othello:* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty, 50
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it. What committed! 55
Impudent strumpet!
- Desdemona:* By heaven, you do me wrong.
- Othello:* Are not you a strumpet?
- Desdemona:* No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord 60
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
- Othello:* What, not a whore?
- Desdemona:* No, as I shall be sav'd.
- Othello:* Is't possible? 65
- Desdemona:* O, heaven forgive us!
- Othello:* I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

Act 4, Scene 2

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) Mr Knightley says of Emma: 'I am not to be talked out of my dislike of her intimacy with Harriet Smith or my dread of its doing them both harm.'

Discuss the significance of the relationship between Harriet and Emma in the light of Mr Knightley's comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Emma, Mr Elton and their relationship.

It would be impossible to say what Emma felt, on hearing this — which of all her unpleasant sensations was uppermost. She was too completely overpowered to be immediately able to reply: and two moments of silence being ample encouragement for Mr. Elton's sanguine state of mind, he tried to take her hand again, as he joyously exclaimed —

5

'Charming Miss Woodhouse! allow me to interpret this interesting silence. It confesses that you have long understood me.'

'No, sir,' cried Emma, 'it confesses no such thing. So far from having long understood you, I have been in a most complete error with respect to your views, till this moment. As to myself, I am very sorry that you should have been giving way to any feelings — Nothing could be farther from my wishes — your attachment to my friend Harriet — your pursuit of her, (pursuit, it appeared,) gave me great pleasure, and I have been very earnestly wishing you success: but had I supposed that she were not your attraction to Hartfield, I should certainly have thought you judged ill in making your visits so frequent. Am I to believe that you have never sought to recommend yourself particularly to Miss Smith? — that you have never thought seriously of her?'

10

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'Never, madam,' cried he, affronted, in his turn: 'never, I assure you. I think seriously of Miss Smith! — Miss Smith is a very good sort of girl; and I should be happy to see her respectably settled. I wish her extremely well: and, no doubt, there are men who might not object to — Everybody has their level: but as for myself, I am not, I think, quite so much at a loss. I need not so totally despair of an equal alliance, as to be addressing myself to Miss Smith! — No, madam, my visits to Hartfield have been for yourself only; and the encouragement I received —'

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'Encouragement! — I give you encouragement! — Sir, you have been entirely mistaken in supposing it. I have seen you only as the admirer of my friend. In no other light could you have been more to me than a common acquaintance. I am exceedingly sorry: but it is well that the mistake ends where it does. Had the same behaviour continued, Miss Smith might have been led into a misconception of your views; not being aware, probably, any more than myself, of the very great inequality which you are so sensible of. But, as it is, the disappointment is single, and, I trust, will not be lasting. I have no thoughts of matrimony at present.'

25

30

He was too angry to say another word; her manner too decided to invite supplication; and in this state of swelling resentment, and mutually deep mortification, they had to continue together a few minutes longer, for the fears of Mr. Woodhouse

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had confined them to a foot-pace. If there had not been so much anger, there would have been desperate awkwardness; but their straight forward emotions left no room for the little zigzags of embarrassment. Without knowing when the carriage turned into Vicarage Lane, or when it stopped, they found themselves, all at once, at the door of his house; and he was out before another syllable passed. — Emma then felt it indispensable to wish him a good night. The compliment was just returned, coldly and proudly; and, under indescribable irritation of spirits, she was then conveyed to Hartfield. 40

Volume 1, Chapter 15

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

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present different attitudes to sexual relationships in *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*.

For God so wys be my savacioun,
 I ne loved nevere by no discrecioun,
 But evere folwede myn appetit,
 Al were he short, or long, or blak, or whit;
 I took no kep, so that he liked me, 5
 How poore he was, ne eek of what degree.

What sholde I seye? but, at the monthes ende,
 This joly clerk, Jankyn, that was so hende,
 Hath wedded me with greet solempnytee,
 And to hym yaf I al the lond and fee 10
 That evere was me yeven therbifore.

But afterward repented me ful soore;
 He nolde suffre nothyng of my list.
 By God, he smoot me ones on the lyst,
 For that I rente out of his book a leef, 15
 That of the strook myn ere wax al deaf.

Stibourn I was as is a leonesse,
 And of my tonge a verray jangleresse,
 And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,
 From hous to hous, although he had it sworn; 20
 For which he often tymes wolde preche,
 And me of olde Romain geestes teche;
 How he Symplicius Gallus lefte his wyf,
 And hire forsook for terme of al his lyf,
 Noght but for open-heveded he hir say 25
 Lookynge out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romain tolde he me by name,
 That, for his wyf was at a someres game
 Withouten his wityng, he forsook hire eke.
 And thanne wolde he upon his Bible seke 30
 That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste
 Where he comandeth, and forbedeth faste,
 Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roule aboute.
 Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten doute:

'Whoso that buyldeth his hous al of salwes,
 And priketh his blynde hors over the falwes,
 And suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes,
 Is worthy to been hanged on the galwes!' 35
 But al for noght, I sette noght an hawe
 Of his proverbes n'of his olde sawe, 40
 Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be.

I hate hym that my vices telleth me,
 And so doo mo, God woot, of us than I.
 This made hym with me wood al outrelly;
 I nolde noght forbere hym in no cas. 45

from *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Eliot's presentation of friendship in *The Mill on the Floss*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Tom entered with his usual saddened evening face, but his eyes fell immediately on the open Bible and the inkstand, and he glanced with a look of anxious surprise at his father, who was saying, 'Come, come, you're late; I want you.'

'Is there anything the matter, father?' said Tom.

'You sit down – all of you,' said Mr Tulliver peremptorily. 'And Tom, sit down here; I've got something for you to write i' the Bible.' 5

They all three sat down, looking at him. He began to speak slowly, looking first at his wife.

'I've made up my mind, Bessy, and I'll be as good as my word to you. There'll be the same grave made for us to lie down in, and we mustn't be bearing one another ill will. I'll stop in the old place, and I'll serve under Wakem, and I'll serve him like an honest man; there's no Tulliver but what's honest, mind that, Tom' – here his voice rose – 'they'll have it to throw up against me as I paid a dividend, but it wasn't my fault; it was because there's raskills in the world. They've been too many for me, and I must give in. I'll put my neck in harness – for you've a right to say as I've brought you into trouble, Bessy – and I'll serve him as honest as if he was no raskill; I'm an honest man, though I shall never hold my head up no more; I'm a tree as is broke, a tree as is broke.' 10 15

He paused and looked on the ground. Then suddenly raising his head, he said in a louder yet deeper tone, 'But I won't forgive him! I know what they say: he never meant me any harm; that's the way Old Harry props up the raskills. He's been at the bottom of everything, but he's a fine gentleman, I know, I know. I shouldn't ha' gone to law, they say. But who made it so as there was no arbitratin' and no justice to be got? It signifies nothing to him, I know that; he's one o' them fine gentlemen as get money by doing business for poorer folks, and when he's made beggars of 'em he'll give 'em charity. I won't forgive him! I wish he might be punished with shame till his own son 'ud like to forget him. I wish he may do summat as they'd make him work at the treadmill! But he won't; he's too big a raskill to let the law lay hold on him. And you mind this, Tom – you never forgive him, neither, if you mean to be my son. There'll maybe come a time when you may make him feel – it'll never come to me – I'n got my head under the yoke. Now write, write it i' the Bible.' 20 25 30

'Oh father, what?' said Maggie, sinking down by his knee, pale and trembling. 'It's wicked to curse and bear malice.'

'It isn't wicked, I tell you,' said her father fiercely. 'It's wicked as the raskills should prosper – it's the devil's doing. Do as I tell you, Tom. Write.' 35

'What am I to write, Father?' said Tom with gloomy submission.

'Write as your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man as had helped to ruin him, because I'd promised my wife to make her what amends I could for her trouble, and because I wanted to die in th' old place where I was born and my father was born. Put that i' the right words – you know how – and then write, as I don't forgive Wakem, for all that; and for all I'll serve him honest, I wish evil may befall him. Write that.' 40

There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved along the paper; Mrs Tulliver looked scared, and Maggie trembled like a leaf. 45

'Now let me hear what you've wrote,' said Mr Tulliver. Tom read aloud, slowly.

'Now write, write as you'll remember what Wakem's done to your father, and

you'll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes. And sign your name, Thomas Tulliver.'

'Oh no, father, dear father!' said Maggie, almost choked with fear. 'You shouldn't make Tom write that.' 50

'Be quiet, Maggie!' said Tom. 'I *shall* write it.'

Book 3, Chapter 9

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) Miss Havisham says: 'I wanted a little girl to rear and love and save from my fate.'

With this comment in mind, discuss the significance of Dickens's presentation of the relationship between Miss Havisham and Estella.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Pip.

In his savage taunting, he flared the candle so close at me, that I turned my face aside, to save it from the flame.

"Ah!" he cried, laughing, after doing it again, "the burnt child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was burnt, Old Orlick knowed you was a-smuggling your uncle Provis away, Old Orlick's a match for you and knowed you'd come tonight! Now I'll tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that's as good a match for your uncle Provis as Old Orlick has been for you. Let him 'ware them, when he's lost his nevvvy! Let him 'ware them when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his body. There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch – yes, / know the name! – alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown and put them in danger. P'raps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compeyson, Magwitch, and the gallows!"

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer, and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned towards me again.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space, he now slouched backwards and forwards. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes scowling at me. I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and wonderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could yet clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would never have told me what he had told.

Of a sudden, he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and tossed it away. Light as it was, I heard it fall like a plummet. He swallowed slowly, tilting up the bottle by little and little, and now he looked at me no more. The last few drops of liquor he poured into the palm of his hand, and licked up. Then, with a sudden hurry of violence and swearing horribly, he threw the bottle from him, and stooped; and I saw in his hand a stone-hammer with a long heavy handle.

The resolution I had made did not desert me, for, without uttering one vain word of appeal to him, I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only my head and my legs that I could move, but to that extent I struggled with all the force, until then unknown, that was within me. In the same instant I heard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and tumult, and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men, as if it were tumbling water, clear the table at a leap, and fly out into the night.

Volume 3, Chapter 14

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'The frailty of life is contrasted with the permanence of art and poetry.'

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 detail of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Keats's poetic methods and concerns.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,	
Let it not be among the jumbled heap	
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep –	
Nature's observatory – whence the dell,	
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,	5
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep	
'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap	
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.	
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,	
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,	10
Whose words are images of thought refined,	
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be	
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,	
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.	

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Rossetti present death in her poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's methods and concerns.

Maude Clare

Out of the church she followed them
 With a lofty step and mein:
 His bride was like a village maid,
 Maude Clare was like a queen.

'Son Thomas,' his lady mother said, 5
 With smiles, almost with tears:
 'May Nell and you but live as true
 As we have done for years;

'Your father thirty years ago 10
 Had just your tale to tell;
 But he was not so pale as you,
 Nor I so pale as Nell.'

My lord was pale with inward strife,
 And Nell was pale with pride;
 My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare 15
 Or ever he kissed the bride.

'Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
 Have brought my gift,' she said:
 'To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
 To bless the marriage-bed. 20

'Here's my half of the golden chain
 You wore about your neck,
 That day we waded ankle-deep
 For lilies in the beck.

'Here's my half of the faded leaves 25
 We plucked from budding bough,
 With feet amongst the lily leaves,—
 The lilies are budding now.'

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
 He faltered in his place: 30
 'Lady,' he said, — 'Maude Clare,' he said,—
 'Maude Clare:' — and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: 'My Lady Nell,
 I have a gift for you;
 Tho' were it fruit, the bloom were gone, 35
 Or, were it flowers, the dew.

'Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof.' 40

'And what you leave,' said Nell, 'I'll take,
And what you spurn, I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

'Yea, tho' you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best —
Me best of all, Maude Clare.' 45

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