
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 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 **16** printed pages, **4** blank pages 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) Discuss the significance of Shakespeare's presentation of different attitudes to justice in *Measure for Measure*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

- Angelo:* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
- Lucio:* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate. Do you know me?
- Duke:* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke. 5
- Lucio:* O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?
- Duke:* Most notably, sir.
- Lucio:* Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 10
- Duke:* You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report; you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
- Lucio:* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches? 15
- Duke:* I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.
- Angelo:* Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!
- Escalus:* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion! 20
- [The PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE.]* 25
- Duke:* Stay, sir; stay awhile.
- Angelo:* What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.
- Lucio:* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? 30
- [Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.]*
- Duke:* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[To LUCIO] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him. 35

Lucio: This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke [To ESCALUS]: What you have spoke I pardon; sit you
down.
We'll borrow place of him. [To ANGELO] Sir, by your leave. 40
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Angelo: O my dread lord, 45
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame, 50
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Desdemona's relationships and their significance to the play's meaning and effects.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider the significance of the following passage to the play's dramatic methods and concerns.

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

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. 5

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

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

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. 10

Cassio: Well, I must leave her company.
[Enter BIANCA.]

Iago: Before me! Look where she comes.

Cassio: 'Tis such another fitchew! Marry, a perfum'd one. What do you mean by this haunting of me? 15

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. 20

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

Othello: By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bianca: An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. 25

[Exit BIANCA.]

Iago: After her, after her.

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

Iago: Will you sup there? 30

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. 35

[Exit CASSIO.]

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

Iago: Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Othello: O Iago!

<i>Iago:</i>	And did you see the handkerchief?	40
<i>Othello:</i>	Was that mine?	
<i>Iago:</i>	Yours, by this hand. And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.	
<i>Othello:</i>	I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!	45
<i>Iago:</i>	Nay, you must forget that.	
<i>Othello:</i>	Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.	50
<i>Iago:</i>	Nay, that's not your way.	
<i>Othello:</i>	Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician – O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! – of so high and plenteous wit and invention.	55
<i>Iago:</i>	She's the worse for all this.	
<i>Othello:</i>	O, a thousand, a thousand times – and then of so gentle a condition.	
<i>Iago:</i>	Ay, too gentle.	60
<i>Othello:</i>	Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!	
<i>Iago:</i>	If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.	
<i>Othello:</i>	I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!	65

Act 4, Scene 1

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) Discuss Austen's presentation of different attitudes to social class and status in *Emma*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to Austen's presentation of *Emma*.

The hair was curled, and the maid sent away, and Emma sat down to think and be miserable. — It was a wretched business, indeed! — Such an overthrow of every thing she had been wishing for! — Such a development of every thing most unwelcome! — Such a blow for Harriet! — That was the worst of all. Every part of it brought pain and humiliation, of some sort or other; but, compared with the evil to Harriet, all was light; and she would gladly have submitted to feel yet more mistaken — more in error — more disgraced by mis-judgment, than she actually was, could the effects of her blunders have been confined to herself. 5

'If I had not persuaded Harriet into liking the man, I could have born any thing. He might have doubled his presumption to me — But poor Harriet!' 10

How she could have been so deceived! — He protested that he had never thought seriously of Harriet — never! She looked back as well as she could; but it was all confusion. She had taken up the idea, she supposed, and made every thing bend to it. His manners, however, must have been unmarked, wavering, dubious, or she could not have been so misled. 15

The picture! — How eager he had been about the picture! — and the charade! — and an hundred other circumstances; — how clearly they had seemed to point to Harriet. To be sure, the charade, with its "ready wit" — but then, the "soft eyes" — in fact it suited neither; it was a jumble without taste or truth. Who could have seen through such thick-headed nonsense? 20

Certainly she had often, especially of late, thought his manners to herself unnecessarily gallant; but it had passed as his way, as a mere error of judgment, of knowledge, of taste, as one proof among others that he had not always lived in the best society, that with all the gentleness of his address, true elegance was sometimes wanting; but, till this very day, she had never, for an instant, suspected it to mean any thing but grateful respect to her as Harriet's friend. 25

To Mr. John Knightley was she indebted for her first idea on the subject, for the first start of its possibility. There was no denying that those brothers had penetration. She remembered what Mr. Knightley had once said to her about Mr. Elton, the caution he had given, the conviction he had professed that Mr. Elton would never marry indiscreetly; and blushed to think how much truer a knowledge of his character had been there shown than any she had reached herself. It was dreadfully mortifying; but Mr. Elton was proving himself, in many respects, the very reverse of what she had meant and believed him; proud, assuming, conceited; very full of his own claims, and little concerned about the feelings of others. 30 35

Contrary to the usual course of things, Mr. Elton's wanting to pay his addresses to her had sunk him in her opinion. His professions and his proposals did him no service. She thought nothing of his attachment, and was insulted by his hopes. He wanted to marry well, and having the arrogance to raise his eyes to her, pretended to be in love; but she was perfectly easy as to his not suffering any disappointment 40

that need be cared for. There had been no real affection either in his language or manners. Sighs and fine words had been given in abundance; but she could hardly devise any set of expressions, or fancy any tone of voice, less allied with real love. She need not trouble herself to pity him. He only wanted to aggrandize and enrich himself; and if Miss Woodhouse of Hartfield, the heiress of thirty thousand pounds, were not quite so easily obtained as he had fancied, he would soon try for Miss Somebody else with twenty, or with ten.

45

Volume 1, Chapter 16

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

- 4 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of Chaucer's presentation of the Loathly Lady 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*.

My fourthe housbonde was a revelour—
 This is to seyn, he hadde a paramour—
 And I was yong and ful of ragerye,
 Stibourn and strong, and joly as a pye. 5
 How koude I daunce to an harpe smale,
 And synge, ywis, as any nyghtyngale,
 Whan I had dronke a draughte of sweete wyn!
 Metellius, the foule cherl, the swyn,
 That with a staf birafte his wyf hir lyf, 10
 For she drank wyn, thogh I hadde been his wyf,
 He sholde nat han daunted me fro drynke!
 And after wyn on Venus moste I thynke,
 For al so siker as cold engendreth hayl,
 A likerous mouth moste han a likerous tayl.
 In wommen vinolent is no defence— 15
 This knowen lecchours by experience.

But—Lord Crist!—whan that it remembreth me
 Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee,
 It tikleth me aboute myn herte roote. 20
 Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
 That I have had my world as in my tyme.
 But age, allas, that al wole envenyme,
 Hath me biraft my beautee and my pith.
 Lat go, farewell! the devel go therwith!
 The flour is goon, ther is namoore to telle; 25
 The bren, as I best kan, now moste I selle;
 But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde.
 Now wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde.

I seye, I hadde in herte greet despit
 That he of any oother had delit. 30
 But he was quit, by God and by Seint Joce!
 I made hym of the same wode a croce;
 Nat of my body, in no foul manere,
 But certainly, I made folk swich cheere
 That in his owene grece I made hym frye 35
 For angre, and for verray jalousye.
 By God, in erthe I was his purgatorie,
 For which I hope his soule be in glorie.
 For, God it woot, he sat ful ofte and song,
 Whan that his shoo ful bitterly hym wrong. 40
 Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste,
 In many wise, how soore I hym twiste.
 He deyde whan I cam fro Jerusalem,
 And lith ygrave under the roode beem,
 Al is his tombe noght so curyus 45
 As was the sepulcre of hym Daryus,

Which that Appelles wroghte subtilly;
It nys but wast to burye hym preciously.
Lat hym fare wel; God yeve his soul reste!
He is now in his grave and in his cheste.

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from *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Eliot's presentation of family relationships in *The Mill on the Floss*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Maggie.

'If you do love me, dearest,' said Stephen gently, taking up her hand again and laying it within his arm, 'it is better – it is right that we should marry each other. We can't help the pain it will give. It is come upon us without our seeking; it is natural; it has taken hold of me in spite of every effort I have made to resist it. God knows I've been trying to be faithful to tacit engagements, and I've only made things worse – I'd better have given way at first.' 5

Maggie was silent. If it were *not* wrong – if she were once convinced of that and need no longer beat and struggle against this current, soft and yet strong as the summer stream!

'Say yes, dearest,' said Stephen, leaning to look entreatingly in her face. 'What could we care about in the whole world beside, if we belonged to each other?' 10

Her breath was on his face, his lips were very near hers, but there was a great dread dwelling in his love for her.

Her lips and eyelids quivered; she opened her eyes full on his for an instant, like a lovely wild animal timid and struggling under caresses, and then turned sharp round towards home again. 15

'And after all,' he went on in an impatient tone, trying to defeat his own scruples as well as hers, 'I am breaking no positive engagement; if Lucy's affections had been withdrawn from me and given to someone else, I should have felt no right to assert a claim on her. If you are not absolutely pledged to Philip, we are neither of us bound.' 20

'You don't believe that – it is not your real feeling,' said Maggie earnestly. 'You feel, as I do, that the real tie lies in the feelings and expectations we have raised in other minds. Else all pledges might be broken when there was no outward penalty. There would be no such thing as faithfulness.' 25

Stephen was silent; he could not pursue that argument; the opposite conviction had wrought in him too strongly through his previous time of struggle. But it soon presented itself in a new form.

'The pledge *can't* be fulfilled,' he said with impetuous insistence. 'It is unnatural; we can only pretend to give ourselves to anyone else. There is wrong in that too; there may be misery in it for *them* as well as for us. Maggie, you must see that – you do see that.' 30

He was looking eagerly at her face for the least sign of compliance; his large, firm, gentle grasp was on her hand. She was silent for a few moments, with her eyes fixed on the ground; then she drew a deep breath and said, looking up at him with solemn sadness, 'Oh, it is difficult – life is very difficult! It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feeling; but then, such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us – the ties that have made others dependent on us – and would cut them in two. If life were quite easy and simple, as it might have been in paradise, and we could always see that one being first towards whom – I mean, if life did not make duties for us before love comes, love would be a sign that two people ought to belong to each other. But I see – I feel it is not so now; there are things we must renounce in life; some of us must resign love. Many things are difficult and dark to me, but I see one thing quite clearly: that I must not, cannot, seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural, but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still and punish me if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the 35 40 45

suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me, help me, *because* I love you.'

Maggie had become more and more earnest as she went on; her face had become flushed, and her eyes fuller and fuller of appealing love. Stephen had the fibre of nobleness in him that vibrated to her appeal; but in the same moment – how could it be otherwise? – that pleading beauty gained new power over him.

'Dearest,' he said in scarcely more than a whisper while his arm stole round her, 'I'll do, I'll bear anything you wish. But – one kiss – one – the last – before we part.'

One kiss – and then a long look – until Maggie said tremulously, 'Let me go, let us make haste back.'

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Book 6, Chapter 11

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

6 **Either** (a) Pip says: 'It occurred to me that I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy.'

Discuss Dickens's presentation of the relationship between Pip and Biddy in the light of Pip's comment.

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

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin. 5

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir!" 10

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously. 15

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got." 20

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying. 25

"Now then, lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder. 30

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with – supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?" 35

"My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his. 40

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is."

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is." 45

“Yes sir.”

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

“You get me a file.” He tilted me again. “And you get me wittles.” He tilted me again. “You bring ’em both to me.” He tilted me again. “Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.” He tilted me again.

50

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, “If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.”

Volume 1, Chapter 1

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'She dwells with Beauty – Beauty that must die.'

With this quotation in mind, discuss Keats's presentation of beauty. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

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

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness –
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

II

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim: 20

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, 25
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows 45
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild –
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50

Ode to a Nightingale

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Rossetti's poems often present the effects of making choices in life and in love.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on 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 methods and concerns.

At Home

When I was dead, my spirit turned
 To seek the much-frequented house:
 I passed the door, and saw my friends
 Feasting beneath green orange boughs; 5
 From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
 They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
 They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
 For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:
 Said one: 'Tomorrow we shall be 10
 Plod plod along the featureless sands,
 And coasting miles and miles of sea.'
 Said one: 'Before the turn of tide
 We will achieve the eyrie-seat.'
 Said one: 'Tomorrow shall be like 15
 Today, but much more sweet.'

'Tomorrow,' said they, strong with hope,
 And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
 'Tomorrow,' cried they one and all,
 While no one spoke of yesterday. 20
 Their life stood full at blessed noon;
 I, only I, had passed away:
 'Tomorrow and today,' they cried;
 I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast 25
 No chill across the tablecloth;
 I all-forgotten shivered, sad
 To stay and yet to part how loth:
 I passed from the familiar room,
 I who from love had passed away, 30
 Like the remembrance of a guest
 That tarrieth but a day.

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