

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

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/5**

PAPER 5 Shakespeare and Other pre-20th Century Authors

**MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002**

2 hours

Additional materials:  
Answer paper

**TIME** 2 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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

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

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

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

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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**This question paper consists of 17 printed pages and 3 blank pages.**



1 *Lord:*                    This your request  
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. 45

*[Exeunt certain officers.]*

*Hermione:*    The Emperor of Russia was my father;  
O that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes 50  
Of pity, not revenge!

Act 3, Scene 2



In Venice they do let God see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

45

*Othello:* Dost thou say so?

*Iago:* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

Act 3, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

3 **Either** (a) 'Richard plays the part of villain excellently, but he proves much less effective in the part of king.' Discuss.

**Or** (b) With close attention to language and dramatic action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following episode unfolds.

<i>Buckingham:</i>	My hair doth stand an end to hear her curses.	
<i>Rivers:</i>	And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	I cannot blame her; by God's holy Mother, She hath had too much wrong; and I repent My part thereof that I have done to her.	5
<i>Q. Elizabeth:</i>	I never did her any to my knowledge.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong. I was too hot to do somebody good That is too cold in thinking of it now. Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;	10
<i>Rivers:</i>	He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains; God pardon them that are the cause thereof! A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion, To pray for them that have done scathe to us!	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	So do I ever – [ <i>Aside</i> ] being well advis'd; For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.	15

*Enter Catesby*

<i>Catesby:</i>	Madam, his Majesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and you, my gracious lords.	
<i>Q. Elizabeth:</i>	Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?	20
<i>Rivers:</i>	We wait upon your Grace. [ <i>Exeunt all but Gloucester.</i> ]	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl. The secret mischiefs that I set abroad I lay unto the grievous charge of others. Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,	25
	I do bewep to many simple gulls; Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham; And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies That stir the King against the Duke my brother.	
	Now they believe it, and withal whet me To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey; But then I sigh and, with a piece of Scripture, Tell them that God bids us do good for evil.	30
	And thus I clothe my naked villainy With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ, And seem a saint when most I play the devil.	35

*Enter two Murderers.*

	But, soft, here come my executioners. How now, my hardy stout resolved mates! Are you now going to dispatch this thing?	40
<i>1 Murderer:</i>	We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant, That we may be admitted where he is.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Well thought upon; I have it here about me. [ <i>Gives the warrant.</i> ]	

	When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.	
	But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,	45
	Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;	
	For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps	
	May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.	
1 Murderer:	Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;	
	Talkers are no good doers. Be assur'd	50
	We go to use our hands and not our tongues.	
Gloucester:	Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears.	
	I like you, lads; about your business straight;	
	Go, go, dispatch.	
1 Murderer:	We will, my noble lord.	55

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 1, Scene 3

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The novel's main concern is with money and people's attitudes to it.' How far do you agree?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, giving particular attention to the characterisation of Elinor and Marianne.

They had not remained in this manner long, before Elinor perceived Willoughby, standing within a few yards of them, in earnest conversation with a very fashionable-looking young woman. She soon caught his eye, and he immediately bowed, but without attempting to speak to her, or to approach Marianne, though he could not but see her; and then continued his discourse with the same lady. Elinor turned involuntarily to Marianne, to see whether it could be unobserved by her. At that moment she first perceived him, and her whole countenance glowing with sudden delight, she would have moved towards him instantly, had not her sister caught hold of her. 5

'Good heavens!' she exclaimed, 'he is there – he is there. Oh! why does he not look at me? why cannot I speak to him?' 10

'Pray, pray be composed,' cried Elinor, 'and do not betray what you feel to everybody present. Perhaps he has not observed you yet.'

This, however, was more than she could believe herself, and to be composed at such a moment was not only beyond the reach of Marianne, it was beyond her wish. She sat in an agony of impatience which affected every feature. 15

At last he turned round again, and regarded them both; she started up, and pronouncing his name in a tone of affection, held out her hand to him. He approached, and addressing himself rather to Elinor than Marianne, as if wishing to avoid her eye, and determined not to observe her attitude, inquired in a hurried manner after Mrs. Dashwood, and asked how long they had been in town. Elinor was robbed of all presence of mind by such an address, and was unable to say a word. But the feelings of her sister were instantly expressed. Her face crimsoned over, and she exclaimed in a voice of the greatest emotion, 'Good God! Willoughby, what is the meaning of this? Have you not received my letters? Will you not shake hands with me?' 20 25

He could not then avoid it, but her touch seemed painful to him, and he held her hand only for a moment. During all this time he was evidently struggling for composure. Elinor watched his countenance, and saw its expression becoming more tranquil. After a moment's pause, he spoke with calmness. 30

'I did myself the honour of calling in Berkeley Street last Tuesday, and very much regretted that I was not fortunate enough to find yourself and Mrs. Jennings at home. My card was not lost, I hope.'

'But have you not received my notes?' cried Marianne in the wildest anxiety. 'Here is some mistake, I am sure – some dreadful mistake. What can be the meaning of it? Tell me, Willoughby – for heaven's sake, tell me, what is the matter?' 35



He made no reply; his complexion changed and all his embarrassment returned; but as if, on catching the eye of the young lady with whom he had been previously talking, he felt the necessity of instant exertion, he recovered himself again, and after saying, 'Yes, I had the pleasure of receiving the information of your arrival in town, which you were so good as to send to me,' turned hastily away with a slight bow and joined his friend. 40

Marianne, now looking dreadfully white, and unable to stand, sunk into her chair, and Elinor, expecting every moment to see her faint, tried to screen her from the observation of others, while reviving her with lavender water. 45

'Go to him, Elinor,' she said, as soon as she could speak, 'and force him to come to me. Tell him I must see him again – must speak to him instantly. I cannot rest – I shall not have a moment's peace till this is explained – some dreadful misapprehension or other. Oh, go to him this moment.'

'How can that be done? No, my dearest Marianne, you must wait. This is not a place for explanations. Wait only till to-morrow.' 50

from Chapter 28

ANNE BRONTË: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

5 **Either** (a) *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* has been described as a feminist novel. In what ways and with what effects are women's rights and concerns explored in the novel?

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, saying how characteristic you find it of the concerns and methods of the novel as a whole.

So I went home prepared for a formidable lecture. Little was said by either party in the carriage during our short transit homewards; but when I had entered my room and thrown myself into an easy chair to reflect on the events of the day, my aunt followed me thither, and having dismissed Rachel, who was carefully stowing away my ornaments, closed the door; and placing a chair beside me, or rather at right angles with mine, sat down. With due deference I offered her my more commodious seat. She declined it, and thus opened the conference: 5

'Do you remember, Helen, our conversation the night but one before we left Staningley?'

'Yes, aunt.' 10

'And do you remember how I warned you against letting your heart be stolen from you by those unworthy of its possession; and fixing your affections where approbation did not go before, and where reason and judgment withheld their sanction?'

'Yes, but *my* reason –' 15

'Pardon me – and do you remember assuring me that there was no occasion for uneasiness on your account; for you should never be *tempted* to marry a man who was deficient in sense or principle, however handsome or charming in other respects he might be, for you could not love him, you should hate – despise – pity – anything but love him – were not those your words?' 20

'Yes, but –'

'And did you not say that your affection *must* be founded on approbation; and that unless you could approve and honour and respect, you could not love?'

'Yes, but I do approve and honour and respect –'

'How so, my dear? Is Mr Huntingdon a good man?' 25

'He is a much better man than you think him.'

'That is nothing to the purpose. Is he a *good* man?'

'Yes – in some respects. He has a good disposition.'

'Is he a man of *principle*?'

'Perhaps not, exactly; but it is only for want of thought: if he had someone to advise him, and remind him of what is right –' 30

'He would soon learn, you think – and you yourself would willingly undertake to be his teacher? But, my dear, he is, I believe, full ten years older than you – how is it that you are so beforehand in moral acquirements?'

'Thanks to you, aunt, I have been well brought up, and had good examples always before me, which he, most likely, has not; – and besides, he is of a sanguine temperament, and a gay, thoughtless temper, and I am naturally inclined to reflection.' 35

'Well, now you have made him out to be deficient in both sense and principle, by your own confession –' 40

'Then my sense and my principle are at his service!'

'That sounds presumptuous, Helen! Do you think you have enough for both; and do you imagine your merry, thoughtless profligate would allow himself to be guided by a young girl like you?'

'No; I should not wish to guide him; but I think I might have influence sufficient to save him from some errors, and I should think my life well spent in the effort to preserve so noble a nature from destruction. He always listens attentively now, when I speak seriously to him (and I often venture to reprove his random way of 45

talking), and sometimes he says that if he had me always by his side he should never do or say a wicked thing, and that a little daily talk with me would make him quite a saint. It may be partly jest and partly flattery, but still –’ 50

‘But still you think it may be truth?’

‘If I do think there is any mixture of truth in it, it is not from confidence in my own powers, but in *his* natural goodness. – And you have no right to call him a profligate, aunt; he is nothing of the kind.’ 55

‘Who told you so, my dear? What was that story about his intrigue with a married lady – Lady who was it – Miss Wilmot herself was telling you the other day?’

‘It was false – false!’ I cried. ‘I don’t believe a word of it.’

‘You think, then, that he is a virtuous, well-conducted young man?’

‘I know nothing positive respecting his character. I only know that I have heard nothing definitive against it – nothing that could be proved, at least; and till people can prove their slanderous accusations, I will not believe them. And I know this, that if he has committed errors, they are only such as are common to youth, and such as nobody thinks anything about; for I see that everybody likes him, and all the mammas smile upon him, and their daughters – and Miss Wilmot herself – are only too glad to attract his attention.’ 60 65

‘Helen, the world *may* look upon such offences as venial; a few unprincipled mothers *may* be anxious to catch a young man of fortune without reference to his character; and thoughtless girls *may* be glad to win the smiles of so handsome a gentleman, without seeking to penetrate beyond the surface; but *you*, I trusted, were better informed than to see with their eyes, and judge with their perverted judgment. I did not think *you* would call these venial errors!’ 70

from Chapter 17

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

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of sin as a theme in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) How characteristic do you find the following extract of the style and concerns of the *Prologue and Tale* as a whole?

Goode men and wommen, o thyng warne I yow:  
 If any wight be in this chirche now  
 That hath doon sinne horrible, that he  
 Dar nat for shame of it yshrive be,  
 Or any womman, be she yong or old, 5  
 That hath ymaad hir housbonde cokewold,  
 Swich folk shal have no power ne no grace  
 To offren to my relikes in this place.  
 And whoso findeth hym out of swich blame,  
 He wol come up and offre in Goddes name, 10  
 And I assoille him by the auctoritee  
 Which that by bulle ygraunted was to me.  
 By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by yeer,  
 An hundred mark sith I was pardoner. 15  
 I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet,  
 And whan the lewed peple is doun yset,  
 I preche so as ye han herd bifoore,  
 And telle an hundred false japes moore.  
 Thanne payne I me to strecche forth the nekke,  
 And est and west upon the peple I bekke, 20  
 As dooth a dowve sittinge on a berne.  
 Myne handes and my tonge goon so yerne  
 That it is joye to se my bisynesse.  
 Of avarice and of swich cursednesse  
 Is al my preching, for to make hem free 25  
 To yeven hir pens, and namely unto me.  
 For myn entente is nat but for to winne,  
 And nothing for correccioun of sinne.  
 I rekke nevere, whan that they been beried,  
 Though that hir soules goon a-blakeberied! 30  
 For certes, many a predicacioun  
 Comth ofte time of yvel entencioun;  
 Som for plesance of folk and flaterye,  
 To been avaunced by ypocrisye,  
 And som for veyne glorie, and som for hate. 35  
 For whan I dar noon oother weyes debate,  
 Thanne wol I stinge him with my tonge smerte  
 In preching, so that he shal nat asterte  
 To been defamed falsly, if that he  
 Hath trespassed to my bretheren or to me. 40  
 For though I telle noght his propre name,  
 Men shal wel knowe that it is the same  
 By signes, and by othere circumstances.  
 Thus quyte I folk that doon us displeances;  
 Thus spitte I out my venym under hewe 45  
 Of hoolinesse, to semen hooly and trewe.  
 But shortly myn entente I wol devyse:  
 I preche of no thing but for coveityse.  
 Therfore my theme is yet, and evere was,  
*Radix malorum est Cupiditas.* 50

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

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Dickinson's poetry is obsessed with death, but there are other important concerns too.' Discuss.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, giving particular attention to features of style which you find characteristic of Dickinson's poetry in this selection.

The Soul has Bandaged moments –  
 When too appalled to stir –  
 She feels some ghastly Fright come up  
 And stop to look at her –

Salute her – with long fingers – 5  
 Caress her freezing hair –  
 Sip, Goblin, from the very lips  
 The Lover – hovered – o'er –  
 Unworthy, that a thought so mean  
 Accost a Theme – so – fair – 10

The soul has moments of Escape –  
 When bursting all the doors –  
 She dances like a Bomb, abroad,  
 And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee – delirious borne – 15  
 Long Dungeoned from his Rose –  
 Touch Liberty – then know no more,  
 But Noon, and Paradise –

The Soul's retaken moments –  
 When, Felon led along, 20  
 With shackles on the plumed feet,  
 And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,  
 These, are not brayed of Tongue –

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems*, in *The Metaphysical Poets* (ed. Gardner)

- 8 **Either** (a) ‘... passionately intellectual; powerfully emotional ...’ By a close study of two or three poems, consider Donne’s poetry in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you find it characteristic of Donne’s poetry in your selection.

*Sonnet 13*

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for, you  
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
 That I may rise, and stand, o’erthrow me, and bend  
 Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

I, like an usurped town, to another due,  
 Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end,  
 Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
 But is captived, and proves weak or untrue,  
 Yet dearly’I love you, and would be loved fain,  
 But am betrothed unto your enemy,  
 Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,  
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I  
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

5

10

HENRY FIELDING: *Joseph Andrews*

9 **Either** (a) 'Comic in its characterisation, but serious in its portrait of social behaviour ...' How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage commenting in particular on Fielding's handling of narrative.

Mrs. Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns, before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post-haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection, with its pernicious consequences: she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence: who again returned, and was told by her mistress that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart: in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress's temper probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman's head not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader. 5

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expense, by first insulting and then discarding him. 10

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment! 15

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language, as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses. 20

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest objects, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleasest thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter. 25

from Book 1 Chapter 7

BEN JONSON: *Volpone*

- 10 **Either** (a) *Volpone* has been described as a satire on greed. In what ways, and with what effects, is greed depicted in the play?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following speech, relating it to the role and characterisation of Mosca in the play as a whole.

*A Street*

*Enter Mosca*

*Mosca:* I fear I shall begin to grow in love  
 With my dear self and my most prosp'rous parts,  
 They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel 5  
 A whimsy i' my blood. I know not how,  
 Success hath made me wanton. I could skip  
 Out of my skin, now, like a subtle snake,  
 I am so limber. O! your parasite  
 Is a most precious thing, dropped from above, 10  
 Not bred 'mongst clods and clotpoles, here on earth.  
 I muse the mystery was not made a science,  
 It is so liberally professed! Almost  
 All the wise world is little else in nature  
 But parasites, or sub-parasites. And yet, 15  
 I mean not those that have your bare town-art,  
 To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no house,  
 No family, no care, and therefore mould  
 Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get  
 Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts 20  
 To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,  
 With their court-dog-tricks, that can fawn and flear,  
 Make their revènuè out of legs and faces,  
 Echo my lord, and lick away a moth;  
 But your fine, elegant rascal, that can rise 25  
 And stoop (almost together) like an arrow;  
 Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;  
 Turn short, as doth a swallow; and be here,  
 And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;  
 Present to any humour, all occasion; 30  
 And change a visor swifter than a thought!  
 This is the creature, had the art born with him;  
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it  
 Out of most excellent nature; and such sparks  
 Are the true parasites, others but their zanies. 35

Act 3, Scene 1



JOHN KEATS: *Lyric Poems*

- 11 **Either** (a) *Ay, in the very temple of delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine*

In what ways and with what effects does Keats's poetry explore the relationship between pleasure and pain?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you find it characteristic of Keats's methods and effects.

*To Autumn*

## I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run: 5  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

## II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20  
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last ooziings hours by hours.

## III

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too – 25  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.





