

## AS ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

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Thursday 18 May 2023

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7711/1.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

### Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
- In your response you need to:
  - analyse carefully the writers' methods
  - explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about
  - explore connections across the texts you have studied
  - explore different interpretations of your texts.

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## Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**Either**

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***Othello* – William Shakespeare**

Read the extract from *Othello*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?
- Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Iago as a character whose intelligence makes us like him rather than condemn him.

**[25 marks]**

**IAGO** Come on, come on: you are pictures out of doors,  
bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens, saints  
in your injuries, devils being offended, players in your  
housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

**DESDEMONA**

O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

**IAGO**

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

**EMILIA**

You shall not write my praise.

**IAGO**

No, let me not.

**DESDEMONA**

What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise  
me?

**IAGO**

O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,  
For I am nothing if not critical.

**DESDEMONA**

Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

**IAGO**

Ay, madam.

**DESDEMONA**

(*aside*) I am not merry, but I do beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.  
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

**IAGO**

I am about it, but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze –  
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,  
And thus she is delivered.  
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

**DESDEMONA**

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

**IAGO**

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

**DESDEMONA**

Worse and worse.

**EMILIA**

How if fair and foolish?

**IAGO**

She never yet was foolish that was fair,  
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

**DESDEMONA** These are old fond paradoxes to make fools  
laugh i'th'alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for  
her that's foul and foolish?

**IAGO**

There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

**DESDEMONA** O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving  
woman indeed? One that in the authority of her merit  
did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

**IAGO**

She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said 'Now I may';  
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind:  
See suitors following and not look behind:  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were –

**DESDEMONA**

To do what?

**IAGO**

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

**DESDEMONA**

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.  
How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and  
liberal counsellor?

**CASSIO** He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more  
in the soldier than in the scholar.

(Act 2, Scene 1)

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

0 2

***The Taming of the Shrew* – William Shakespeare**

Read the extract from *The Taming of the Shrew*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?
- Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents love as a silly game.

**[25 marks]**

*Enter Tranio as Lucentio, and Hortensio as Licio*

**TRANIO**

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*They stand aside*

*Enter Bianca, and Lucentio as Cambio*

**LUCENTIO**

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**BIANCA**

What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

**LUCENTIO**

I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

**BIANCA**

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

**LUCENTIO**

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*They court each other*

**HORTENSIO**

Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

O spiteful love, unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**HORTENSIO**

Mistake no more, I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician as I seem to be,  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman  
And makes a god of such a cullion.  
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

Signor Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca,  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**HORTENSIO**

See how they kiss and court! Signor Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

**TRANIO**

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.  
Fie on her! See how beastly she doth court him.

**HORTENSIO**

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me  
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signor Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love – and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

*Exit*

(Act 4, Scene 2)

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

0 3

**Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare**

Read the extract from *Measure for Measure*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?
- Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents men as self-interested lovers without any honour.

**[25 marks]****ISABELLA**

Women, help heaven! Men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

**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,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none.  
If you be one, as you are well expressed  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destined livery.

**ISABELLA**

I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat 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.

**ISABELLA**

I know your virtue hath a licence 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.

**ISABELLA**

Ha! Little honour to be much believed,  
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 outstretched throat I'll tell the world  
Aloud what man thou art.

**ANGELO**

Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh

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,  
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 lingering sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,  
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,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval,  
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
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,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorred pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. *Exit*

(Act 2, Scene 4)

**Turn over for the next question**

**Turn over ►**

or

0 4

**The Winter's Tale – William Shakespeare**

Read the extract from *The Winter's Tale*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?
- Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, the relationship between Florizel and Perdita is presented as idealised and perfect.

**[25 marks]**

**POLIXENES** (To *Florizel*) How now, fair shepherd!  
 Your heart is full of something that does take  
 Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young  
 And handed love as you do, I was wont  
 To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked  
 The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it  
 To her acceptance: you have let him go  
 And nothing mated with him. If your lass  
 Interpretation should abuse and call this  
 Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
 For a reply, at least if you make a care  
 Of happy holding her.

**FLORIZEL** Old sir, I know  
 She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
 The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked  
 Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
 But not delivered. O, hear me breathe my life  
 Before this ancient sir, whom, it should seem,  
 Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand  
 As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted  
 By th'northern blasts twice o'er –

**POLIXENES** What follows this?  
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
 The hand was fair before! I have put you out.  
 But to your protestation: let me hear  
 What you profess.

**FLORIZEL** Do, and be witness to't.

**POLIXENES**  
 And this my neighbour too?

**FLORIZEL** And he, and more  
 Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:  
 That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
 Without her love; for her employ them all;  
 Commend them and condemn them to her service  
 Or to their own perdition.

**POLIXENES** Fairly offered.



**CAMILLO**

This shows a sound affection.

**SHEPHERD** But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

**PERDITA** I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.  
By th'pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

**SHEPHERD** Take hands, a bargain!  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

**FLORIZEL** O, that must be  
I'th'virtue of your daughter. One being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But come on:  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

**SHEPHERD** Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

(Act 4, Scene 4)

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B: Poetry**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**Either**

0	5
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**AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages pre-1900**

Examine the view that in *Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde*, Wyatt's speaker is more interested in power, control and ownership rather than love.

**[25 marks]**

***Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde***

Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde,  
But as for me, helas, I may no more;  
The vayne travaill hath weried me so sore,  
I ame of them that farthest cometh behinde;  
Yet may I by no meanes, my weried mynde  
Drawe from the Deere, but as she fleeth afore  
Faynting I followe. I leve of therefore  
Sithens in a nett I seke to hold the wynde.  
Who list her hount, I put him owte of dowbte,  
As well as I may spend his tyme in vain.  
And graven with Diamondes in letters plain  
There is written her faier neck rounde abowte:  
'*Noli me tangere* for Cesars I ame  
And wylde for to hold though I seme tame.'

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

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or

0	6
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**AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages post-1900**

Examine the view that in *One Flesh*, the couple now have no connection with each other.  
**[25 marks]**

***One Flesh***

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,  
He with a book, keeping the light on late,  
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,  
All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait  
Some new event: the book he holds unread,  
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,  
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,  
Or if they do, it is like a confession  
Of having little feeling – or too much.  
Chastity faces them, a destination  
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,  
Silence between them like a thread to hold  
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather  
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,  
These two who are my father and my mother  
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001)

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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