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## ENGLISH LITERATURE A

### (7711/1)

Paper 1: Love through the Ages: Shakespeare and Poetry

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2015

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

#### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer booklet.

#### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is 7711/1.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that 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.

Either

0	1
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### ***Othello* – William Shakespeare**

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

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Desdemona is presented as 'a typically naïve young woman whose love is little more than hero-worship'.

**[25 marks]**

**OTHELLO**

Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

**DUKE**                    If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

**BRABANTIO**            I'll not have it so.

**OTHELLO**

Nor I.

**DESDEMONA**            Nor I: I would not there reside

To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
T' assist my simpleness.

**DUKE**                    What would you? Speak.

**DESDEMONA**

That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord.  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

**OTHELLO**

Let her have your voice.  
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not  
To please the palate of my appetite,  
Nor to comply with heat – the young affects  
In me defunct – and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.  
And heaven defend your good souls that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys  
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

**DUKE**

Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it. You must hence tonight.

**DESDEMONA**

Tonight, my lord?

**DUKE** This night.

**OTHELLO** With all my heart.

(Act 1, Scene 3)

**Turn over for the next question**

or

0 2

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

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

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that Katherina, as presented in this passage, bears no resemblance to the strong woman seen elsewhere in the play.

**[25 marks]****KATHERINA**

Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,  
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience –  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband.  
 And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown.  
 But now I see our lances are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot.  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

(Act 5, Scene 2)

**Turn over for the next question**

or

0 3

**Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare**

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

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Isabella's behaviour towards Angelo shows her to be much more than just an innocent novice nun.

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

Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself  
That skins the vice o'th'top. Go to your bosom,  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

**ANGELO** (*aside*) She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

**ISABELLA**

Gentle my lord, turn back.

**ANGELO**

I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

**ISABELLA**

Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

**ANGELO**

How? Bribe me?

**ISABELLA**

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

**LUCIO** (*aside to Isabella*)

You had marred all else.

**ISABELLA**

Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,  
Or stones whose rate are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sunrise: prayers from preservèd souls,  
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

**ANGELO** Well, come to me tomorrow.

**LUCIO** (*aside to Isabella*)

Go to, 'tis well; away.

**ISABELLA**

Heaven keep your honour safe.

**ANGELO** (*aside*) Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.

**ISABELLA** At what hour tomorrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

**ANGELO** At any time 'forenoon.

**ISABELLA**  
God save your honour.

*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost*

**ANGELO** From thee: even from thy virtue.

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha?

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? Or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good?

(Act 2, Scene 2)

**Turn over for the next question**

or

0 4

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

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

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Leontes' behaviour causes the audience to see him as no more than 'a jealous tyrant'.

**[25 marks]****LEONTES**

.....If thou wilt confess –  
Or else be impudently negative  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought – then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

**CAMILLO**

I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so without  
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

**LEONTES** Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? – a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours minutes? Noon midnight? And all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked – Is this nothing?  
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

**CAMILLO** Good my lord, be cured  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

**LEONTES** Say it be, 'tis true.

**CAMILLO**

No, no, my lord!

**LEONTES** It is. You lie, you lie!  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live



The running of one glass.

**CAMILLO**

Who does infect her?

**LEONTES**

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia; who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer – whom I from meaner form  
Have benched and reared to worship; who mayst see  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven  
How I am galled – mightst bespice a cup  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

(Act 1, Scene 2)

**Turn over for Section B**

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**Section B: Poetry**

Answer **one** question from this section.

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**Either:**

**0 5**

**AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the Ages Pre-1900**

Examine the view that Richard Lovelace presents the speaker in this poem as having a selfish attitude to love.

**[25 marks]**

**The Scrutiny**

Why should you swear I am forsworn,  
    Since thine I vowed to be?  
Lady, it is already morn,  
    And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,  
    A tedious twelve hours' space?  
I must all other Beauties wrong,  
    And rob thee of a new embrace;  
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair,  
    By others may be found;  
But I must search the black and fair,  
    Like skilful mineralists that sound  
For treasure in un-plowed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,  
    Thou provest the pleasant she;  
With spoils of meaner Beauties crowned,  
    I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n sated with variety.

Richard Lovelace (1618 – 1657)

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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 Elizabeth Jennings presents the married couple in this poem as having entirely lost their love for 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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Question 3: from *Measure for Measure* by William Shakespeare, Penguin, 1969

Question 4: from *The Winter's Tale* by William Shakespeare, Penguin, 1969

Question 5: *The Scrutiny* by Richard Lovelace, From *Lucasta: Poems of Richard Lovelace (Classic Reprint)* Forgotten Books, 2012

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