

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) What does Shakespeare's presentation of family relationships in the play *Hamlet* contribute to your understanding of the play?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Hamlet:</i>	How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?	5
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	How long is that since?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born – he that is mad, and sent into England.	10
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Why, because 'a was mad: 'a shall recover his wits there; or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.	15
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Why?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	'Twill not be seen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	How came he mad?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Very strangely, they say.	20
<i>Hamlet:</i>	How strangely?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Faith, e'en with losing his wits.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Upon what ground?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.	25
<i>Hamlet:</i>	How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die – as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in – 'a will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.	30
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Why he more than another?	
1 <i>Clown:</i>	Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lien you i' th' earth three and twenty years.	35
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Whose was it?	

- 1 Clown:* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?
- Hamlet:* Nay, I know not.
- 1 Clown:* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick's skull, the King's jester. 40
- Hamlet:* This?
- 1 Clown:* E'en that.
- Hamlet:* Let me see. [*Takes the skull*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning – quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 45
- Horatio:* What's that, my lord?
- Hamlet:* Dost thou think Alexander look'd a this fashion i' th' earth?
- Horatio:* E'en so.
- Hamlet:* And smelt so? Pah! 60
- [Throws down the skull.]*
- Horatio:* E'en so, my lord.
- Hamlet:* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole? 65
- Horatio:* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Thy valiantness was mine, thou suckd'st it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.' (Volumnia)

Consider Shakespeare's portrayal of Coriolanus's relationship with his mother in the light of her comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of the Tribunes.

Brutus: All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, 5
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him. Seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs and puff 10
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks to th' wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses. Such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him 15
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sicinius: On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Brutus: Then our office may 20
During his power go sleep.

Sicinius: He cannot temp'rately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Brutus: In that there's comfort. 25

Sicinius: Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question 30
As he is proud to do't.

Brutus: I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility; 35
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sicinius: 'Tis right.

- Brutus:* It was his word. O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles. 40
- Sicinius:* I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
- Brutus:* 'Tis most like he will. 45
- Sicinius:* It shall be to him then as our good wills:
A sure destruction.
- Brutus:* So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred 50
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them
In human action and capacity
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world 55
Than camels in their war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
- Sicinius:* This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence 60
Shall touch the people – which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep – will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever. 65

Act 2, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Austen presents the conflict between duty and desire in *Mansfield Park*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing in particular what it contributes to Austen's presentation of Sir Thomas Bertram.

Sir Thomas, meanwhile, went on with his own hopes, and his own observations, still feeling a right, by all his knowledge of human nature, to expect to see the effect of the loss of power and consequence, on his niece's spirits, and the past attentions of the lover producing a craving for their return; and he was soon afterwards able to account for his not yet completely and indubitably seeing all this, by the prospect of another visitor, whose approach he could allow to be quite enough to support the spirits he was watching. – William had obtained ten days' leave of absence to be given to Northamptonshire, and was coming, the happiest of lieutenants, because the latest made, to shew his happiness and describe his uniform. 5

He came; and he would have been delighted to shew his uniform there too, had not cruel custom prohibited its appearance except on duty. So the uniform remained at Portsmouth, and Edmund conjectured that before Fanny had any chance of seeing it, all its own freshness, and all the freshness of its wearer's feelings, must be worn away. It would be sunk into a badge of disgrace; for what can be more unbecoming, or more worthless, than the uniform of a lieutenant, who has been a lieutenant a year or two, and sees others made commanders before him? So reasoned Edmund, till his father made him the confident of a scheme which placed Fanny's chance of seeing the 2d lieutenant of H.M.S. Thrush, in all his glory, in another light. 10 15

This scheme was that she should accompany her brother back to Portsmouth, and spend a little time with her own family. It had occurred to Sir Thomas, in one of his dignified musings, as a right and desirable measure; but before he absolutely made up his mind, he consulted his son. Edmund considered it every way, and saw nothing but what was right. The thing was good in itself, and could not be done at a better time; and he had no doubt of it being highly agreeable to Fanny. This was enough to determine Sir Thomas; and a decisive 'then so it shall be,' closed that stage of the business; Sir Thomas retiring from it with some feelings of satisfaction, and views of good over and above what he had communicated to his son, for his prime motive in sending her away, had very little to do with the propriety of her seeing her parents again, and nothing at all with any idea of making her happy. He certainly wished her to go willingly, but he as certainly wished her to be heartily sick of home before her visit ended; and that a little abstinence from the elegancies and luxuries of Mansfield Park, would bring her mind into a sober state, and incline her to a juster estimate of the value of that home of greater permanence, and equal comfort, of which she had the offer. 20 25 30

Chapter 37

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

- 4 **Either** (a) 'It is Chaucer's presentation of the Pardoner which is memorable – not the tale he tells.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* as a whole.

A lecherous thyng is wyn, and dronkenesse
 If ful of stryvyng and of wrecchednesse.
 O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
 Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to embrace,
 And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the soun 5
 As though thou seydest ay "Sampsoun, Sampsoun!"
 And yet, God woot, Sampsoun drank nevere no wyn.
 Thou fallest as it were a styked swyn;
 Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honeste cure;
 For dronkenesse is verray sepulture 10
 Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.
 In whom that drynke hath dominacioun
 He kan no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
 Now kepe yow fro the white and fro the rede,
 And namely fro the white wyn of Lepe, 15
 That is to selle in Fysshstrete or in Chepe.
 This wyn of Spaigne crepeth subtilly
 In othere wynes, growynge faste by,
 Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee
 That whan a man hath dronken draughtes thre, 20
 And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe,
 He is in Spaigne, right at the toune of Lepe, –
 Nat at the Rochele, ne at Burdeux toun;
 And thanne wol he seye "Sampsoun, Sampsoun!"
 But herkneth, lordynges, o word, I yow preye, 25
 That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
 Of victories in the Olde Testament,
 Thurgh verray God, that is omnipotent,
 Were doon in abstinence and in preyere.
 Looketh the Bible, and ther ye may it leere. 30
 Looke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
 Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dishonour,
 Bledynge ay at his nose in dronkenesse.
 A capitayn sholde lyve in sobrenesse.
 And over al this, avyseth yow right wel 35
 What was comaunded unto Lamuel –
 Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I;
 Redeth the Bible, and fynde it expresly
 Of wyn-yevyng to hem that han justise.
 Namooore of this, for it may wel suffise. 40

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) What in your view does Dickens's portrayal of Stephen Blackpool's relationship with Rachael contribute to the meaning and effects of the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to dialogue, language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Mr Bounderby and Mrs Sparsit.

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am." 5

"Thank you, Sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock; "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are cramped here, do you know? It appears to me, that, under my humble roof, there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs." 10

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness, "Really, Sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am," said Bounderby, "and it appears to my poor judgment—" 15

"Oh! Pray, Sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed: 20

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether would bring out a lady of *your* powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers's, now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me before, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable." 25

"Then suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it in her little basket. "You can take your own time for going, ma'am; but perhaps in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind, to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you—being only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long." 30

"Pray don't name it, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, Sir—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify, that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the picture of a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt." 35

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire; projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity. 40

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

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the view that ‘Donne’s poetry is more concerned with persuasion than with emotion.’ You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Donne’s methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

The Relique

When my grave is broke up againe
 Some second guest to entertaine,
 (For graves have learn’d that woman-head
 To be to more than one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, spies 5
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
 Will he not let’us alone,
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their soules, at the last busie day, 10
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where mis-devotion doth command,
 Then, he that digges us up, will bring
 Us, to the Bishop, and the King, 15
 To make us Reliques; then
 Thou shalt be’a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby;
 All women shall adore us, and some men;
 And since at such times, miracles are sought, 20
 I would that age were by this paper taught
 What miracles wee harmelesse lovers wrought.

First, we lov’d well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what wee lov’d, nor why,
 Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25
 Than our Guardian Angells doe;
 Comming and going, wee
 Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
 Our hands ne’er toucht the seales,
 Which nature, injur’d by late law, sets free: 30
 These miracles wee did; but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should passe,
 Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 7 **Either** (a) What in your view does Eliot's presentation of the minor characters in Raveloe village contribute to the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! – his own gold – brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child – a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream – his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?* He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision – it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair, powerless under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard – and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe – old quiverings of tenderness – old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with 'mammy' by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

Part 1, Chapter 12

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Hopkins presents self-doubt and despair. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Hopkins's poetic methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things—
 For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough; 5
 And áll trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spáre, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, frecklèd (who knows how?)
 With swift, slów; sweet, sóur; adázzle, díim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is pást change: 10
 Práise híim.

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 9 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways do you agree with the view that ‘the play is concerned with the destructive power of love and desire’?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and imagery, consider the significance of the following passage, showing what it contributes to the characterisation of Beatrice and Alsemero.

Enter DIAPHANTA *and* ALSEMERO.

Diaphanta: The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
I hear my lady coming; complete gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
Th’are dangerous things to deal with. 5

Exit.

Alsemero: This goes well;
These women are the ladies’ cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock’d into ’em.

Enter BEATRICE. 10

Beatrice: I have within mine eye all my desires;
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings ’em down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes. 15

Alsemero: W’are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals. [*Kisses her.*]

Beatrice: How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! This poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to’t: how well were I now
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be but too much blessed. 25

Alsemero: One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I’ll go near it too,
Since you are so distress’d; remove the cause,
The command ceases, so there’s two fears blown out
With one and the same blast. 30

Beatrice: Pray let me find you, sir.
What might that service be so strangely happy?

Alsemero: The honourablest piece ’bout man, valour.
I’ll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beatrice: How? Call you that extinguishing of fear,
When ’tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That’s all my joys and comforts? Pray, no more, sir.
Say you prevail’d, y’are danger’s and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive. 40
I’m glad these thoughts come forth; oh keep not one
Of this condition, sir; here was a course

	Found to bring sorrow on her way to death: The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em.	45
	Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage, [<i>Aside.</i>]—And now I think on one: I was to blame, I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn; 'T had been done questionless; the ugliest creature Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see	50
<i>Alsemero:</i>	Lady—	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[<i>aside.</i>] Why, men of art make much of poison, Keep one to expel another; where was my art?	
<i>Alsemero:</i>	Lady, you hear not me.	55
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I do especially, sir; The present times are not so sure of our side As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now, Till the time opens.	60
<i>Alsemero:</i>	You teach wisdom, lady.	

Act 2, Scene 2

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