
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2015

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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from 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 **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Shakespeare present family relationships in *As You Like It*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Celia:</i>	It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.	
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid.	
<i>Celia:</i>	I' faith, coz, 'tis he.	5
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Orlando?	
<i>Celia:</i>	Orlando.	
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.	10
<i>Celia:</i>	You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.	15
<i>Rosalind:</i>	But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?	
<i>Celia:</i>	It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.	20
<i>Rosalind:</i>	It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.	
<i>Celia:</i>	Give me audience, good madam.	25
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Proceed.	
<i>Celia:</i>	There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.	
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.	
<i>Celia:</i>	Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.	30
<i>Rosalind:</i>	O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.	
<i>Celia:</i>	I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.	
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.	35
<i>Celia:</i>	You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?	

[Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.]

- Rosalind:* 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.
- Jaques:* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 40
- Orlando:* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
- Jaques:* God buy you; let's meet as little as we can.
- Orlando:* I do desire we may be better strangers. 45
- Jaques:* I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.
- Orlando:* I pray you mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
- Jaques:* Rosalind is your love's name? 50
- Orlando:* Yes, just.
- Jaques:* I do not like her name.
- Orlando:* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.
- Jaques:* What stature is she of? 55
- Orlando:* Just as high as my heart.

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of honesty, and attitudes to honesty, contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

[Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO and Attendants.]

Duke: I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken weapons rather use 5
 Than their bare hands.

Brabantio: I pray you hear her speak.
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress. 10
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Desdemona: My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education; 15
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty –
 I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father, 20
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Brabantio: God bu'y, I ha done.
 Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs –
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it. 25
 Come hither, Moor:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child; 30
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke: Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence
 Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour. 35
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes, 40
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Brabantio: So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
 We lose it not so long as we can smile. 45

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words: I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

50

Act 1, Scene 3

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) What in your view does Austen's presentation of attitudes to money and wealth contribute to the novel's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

In a moment she perceived that the others were likewise aware of the mistake. She saw her mother and Marianne change colour; saw them look at herself, and whisper a few sentences to each other. She would have given the world to be able to speak – and to make them understand that she hoped no coolness, no slight, would appear in their behaviour to him; – but she had no utterance, and was obliged to leave all to their own discretion. 5

Not a syllable passed aloud. They all waited in silence for the appearance of their visitor. His footsteps were heard along the gravel path; in a moment he was in the passage; and in another, he was before them.

His countenance, as he entered the room, was not too happy, even for Elinor. His complexion was white with agitation, and he looked as if fearful of his reception, and conscious that he merited no kind one. Mrs Dashwood, however, conforming, as she trusted, to the wishes of that daughter, by whom she then meant in the warmth of her heart to be guided in everything, met him with a look of forced complacency, gave him her hand, and wished him joy. 10 15

He coloured, and stammered out an unintelligible reply. Elinor's lips had moved with her mother's, and when the moment of action was over, she wished that she had shaken hands with him too. But it was then too late, and with a countenance meaning to be open, she sat down again and talked of the weather.

Marianne had retreated as much as possible out of sight, to conceal her distress; and Margaret, understanding some part, but not the whole, of the case, thought it incumbent on her to be dignified, and therefore took a seat as far from him as she could, and maintained a strict silence. 20

When Elinor had ceased to rejoice in the dryness of the season, a very awful pause took place. It was put an end to by Mrs Dashwood, who felt obliged to hope that he had left Mrs Ferrars very well. In a hurried manner, he replied in the affirmative. 25

Another pause.

Elinor, resolving to exert herself, though fearing the sound of her own voice, now said,

'Is Mrs Ferrars at Longstaple?' 30

'At Longstaple!' he replied, with an air of surprise – 'No, my mother is in town.'

'I meant,' said Elinor, taking up some work from the table, 'to inquire after Mrs Edward Ferrars.'

She dared not look up; – but her mother and Marianne both turned their eyes on him. He coloured, seemed perplexed, looked doubtingly, and after some hesitation, said, 35

'Perhaps you mean – my brother – you mean Mrs – Mrs Robert Ferrars.'

'Mrs Robert Ferrars!' – was repeated by Marianne and her mother, in an accent of the utmost amazement; – and though Elinor could not speak, even *her* eyes were fixed on him with the same impatient wonder. 40

Chapter 48

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

- 4 **Either** (a) '... a man is moore resonable
Than womman is ...'

How far and in what ways does *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* support this comment from the Wife?

- 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*.

Whan they be comen to the court, this knyght
Seyde he had holde his day, as he hadde hight,
And redy was his answepe, as he sayde.
Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
And many a wydwe, for that they been wise, 5
The queene hirself sittynge as a justise,
Assembled been, his answepe for to heere;
And afterward this knyght was bode appeere.
To every wight comanded was silence,
And that the knyght sholde telle in audience 10
What thyng that worldly wommen loven best.
This knyght ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
But to his questioun anon answerde
With manly voys, that al the court it herde:
"My lige lady, generally," quod he, 15
"Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee
As wel over hir housbond as hir love,
And for to been in maistrie hym above.
This is youre mooste desir, thogh ye me kille.
Dooth as yow list; I am heer at youre wille." 20
In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
Ne wydwe, that contraried that he sayde,
But seyden he was worthy han his lyf.
And with that word up stirte the olde wyf,
Which that the knyght saugh sittynge on the grene: 25
"Mercy," quod she, "my sovereyn lady queene!
Er that youre court departe, do me right.
I taughte this answepe unto the knyght;
For which he plighte me his trouthe there,
The firste thyng that I wolde hym requere, 30
He wolde it do, if it lay in his myghte.
Bifore the court thanne preye I thee, sir knyght,"
Quod she, "that thou me take unto thy wyf;
For wel thou woost that I have kept thy lyf.
If I seye fals, sey nay, upon thy fey!" 35
This knyght answerde, "Allas! and weylawey!
I woot right wel that swich was my biheste.
For Goddes love, as chees a newe requeste!
Taak al my good, and lat my body go."
"Nay, thanne," quod she, "I shrewe us bothe two! 40
For thogh that I be foul, and oold, and poore,
I nolde for al the metal, ne for oore,
That under erthe is grave, or lith above,
But if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love."

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'I want my son to be even wi' these fellows as have got the start o' me with havin' better schoolin'.'

Discuss Eliot's presentation of education in the light of Mr Tulliver's comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'Alone, Maggie?' said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

'Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?'

'No,' said Tom, stepping into the boat, 'I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it; I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie.'

5

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water – he face to face with Maggie – that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force – it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision which he had fancied so keen and clear – that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other; Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face, Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent, and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter, the old childish 'Magsie!'

10

15

20

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep sob of that mysterious wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

As soon as she could speak, she said, 'We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest.'

Tom rowed with untired vigour and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

25

'Park House stands high up out of the flood,' said Maggie. 'Perhaps they have got Lucy there.'

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them – in dreadful clearness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger and shouted, 'Get out of the current!'

30

35

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

40

'It is coming, Maggie!' Tom said in a deep hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water. 45

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together. 50

Book 7, Chapter 5

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

6 **Either** (a) 'Clym's tragedy is that he never understands the women in his life.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on the role and characterisation of Clym Yeobright?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationships presented here.

'I have come,' said the man, who was Wildeve. 'You give me no peace. Why do you not leave me alone? I have seen your bonfire all the evening.' The words were not without emotion, and retained their level tone as if by a careful equipoise between imminent extremes.

At this unexpectedly repressing manner in her lover the girl seemed to repress herself also. 'Of course you have seen my fire,' she answered with languid calmness, artificially maintained. 'Why shouldn't I have a bonfire on the Fifth of November, like other denizens of the heath?' 5

'I knew it was meant for me.'

'How did you know it? I have had no word with you since you – you chose her, and walked about with her, and deserted me entirely, as if I had never been yours life and soul so irretrievably!' 10

'Eustacia! could I forget that last autumn at this same day of the month and at this same place you lighted exactly such a fire as a signal for me to come and see you? Why should there have been a bonfire again by Captain Vye's house if not for the same purpose?' 15

'Yes, yes – I own it,' she cried under her breath, with a drowsy fervour of manner and tone which was quite peculiar to her. 'Don't begin speaking to me as you did, Damon; you will drive me to say words I would not wish to say to you. I had given you up, and resolved not to think of you any more; and then I heard the news, and I came out and got the fire ready because I thought that you had been faithful to me.' 20

'What have you heard to make you think that?' said Wildeve, astonished.

'That you did not marry her!' she murmured exultingly. 'And I knew it was because you loved me best, and couldn't do it ... Damon, you have been cruel to me to go away, and I have said I would never forgive you. I do not think I can forgive you entirely, even now – it is too much for a woman of any spirit to quite overlook.' 25

'If I had known you wished to call me up here only to reproach me, I wouldn't have come.'

'But I don't mind it, and I do forgive you now that you have not married her, and have come back to me!' 30

'Who told you that I had not married her?'

'My grandfather. He took a long walk to-day, and as he was coming home he overtook some person who told him of a broken-off wedding: he thought it might be yours; and I knew it was.' 35

'Does anybody else know?'

'I suppose not. Now Damon, do you see why I lit my signal fire? You did not think I would have lit it if I had imagined you to have become the husband of this woman. It is insulting my pride to suppose that.' 40

Wildeve was silent: it was evident that he had supposed as much.

'Did you indeed think I believed you were married?' she again demanded earnestly. 'Then you wronged me; and upon my life and heart I can hardly bear to recognize that you have such ill thoughts of me! Damon, you are not worthy of me:'

I see it, and yet I love you. Never mind: let it go – I must bear your mean opinion as best I may ... It is true, is it not,' she added with ill-concealed anxiety, on his making no demonstration, 'that you could not bring yourself to give me up, and are still going to love me best of all?'

45

Book 1, Chapter 6

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?'
(from *Sleep and Poetry*)

Referring closely to **three** poems, discuss your own response to Keats's poetry, with this quotation in mind.

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

To Fanny

I

Physician Nature! let my spirit blood!
O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;
Throw me upon thy tripod till the flood
Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast.
A theme! a theme! Great Nature! give a theme; 5
Let me begin my dream.
I come – I see thee, as thou standest there,
Beckon me out into the wintry air.

II

Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,
And hopes, and joys, and panting miseries, 10
Tonight, if I may guess, thy beauty wears
A smile of such delight,
As brilliant and as bright,
As when with ravished, aching, vassal eyes,
Lost in a soft amaze, 15
I gaze, I gaze!

III

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon!
Ah! keep that hand unravished at the least;
Let, let, the amorous burn – 20
But, prithee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O save, in charity,
The quickest pulse for me!

IV

Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe 25
Voluptuous visions into the warm air,
Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath,
Be like an April day,
Smiling and cold and gay,
A temperate lily, temperate as fair, 30
Then Heaven, there will be
A warmer June for me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Rossetti's presentation of religious faith. 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 poetic methods and concerns.

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

5

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