
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/52

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2014

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 **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true
 I do engage my life.

- Duke Senior:* Welcome, young man. 45
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
 To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot; 50
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, 55
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.
- Jaques:* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life, 60
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court.
- Jaques De Boys:* He hath.
- Jaques:* To him will I. Out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd
 [To Duke] You to your former honour I bequeath; 65
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
 [To Orlando] You to a love that your true faith doth merit;
 [To Oliver] You to your land, and love, and great allies;
 [To Silvius] You to a long and well-deserved bed;
 [To Touchstone] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage 70
 Is but for two months victuall'd. – So to your pleasures;
 I am for other than for dancing measures.
- Duke Senior:* Stay, Jaques, stay.
- Jaques:* To see no pastime I. What you would have
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.] 75
- Duke Senior:* Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance. Exeunt.]

Act 5, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

2 **Either** (a) 'Too proud to be a tragic hero ...'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of Caius Marcius Coriolanus?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

Cominius: Who's yonder
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Marcus: Come I too late? 5

Cominius: The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Marcus: Come I too late?

Cominius: Ay, if you come not in the blood of others. 10
But mantled in your own.

Marcus: O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward. 15

Cominius: Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Marcus: As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning th' other; 20
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Cominius: Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? 25
Where is he? Call him hither.

Marcus: Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,
The common file – a plague! tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge 30
From rascals worse than they.

Cominius: But how prevail'd you?

Marcus: Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so? 35

Cominius: Marcus,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Marcus: How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust? 40

Cominius: As I guess, Marcus,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

- Marcius:* I do beseech you, 45
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by th' vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 50
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
- Cominius:* Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 55
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
- Marcius:* Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here –
As it were sin to doubt – that love this painting 60
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded, 65
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
- [They all shout and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms and cast up their caps.]*
- O, me alone! Make you a sword of me? 70
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest 75
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd.

Act 1, Scene 6

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

3 **Either** (a) 'No-one can ever be in love more than once in their life.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of Marianne in the light of this quotation from the novel.

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

Not so, the Miss Steeles. – They came from Exeter, well provided with admiration for the use of Sir John Middleton, his family, and all his relations, and no niggardly proportion was now dealt out to his fair cousins, whom they declared to be the most beautiful, elegant, accomplished and agreeable girls they had ever beheld, and with whom they were particularly anxious to be better acquainted. – 5
And to be better acquainted therefore, Elinor soon found was their inevitable lot, for as Sir John was entirely on the side of the Miss Steeles, their party would be too strong for opposition, and that kind of intimacy must be submitted to, which consists of sitting an hour or two together in the same room almost every day. Sir John could do no more; but he did not know that any more was required; to be 10
together was, in his opinion, to be intimate, and while his continual schemes for their meeting were effectual, he had not a doubt of their being established friends.

To do him justice, he did every thing in his power to promote their unreserve, by making the Miss Steeles acquainted with whatever he knew or supposed of his cousins' situations in the most delicate particulars, – and Elinor had not seen them 15
more than twice, before the eldest of them wished her joy on her sister's having been so lucky as to make a conquest of a very smart beau since she came to Barton.

'Twill be a fine thing to have her married so young to be sure,' said she, 'and I hear he is quite a beau, and prodigious handsome. And I hope you may have as 20
good luck yourself soon, – but perhaps you may have a friend in the corner already.'

Elinor could not suppose that Sir John would be more nice in proclaiming his suspicions of her regard for Edward, than he had been with respect to Marianne; indeed it was rather his favourite joke of the two, as being somewhat newer and 25
more conjectural; and since Edward's visit, they had never dined together, without his drinking to her best affections with so much significancy and so many nods and winks, as to excite general attention. The letter F— had been likewise invariably brought forward, and found productive of such countless jokes, that its character as the wittiest letter in the alphabet had been long established with Elinor.

The Miss Steeles, as she expected, had now all the benefit of these jokes, and 30
in the eldest of them they raised a curiosity to know the name of the gentleman alluded to, which, though often impertinently expressed, was perfectly of a piece with her general inquisitiveness into the concerns of their family. But Sir John did not sport long with the curiosity which he delighted to raise, for he had at least as much pleasure in telling the name, as Miss Steele had in hearing it. 35

'His name is Ferrars,' said he, in a very audible whisper; 'but pray do not tell it, for it's a great secret.'

'Ferrars!' repeated Miss Steele; 'Mr Ferrars is the happy man, is he? What! your sister-in-law's brother, Miss Dashwood? a very agreeable young man to be 40
sure; I know him very well.'

‘How can you say so, Anne?’ cried Lucy, who generally made an amendment to all her sister’s assertions. ‘Though we have seen him once or twice at my uncle’s, it is rather too much to pretend to know him very well.’

Elinor heard all this with attention and surprise. ‘And who was this uncle? Where did he live? How came they acquainted?’ She wished very much to have the subject continued, though she did not chuse to join in it herself; but nothing more of it was said, and for the first time in her life, she thought Mrs Jennings deficient either in curiosity after petty information, or in a disposition to communicate it. The manner in which Miss Steele had spoken of Edward, increased her curiosity; for it struck her as being rather ill-natured, and suggested the suspicion of that lady’s knowing, or fancying herself to know something to his disadvantage. – But her curiosity was unavailing, for no farther notice was taken of Mr Ferrars’s name by Miss Steele when alluded to, or even openly mentioned by Sir John.

45

50

Chapter 21

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

- 4 **Either** (a) 'An unexpectedly dull tale after the entertainment of the Prologue.'

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

- 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*.

Now, sire, now wol I telle forth my tale.
 As evere moote I drynken wyn or ale,
 I shal seye sooth, tho housbondes that I hadde,
 As thre of hem were goode, and two were badde. 5
 The thre were goode men, and riche, and olde;
 Unnethe myghte they the statut holde
 In which that they were bounden unto me.
 Ye woot wel what I meene of this, pardee!
 As help me God, I laughe whan I thynke 10
 How pitously a-nyght I made hem swynke!
 And, by my fey, I tolde of it no stoor.
 They had me yeven hir lond and hir tresoor;
 Me neded nat do lenger diligence
 To wynne hir love, or doon hem reverence. 15
 They loved me so wel, by God above,
 That I ne tolde no deyntee of hir love!
 A wys womman wol bisye hire evere in oon
 To gete hire love, ye, ther as she hath noon.
 But sith I hadde hem hoolly in myn hond, 20
 And sith they hadde me yeven al hir lond,
 What sholde I taken keep hem for to plese,
 But it were for my profit and myn ese?
 I sette hem so a-werke, by my fey,
 That many a nyght they songen 'weilawey!' 25
 The bacon was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
 That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe.
 I governed hem so wel, after my lawe,
 That ech of hem ful blisful was and fawe
 To brynge me gaye thynges fro the fayre. 30
 They were ful glad whan I spak to hem faire;
 For, God it woot, I chidde hem spitously.
 Now herkneth hou I baar me proprely,
 Ye wise wyves, that kan understonde.
 Thus shulde ye speke and bere hem wrong on honde; 35
 For half so boldely kan ther no man
 Swere and lyen, as a womman kan.
 I sey nat this by wyves that been wyse,
 But if it be whan they hem mysavysse.
 A wys wyf shal, if that she kan hir good, 40
 Bere hym on honde that the cow is wood,
 And take witnessse of hir owene mayde
 Of hir assent; but herkneth how I sayde:
 'Sire olde kaynard, is this thyn array?
 Why is my neighebores wyf so gay?

She is honoured over al ther she gooth; 45
I sitte at hoom, I have no thrifty clooth.
What dostow at my neighebores hous?
Is she so fair? artow so amorous?
What rowne ye with oure mayde? *Benedicite!*
Sire olde lecchour, lat thy japes be! 50

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Eliot develops the role and characterisation of Maggie Tulliver through her relationships with the male characters.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

The party broke up in a very sober fashion at five o'clock. Tom remained in St. Ogg's to attend to some business, and Mr. Tulliver mounted his horse to go home, and describe the memorable things that had been said and done, to 'poor Bessy and the little wench'. The air of excitement that hung about him, was but faintly due to good cheer or any stimulus but the potent wine of triumphant joy. He did not choose any back street today, but rode slowly, with uplifted head and free glances, along the principal street all the way to the bridge. Why did he not happen to meet Wakem? The want of that coincidence vexed him and set his mind at work in an irritating way. Perhaps Wakem was gone out of town today on purpose to avoid seeing or hearing anything of an honourable action, which might well cause him some unpleasant twinges. If Wakem were to meet him then, Mr. Tulliver would look straight at him, and the rascal would perhaps be forsaken a little by his cool domineering impudence. He would know by and by that an honest man was not going to serve *him* any longer, and lend his honesty to fill a pocket already over-full of dishonest gains. Perhaps the luck was beginning to turn; perhaps the devil didn't always hold the best cards in this world. 5

Simmering in this way, Mr. Tulliver approached the yard-gates of Dorlcote Mill, near enough to see a well-known figure coming out of them on a fine black horse. They met about fifty yards from the gates, between the great chestnuts and elms and the high bank. 10

'Tulliver,' said Wakem, abruptly, in a haughtier tone than usual, 'what a fool's trick you did – spreading those hard lumps on that Far Close! I told you how it would be; but you men never learn to farm with any method.' 15

'Oh!' said Tulliver, suddenly boiling up. 'Get somebody else to farm for you, then, as'll ask *you* to teach him.' 20

'You have been drinking, I suppose,' said Wakem, really believing that this was the meaning of Tulliver's flushed face and sparkling eyes. 25

'No, I've not been drinking,' said Tulliver; 'I want no drinking to help me to make up my mind as I'll serve no longer under a scoundrel.' 30

'Very well; you may leave my premises to-morrow, then: hold your insolent tongue and let me pass.' (Tulliver was backing his horse across the road to hem Wakem in.)

'No, I *shan't* let you pass,' said Tulliver, getting fiercer. 'I shall tell you what I think of you first. You're too big a raskill to get hanged – you're' 35

'Let me pass, you ignorant brute, or I'll ride over you.'

Mr. Tulliver, spurring his horse and raising his whip, made a rush forward, and Wakem's horse, rearing and staggering backward, threw his rider from the saddle and sent him sideways on the ground. Wakem had had the presence of mind to loose the bridle at once, and as the horse only staggered a few paces and then stood still, he might have risen and remounted without more inconvenience than a bruise and a shake. But before he could rise, Tulliver was off his horse too. The sight of the long-hated predominant man down and in his power, threw him into a frenzy of triumphant vengeance, which seemed to give him preternatural agility and strength. He rushed on Wakem, who was in the act of trying to recover his feet, grasped him by the left arm so as to press Wakem's whole weight on the right arm, which rested on the ground, 40 45

and flogged him fiercely across the back with his riding-whip. Wakem shouted for help, but no help came, until a woman's scream was heard, and the cry of 'Father, father!'

Book 5, Chapter 7

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Hardy's presentation of Thomasin's relationship with Diggory Venn, considering the significance of this relationship to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

While they both hung thus in hesitation a dull sound became audible above the storm and wind. Its origin was unmistakable – it was the fall of a body into the stream in the adjoining mead, apparently at a point near the weir.

Both started. 'Good God! can it be she?' said Clym.

'Why should it be she?' said Wildeve, in his alarm forgetting that he had hitherto screened himself. 5

'Ah! – that's you, you traitor, is it?' cried Yeobright. 'Why should it be she? Because last week she would have put an end to her life if she had been able. She ought to have been watched! Take one of the lamps and come with me.'

Yeobright seized the one on his side and hastened on; Wildeve did not wait to unfasten the other, but followed at once along the meadow-track to the weir, a little in the rear of Clym. 10

Shadwater Weir had at its foot a large circular pool, fifty feet in diameter, into which the water flowed through ten huge hatches, raised and lowered by a winch and cogs in the ordinary manner. The sides of the pool were of masonry, to prevent the water from washing away the bank; but the force of the stream in winter was sometimes such as to undermine the retaining wall and precipitate it into the hole. Clym reached the hatches, the framework of which was shaken to its foundations by the velocity of the current. Nothing but the froth of the waves could be discerned in the pool below. He got upon the plank bridge over the race, and holding to the rail, that the wind might not blow him off, crossed to the other side of the river. There he leant over the wall and lowered the lamp, only to behold the vortex formed at the curl of the returning current. 15 20

Wildeve meanwhile had arrived on the former side, and the light from Yeobright's lamp shed a flecked and agitated radiance across the weir-pool, revealing to the ex-engineer the tumbling courses of the currents from the hatches above. Across this gashed and puckered mirror a dark body was slowly borne by one of the backward currents. 25

'O, my darling!' exclaimed Wildeve in an agonized voice; and, without showing sufficient presence of mind even to throw off his great-coat, he leaped into the boiling caldron. 30

Yeobright could now also discern the floating body, though but indistinctly; and imagining from Wildeve's plunge that there was life to be saved he was about to leap after. Bethinking himself of a wiser plan he placed the lamp against a post to make it stand upright, and running round to the lower part of the pool, where there was no wall, he sprang in and boldly waded upwards towards the deeper portion. Here he was taken off his legs, and in swimming was carried round into the centre of the basin, where he perceived Wildeve struggling. 35

Book 5, Chapter 9

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects of Keats's use of the past in his poetry. 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 extract from the poem 'Ode to a Nightingale', relating it to Keats's methods and concerns in this and other poems in your selection.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild – 5
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 10

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 15
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain –
 To thy high requiem become a sod. 20

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 25
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. 30

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades 35
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music – Do I wake or sleep? 40

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

8 **Either** (a) *Beatrice*: 'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.'

How far do you find that Middleton's presentation of Beatrice in *The Changeling* suggests she is shamed by her actions?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Vermandero: Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Alsemero: The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love.

Vermandero: I had her fellow once, sir, 5
But heaven has married her to joys eternal,
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.

Alsemero: I hear the beauty of this seat largely. 10

Vermandero: It falls much short of that. [*Exeunt. Manet BEATRICE.*]

Beatrice: So, here's one step
Into my father's favour, time will fix him,
I have got him now the liberty of the house,
So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom; 15
And if that eye be dark'ned that offends me,
I wait but that eclipse; this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

Enter DEFLORES. 20

Deflores: [*Aside*] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the
deed
I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense, that I set down for't.

Beatrice: Deflores. 25

Deflores: Lady.

Beatrice: Thy looks promise cheerfully.

Deflores: All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes and my service.

Beatrice: Is it done then? 30

Deflores: Piracquo is no more.

Beatrice: My joys start at mine eyes, our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

Deflores: I've a token for you.

Beatrice: For me? 35

Deflores: But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the ring without the finger.
[Shows the finger.]

Beatrice: Bless me! what hast thou done?

- Deflores:* Why, is that more 40
 Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings.
 A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court
 In a mistake, hath had as much as this.
- Beatrice:* 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
- Deflores:* And I made him send it back again 45
 For his last token, I was loath to leave it,
 And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
 He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck,
 As if the flesh and it were both one substance.
- Beatrice:* At the stag's fall the keeper has his fees: 50
 'Tis soon apply'd, all dead men's fees are yours, sir;
 I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
 You may make use on shortly, the true value,
 Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.
- Deflores:* 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience, tho', 55
 To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.
 Well, being my fees I'll take it,
 Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
 Would scorn the way on't.
- Beatrice:* It might justly, sir: 60
 Why, thou mistak'st Deflores, 'tis not given
 In state of recompense.
- Deflores:* No, I hope so, Lady,
 You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

Act 3, Scene 3

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