

An Roinn Oideachais agus Eolaíochta

M.9

Leaving Certificate Examination, 2000

# **ENGLISH - ORDINARY LEVEL - PAPER 1**

**Total Marks: 190**

**WEDNESDAY, 7 JUNE - MORNING, 9.45 - 12.05**

Both sections of this paper (Composition and Unprescribed Prose)

must be attempted.

## I. COMPOSITION - (100 marks)

Write a prose composition on **one** of the following:

- (a) "Success in life." What this means to me.
- (b) Imagine that you are a newspaper reporter and that your editor has asked you to report on **one** of the following: a pop concert, a fashion show, a protest march. Write this report.
- (c) "The twentieth century: humanity's century of shame."
- (d) What I would like to say to God.
- (e) "Dear Examiner,  
I cannot find anything interesting to write about any of the composition titles on this examination paper. I would prefer, with your permission, to tell you what I think about the Leaving Certificate English course which I have just completed."  
Continue this letter. Do not use your own name when signing it.
- (f) Your experience (real or imaginary) of **one** of the following:
  - (i) A plan that went badly wrong.
  - (ii) Bullying in school.
  - (iii) An unfriendly neighbour.
  - (iv) Helping a friend.
  - (v) Catching a big fish.
  - (vi) A visit to the school principal's office.

## II. UNPRESCRIBED PROSE - (90 marks)

Read the following passage carefully, and then answer **question A and either question B or question C**.  
(Questions A, B, C carry 45 marks each.)

1. The high point of Welsh musical expression is its choirs. These choirs make up a great reservoir of talent and offer so many performances of such astonishing quality for so small a country. These are the true voice of the people.
2. At the beginning of this century, every chapel (church) had its own choir and its own amateur theatre and there was scarcely a village that could not boast of at least four chapels, or even as many as a dozen. Every community, every district and every county held its own regular Eisteddfod (Feis), a contest for singers and poets, the winners being honoured with crowns or miniature harps.
3. And even when the religious fires were dampened, the singing continued. The chapels became empty, but the choirs remained. Then they, too, began to dwindle, and now there are problems. 'Young people today are more interested in pop music than in real art', complains the general secretary of one famous male voice choir. And in the most legendary of all the Rhondda choirs, the Pendyrus Male Voice Choir, which once consisted only of miners, there is not one single pitman left, for all the mines have closed. The quality of the valley choirs has diminished, claim the cynics, because the clerks and managers and all the other new singers lack the special musical quality of coaldust in the lungs. But even today there are still more than 300 choirs in Wales. They have long since lost their original, religious purpose, but they follow their own ritual.

4. The most passionate of all Welsh choirs is to be found neither in chapel nor at the Eisteddfod, but at Cardiff Arms Park, the home of Welsh rugby football. Together with singing, rugby is the national passion. Its stars are like gods, and great names from the past live on as legends in the valleys. ‘There are no heroes like rugby heroes,’ wrote *The Times* on an occasion when the English bit the dust in Cardiff. Beating England at rugby is Welsh revenge for battles lost against England in the past. They sing ‘Land of my Fathers’ – the Welsh national anthem – and the great stadium echoes with the massed voices of the mighty choir. This special atmosphere is so intoxicating and so unique, with its hymns and choirs and cheers, that it has even been captured on a record: ‘The Sound of Welsh Rugby’. And he who has a ticket has a treasure beyond price. A popular joke tells of an empty seat at an international. A man in the row behind can’t believe it, and taps the shoulder of the man next to the empty seat. ‘Whose seat’s that?’, he asks. – ‘My wife’s.’ – ‘Then where is she?’ – ‘Dead.’ – ‘What, man, couldn’t you have given the ticket to her brother?’ – ‘I did, but the idiot insisted on going to her funeral today.’
5. In England rugby is a game, but in Wales it’s a national drug. Yet rugby originated in the English town of Rugby – in fact, at the public school there, in 1823. At least, so legend says. The Welsh, never at a loss for a story, especially if it’s a story that will put them one up on the English, tell a different tale. The historian, George Owen, describes a ballgame played in 1603 between two villages, with each side using every means possible to stop the other from carrying the ball into their own village. The battle raged for hours over hill and dale, hedge and stream, and then at last both sides went home in their hundreds, ‘with broken heads, black faces, bruised bodies, and lame legs, yet laughing and merrily jesting at their harms.’
6. Whoever it was that started the great punch-up, the fact remains that the Welsh see the origins of rugby in a game played between peasants out in the open fields, while the English attribute it to the upper-class pupils of a public school. And while some regard the sophisticated refinements of cricket as being England’s national sport, there is no doubt that the blood and thunder of rugby is that of Wales. Rugby was a sport that could easily catch on in a relatively poor country like Wales: a contact sport tailor-made for miners and steel workers. Its technical requirements are few and inexpensive – little more than a field, a ball, and a set of posts. The mining communities of South Wales swiftly took it to their hearts, this brawl that roused the old warrior spirit and allowed their patriotic fervour to express itself on new, less dangerous battlefields.

- A. Write out briefly the **main points** made by the writer in paragraphs **4, 5** and **6** of the above passage. (45)
- B. (i) “The high point of Welsh musical expression is its choirs.”  
Show how the writer supports this statement in paragraphs **1, 2** and **3**. (15)
- (ii) From your reading of the passage, do you think the writer likes the Welsh people?  
Support your answer by reference to the passage. (15)
- (iii) Would you agree that there is a humorous tone running through this passage?  
Explain your answer. (15)
- C. (i) What reasons are given in the passage for the decline in the number and in the quality of choirs in Wales? (15)
- (ii) What impression do you get of the Welsh and the English from the above passage? (15)
- (iii) Is the writer of this passage, in your opinion, a good writer?  
Support your answer by reference to the passage. (15)

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**ENGLISH - ORDINARY LEVEL - PAPER II**

**Total Marks: 210**

**WEDNESDAY, 7 JUNE – AFTERNOON, 2.00 – 5.20**

All three sections of this paper  
(Drama, Poetry, and Fiction) must be attempted.

Candidates are advised -

- (a) to note carefully the choice of questions available in each section;
- (b) to spend no more than ten minutes deciding which question or set of questions they will answer in any one section;
- (c) to ensure that they write their answers clearly and to the point.

**I. DRAMA - (70 Marks)**

Candidates must answer on **one play only, A or B or C.**

**A.**

**HAMLET : Act III, Scene I**

OPHELIA: Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET: I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

OPHELIA: My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

HAMLET: No, no,

I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA: My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,

As made the things more rich, their perfume left:

Take these again for to the noble mind,

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There my Lord.

HAMLET: Ha, ha : are you honest?

OPHELIA: My Lord.

HAMLET: Are you fair?

OPHELIA: What means your Lordship?

HAMLET: That if you be honest and fair, your honesty

should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA: Could beauty my Lord, have better commerce  
than with honesty?

HAMLET: Ay truly : for the power of beauty will sooner  
transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd, than  
the force of honesty can translate beauty into his  
likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the  
time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA: Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET: You should not have believed me. For virtue  
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish  
of it. I loved you not.

OPHELIA: I was the more deceived.

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be  
a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,  
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were  
better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud,  
revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck,  
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to  
give them shape, or time to act them in. What should  
such fellows as I do, crawling between Heaven and  
earth? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us.  
Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA: At home, my Lord.

HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may  
play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O help him, you sweet Heavens.

HAMLET: If thou dost marry. I'll give thee this plague for  
thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,  
thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nun-  
nery. Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,  
marry a fool: for wise men know well enough, what  
monsters you make of them. To a nunnery go, and  
quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O heavenly powers, restore him.

HAMLET: I have heard of your paintings too well enough.  
God has given you one face, and you make your  
another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and  
nick-name God's creatures, and make your wanton-  
ness, your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it  
hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more  
marriages. Those that are married already, all but  
one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a  
nunnery, go.

*Exit Hamlet*

OPHELIA: O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,  
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down.  
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows :  
Now see that noble, and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,  
T' have seen what I have seen : see what I see.

SHAKESPEARE

Having read the above extract, answer **one** of the following questions **1 or 2 or 3**.

1. (a) Describe Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia in the above extract and suggest reasons as to why he acts in this way towards her. (30)
- (b) From your study of the play as a whole, do you think Hamlet was mad? Support the points you make by reference to the play. (40)
2. (a) What impression do you get of the character of Ophelia from the above extract? Support your answer with close reference to the extract. (30)
- (b) "Throughout the play, Ophelia is treated in a harsh and uncaring manner by those who have dealings with her."  
Discuss this statement, supporting your answer by reference to or quotation from the play. (40)
3. (a) What impression do you get of Polonius from your study of the play? Support your answer by reference to or quotation from the play. (30)
- (b) Discuss the importance of the role of Polonius in the play. Support the points you make by reference to the play. (40)

**B.****Death of a Salesman - Act II**

*Music is heard, gay and bright. The curtain rises as the music fades away. Willy, in shirt sleeves, is sitting at the kitchen table, sipping coffee, his hat in his lap. Linda is filling his cup when she can.*

WILLY: Wonderful coffee. Meal in itself.

LINDA: Can I make you some eggs?

WILLY: No. Take a breath.

LINDA: You look so rested, dear.

WILLY: I slept like a dead one. First time in months. Imagine, sleeping till ten on a Tuesday morning. Boys left nice and early, heh?

LINDA: They were out of here by eight o'clock.

WILLY: Good work!

LINDA: It was so thrilling to see them leaving together. I can't get over the shaving lotion in this house!

WILLY, *smiling*: Mmm—

LINDA: Biff was very changed this morning. His whole attitude seemed to be hopeful. He couldn't wait to get downtown to see Oliver.

WILLY: He's heading for a change. There's no question, there simply are certain men that take longer to get—solidified. How did he dress.

LINDA: His blue suit. He's so handsome in that suit. He could be a— anything in that suit!

*Willy gets up from the table. Linda holds his jacket for him.*

WILLY: There's no question, no question at all. Gee, on the way home tonight I'd like to buy some seeds.

LINDA, *laughing*: That'd be wonderful. But not enough sun gets back there. Nothing'll grow any more.

WILLY: You wait, kid, before it's all over we're gonna get a little place out in the country, and I'll raise some vegetables, a couple of chickens . . .

LINDA: You'll do it yet, dear.

*Willy walks out of his jacket. Linda follows him.*

WILLY: And they'll get married, and come for a weekend. I'd build a little guest house. 'Cause I got so many fine tools, all I'd need would be a little lumber and some peace of mind.

LINDA, *joyfully*: I sewed the lining . . .

WILLY: I could build two guest houses, so they'd both come. Did he decide how much he's going to ask Oliver for?

LINDA, *getting him into the jacket*: He didn't mention it, but I imagine ten or fifteen thousand. You going to talk to Howard today?

WILLY: Yeah. I'll put it to him straight and simple. He'll just have to take me off the road.

LINDA: And Willy, don't forget to ask for a little advance, because we've got the insurance premium. It's the grace period now.

WILLY: That's a hundred . . .?

LINDA: A hundred and eight, sixty-eight. Because we're a little short again.

WILLY: Why are we short?

LINDA: Well, you had the motor job on the car . . .

WILLY: That goddam Studebaker!

LINDA: And you got one more payment on the refrigerator . . .

WILLY: But it just broke again!

LINDA: Well, it's old, dear.

WILLY: I told you we should've bought a well-advertised machine. Charley bought a General Electric and it's twenty years old and it's still good, that son-of-a-bitch.

LINDA: But, Willy—

WILLY: Whoever heard of a Hastings refrigerator? Once in my life I would like to own something outright before it's broken! I'm always in a race with the junkyard! I just finished paying for the car and it's on its last legs. The refrigerator consumes belts like a goddam maniac. They time those things. They time them so when you finally paid for them, they're used up.

LINDA, *buttoning up his jacket as he unbuttons it*: All told, about two hundred dollars would carry us, dear. But that includes the last payment on the mortgage. After this payment, Willy, the house belongs to us.

WILLY: It's twenty-five years!

LINDA: Biff was nine years old when we bought it.

WILLY: Well, that's a great thing. To weather a twenty-five year mortgage is—

LINDA: It's an accomplishment.

WILLY: All the cement, the lumber, the reconstruction I put in this house! There ain't a crack to be found in it any more.

LINDA: Well, it served its purpose.

WILLY: What purpose? Some stranger'll come along, move in, and that's that. If only Biff would take this house, and raise a family . . . *He starts to go.* Good-by, I'm late.

LINDA, *suddenly remembering*: Oh, I forgot! You're supposed to meet them for dinner.

WILLY: Me?

LINDA: At Frank's Chop House on Forty-eighth near Sixth Avenue.

WILLY: Is that so! How about you?

LINDA: No, just the three of you. They're gonna blow you to a big meal!

WILLY: Don't say! Who thought of that?

LINDA: Biff came to me this morning, Willy, and he said, "Tell Dad, we want to blow him to a big meal." Be there six o'clock. You and your two boys are going to have dinner.

WILLY: Gee whiz! That's really somethin'. I'm gonna knock Howard for a loop, kid. I'll get an advance, and I'll come home with a New York job. Goddammit, now I'm gonna do it!

LINDA: Oh, that's the spirit, Willy!

WILLY: I will never get behind a wheel the rest of my life!

LINDA: It's changing, Willy, I can feel it changing!

MILLER

Having read the above extract, answer **one** of the following questions **1 or 2 or 3**.

1. (a) What do we learn about Willy and Linda from the above extract?  
Support your answer by reference to the extract. (30)
- (b) “Linda is the sole member of the Loman family who is worthy of our sympathy.”  
Do you agree or disagree with this viewpoint?  
Support the points you make by reference to the play as a whole. (40)
2. (a) “It’s changing, Willy, I can feel it changing!”  
From your reading of the extract what has led Linda to make this statement? (30)
- (b) Does what happens in the remainder of the play prove that Linda was right in believing that things would change for the better for the Loman family?  
Support your answer by reference to events following this extract. (40)
3. “The troubles of the Loman family stemmed from their living in a world of dreams rather than living in the real world.”  
Discuss this statement, supporting the points you make by reference to the play. (70)



## C.

## The Playboy of the Western World: Act III

[*Hubbub outside. Old Mahon rushes in, followed by all the crowd, and Widow Quin. He makes a rush at Christy, knocks him down, and begins to beat him.*]

PEGEEN [*Dragging back his arm.*] Stop that, will you? Who are you at all?

MAHON His father, God forgive me!

PEGEEN [*Drawing back*] Is it rose from the dead?

MAHON Do you think I look so easy quenched with the tap of a loy? [*Beats Christy again.*]

PEGEEN [*Glaring at Christy.*] And it's lies you told, letting on you had him slitted, and you nothing at all.

CHRISTY [*Catching Mahon's stick.*] He's not my father. He's a raving maniac would scare the world. [*Pointing to Widow Quin.*] Herself knows it's true.

CROWD You're fooling, Pegeen! The Widow Quin seen him this day, and you likely knew! You're a liar!

CHRISTY [*Dumbfounded*] It's himself was a liar, lying stretched out with an open head on him, letting on he was dead.

MAHON Weren't you off racing the hills before I got my breath with the start I had seeing you turn on me at all?

PEGEEN And to think of the coaxing glory we had given him, and he after doing nothing but hitting a soft blow and chasing northward in a sweat of fear. Quit off from this.

CHRISTY [*Piteously*] You've seen my doings this day, and let you save me from the old man; for why would you be in such a scorch of haste to spur me to destruction now?

PEGEEN It's there your treachery is spurring me, till I'm hard set to think you're the one I'm after lacing in my heart-strings half an hour gone by. [*To Mahon.*] Take him on from this, for I think bad the world should see me raging for a Munster liar, and the fool of men.

MAHON Rise up now to retribution, and come on with me.

CROWD [*Jeeringly*] There's the playboy! There's the lad thought he'd rule the roost in Mayo! Slate him now, mister.

CHRISTY [*Getting up in shy terror.*] What is it drives you to torment me here, when I'd asked the thunders of the might of God to blast me if I ever did hurt to any saving only that one single blow.

MAHON [*Loudly*] If you didn't, you're a poor good-for-nothing, and isn't it by the like of you the sins of the whole world are committed?

CHRISTY [*Raising his hands.*] In the name of the Almighty God...

MAHON Leave troubling the Lord God. Would you have Him sending down droughts, and fevers, and the old hen and the cholera morbus?

CHRISTY [*To Widow Quin.*] Will you come between us and protect me now?

WIDOW QUIN I've tried a lot, God help me, and my share is done.

CHRISTY [*Looking round in desperation.*] And I must go back into my torment is it, or run off like a vagabond straying through the unions with the dust of August making mudstains in the gullet of my throat; or the winds of March blowing on me till I'd take an oath I felt them making whistles of my ribs within?

SARA Ask Pegeen to aid you. Her like does often change.

CHRISTY I will not, then, for there's torment in the splendour of her like, and she a girl any moon of midnight would take pride to meet, facing southwards on the heaths of Keel. But what did I want crawling forward to scorch my understanding at her flaming brow?

PEGEEN [*To Mahon, vehemently, fearing she will break into tears.*] Take him on from this or I'll set the young lads to destroy him here.

MAHON [*Going to him, shaking his stick.*] Come on now if you wouldn't have the company see you skelped.

PEGEEN [*Half laughing, through her tears.*] That's it, now the world will see him pandied, and he an ugly liar was playing off the hero, and the fright of men.

CHRISTY [*To Mahon, very sharply.*] Leave me go!

CROWD That's it. Now, Christy. If them two set fighting, it will lick the world.

MAHON [*Making a grab at Christy.*] Come here to me.

CHRISTY [*More threateningly*] Leave me go, I'm saying.

MAHON I will, maybe, when your legs is limping and your back is blue.

CROWD Keep it up, the two of you. I'll back the old one. Now the playboy.

CHRISTY [*In low and intense voice.*] Shut your yelling, for if you're after making a mighty man of me this day by the power of a lie, you're setting me now to think if it's a poor thing to be lonesome it's worse, maybe, go mixing with the fools of earth. [*Mahon makes a movement towards him.*]

SYNGE

Having read the above extract, answer **one** of the following questions **1 or 2 or 3**.

1. (a) What impression do you get of Old Mahon from the above extract?  
Support your answer by reference to the extract. (30)
- (b) “Old Mahon plays a central role in *The Playboy of the Western World*.”  
Discuss this statement, supporting the points you make by reference to the play. (40)
2. (a) “This is one of the most important scenes in the play.”  
Do you agree with this statement?  
Support your answer by reference to the extract. (30)
- (b) From your study of the play as a whole, was Christy Mahon, in your opinion, a hero or a “Munster liar, and the fool of men”?  
Support the points you make by reference to the play. (40)
3. “*The Playboy of the Western World* is a mixture of the comic and the tragic.”  
Discuss this statement, supporting your answer by reference to the play. (70)

## II. POETRY - (70 Marks)

Answer A or B or C.

A.

### Sonnet No. 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day                   5  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,                   10  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKESPEARE

1. (a) In a sentence or two say what you think is the theme of this sonnet. (10)
- (b) Show how the theme is developed in the course of the poem. (15)
  
2. Do you agree that the images in this poem are very vivid? Support your answer by reference to particular images in the poem. (25)
  
3. Answer **one** of the following:
  - (a) Is there a change of tone in the above sonnet? Support your answer by reference to the poem. (20)
  - (b) Write a note on the structure of the above sonnet, illustrating the points you make by specific references. (20)
  - (c) Which one of the five Shakespearean sonnets on your course appeals to you most? Give reasons for your choice. (20)

**B.**

**Loud is the Vale**

**Surprised by Joy**

Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty unison of streams!  
Of all her Voices, One!

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind— 5  
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return 10  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth 5  
In peace is roaring like the Sea;  
Yon star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,  
Importunate and heavy load! 10  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their stay, 15  
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;  
But when the great and good depart  
What is it more than this— 20

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return?—  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

**WORDSWORTH**

1. Outline the poet's progress of thought in **either** of the above poems. (25)
2. Both poems reflect the poet's response to the death of someone. In which do you find a more convincing sense of loss on the part of the poet? Give reasons for your answer. (25)
3. Answer **one** of the following:
  - (a) Compare these two poems from the point of view of their structure, illustrating the points you make by specific references. (20)
  - (b) What, in your opinion, is the meaning of the following lines:
    - (i) "A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss." (*Loud is the Vale*)
    - (ii) "Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss!" (*Surprised by Joy*)  
(20)
  - (c) Discuss the use Wordsworth makes of images of nature in the poem *Loud is the Vale*. (20)

C.

**The Fisherman**

Although I can see him still, The freckled man who goes To a grey place on a hill In grey Connemara clothes At dawn to cast his flies,	5	Maybe a twelvemonth since Suddenly I began, In scorn of this audience, Imagining a man, And his sun-freckled face, And grey Connemara cloth,	25 30
It's long since I began To call up to the eyes This wise and simple man. All day I'd looked in the face What I had hoped 'twould be To write for my own race And the reality; The living men that I hate, The dead man that I loved, The craven man in his seat, The insolent unreproved, And no knave brought to book Who has won a drunken cheer, The witty man and his joke Aimed at the commonest ear,	10 15 20	Climbing up to a place Where stone is dark under froth, And the down-turn of his wrist When the flies drop in the stream; A man who does not exist, A man who is but a dream; And cried, "Before I am old I shall have written him one Poem maybe as cold And passionate as the dawn."	35
The clever man who cries The catch-cries of the clown, The beating down of the wise And great Art beaten down.			

**YEATS**

1. Why is Yeats so angry with the Ireland of his time in this poem?  
Give reasons for your answer, supporting them by reference to the poem. (25)
2. Do you think this is a poem of hope or a poem of despair?  
Support the points you make by reference to the poem. (25)
3. Answer **one** of the following:
  - (a) "Yeats makes superb use of contrast in this poem."  
Discuss this statement, supporting the points you make by reference to the poem. (20)
  - (b) What, in your opinion, does Yeats mean by:  
"Before I am old  
I shall have written him one  
Poem maybe as cold  
And passionate as the dawn."  
(20)
  - (c) What, in your view, does the fisherman represent in this poem?  
Support your answer by reference to the poem. (20)

### III. Fiction - (70 Marks)

Candidates must answer **any two** of the four questions on *Emma* or **one** of the **two** questions on the modern novel.

#### A. Emma

Emma could not bear to give him pain. He was wishing to confide in her—perhaps to consult her;—cost her what it would, she would listen. She might assist his resolution, or reconcile him to it; she might give just praise to Harriet, or, by representing to him his own independence, relieve him from that state of indecision, which must be more intolerable than any alternative to such a mind as his.—They had reached the house.

‘You are going in, I suppose,’ said he.

‘No—replied Emma—quite confirmed by the depressed manner in which he still spoke—‘I should like to take another turn. Mr. Perry is not gone.’ And, after proceeding a few steps, she added—‘I stopped you ungraciously, just now, Mr. Knightley, and, I am afraid, gave you pain.—But if you have any wish to speak openly to me as a friend, or to ask my opinion of any thing that you may have in contemplation—as a friend, indeed, you may command me.—I will hear whatever you like. I will tell you exactly what I think.’

‘As a friend!’—repeated Mr. Knightley.—‘Emma, that I fear is a word—No, I have no wish—Stay, yes, why should I hesitate?—I have gone too far already for concealment.—Emma, I accept your offer—Extraordinary as it may seem, I accept it, and refer myself to you as a friend.—Tell me, then, have I no chance of ever succeeding?’

He stopped in his earnestness to look the question, and the expression of his eyes overpowered her.

‘My dearest Emma,’ said he, ‘for dearest you will always be, whatever the event of this hour’s conversation, my dearest, most beloved Emma—tell me at once. Say “No,” if it is to be said.’—She could really say nothing.—‘You are silent,’ he cried, with great animation; ‘absolutely silent! At present I ask no more.’

Emma was almost ready to sink under the agitation of this moment. The dread of being awakened from the happiest dream, was perhaps the most prominent feeling.

‘I cannot make speeches, Emma.’—he soon resumed; and in a tone of such sincere, decided, intelligible tenderness as was tolerably convincing.—‘If I loved you less, I might be able to talk about it more. But you know what I am.—You hear nothing but truth from me.—I have blamed you, and lectured you, and you have borne it as no other woman in England would have borne it.—Bear with the truths I would tell you now, dearest Emma, as well as you have borne with them. The manner, perhaps, may have as little to recommend them. God knows, I have been a very indifferent lover.—But you understand me.—Yes, you see, you understand my feelings—and will return them if you can. At present, I ask only to hear, once to hear your voice.’

While he spoke, Emma’s mind was most busy, and, with all the wonderful velocity of thought, had been able—and yet without losing a word—to catch and comprehend the exact truth of the whole; to see that Harriet’s hopes had been entirely groundless, a mistake, a delusion, as complete a delusion as any of her own—that Harriet was nothing; that she was every thing herself; that what she had been saying relative to Harriet had been all taken as the language of her own feelings; and that her agitation, her doubts, her reluctance, her discouragement, had been all received as discouragement from herself.

AUSTEN

Having read this extract answer **any two** of the following questions **1, 2, 3, 4**.

1. (a) What picture of the character of Mr. Knightley do we get from the above extract? (15)  
(b) How does this picture differ from the picture of Mr. Knightley revealed in the novel up to this point?  
Support the points you make by reference to the novel. (20)
2. (a) In the last paragraph of this extract, what is the “exact truth” that Emma comes to realise? (15)  
(b) “Emma is guilty of many mistakes in the course of the novel.”  
Do you agree with this statement?  
Support the points you make by reference to the novel. (20)
3. “A central preoccupation of the novel *Emma* is marriage.”  
Discuss this statement, supporting your answer by reference to the novel. (35)
4. “There is much to amuse us in the novel *Emma*.”  
Discuss this view, supporting your answer by reference to the novel. (35)

## **B.**

### **The Modern Novel**

Answer question **1** or question **2**.

(**N.B.** - In answering either of the following questions you may **not** take *Emma* as a modern novel.)

1. (a) Describe an incident from a modern novel on your course where one of the characters was treated cruelly or unfairly. (30)
- (b) Outline the effect this incident had on this character. (40)

**OR**

2. Novels are mostly about relationships between characters.
  - (a) Describe the relationship between any two significant characters in a modern novel on your course. (30)
  - (b) How important, in your opinion, was this relationship in the development of the story?  
Support the points you make by reference to the novel. (40)