



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/53**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**May/June 2013**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.





## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Shakespeare contrast life in the Forest with life in the court?
- 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.

*Duke Senior:* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaques:* All the world's a stage, 5  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, 10  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad 15  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, 20  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, 25  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, 30  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

[*Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.*

*Duke Senior:* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden. 35  
And let him feed.

*Orlando:* I thank you most for him.

*Adam:* So had you need;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.



*Duke Senior:* Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you  
As yet to question you about your fortunes.  
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

*Song.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou are not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

45

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly!  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

50

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp

55

As friend rememb'red not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

*Duke Senior:* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke  
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

60

65

Act 2, Scene 7



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of the Volscians contribute to the meaning and effects of the play *Coriolanus*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and action, discuss the following passage showing what it contributes to your understanding of the play.

*Valeria:* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Volumnia:* Sweet madam!

*Virgilia:* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Valeria:* How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son? 5

*Virgilia:* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Volumnia:* He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Valeria:* O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him a Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirm'd countenance! I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it. O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it! 10

*Volumnia:* One on's father's moods.

*Valeria:* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Virgilia:* A crack, madam. 15

*Valeria:* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Virgilia:* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Valeria:* Not out of doors!

*Volumnia:* She shall, she shall. 20

*Virgilia:* Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Valeria:* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Virgilia:* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither. 25

*Volumnia:* Why, I pray you?

*Virgilia:* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Valeria:* You would be another Penelope; yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 30

*Virgilia:* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

*Valeria:* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 35

40



- Virgilia:* O, good madam, there can be none yet.
- Valeria:* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.
- Virgilia:* Indeed, madam? 45
- Valeria:* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us. 50
- Virgilia:* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.
- Volumnia:* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 55
- Valeria:* In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door and go along with us.
- Virgilia:* No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth. 60
- Valeria:* Well then, farewell.

Act 1, Scene 3



## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Lucy Steele and John Willoughby.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

He shortly afterwards drew a chair close to her's, and, with a look which perfectly assured her of his good information, inquired after her sister.

'Marianne is not well,' said she. 'She has been indisposed all day, and we have persuaded her to go to bed.'

'Perhaps, then,' he hesitatingly replied, 'what I heard this morning may be – 5  
there may be more truth in it than I could believe possible at first.'

'What did you hear?'

'That a gentleman, whom I had reason to think – in short, that a man, whom I 10  
*knew* to be engaged – but how shall I tell you? If you know it already, as surely you must, I may be spared.'

'You mean,' answered Elinor with forced calmness, 'Mr Willoughby's marriage with Miss Grey. Yes, we *do* know it all. This seems to have been a day of general elucidation, for this very morning first unfolded it to us. Mr Willoughby is unfathomable! Where did you hear it?'

'In a stationer's shop in Pall Mall, where I had business. Two ladies were waiting 15  
for their carriage, and one of them was giving the other an account of the intended match, in a voice so little attempting concealment, that it was impossible for me not to hear all. The name of Willoughby, John Willoughby, frequently repeated, first caught my attention, and what followed was a positive assertion that every thing was now finally settled respecting his marriage with Miss Grey – it was no longer 20  
to be a secret – it would take place even within a few weeks, with many particulars of preparations and other matters. One thing, especially, I remember, because it served to identify the man still more: – as soon as the ceremony was over, they were to go to Combe Magna, his seat in Somersetshire. My astonishment! – but it would be impossible to describe what I felt. The communicative lady I learnt, on inquiry, for 25  
I staid in the shop till they were gone, was a Mrs Ellison, and that, as I have been since informed, is the name of Miss Grey's guardian.'

'It is. But have you likewise heard that Miss Grey has fifty thousands pounds? In that, if in any thing, we may find an explanation.'

'It may be so; but Willoughby is capable – at least I think' – he stopped a 30  
moment; then added in a voice which seemed to distrust itself, 'And your sister – how did she –'

'Her sufferings have been very severe. I have only to hope that they may be proportionately short. It has been, it is a most cruel affliction. Till yesterday, I believe, she never doubted his regard; and even now, perhaps – but I am almost convinced 35  
that he never was really attached to her. He has been very deceitful! and, in some points, there seems a hardness of heart about him.'

'Ah!' said Colonel Brandon, 'there is, indeed! But your sister does not – I think you said so – she does not consider it quite as you do?'

'You know her disposition, and may believe how eagerly she would still justify 40  
him if she could.'



He made no answer; and soon afterwards, by the removal of the tea-things and the arrangement of the card parties, the subject was necessarily dropped. Mrs Jennings, who had watched them with pleasure while they were talking, and who expected to see the effect of Miss Dashwood's communication, in such an instantaneous gaiety on Colonel Brandon's side, as might have become a man in the bloom of youth, of hope and happiness, saw him, with amazement, remain the whole evening more serious and thoughtful than usual.

Chapter 30



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

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects of Chaucer's use of a sense of audience in *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.

These riotours thre of whiche I telle,  
 Longe erst er prime rong of any belle,  
 Were set hem in a taverne for to drynke,  
 And as they sat, they herde a belle clynke  
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave. 5  
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave:  
 "Go bet," quod he, "and axe redily  
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;  
 And looke that thou reporte his name weel."  
 "Sire," quod this boy, "it nedeth never-a-deel; 10  
 It was me toold er ye cam heer two houres.  
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;  
 And sodeynly he was yslayn to-nyght,  
 Fordronke, as he sat on his bench upright.  
 Ther cam a privee thief men clepeth Deeth, 15  
 That in this contree al the peple sleeth,  
 And with his spere he smoot his herte atwo,  
 And wente his wey withouten wordes mo.  
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence.  
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence, 20  
 Me thynketh that it were necessarie  
 For to be war of swich an adversarie.  
 Beth redy for to meete hym everemoore;  
 Thus taughte me my dame; I sey namoore."  
 "By seinte Marie!" seyde this taverner, 25  
 "The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this yeer,  
 Henne over a mile, withinne a greet village,  
 Bothe man and womman, child, and hyne, and page;  
 I trowe his habitacioun be there.  
 To been avysed greet wysdom it were, 30  
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour."  
 "Ye, Goddes armes!" quod this riotour,  
 "Is it swich peril with hym for to meete?  
 I shal hym seke by wey and eek by strete,  
 I make avow to Goddes digne bones! 35  
 Herkneth, felawes, we thre been al ones;  
 Lat ech of us holde up his hand til oother,  
 And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,  
 And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth.  
 He shal be slayn, he that so manye sleeth, 40  
 By Goddes dignitee, er it be nyght!"



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

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Many of his poems create the sense of dramas with two actors.'

By close reference to **three** poems, discuss your response to Donne's poetry in the light of this comment.

- 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.

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow  
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
 From death, you numberlesse infinities  
 Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,  
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes  
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.  
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,  
 For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,  
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,  
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,  
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good  
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

5

10



- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Eliot's use of symbolism and imagery in *Silas Marner*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Godfrey Cass in the novel.

'No, I'll stay, now I'm once out – I'll stay outside here,' said Godfrey, when they came opposite Marner's cottage. 'You can come and tell me if I can do anything.'

'Well, sir, you're very good: you've a tender heart,' said Dolly, going to the door.

Godfrey was too painfully preoccupied to feel a twinge of self-reproach at this undeserved praise. He walked up and down, unconscious that he was plunging ankle-deep in snow, unconscious of everything but trembling suspense about what was going on in the cottage, and the effect of each alternative on his future lot. No, not quite unconscious of everything else. Deeper down, and half-smothered by passionate desire and dread, there was the sense that he ought not to be waiting on these alternatives; that he ought to accept the consequences of his deeds, own the miserable wife, and fulfil the claims of the helpless child. But he had not moral courage enough to contemplate that active renunciation of Nancy as possible for him: he had only conscience and heart enough to make him for ever uneasy under the weakness that forbade the renunciation. And at this moment his mind leaped away from all restraint toward the sudden prospect of deliverance from his long bondage. 5 10 15

'Is she dead?' said the voice that predominated over every other within him. 'If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child – shall be taken care of somehow.' But across that vision came the other possibility – 'She may live, and then it's all up with me.' 20

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.

'I waited for you, as I'd come so far,' he said, speaking first.

'Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out: why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead – has been dead for hours, I should say.' 25

'What sort of woman is she?' said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

'A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant – quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse tomorrow. Come, come along.' 30

'I want to look at her,' said Godfrey. 'I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two.'

Mr Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night. 35

He turned immediately towards the hearth, where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep – only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky – before a steady glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. The wide-open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey's without any uneasiness or sign of recognition: the child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of 40 45



that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when his blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver's queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner's withered cheek with loving disfiguration.

Chapter 13



7 **Either** (a) 'Eustacia's tragedy is a tragedy of ordinary human passions.'

How far do you agree with this view of the role and characterisation of Eustacia Vye?

**Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Wildeve and Thomasin.

'I think you are very much to blame,' said Mrs Yeobright.  
 'It was quite my fault we chose Anglebury,' Thomasin pleaded. 'I proposed it because I was not known there.'  
 'I know so well that I am to blame that you need not remind me of it,' replied Wildeve shortly. 5  
 'Such things don't happen for nothing,' said the aunt. 'It's a great slight to me and my family; and when it gets known there will be a very unpleasant time for us. How can she look her friends in the face tomorrow? It is a very great injury, and one I cannot easily forgive. It may even reflect on her character.'  
 'Nonsense,' said Wildeve. 10  
 Thomasin's large eyes had flown from the face of one to the face of the other during this discussion, and she now said anxiously, 'Will you allow me, aunt, to talk it over alone with Damon for five minutes? Will you, Damon?'  
 'Certainly, dear,' said Wildeve, 'if your aunt will excuse us.' He led her into an adjoining room, leaving Mrs Yeobright by the fire. 15  
 As soon as they were alone, and the door closed, Thomasin said, turning up her pale, tearful face to him, 'It is killing me, this Damon! I did not mean to part from you in anger at Anglebury this morning; but I was frightened, and hardly knew what I said. I've not let aunt know how much I have suffered to-day; and it is so hard to command my face and voice, and to smile as if it were a slight thing to me; but I try 20  
 to do so, that she may not be still more indignant with you. I know you could not help it, dear, whatever aunt may think.'  
 'She is very unpleasant.'  
 'Yes,' Thomasin murmured, 'and I suppose I seem so now... Damon, what do you mean to do about me?' 25  
 'Do about you?'  
 'Yes. Those who don't like you whisper things which at moments make me doubt you. We mean to marry, I suppose, don't we?'  
 'Of course we do. We have only to go to Budmouth on Monday, and we may marry at once.' 30  
 'Then do let us go! – O Damon, what you make me say!' She hid her face in her handkerchief. 'Here am I asking you to marry me; when by rights you ought to be on your knees imploring me, your cruel mistress, not to refuse you, and saying it would break your heart if I did. I used to think it would be pretty and sweet like that; but how different!' 35  
 'Yes, real life is never at all like that.'  
 'But I don't care personally if it never takes place,' she added with a little dignity; 'no, I can live without you. It is aunt I think of. She is so proud, and thinks so much of her family respectability, that she will be cut down with mortification if this story should get abroad before – it is done. My cousin Clym, too, will be much wounded.' 40  
 'Then he will be very unreasonable. In fact, you are all rather unreasonable.'



Thomasin coloured a little, and not with love. But whatever the momentary feeling which caused that flush in her, it went as it came, and she humbly said, never mean to be, if I can help it. I merely feel that you have my aunt to some extent in your power at last.

‘As a matter of justice it is almost due to me,’ said Wildeve. ‘Think what I have gone through to win her consent; the insult that it is to any man to have the banns forbidden: the double insult to a man unlucky enough to be cursed with sensitiveness, and blue demons, and Heaven knows what, as I am. I can never forget those banns.’

Chapter 5, Book 1



MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) *De Flores*: I am so charitable, I think none  
Worse than myself.

How far do you agree with De Flores's comment on himself?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Beatrice and Alsemero.

*Jasperino*: Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof.  
The prospect from the garden has show'd  
Enough for deep suspicion.

*Alsemero*: The black mask  
That so continually was worn upon't 5  
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen—  
Her despite to him, and so seeming-bottomless.

*Jasperino*: Touch it home then: 'tis not a shallow probe  
Can search this ulcer soundly, I fear you'll find it 10  
Full of corruption; 'tis fit I leave you;  
She meets you opportunely from that walk:  
She took the back door at his parting with her.

[Exit JASPERINO.]

*Alsemero*: Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke  
At my first sight of woman?—She's here. 15

[Enter BEATRICE.]

*Beatrice*: Alsemero!

*Alsemero*: How do you?

*Beatrice*: How do I?  
Alas! How do you? You look not well. 20

*Alsemero*: You read me well enough, I am not well.

*Beatrice*: Not well, sir? Is't in my power to better you?

*Alsemero*: Yes.

*Beatrice*: Nay, then y'are cur'd again.

*Alsemero*: Pray resolve me one question, lady. 25

*Beatrice*: If I can.

*Alsemero*: None can so sure. Are you honest?

*Beatrice*: Ha, ha, ha! That's a broad question, my lord.

*Alsemero*: But that's not a modest answer, my lady:  
Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me. 30

*Beatrice*: 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow  
Can take away the dimple in her cheek.  
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,  
Which would you give the better faith to?

*Alsemero*: 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour, 35  
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears  
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:  
You are a whore!



- Beatrice:* What a horrid sound it hath!  
It blasts a beauty to deformity;  
Upon what face soever that breath falls,  
It strikes it ugly: oh, you have ruin'd  
What you can ne'er repair again.
- Alsemero:* I'll all demolish, and seek out truth within you,  
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue  
Prevent your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack  
And tear out my suspicion. 45
- Beatrice:* You may, sir,  
'Tis an easy passage; yet, if you please,  
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love: 50  
My spotless virtue may but tread on that,  
Before I perish.
- Alsemero:* Unanswerable!  
A ground you cannot stand on: you fall down  
Beneath all grace and goodness, when you set 55  
Your ticklish heel on't; there was a visor  
O'er that cunning face, and that became you:  
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't;  
How comes this tender reconciliation else  
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing, 60  
De Flores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,  
He's now become your arm's supporter, your  
Lip's saint!
- Beatrice:* Is there the cause?
- Alsemero:* Worse: your lust's devil, 65  
Your adultery!
- Beatrice:* Would any but yourself say that,  
'Twould turn him to a villain.
- Alsemero:* 'Twas witness'd  
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta. 70
- Beatrice:* Is your witness dead then?
- Alsemero:* 'Tis to be fear'd  
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul,  
She liv'd not long after the discovery.

Act 5, Scene 3



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