

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 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.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

1 Either (a) '...most loving mere folly.'

How far and in what ways does Shakespeare's presentation of the lovers support this view?

Or (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Celia and Rosalind in the play.

- Celia:* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
- Duke Frederick:* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
- Celia:* I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse; 5
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, 10
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
- Duke Frederick:* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name; 15
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd. 20
- Celia:* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
- Duke Frederick:* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. 25
- [Exeunt DUKE and LORDS.]
- Celia:* O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.
- Rosalind:* I have more cause. 30
- Celia:* Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
- Rosalind:* That he hath not.

- Celia:* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund' red? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us; 40
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
- Rosalind:* Why, whither shall we go? 45
- Celia:* To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
- Rosalind:* Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
- Celia:* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, 50
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
- Rosalind:* Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall, 55
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and – in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will –
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, 60
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
- Celia:* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
- Rosalind:* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede. 65
But what will you be call'd?
- Celia:* Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
- Rosalind:* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court? 70
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
- Celia:* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way 75
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

Act 1, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the conflict between the patrician ruling classes) and the plebeians (the common people) in the play *Coriolanus*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action in the following passage, discuss what it contributes to your understanding of Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

[*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, at one door, COMINIUS with the Romans; at another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.*]

Cominius: If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
 Thou't not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles; 5
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted
 And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
 tribunes,
 That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours, 10
 Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
 Our Rome hath such a soldier'.
 Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully din'd before.

[*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.*] 15

Lartius: O General,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison.
 Hadst thou beheld –

Marcus: Pray now, no more; my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood, 20
 When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
 As you have done – that's what I can; induc'd
 As you have been – that's for my country.
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act. 25

Cominius: You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
 The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings and to silence that 30
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
 In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done, before our army hear me.

Marcus: I have some wounds upon me, and they smart 35
 To hear themselves rememb'ed.

Cominius: Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses –
 Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store – of all 40
 The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
 We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
 Before the common distribution at
 Your only choice.

- Marcus:* I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 45
- [A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcus, Marcus!' cast up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]* 50
- May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing. When steel grows 55
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for th' wars. No more, I say.
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note
Here's many else have done, you shout me forth 60
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
- Cominius:* Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful 65
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you –
Like one that means his proper harm – in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcus 70
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him
With all th' applause and clamour of the host, 75
Caius Marcus Coriolanus.
Bear th' addition nobly ever!
- [Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.]*
- All:* Caius Marcus Coriolanus!
- Coriolanus:* I will go wash; 80
And when my face is fair you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you;
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To th' fairness of my power. 85

Act 1, Scene 9

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects of Austen's use of secrets and secrecy in *Sense and Sensibility*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Elinor.

Elinor could not be cheerful. Her joy was of a different kind, and led to anything rather than to gaiety. Marianne restored to life, health, friends, and to her doating mother, was an idea to fill her heart with sensations of exquisite comfort, and expand it in fervent gratitude; – but it led to no outward demonstrations of joy, no words, no smiles. All within Elinor's breast was satisfaction, silent and strong.

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She continued by the side of her sister with little intermission the whole afternoon, calming every fear, satisfying every inquiry of her enfeebled spirits, supplying every succour, and watching almost every look and every breath. The possibility of a relapse would of course, in some moments, occur to remind her of what anxiety was – but when she saw, on her frequent and minute examination, that every symptom of recovery continued, and saw Marianne at six o'clock sink into a quiet, steady, and to all appearance comfortable, sleep, she silenced every doubt.

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The time was now drawing on, when Colonel Brandon might be expected back. At ten o'clock, she trusted, or at least not much later her mother would be relieved from the dreadful suspense in which she must now be travelling towards them. The Colonel too! – perhaps scarcely less an object of pity! – Oh! – how slow was the progress of time which yet kept them in ignorance!

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At seven o'clock, leaving Marianne still sweetly asleep, she joined Mrs Jennings in the drawing-room to tea. Of breakfast she had been kept by her fears, and of dinner by their sudden reverse, from eating much; – and the present refreshment, therefore, with such feelings of content as she brought to it, was particularly welcome. Mrs Jennings would have persuaded her at its conclusion to take some rest before her mother's arrival, and allow *her* to take her place by Marianne; but Elinor had no sense of fatigue, no capability of sleep at that moment about her, and she was not to be kept away from her sister an unnecessary instant. Mrs Jennings therefore attending her up stairs into the sick chamber, to satisfy herself that all continued right, left her there again to her charge and her thoughts, and retired to her own room to write letters and sleep.

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The night was cold and stormy. The wind roared round the house, and the rain beat against the windows; but Elinor, all happiness within, regarded it not. Marianne slept through every blast, and the travellers – they had a rich reward in store, for every present inconvenience.

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The clock struck eight. Had it been ten, Elinor would have been convinced that at that moment she heard a carriage driving up to the house; and so strong was the persuasion that she *did*, in spite of the *almost* impossibility of their being already come, that she moved into the adjoining dressing-closet and opened a window-shutter, to be satisfied of the truth. She instantly saw that her ears had not deceived her. The flaring lamps of a carriage were immediately in view. By their uncertain light she thought she could discern it to be drawn by four horses; and this, while it told the excess of her poor mother's alarm, gave some explanation to such unexpected rapidity.

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Never in her life had Elinor found it so difficult to be calm, as at that moment. The knowledge of what her mother must be feeling as the carriage stopt at the door, – of her doubt – her dread – perhaps her despair! – and of what *she* had to tell! – with such knowledge it was impossible to be calm. All that remained to be done, was to be speedy; and therefore staying only till she could leave Mrs Jennings's maid with her sister, she hurried down stairs.

The bustle in the vestibule, as she passed along an inner lobby, assured her that they were already in the house. She rushed forwards towards the drawing-room, – she entered it, – and saw only Willoughby.

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Chapter 43

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

- 4 **Either** (a) The Wife says she will: 'speke of the wo that is in mariage.'

Discuss Chaucer's presentation of marriage in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* in the light of the Wife's comment.

- 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*.

An housbonde I wol have – I wol nat lette –
 Which shal be bothe my dettour and my thral,
 And have his tribulacion withal
 Upon his flessch, whil that I am his wyf.
 I have the power duryng al my lyf
 Upon his propre body, and noght he.
 Right thus the Apostel tolde it unto me,
 And bad oure housbondes for to love us weel.
 Al this sentence me liketh every deel" –
 Up stirte the Pardoner, and that anon;
 "Now, dame," quod he, "by God and by seint John!
 Ye been a noble prechour in this cas.
 I was aboute to wedde a wyf; allas!
 What sholde I bye it on my flessch so deere?
 Yet hadde I levere wedde no wyf to-yeere!"
 "Abyde!" quod she, "my tale is nat bigonne.
 Nay, thou shalt drynken of another tonne,
 Er that I go, shal savoure wors than ale.
 And whan that I have toold thee forth my tale
 Of tribulacion in mariage,
 Of which I am expert in al myn age –
 This is to seyn, myself have been the whippe –
 Than maystow chese wheither thou wolt sippe
 Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.
 Be war of it, er thou to ny approche;
 For I shal telle ensamples mo than ten.
 'Whoso that nyl be war by othere men,
 By hym shul othere men corrected be.'
 The same wordes writeth Ptholomee;
 Rede in his Almageste, and take it there."
 "Dame, I wolde praye yow, if youre wyl it were,"
 Seyde this Pardoner, "as ye bigan,
 Telle forth youre tale, spareth for no man,
 And teche us yonge men of youre praktike."
 "Gladly," quod she, "sith it may yow like;
 But that I praye to al this compaignye,
 If that I speke after my fantasye,
 As taketh not agrief of that I seye,
 For myn entente is nat but for to pleye.

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Eliot's presentation of characters who have a sense of duty is not at all sympathetic.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on *The Mill on the Floss*?

- 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.

Hitherto she had instinctively behaved as if she were quite unconscious of Philip's deformity: her own keen sensitiveness and experience under family criticism sufficed to teach her this, as well as if she had been directed by the most finished breeding.

'But you are so very clever, Philip, and you can play and sing,' she added quickly. 'I wish you *were* my brother – I'm very fond of you, and you would stay at home with me when Tom went out, and you would teach me everything, wouldn't you? Greek and everything?' 5

'But you'll go away soon, and go to school, Maggie,' said Philip, 'and then you'll forget all about me and not care for me any more. And then I shall see you when you're grown up, and you'll hardly take any notice of me.' 10

'Oh, no, I shan't forget you, I'm sure,' said Maggie, shaking her head very seriously. 'I never forget anything, and I think about everybody when I'm away from them. I think about poor Yap – he's got a lump in his throat, and Luke says he'll die. Only don't you tell Tom, because it will vex him so. You never saw Yap: he's a queer little dog – nobody cares about him but Tom and me.' 15

'Do you care as much about me as you do about Yap, Maggie?' said Philip, smiling rather sadly.

'Oh, yes, I should think so,' said Maggie, laughing.

'I'm very fond of *you*, Maggie; I shall never forget *you*,' said Philip, 'and when I'm very unhappy, I shall always think of you, and wish I had a sister with dark eyes just like yours.' 20

'Why do you like my eyes?' said Maggie, well pleased. She had never heard any one but her father speak of her eyes as if they had merit.

'I don't know,' said Philip. 'They're not like any other eyes. They seem trying to speak – trying to speak kindly. I don't like other people to look at me much, but I like you to look at me, Maggie.' 25

'Why, I think you're fonder of me than Tom is,' said Maggie, rather sorrowfully. Then, wondering how she could convince Philip that she could like him just as well, although he was crooked, she said, 30

'Should you like me to kiss you, as I do Tom? I will, if you like.'

'Yes, very much: nobody kisses me.'

Maggie put her arm round his neck and kissed him quite earnestly.

'There now,' she said, 'I shall always remember you, and kiss you when I see you again, if it's ever so long. But I'll go now, because I think Mr. Askern's done with Tom's foot.' 35

When their father came the second time, Maggie said to him, 'Oh, father, Philip Wakem is so very good to Tom – he is such a clever boy, and I *do* love him. And you love him too, Tom don't you? Say you love him,' she added entreatingly.

Tom coloured a little as he looked at his father and said, 'I shan't be friends with him when I leave school, father; but we've made it up now, since my foot has been bad, and he's taught me to play at draughts, and I can beat him.' 40

‘Well, well,’ said Mr. Tulliver, ‘if he’s good to you, try and make him amends, & be good to *him*. He’s a poor crooked creature, and takes after his dead mother. But don’t you be getting too thick with him – he’s got his father’s blood in him too. Ay, ay, the grey colt may chance to kick like his black sire.’

The jarring natures of the two boys effected what Mr. Tulliver’s admonition alone might have failed to effect: in spite of Philip’s new kindness and Tom’s answering regard in this time of his trouble they never became close friends. When Maggie was gone, and when Tom by and by began to walk about as usual, the friendly warmth that had been kindled by pity and gratitude died out by degrees, and left them in their old relation to each other.

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Book 2, Chapter 6

6 **Either** (a) 'Hardy presents marriage as disappointing and bleak.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on *The Return of The Native*?

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

One summer day Clym was in the garden, immediately outside the parlour-window, which was as usual open. He was looking at the pot-flowers on the sill; they had been revived and restored by Thomasin to the state in which his mother had left them. He heard a slight scream from Thomasin, who was sitting inside the room.

'O, how you frightened me!' she said to some one who had entered. 'I thought you were the ghost of yourself.'

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Clym was curious enough to advance a little further and look in at the window. To his astonishment there stood within the room Diggory Venn, no longer a reddleman, but exhibiting the strangely altered hues of an ordinary Christian countenance, white shirt-front, light flowered waistcoat, blue-spotted neckerchief, and bottle-green coat. Nothing in this appearance was at all singular but the fact of its great difference from what he had formerly been. Red, and all approach to red, was carefully excluded from every article of clothes upon him; for what is there that persons just out of harness dread so much as reminders of the trade which has enriched them?

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Yeobright went round to the door and entered.

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'I was so alarmed!' said Thomasin, smiling from one to the other. 'I couldn't believe that he had got white of his own accord! It seemed supernatural.'

'I gave up dealing in riddle last Christmas,' said Venn. 'It was a profitable trade, and I found that by that time I had made enough to take the dairy of fifty cows that my father had in his lifetime. I always thought of getting to that place again if I changed at all; and now I am there.'

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'How did you manage to become white, Diggory?' Thomasin asked.

'I turned so by degrees, ma'am.'

'You look much better than ever you did before.'

Venn appeared confused; and Thomasin, seeing how inadvertently she had spoken to a man who might possibly have tender feelings for her still, blushed a little. Clym saw nothing of this, and added good-humouredly –

25

'What shall we have to frighten Thomasin's baby with, now you have become a human being again?'

'Sit down, Diggory,' said Thomasin, 'and stay to tea.'

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Venn moved as if he would retire to the kitchen, when Thomasin said with pleasant pertness as she went on with some sewing, 'Of course you must sit down here. And where does your fifty-cow dairy lie, Mr Venn?'

'At Stickleford – about two miles to the right of Alderworth, ma'am, where the meads begin. I have thought that if Mr Yeobright would like to pay me a visit sometimes he shouldn't stay away for want of asking. I'll not bide to tea this afternoon, thank'ee, for I've got something on hand that must be settled. 'Tis Maypole-day tomorrow, and the Shadwater folk have clubbed with a few of your neighbours here to have a pole just outside your palings in the heath, as it is a nice green place.' Venn waved his elbow towards the patch in front of the house. 'I have been talking to Fairway about it,' he continued, 'and I said to him that before we put up the pole it would be as well to ask Mrs Wildeve.'

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JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects Keats creates by his presentation of death and immortality. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Keats's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise –
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

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MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) What in your view does Middleton's presentation of honour, and attitudes to, contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Changeling*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider the significance of the following passage.

Deflores: Peace, I ha't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Beatrice: How? take heed of that.

Deflores: Tush, be you quiet, or else give over all.

Beatrice: Prithee, I ha' done then. 5

Deflores: This is my reach, I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.

Beatrice: How? fire sir? that may endanger the whole house.

Deflores: You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?

Beatrice: That's true, do what thou wilt now. 10

Deflores: Push, I aim
At a most rich success, strikes all dead sure:
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only, 15
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then,
Far from her lodging (which is now suspicious),
It would be thought her fears and affrights then,
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging, 20
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

Beatrice: I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour. 25

Deflores: 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Beatrice: One word
Now prithee, how for the servants?

Deflores: I'll dispatch them 30
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you;
The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute. 35

Beatrice: Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.
[Enter ALONZO's Ghost.]

Deflores: Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not,
'Twas but a mist of conscience—all's clear again. [Exit.] 40

- Beatrice:* Who's that, Deflores? Bless me! it slides by, [*Exit Ghost.*]
 Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it
 A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
 This night hath been so tedious; oh this strumpet!
 Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
 Till he had destroy'd the last—List, oh my terrors,
 Three struck by St. Sebastian's. [*Struck 3 o'clock.*]
 [*Within: Fire, fire, fire.*]
- Beatrice:* Already! How rare is that man's speed!
 How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one,
 But look upon his care, who would not love him?
 The east is not more beauteous than his service.
 [*Within: Fire, fire, fire.*]
 [*Enter DEFLORES; SERVANTS pass over, ring a bell.*]
- Deflores:* Away, dispatch, hooks, buckets, ladders; that's well said,
 The fire-bell rings, the chimney works—my charge;
 The piece is ready. [*Exit.*]
 [*Enter DIAPHANTA.*]
- Beatrice:* Here's a man worth loving—
 Oh y'are a jewel. 50
- Diaphanta:* Pardon frailty, madam,
 In troth I was so well, I ev'n forgot my self.
- Beatrice:* Y'have made trim work.
- Diaphanta:* What?
- Beatrice:* Hie quickly to your chamber,
 Your reward follows you. 60
- Diaphanta:* I never made
 So sweet a bargain. [*Exit.*]
 [*Enter ALSEMERO.*]
- Alsemero:* Oh my dear Joanna,
 Alas, art thou risen too? I was coming,
 My absolute treasure. 70
- Beatrice:* When I miss'd you,
 I could not choose but follow.
- Alsemero:* Th'art all sweetness.
 The fire is not so dangerous. 75

Act 5, Scene 1

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