

Cambridge
International
AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2016

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 **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

2

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) *Angelo*: What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes.

With Angelo's comment in mind, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of justice in the play.

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

[*The city gate.*
Enter at several doors DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords;*
ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, *Officers,*
and Citizens.]

Duke: My very worthy cousin, fairly met! 5
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Angelo, Escalus: Happy return to be your royal Grace!

Duke: Many and hearty thankings to you both. 10
We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Angelo: You make my bonds still greater.

Duke: O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it 15
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim 20
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

[*Enter* FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA.]

Friar Peter: Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before 25
him.

Isabella: Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 30
Upon a wrong'd – I would fain have said a maid!
O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

3

<i>Duke:</i>	Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief. Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice; Reveal yourself to him.	35
<i>Isabella:</i>	O worthy Duke, You bid me seek redemption of the devil! Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd, Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!	40
<i>Angelo:</i>	My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm; She hath been a suitor to me for her brother, Cut off by course of justice –	
<i>Isabella:</i>	By course of justice!	45
<i>Angelo:</i>	And she will speak most bitterly and strange.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak. That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange? That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin-violator, Is it not strange and strange?	50
<i>Duke:</i>	Nay, it is ten times strange.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	It is not truer he is Angelo Than this is all as true as it is strange; Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To th' end of reck'ning.	55
<i>Duke:</i>	Away with her. Poor soul, She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O Prince! I conjure thee, as thou believ'st There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible	60
	That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, As Angelo; even so may Angelo, In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince, If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more, Had I more name for badness.	65 70

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 Either (a)** *Brabantio*: Look to her, Moor, if thou has eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Desdemona in the light of her father's comment.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following passage, showing how it develops your understanding of the relationship between Othello and Iago.

<i>Iago</i> :	My noble lord!	
<i>Othello</i> :	What dost thou say, Iago?	
<i>Iago</i> :	Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?	
<i>Othello</i> :	He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?	5
<i>Iago</i> :	But for a satisfaction of my thought – No further harm.	
<i>Othello</i> :	Why of thy thought, Iago?	
<i>Iago</i> :	I did not think he had been acquainted with her.	
<i>Othello</i> :	O, yes; and went between us very often.	10
<i>Iago</i> :	Indeed!	
<i>Othello</i> :	Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that? Is he not honest?	
<i>Iago</i> :	Honest, my lord?	
<i>Othello</i> :	Honest? Ay, honest.	15
<i>Iago</i> :	My lord, for aught I know.	
<i>Othello</i> :	What dost thou think?	
<i>Iago</i> :	Think, my lord?	
<i>Othello</i> :	Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me, As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something: I heard thee say but now thou lik'st not that, When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!' And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, Show me thy thought.	20
<i>Iago</i> :	My lord, you know I love you.	30
<i>Othello</i> :	I think thou dost; And for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath, Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more; For such things in a false disloyal knave Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just They are close delations, working from the heart That passion cannot rule.	35

5

<i>Iago:</i>	For Michael Cassio, I dare presume I think that he is honest.	40
<i>Othello:</i>	I think so too.	
<i>Iago:</i>	Men should be that they seem; Or those that be not, would they might seem none!	
<i>Othello:</i>	Certain, men should be what they seem.	
<i>Iago:</i>	Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.	45
<i>Othello:</i>	Nay, yet there's more in this. I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings, As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts The worst of words.	
<i>Iago:</i>	Good my lord, pardon me. Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to that all slaves are free to – Utter my thoughts. Why, say they are vile and false, As where's that palace whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so pure But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit With meditations lawful?	50 55
<i>Othello:</i>	Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear A stranger to thy thoughts.	60
<i>Iago:</i>	I do beseech you, Though I perchance am vicious in my guess, As, I confess, it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy Shapes faults that are not – that your wisdom From one that so imperfectly conjects, Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble Out of his scattering and unsure observance. It were not for your quiet nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom, To let you know my thoughts.	65 70
<i>Othello:</i>	Zounds! What dost thou mean?	
<i>Iago:</i>	Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls: Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him And makes me poor indeed.	75 80

Act 3, Scene 3

6

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) Emma says to Harriet: 'I could not have visited Mrs Robert Martin, of Abbey-Mill Farm.'

In the light of this comment discuss the significance of social class and status in the novel *Emma*.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Austen's methods of characterisation, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Mr Knightley's role in the novel.

Mr. Knightley, a sensible man about seven or eight-and-thirty, was not only a very old and intimate friend of the family, but particularly connected with it as the elder brother of Isabella's husband. He lived about a mile from Highbury, was a frequent visitor and always welcome, and at this time more welcome than usual, as coming directly from their mutual connections in London. He had returned to a late dinner after some days absence, and now walked up to Hartfield to say that all were well in Brunswick-square. It was a happy circumstance and animated Mr. Woodhouse for some time. Mr. Knightley had a cheerful manner which always did him good; and his many inquiries after "poor Isabella" and her children were answered most satisfactorily. When this was over, Mr. Woodhouse gratefully observed,

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Knightley, to come out at this late hour to call upon us. I am afraid you must have had a shocking walk."

"Not at all, sir. It is a beautiful, moonlight night; and so mild that I must draw back from your great fire."

"But you must have found it very damp and dirty. I wish you may not catch cold."

"Dirty, sir! Look at my shoes. Not a speck on them."

"Well! that is quite surprizing, for we have had a vast deal of rain here. It rained dreadfully hard for half an hour, while we were at breakfast. I wanted them to put off the wedding."

"By the bye — I have not wished you joy. Being pretty well aware of what sort of joy you must both be feeling, I have been in no hurry with my congratulations. But I hope it all went off tolerably well. How did you all behave? Who cried most?"

"Ah! poor Miss Taylor! 'tis a sad business."

"Poor Mr. and Miss Woodhouse, if you please; but I cannot possibly say 'poor Miss Taylor.' I have a great regard for you and Emma; but when it comes to the question of dependence or independence! — At any rate, it must be better to have only one to please, than two."

"Especially when *one* of those two is such a fanciful, troublesome creature!" said Emma playfully. "That, is what you have in your head, I know — and what you would certainly say if my father were not by."

"I believe it is very true, my dear, indeed," said Mr. Woodhouse with a sigh. "I am afraid I am sometimes very fanciful and troublesome."

"My dearest papa! You do not think I could mean *you*, or suppose Mr. Knightley to mean *you*. What a horrible idea! Oh, no! I meant only myself. Mr. Knightley loves to find fault with me you know — in a joke — it is all a joke. We always say what we like to one another."

7

Mr. Knightley, in fact, was one of the few people who could see faults in Emma Woodhouse, and the only one who ever told her of them: and though this was not particularly agreeable to Emma herself, she knew it would be so much less so to her father, that she would not have him really suspect such a circumstance as her not being thought perfect by every body. 40

Volume 1, Chapter 1

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

- 4 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast Chaucer's presentation of the Wife of Bath herself and the Loathly Lady of the 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*.

"He seyde, 'A womman cast hir shame away,
 Whan she cast of hir smok'; and forthermo,
 'A fair womman, but she be chaast also,
 Is lyk a gold ryng in a sowes nose.'
 Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose, 5
 The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?
 And whan I saugh he wolde nevere fyne
 To reden on this cursed book al nyght,
 Al sodeynly thre leves have I plyght 10
 Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke
 I with my fest so took hym on the cheke
 That in oure fyr he fil bakward adoun.
 And he up stirte as dooth a wood leoun,
 And with his fest he smoot me on the heed, 15
 That in the floor I lay as I were deed.
 And whan he saugh how stille that I lay,
 He was agast, and wolde han fled his way,
 Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde.
 'O! hastow slayn me, false thief?' I seyde,
 'And for my land thus hastow mordred me? 20
 Er I be deed, yet wol I kisse thee.'
 And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun,
 And seyde, 'Deere suster Alisoun,
 As help me God! I shal thee nevere smyte!
 That I have doon, it is thyself to wyte. 25
 Foryeve it me, and that I thee biseke!'
 And yet eftsoones I hitte hym on the cheke,
 And seyde, 'Theef, thus muchel am I wreke;
 Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.'
 But atte laste, with muchel care and wo, 30
 We fille acorded by us selven two.
 He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond,
 To han the governance of hous and lond,
 And of his tonge, and of his hond also;
 And made hym brenne his book anon right tho. 35
 And whan that I hadde gotten unto me,
 By maistrie, al the soveraynetee,
 And that he seyde, 'Myn owene trewe wyf,
 Do as thee lust the terme of al thy lyf;
 Keep thyn honour, and keep eek myn estaat' — 40
 After that day we hadden never debaat.
 God helpe me so, I was to hym as kynde
 As any wyf from Denmark unto Ynde,
 And also trewe, and so was he to me.
 I prey to God, that sit in magestee, 45
 So blesse his soule for his mercy deere.
 Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol heere."

from *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'My life will have nothing great or beautiful in it; I would rather not have lived.'

In the light of this comment about himself, discuss the role and characterisation of Philip Wakem.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Stephen and Maggie and their relationship.

The ring of the door-bell was punctual, and she was thinking with half-sad, affectionate pleasure of the surprise Philip would have in finding that he was to be with her alone when she distinguished a firm rapid step across the hall that was certainly not Philip's; the door opened, and Stephen Guest entered.

In the first moment they were both too much agitated to speak; for Stephen had learned from the servant that the others were gone out. Maggie had started up and sat down again, with her heart beating violently; and Stephen, throwing down his cap and gloves, came and sat by her in silence. She thought Philip would be coming soon; and with great effort – for she trembled visibly – she rose to go to a distant chair. 5

'He is not coming,' said Stephen in a low tone. 'I am going in the boat.'

'Oh, we can't go,' said Maggie, sinking into her chair again. 'Lucy did not expect – she would be hurt. Why is not Philip come?' 10

'He is not well; he asked me to come instead.'

'Lucy is gone to Lindum,' said Maggie, taking off her bonnet with hurried, trembling fingers. 'We must not go.' 15

'Very well,' said Stephen, dreamily, looking at her, as he rested his arm on the back of his chair. 'Then we'll stay here.'

He was looking into her deep, deep eyes – far-off and mysterious as the starlit blackness, and yet very near, and timidly loving. Maggie sat perfectly still – perhaps for moments, perhaps for minutes – until the helpless trembling had ceased, and there was a warm glow on her cheek. 20

'The man is waiting – he has taken the cushions,' she said. 'Will you go and tell him?'

'What shall I tell him?' said Stephen almost in a whisper. He was looking at the lips now. 25

Maggie made no answer.

'Let us go,' Stephen murmured, entreatingly, rising, and taking her hand to raise her too. 'We shall not be long together.'

And they went. Maggie felt that she was being led down the garden among the roses, being helped with firm tender care into the boat, having the cushion and cloak arranged for her feet, and her parasol opened for her (which she had forgotten) – all by this stronger presence that seemed to bear her along without any act of her own will, like the added self which comes with the sudden exalting influence of a strong tonic – and she felt nothing else. Memory was excluded. 30 35

Book 6, Chapter 13

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of the relationship between Pip and Joe to the novel's meaning and effects.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

5

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?"

"How?"

"Ah!"

10

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantelshelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the wet boot began to steam; but, he neither looked at it, nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

15

"Might a mere warmint ask what property?" said he.

I faltered, "I don't know."

"Might a mere warmint ask whose property?" said he.

20

I faltered again, "I don't know."

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the Convict, "at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure now. Five?"

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

25

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, whiles you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

30

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers – put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come to you. 'However you have found me out,' you says just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

35

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating – I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

40

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterwards, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work.

45

11

What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it, fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman – and, Pip, you're him!"

50

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

Volume 2, Chapter 20

12

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Keats's presentation of relationships. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Keats's poetic methods and concerns.

To Autumn

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

III

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too –
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

13

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Her poetry presents lessons drawn from everyday situations and stories.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this view of Rossetti's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

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

Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
 Come back in tears, 5
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
 Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
 Where thirsting longing eyes 10
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again tho' cold in death:
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give 15
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago.

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