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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2019

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 **17** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** Insert.

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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: *Richard II*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Shakespeare present the passing of time in the play *Richard II*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

York:	The King is come; deal mildly with his youth, For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.	
Queen:	How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?	
King Richard:	What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?	
Gaunt:	O, how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old. Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt? For sleeping England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.	5 10
	The pleasure that some fathers feeds upon Is my strict fast – I mean my children's looks; And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt. Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.	 15
King Richard:	Can sick men play so nicely with their names?	
Gaunt:	No, misery makes sport to mock itself: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.	
King Richard:	Should dying men flatter with those that live?	20
Gaunt:	No, no; men living flatter those that die.	
King Richard:	Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.	
Gaunt:	O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.	
King Richard:	I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.	
Gaunt:	Now He that made me knows I see thee ill; Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land Wherein thou liest in reputation sick; And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee: A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incagéd in so small a verge, The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.	25 30 35
	O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,	

3

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. 40
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease;
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not King. 45
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law;
 And thou –

King Richard: A lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Darest with thy frozen admonition 50
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head 55
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt: O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd. 60
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul –
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls! –
 May be a precedent and witness good
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.

Act 2, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects of Shakespeare's use of comedy in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying careful attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following scene and consider its effectiveness as the opening to the play.

Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

- Archidamus:* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia. 5
- Camillo:* I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.
- Archidamus:* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed – 10
- Camillo:* Beseech you –
- Archidamus:* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence, in so rare – I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us. 15
- Camillo:* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.
- Archidamus:* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance. 20
- Camillo:* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 25
- Archidamus:* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 30
- Camillo:* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man. 35
- Archidamus:* Would they else be content to die? 40
- Camillo:* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

5

Archidamus: If the King had no son, they would desire to live on
crutches till he had one.

45

[Exeunt.]

Act 1, Scene 1

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: *Northanger Abbey*

- 3 Either (a)** How far, and in what ways, do you consider *Northanger Abbey* to be a gothic novel?
- Or (b)** Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Catherine Morland and her family.

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy, would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings—and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as any body might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features;—so much for her person;—and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief—at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take.—Such were her propensities—her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand any thing before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the 'Beggar's Petition,' and, after all, her next sister, Sally could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid,—by no means; she learnt the fable of 'The Hare and many Friends,' as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it;—and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other old piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another.—Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character!—for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad

7

heart nor a bad temper; was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Volume 1, Chapter 1

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Brontë's use of different settings in *Wuthering Heights*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Brontë's methods and concerns in *Wuthering Heights*.

"Nelly, there is a strange change approaching: I'm in its shadow at present. I take so little interest in my daily life, that I hardly remember to eat and drink. Those two who have left the room are the only objects which retain a distinct material appearance to me; and that appearance causes me pain, amounting to agony. About *her* I won't speak; and I don't desire to think; but I earnestly wish she were invisible: 5
her presence invokes only maddening sensations. *He* moves me differently: and yet if I could do it without seeming insane, I'd never see him again. You'll perhaps think me rather inclined to become so," he added, making an effort to smile, "if I try to describe the thousand forms of past associations and ideas he awakens or embodies. But you'll not talk of what I tell you; and my mind is so eternally secluded 10
in itself, it is tempting at last to turn it out to another.

"Five minutes ago, Hareton seemed a personification of my youth, not a human being: I felt to him in such a variety of ways, that it would have been impossible to have accosted him rationally. In the first place, his startling likeness to Catherine connected him fearfully with her. That, however, which you may suppose the most 15
potent to arrest my imagination, is actually the least: for what is not connected with her to me? and what does not recall her? I cannot look down to this floor, but her features are shaped in the flags! In every cloud, in every tree—filling the air at night, and caught by glimpses in every object by day—I am surrounded with her image! The most ordinary faces of men and women—my own features—mock me 20
with a resemblance. The entire world is a dreadful collection of memoranda that she did exist, and that I have lost her! Well, Hareton's aspect was the ghost of my immortal love; of my wild endeavours to hold my right; my degradation, my pride, my happiness, and my anguish—

"But it is frenzy to repeat these thoughts to you: only it will let you know why, 25
with a reluctance to be always alone, his society is no benefit; rather an aggravation of the constant torment I suffer; and it partly contributes to render me regardless how he and his cousin go on together. I can give them no attention, any more."

"But what do you mean by a *change*, Mr. Heathcliff?" I said, alarmed at his manner: though he was neither in danger of losing his senses, nor dying, according 30
to my judgment; he was quite strong and healthy: and, as to his reason, from childhood he had a delight in dwelling on dark things, and entertaining odd fancies. He might have had a monomania on the subject of his departed idol; but on every other point his wits were as sound as mine.

"I shall not know that till it comes," he said, "I'm only half conscious of it now." 35

"You have no feelings of illness, have you?" I asked.

"No, Nelly, I have not," he answered.

"Then you are not afraid of death?" I pursued.

"Afraid? No!" he replied. "I have neither a fear, nor a presentiment, nor a hope of death. Why should I? With my hard constitution and temperate mode of living, 40
and unperilous occupations, I ought to, and probably *shall*, remain above ground till there is scarcely a black hair on my head. And yet I cannot continue in this condition! I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat! And it is like bending back a stiff spring: it is by compulsion that I do the slightest act not prompted by one thought; and by compulsion that I notice anything alive or dead, 45
which is not associated with one universal idea. I have a single wish, and my whole being and faculties are yearning to attain it. They have yearned towards it so long,

and so unwaveringly, that I'm convinced it *will* be reached—and *soon*—because it has devoured my existence: I am swallowed up in the anticipation of its fulfilment. My confessions have not relieved me; but they may account for some otherwise unaccountable phases of humour which I show. O God! It is a long fight, I wish it were over!" 50

Volume 2, Chapter 19

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

- 5 **Either** (a) What, in your view, does Chaucer's presentation of different relationships contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,
 Curseth the tyme that evere he was born:
 "Allas!" quod he. "Allas, that I bihighte
 Of pured gold a thousand pound of wighte
 Unto this philosophre! How shal I do? 5
 I se namoore but that I am fordo.
 Myn heritage moot I nedes selle,
 And been a beggere; heere may I nat dwelle
 And shamen al my kynrede in this place,
 But I of hym may gete bettre grace. 10
 But nathelees, I wole of hym assaye,
 At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye,
 And thanke hym of his grete curteisye.
 My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye."
 With herte soor he gooth unto his cofre, 15
 And broghte gold unto this philosophre,
 The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse,
 And hym bisecheth, of his gentillesse,
 To graunte hym dayes of the remenaunt;
 And seyde, "Maister, I dar wel make avaunt, 20
 I failed nevere of my trouthe as yit.
 For sikerly my dette shal be quyt
 Towardes yow, howevere that I fare
 To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare.
 But wolde ye vouche sauf, upon seuretee, 25
 Two yeer or thre for to respiten me,
 Thanne were I wel; for elles moot I selle
 Myn heritage; ther is namoore to telle."
 This philosophre sobrelly answerde,
 And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes herde: 30
 "Have I nat holden covenant unto thee?"
 "Yes, certes, wel and trewely," quod he.
 "Hastow nat had thy lady as thee liketh?"
 "No, no," quod he, and sorwefully he siketh.
 "What was the cause? Tel me if thou kan." 35
 Aurelius his tale anon bigan,
 And tolde hym al, as ye han herd bifoore;
 It nedeth nat to yow reherce it moore.
 He seide, "Arveragus, of gentillesse,
 Hadde levere dye in sorwe and in distresse 40
 Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe fals."
 The sorwe of Dorigen he tolde hym als;
 How looth hire was to been a wikked wyf,
 And that she levere had lost that day hir lyf,
 And that hir trouthe she swoor thurgh innocence, 45
 She nevere erst hadde herd speke of apparence.

11

“That made me han of hire so greet pitee;
And right as frely as he sente hire me,
As frely sente I hire to hym ageyn.
This al and som; ther is namoore to seyn.”

50

from *The Franklin's Tale*

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*

- 6 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Hardy use chance and coincidence in the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Angel and his parents.

It was evening at Emminster Vicarage. The two customary candles were burning under their green shades in the Vicar's study, but he had not been sitting there. Occasionally he came in, stirred the small fire which sufficed for the increasing mildness of the spring, and went out again; sometimes pausing at the front door, going on to the drawing-room, then returning again to the front door.

5

It faced westward, and though gloom prevailed inside, there was still light enough without to see with distinctness. Mrs Clare, who had been sitting in the drawing-room, followed him hither.

'Plenty of time yet,' said the Vicar. 'He doesn't reach Chalk-Newton till six, even if the train should be punctual, and ten miles of country-road, five of them in Crimmercrock Lane, are not jogged over in a hurry by our old horse.'

10

'But he has done it in an hour with us, my dear.'

'Years ago.'

Thus they passed the minutes, each well knowing that this was only waste of breath, the one essential being simply to wait.

15

At length there was a slight noise in the lane, and the old pony-chaise appeared indeed outside the railings. They saw alight there-from a form which they affected to recognize, but would actually have passed by in the street without identifying had he not got out of their carriage at the particular moment when a particular person was due.

20

Mrs Clare rushed through the dark passage to the door, and her husband came more slowly after her.

The new arrival, who was just about to enter, saw their anxious faces in the doorway and the gleam of the west in their spectacles because they confronted the last rays of day; but they could only see his shape against the light.

25

'O, my boy, my boy – home again at last!' cried Mrs Clare, who cared no more at that moment for the stains of heterodoxy which had caused all this separation than for the dust upon his clothes. What woman, indeed, among the most faithful adherents of the truth, believes the promises and threats of the Word in the sense in which she believes in her own children, or would not throw her theology to the wind if weighed against their happiness? As soon as they reached the room where the candles were lighted she looked at his face.

30

'O, it is not Angel – not my son – the Angel who went away!' she cried in all the irony of sorrow, as she turned herself aside.

His father, too, was shocked to see him, so reduced was that figure from its former contours by worry and the bad season that Clare had experienced, in the climate to which he had so rashly hurried in his first aversion to the mockery of events at home. You could see the skeleton behind the man, and almost the ghost behind the skeleton. He matched Crivelli's dead *Christus*. His sunken eye-pits were of morbid hue, and the light in his eyes had waned. The angular hollows and lines of his aged ancestors had succeeded to their reign in his face twenty years before their time.

35

40

'I was ill over there, you know,' he said. 'I am all right now.'

As if, however, to falsify this assertion, his legs seemed to give way, and he suddenly sat down to save himself from falling. It was only a slight attack of faintness, resulting from the tedious day's journey, and the excitement of arrival.

45

Turn over for Question 7.

14

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'His concerns may be spiritual but he presents them through the sensual and physical world.'

How far do you agree with this comment on Marvell'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, *A Dialogue between the Soul and Body*, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Marvell's poetic methods and concerns.

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body

SOUL

O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
 A Soul enslav'd so many wayes?
 With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
 In Feet; and manacled in Hands. 5
 Here blinded with an Eye; and there
 Deaf with drumming of an Ear.
 A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
 Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
 Tortur'd, besides each other part, 10
 In a vain Head, and double Heart.

BODY

Oh who shall me deliver whole,
 From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
 Which, stretcht upright, impales me so, 15
 That mine own Precipice I go;
 And warms and moves this needless Frame:
 (A Fever could but do the same.)
 And, wanting where its spight to try,
 Has made me live to let me dye. 20
 A Body that could never rest,
 Since this ill Spirit it possess.

SOUL

What Magick could me thus confine
 With anothers Grief to pine? 25
 Where whatsoever it complain,
 I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
 And all my Care its self employes,
 That to preserve, which me destroys:
 Constain'd not only to indure 30
 Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure:
 And ready oft the Port to gain,
 Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

15

BODY

But Physick yet could never reach 35
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat. 40
Joy's chearful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit 45
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

16

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Shelley's presentation of the relationship between man and nature. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following extract from *Adonais*, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Shelley's methods and concerns.

51

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

5

52

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

10

15

53

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
 They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near:
 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

20

25

54

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove

30

17

By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me, 35
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

55

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given; 40
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are. 45

from *Adonais*

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