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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2026**

2 hours

0976070393

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) What in your view is the significance of the relationship between Jane Bennet and Mr Bingley to the novel's meaning and effects?

Or (b) Paying close attention to Austen's language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

[Lady Catherine continued] 'A report of a most alarming nature, reached me two days ago. I was told, that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr Darcy. Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood; though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you.'

'If you believed it impossible to be true,' said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, 'I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?'

'At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted.'

'Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family,' said Elizabeth, coolly, 'will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence.'

'If! do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?'

'I never heard that it was.'

'And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?'

'I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions, which *I* shall not choose to answer.'

'This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?'

'Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible.'

'It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in.'

'If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it.'

'Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns.'

'But you are not entitled to know *mine*, nor will such behaviour as this, ever induce me to be explicit.'

'Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No, never. Mr Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now what have you to say?'

'Only this; that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me.'

Lady Catherine hesitated for a moment, and then replied, 'The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy, they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of *his* mother, as well as of her's. While in their cradles, we planned the union: and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished, in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the

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family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? To his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say, that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?'

'Yes, and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it, by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could, in planning the marriage. Its completion depended on others. If Mr Darcy is neither by honour nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? And if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?'

'Because honour, decorum, prudence, nay, interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest; for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you wilfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised, by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us.'

'These are heavy misfortunes,' replied Elizabeth. 'But the wife of Mr Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation, that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine.'

(*from* Chapter 56)

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

2 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Chaucer present ideas about authority and power in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Chaucer's poetic methods and concerns.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.
I seye that in the feeldes walked we,
Til trewely we hadde swich daliance,
This clerk and I, that of my purveiance
I spak to hym and seyde hym how that he,
If I were wydwe, sholde wedde me.
For certeinly – I sey for no bobance –
Yet was I nevere withouten purveiance
Of mariage, n'of othere thynges eek.
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,
And if that faille, thanne is al ydo.
I bar hym on honde he hadde enchanted me –
My dame taughte me that soutiltee –
And eek I seyde I mette of hym al nyght,
He wolde han slayn me as I lay upright,
And al my bed was ful of verray blood;
'But yet I hope that ye shal do me good,
For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was taught.'
And al was fals; I dremed of it right naught,
But as I folwed ay my dames loore,
As wel of this as of othere thynges moore.
But now, sire, lat me se what I shal seyn.
A ha! By God, I have my tale ageyn.
Whan that my fourthe housbonde was on beere,
I weep algate, and made sory cheere,
As wyves mooten, for it is usage,
And with my coverchief covered my visage,
But for that I was purveyed of a make,
I wepte but smal, and that I undertake.
To chirche was myn housbonde born a-morwe
With neighebores, that for hym maden sorwe;
And Jankyn, oure clerk, was oon of tho.
As help me God, whan that I saugh hym go
After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a paire
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold.
He was, I trowe, twenty wynter oold,
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel;
I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seel.
As help me God, I was a lusty oon,
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon,
And trewely, as myne housbondes tolde me,
I hadde the beste *quoniam* myghte be.

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GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

3 Either (a) *'Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life'.*

Discuss some of the ways in which Eliot presents life in a small town.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'It will be a sad while before you can be married, Mary,' said her father, not looking at her, but at the end of the stick which he held in his other hand.

'Not a sad while, father – I mean to be merry,' said Mary, laughingly. 'I have been single and merry for four-and-twenty years and more: I suppose it will not be quite as long again as that.' Then, after a little pause, she said, more gravely, bending her face before her father's, 'If you are contented with Fred?'

Caleb screwed up his mouth and turned his head aside wisely.

'Now, father, you did praise him last Wednesday. You said he had an uncommon notion of stock, and a good eye for things.'

'Did I?' said Caleb, rather slyly.

'Yes, I put it all down, and the date, *anno Domini*, and everything,' said Mary. 'You like things to be neatly booked. And then his behaviour to you, father, is really good; he has a deep respect for you; and it is impossible to have a better temper than Fred has.'

'Ay, ay; you want to coax me into thinking him a fine match.'

'No, indeed, father. I don't love him because he is a fine match.'

'What for, then?'

'Oh, dear, because I have always loved him. I should never like scolding any one else so well; and that is a point to be thought of in a husband.'

'Your mind is quite settled, then, Mary?' said Caleb, returning to his first tone. 'There's no other wish come into it since things have been going on as they have been of late?' (Caleb meant a great deal in that vague phrase;) 'because, better late than never. A woman must not force her heart – she'll do a man no good by that.'

'My feelings have not changed, father,' said Mary, calmly. 'I shall be constant to Fred as long as he is constant to me. I don't think either of us could spare the other, or like any one else better, however much we might admire them. It would make too great a difference to us – like seeing all the old places altered, and changing the name for everything. We must wait for each other a long while; but Fred knows that.'

Instead of speaking immediately, Caleb stood still and screwed his stick on the grassy walk. Then he said, with emotion in his voice, 'Well, I've got a bit of news. What do you think of Fred going to live at Stone Court, and managing the land there?'

'How can that ever be, father?' said Mary, wonderingly.

'He would manage it for his aunt Bulstrode. The poor woman has been to me begging and praying. She wants to do the lad good, and it might be a fine thing for him. With saving, he might gradually buy the stock, and he has a turn for farming.'

'Oh Fred would be so happy! It is too good to believe.'

'Ah, but mind you,' said Caleb, turning his head warningly, 'I must take it on *my* shoulders, and be responsible, and see after everything; and that will grieve your mother a bit, though she mayn't say so. Fred had need be careful.'

'Perhaps it is too much, father,' said Mary, checked in her joy. 'There would be no happiness in bringing you any fresh trouble.'

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'Nay, nay; work is my delight, child, when it doesn't vex your mother. And then, if you and Fred get married,' here Caleb's voice shook just perceptibly, 'he'll be steady and saving; and you've got your mother's cleverness, and mine too, in a woman's sort of way; and you'll keep him in order. He'll be coming by-and-by, so I wanted to tell you first, because I think you'd like to tell *him* by yourselves. After that, I could talk it well over with him, and we could go into business and the nature of things.'

'Oh, you dear good father!' cried Mary, putting her hands round her father's neck, while he bent his head placidly, willing to be caressed. 'I wonder if any other girl thinks her father the best man in the world!'

'Nonsense, child; you'll think your husband better.'

'Impossible,' said Mary, relapsing into her usual tone; 'husbands are an inferior class of men, who require keeping in order.'

(*from* Chapter 86)

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THOMAS HARDY: *Jude the Obscure*

4 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Hardy present different attitudes to learning and study in the novel?

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

The prospects of the newly married couple were certainly not very brilliant even to the most sanguine mind. He, a stone-cutter's apprentice, nineteen years of age, was working for half wages till he should be out of his time. His wife was absolutely useless in a town-lodging, where he at first had considered it would be necessary for them to live. But the urgent need of adding to income in ever so little a degree caused him to take a lonely roadside cottage between the Brown House and Marygreen, that he might have the profits of a vegetable garden, and utilize her past experiences by letting her keep a pig. But it was not the sort of life he had bargained for, and it was a long way to walk to and from Alfredston every day. Arabella, however, felt that all these makeshifts were temporary; she had gained a husband; that was the thing – a husband with a lot of earning power in him for buying her frocks and hats when he should begin to get frightened a bit, and stick to his trade, and throw aside those stupid books for practical undertakings.

So to the cottage he took her on the evening of the marriage, giving up his old room at his aunt's – where so much of the hard labour at Greek and Latin had been carried on.

A little chill overspread him at her first unrobing. A long tail of hair, which Arabella wore twisted up in an enormous knob at the back of her head, was deliberately unfastened, stroked out, and hung upon the looking-glass which he had bought her.

'What – it wasn't your own?' he said, with a sudden distaste for her.

'O no – it never is nowadays with the better class.'

'Nonsense! Perhaps not in towns. But in the country it is supposed to be different. Besides, you've enough of your own, surely? Why, it's a lot!'

'Yes, enough as country notions go. But in towns the men expect more, and when I was barmaid at Aldbrickham –'

'Barmaid at Aldbrickham?'

'Well, not exactly barmaid – I used to draw the drink at a public-house there – just for a little time; that was all. Some people put me up to getting this, and I bought it just for a fancy. The more you have the better in Aldbrickham, which is a finer town than all your Christminsters. Every lady of position wears false hair – the barber's assistant told me so.'

Jude thought with a feeling of sickness that though this might be true to some extent, for all that he knew, many unsophisticated girls would and did go to towns and remain there for years without losing their simplicity of life and embellishments. Others, alas, had an instinct towards artificiality in their very blood, and became adepts in counterfeiting at the first glimpse of it. However, perhaps there was no great sin in a woman adding to her hair, and he resolved to think no more of it.

(*from* Chapter 9, Part First)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: selected sonnets

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of mortality in his sonnets. In your answer, you should refer to **three** sonnets from the selection.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following sonnet, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's poetic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

Sonnet 141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone;
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be.
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

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from **WALT WHITMAN:** ***Leaves of Grass***

6 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Whitman explore feelings of loss? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Whitman's methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

How Solemn as One by One
(WASHINGTON CITY, 1865)

How solemn as one by one,
As the ranks returning worn and sweaty, as the men file by where I stand,
As the faces the masks appear, as I glance at the faces studying the masks,
(As I glance upward out of this page studying you, dear friend, whoever you are,)
How solemn the thought of my whispering soul to each in the ranks, and to you,
I see behind each mask that wonder a kindred soul,
O the bullet could never kill what you really are, dear friend,
Nor the bayonet stab what you really are;
The soul! yourself I see, great as any, good as the best,
Waiting secure and content, which the bullet could never kill,
Nor the bayonet stab O friend.

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Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

J M COETZEE: *Waiting for the Barbarians*

7 **Either** **(a)** 'Tell them the truth. What else is there to tell?'

With this quotation from the novel in mind, discuss Coetzee's presentation of the truth and its significance in *Waiting for the Barbarians*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Sometimes in the mornings there are fresh hoofprints in the fields. Among the straggling bushes that mark the far limit of the ploughed land the watchman sees a shape which he swears was not there the day before and which has vanished a day later. The fisherfolk will not venture out before sunrise. Their catch has dropped so low that they barely subsist.

In two days of co-operative effort in which we laboured with our weapons at our sides, we have harvested the far fields, all that was left after the flooding. The yield is less than four cups a day for each family, but better than nothing.

Although the blind horse continues to turn the wheel that fills the tank by the lakeshore that irrigates the gardens of the town, we know that the pipe can be cut at any time and have already begun with the digging of new wells within the walls.

I have urged my fellow-citizens to cultivate their kitchen gardens, to plant root vegetables that will withstand the winter frosts. 'Above all we must find ways of surviving the winter,' I tell them. 'In the spring they will send relief, there is no doubt of that. After the first thaw we can plant sixty-day millet.'

The school has been closed and the children are employed in trawling the salty southern fingers of the lake for the tiny red crustaceans that abound in the shallows. These we smoke and pack in one-pound slabs. They have a vile oily taste; normally only the fisherfolk eat them; but before the winter is out I suspect we will all be happy to have rats and insects to devour.

Along the north rampart we have propped a row of helmets with spears upright beside them. Every half-hour a child passes along the row moving each helmet slightly. Thus do we hope to deceive the keen eyes of the barbarians.

The garrison that Mandel bequeathed us consists of three men. They take turns in standing guard at the locked courthouse door, ignored by the rest of the town, keeping to themselves.

In all measures for our preservation I have taken the lead. No one has challenged me. My beard is trimmed, I wear clean clothes, I have in effect resumed the legal administration that was interrupted a year ago by the arrival of the Civil Guard.

We ought to be cutting and storing firewood; but no one can be found who will venture into the charred woods along the river, where the fisherfolk swear they have seen fresh signs of barbarian encampments.

(*from* Chapter 6)

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from **LOUISE GLÜCK:** ***The Wild Iris***

8 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Glück present the Creator figure's view of humanity in her poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Matins

What is my heart to you
that you must break it over and over
like a plantsman testing
his new species? Practice
on something else: how can I live
in colonies, as you prefer, if you impose
a quarantine of affliction, dividing me
from healthy members of
my own tribe: you do not do this
in the garden, segregate
the sick rose; you let it wave its sociable
infested leaves in
the faces of the other roses, and the tiny aphids
leap from plant to plant, proving yet again
I am the lowest of your creatures, following
the thriving aphid and the trailing rose – Father,
as agent of my solitude, alleviate
at least my guilt; lift
the stigma of isolation, unless
it is your plan to make me
sound forever again, as I was
sound and whole in my mistaken childhood,
or if not then, under the light weight
of my mother's heart, or if not then,
in dream, first
being that would never die.

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from **KATHERINE MANSFIELD:** ***Selected Stories***

9 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects created by Mansfield's presentation of innocence. You should refer to **two** stories from the selection in your answer.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following passage, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and concerns.

I do not know why I have such a fancy for this little café. It's dirty and sad, sad. It's not as if it had anything to distinguish it from a hundred others – it hasn't; or as if the same strange types came here every day, whom one could watch from one's corner and recognise and more or less (with a strong accent on the less) get the hang of.

But pray don't imagine that those brackets are a confession of my humility before the mystery of the human soul. Not at all; I don't believe in the human soul. I never have. I believe that people are like portmanteaux – packed with certain things, started going, thrown about, tossed away, dumped down, lost and found, half emptied suddenly, or squeezed fatter than ever, until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to the Ultimate Train and away they rattle …

Not but what these portmanteaux can be very fascinating. Oh, but very! I see myself standing in front of them, don't you know, like a Customs official.

'Have you anything to declare? Any wines, spirits, cigars, perfumes, silks?'

And the moment of hesitation as to whether I am going to be fooled just before I chalk that squiggle, and then the other moment of hesitation just after, as to whether I have been, are perhaps the two most thrilling instants in life. Yes, they are, to me.

But before I started that long and rather far-fetched and not frightfully original digression, what I meant to say quite simply was that there are no portmanteaux to be examined here because the clientele of this café, ladies and gentlemen, does not sit down. No, it stands at the counter, and it consists of a handful of workmen who come up from the river, all powdered over with white flour, lime or something, and a few soldiers, bringing with them thin, dark girls with silver rings in their ears and market baskets on their arms.

Madame is thin and dark, too, with white cheeks and white hands. In certain lights she looks quite transparent, shining out of her black shawl with an extraordinary effect. When she is not serving she sits on a stool with her face turned, always, to the window. Her dark-ringed eyes search among and follow after the people passing, but not as if she was looking for somebody. Perhaps, fifteen years ago, she was; but now the pose has become a habit. You can tell from her air of fatigue and hopelessness that she must have given them up for the last ten years, at least …

And then there is the waiter. Not pathetic – decidedly not comic. Never making one of those perfectly insignificant remarks which amaze you so coming from a waiter (as though the poor wretch were a sort of cross between a coffee-pot and a wine bottle and not expected to hold so much as a drop of anything else). He is grey, flat-footed and withered, with long, brittle nails that set your nerves on edge while he scrapes up your two sous. When he is not smearing over the table or flicking at a dead fly or two, he stands with one hand on the back of a chair, in his far too long apron, and over his other arm the three-cornered dip of dirty napkin, waiting to be photographed in connection with some wretched murder. 'Interior of Café where Body was Found.' You've seen him hundreds of times.

Do you believe that every place has its hour of the day when it really does come alive?

(*from* Je ne parle pas français)

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TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

10 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Morrison make use of different settings in the novel?

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Morrison's presentation of Denver here and elsewhere in the novel.

Denver stood on the bottom step and was suddenly hot and shy.

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Wear her out.

(*from* Part 1)

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from **GABRIEL OKARA:** ***Collected Poems***

11 Either (a) 'Okara's poetry explores the loss of human connections in modern life.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Okara's poetry? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical analysis of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

Beauty beyond Words

The sun is sinking slowly in chanting colors!
And into yielding river of red and orange
I move my despoiling paddle
Like defacing brush on beautiful painting in oil,
As waters part with yielding murmur
And canoe moves in silent obedience.
It moves silently into colored shadows
As parting water turns parting colors
In wavelets radiating from glow
Of sun when it meets a waiting river!

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NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Trethewey presents family experiences. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Trethewey's poetic methods and concerns.

PILGRIMAGE
Vicksburg, Mississippi

Here, the Mississippi carved

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rolls over, pins me beneath a heavy arm.

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