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CAMBRIDGE
International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2026**

2 hours



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.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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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) Elizabeth says of Darcy, 'I could easily forgive *his* pride, if he had not mortified *mine*.'

With this quotation in mind, discuss the significance of pride in the relationship between Elizabeth and Darcy in the novel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of family relationships here and elsewhere in the novel.

Their reception from Mr Bennet, to whom they then turned, was not quite so cordial. His countenance rather gained in austerity; and he scarcely opened his lips. The easy assurance of the young couple, indeed, was enough to provoke him. Elizabeth was disgusted, and even Miss Bennet was shocked. Lydia was Lydia still; untamed, unabashed, wild, noisy, and fearless. She turned from sister to sister, demanding their congratulations, and when at length they all sat down, looked eagerly round the room, took notice of some little alteration in it, and observed, with a laugh, that it was a great while since she had been there.

Wickham was not at all more distressed than herself, but his manners were always so pleasing, that had his character and his marriage been exactly what they ought, his smiles and his easy address, while he claimed their relationship, would have delighted them all. Elizabeth had not before believed him quite equal to such assurance; but she sat down, resolving within herself, to draw no limits in future to the impudence of an impudent man. *She* blushed, and Jane blushed; but the cheeks of the two who caused their confusion, suffered no variation of colour.

There was no want of discourse. The bride and her mother could neither of them talk fast enough; and Wickham, who happened to sit near Elizabeth, began enquiring after his acquaintance in that neighbourhood, with a good humoured ease, which she felt very unable to equal in her replies. They seemed each of them to have the happiest memories in the world. Nothing of the past was recollected with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects, which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world.

'Only think of its being three months,' she cried, 'since I went away; it seems but a fortnight I declare; and yet there have been things enough happened in the time. Good gracious! when I went away, I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be very good fun if I was.'

Her father lifted up his eyes. Jane was distressed. Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never heard nor saw any thing of which she chose to be insensible, gaily continued, 'Oh! mamma, do the people here abouts know I am married to day? I was afraid they might not; and we overtook William Goulding in his curricle, so I was determined he should know it, and so I let down the side glass next to him, and took off my glove, and let my hand just rest upon the window frame, so that he might see the ring, and then I bowed and smiled like any thing.'

Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up, and ran out of the room; and returned no more, till she heard them passing through the hall to the dining parlour. She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia, with anxious parade, walk up to

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her mother's right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister, 'Ah! Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman.'

It was not to be supposed that time would give Lydia that embarrassment, from which she had been so wholly free at first. Her ease and good spirits increased. She longed to see Mrs Phillips, the Lucasses, and all their other neighbours, and to hear herself called 'Mrs Wickham,' by each of them; and in the mean time, she went after dinner to shew her ring and boast of being married, to Mrs Hill and the two housemaids.

'Well, mamma,' said she, when they were all returned to the breakfast room, 'and what do you think of my husband? Is not he a charming man? I am sure my sisters must all envy me. I only hope they may have half my good luck. They must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go.'

'Very true; and if I had my will, we should. But my dear Lydia, I don't at all like your going such a way off. Must it be so?'

'Oh, lord! yes; – there is nothing in that. I shall like it of all things. You and papa, and my sisters, must come down and see us. We shall be at Newcastle all the winter, and I dare say there will be some balls, and I will take care to get good partners for them all.'

'I should like it beyond any thing!' said her mother.

'And then when you go away, you may leave one or two of my sisters behind you; and I dare say I shall get husbands for them before the winter is over.'

'I thank you for my share of the favour,' said Elizabeth; 'but I do not particularly like your way of getting husbands.'

(*from* Chapter 51)

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

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Chaucer uses symbols and motifs in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to the presentation of the knight.

To every wight comanded was silence,
And that the knyght sholde telle in audience
What thyng that worldly wommen loven best.
This knyght ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
But to his questioun anon answerde
With manly voys, that al the court it herde:
'My lige lady, generally,' quod he,
'Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee
As wel over hir housbond as hir love,
And for to been in maistrie hym above.
This is youre mooste desir, thogh ye me kille.
Dooth as yow list; I am heer at youre wille.'
In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
Ne wydwe that contraried that he sayde,
But seyden he was worthy han his lyf.
And with that word up stirte the olde wyf,
Which that the knyght saugh sittynge on the grene:
'Mercy,' quod she, 'my sovereyn lady queene!
Er that youre court departe, do me right.
I taughte this answere unto the knyght;
For which he plighte me his trouthe there,
The firste thyng that I wolde hym requere
He wolde it do, if it lay in his myghte.
Bifore the court thanne preye I thee, sir knyght,'
Quod she, 'that thou me take unto thy wyf,
For wel thou woost that I have kept thy lyf.
If I seye fals, sey nay, upon thy fey!'
This knyght answerde, 'Allas and weylawey!
I woot right wel that swich was my biheste.
For Goddes love, as chees a newe requeste!
Taak al my good and lat my body go.'
'Nay, thanne,' quod she, 'I shrewe us bothe two!
For thogh that I be foul, and oold, and poore
I nolde for al the metal, ne for oore
That under erthe is grave or lith above,
But if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love.'
'My love?' quod he, 'nay, my dampnacioun!
Allas, that any of my nacioun
Sholde evere so foule disparaged be!'
But al for noght; the ende is this, that he
Constreyned was; he nedes moste hire wedde,
And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.

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GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

3 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Eliot shapes a reader's response to Dr Lydgate in the novel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Eliot's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

Dorothea sank into silence on the way back to the house. She felt some disappointment, of which she was yet ashamed, that there was nothing for her to do in Lowick; and in the next few minutes her mind had glanced over the possibility, which she would have preferred, of finding that her home would be in a parish which had a larger share of the world's misery, so that she might have had more active duties in it. Then, recurring to the future actually before her, she made a picture of more complete devotion to Mr Casaubon's aims, in which she would await new duties. Many such might reveal themselves to the higher knowledge gained by her in that companionship.

Mr Tucker soon left them, having some clerical work which would not allow him to lunch at the Hall; and as they were re-entering the garden through the little gate, Mr Casaubon said –

'You seem a little sad, Dorothea. I trust you are pleased with what you have seen.'

'I am feeling something which is perhaps foolish and wrong,' answered Dorothea, with her usual openness – 'almost wishing that the people wanted more to be done for them here. I have known so few ways of making my life good for anything. Of course, my notions of usefulness must be narrow. I must learn new ways of helping people.'

'Doubtless,' said Mr Casaubon. 'Each position has its corresponding duties. Yours, I trust, as the mistress of Lowick, will not leave any yearning unfulfilled.'

'Indeed, I believe that,' said Dorothea, earnestly. 'Do not suppose that I am sad.'

'That is well. But, if you are not tired, we will take another way to the house than that by which we came.'

Dorothea was not at all tired, and a little circuit was made towards a fine yew-tree, the chief hereditary glory of the grounds on this side of the house. As they approached it, a figure, conspicuous on a dark background of evergreens, was seated on a bench, sketching the old tree. Mr Brooke, who was walking in front with Celia, turned his head, and said –

'Who is that youngster, Casaubon?'

They had come very near when Mr Casaubon answered –

'That is a young relative of mine, a second cousin: the grandson, in fact,' he added, looking at Dorothea, 'of the lady whose portrait you have been noticing, my aunt Julia.'

The younger man had laid down his sketch-book and risen. His bushy light-brown curls, as well as his youthfulness, identified him at once with Celia's apparition.

'Dorothea, let me introduce to you my cousin, Mr Ladislaw. Will, this is Miss Brooke.'

The cousin was so close now, that, when he lifted his hat, Dorothea could see a pair of grey eyes rather near together, a delicate irregular nose with a little ripple in it, and hair falling backward; but there was a mouth and chin of a more prominent, threatening aspect than belonged to the type of the grandmother's

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miniature. Young Ladislaw did not feel it necessary to smile, as if he were charmed with this introduction to his future second cousin and her relatives; but wore rather a pouting air of discontent.

'You are an artist, I see,' said Mr Brooke, taking up the sketch-book and turning it over in his unceremonious fashion.

'No, I only sketch a little. There is nothing fit to be seen there,' said young Ladislaw, colouring, perhaps with temper rather than modesty.

(*from* Chapter 9)

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THOMAS HARDY: *Jude the Obscure*

4 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Hardy use lies and dishonesty in the novel?

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of Jude.

At some hour of the evening he reached Alfredston. Here he pawned his waistcoat, and having gone out of the town a mile or two, slept under a rick that night. At dawn he rose, shook off the hayseeds and stems from his clothes, and started again, breasting the long white road up the hill to the downs, which had been visible to him a long way off, and passing the milestone at the top, whereon he had carved his hopes years ago.

He reached the ancient hamlet while the people were at breakfast. Weary and mud-bespattered, but quite possessed of his ordinary clearness of brain, he sat down by the well, thinking as he did so what a poor Christ he made. Seeing a trough of water near, he bathed his face, and went on to the cottage of his great-aunt, whom he found breakfasting in bed, attended by the woman who lived with her.

'What – out o' work?' asked his relative, regarding him through eyes sunken deep, under lids heavy as pot-covers, no other cause for his tumbled appearance suggesting itself to one whose whole life had been a struggle with material things.

'Yes,' said Jude heavily. 'I think I must have a little rest.'

Refreshed by some breakfast, he went up to his old room and lay down in his shirt-sleeves, after the manner of the artizan. He fell asleep for a short while, and when he awoke it was as if he had awakened in hell. It *was* hell – 'the hell of conscious failure,' both in ambition and in love. He thought of that previous abyss into which he had fallen before leaving this part of the country; the deepest deep he had supposed it then; but it was not so deep as this. That had been the breaking in of the outer bulwarks of his hope; this was of his second line.

If he had been a woman he must have screamed under the nervous tension which he was now undergoing. But that relief being denied to his virility, he clenched his teeth in misery, bringing lines about his mouth like those in the Laocoon, and corrugations between his brows.

A mournful wind blew through the trees, and sounded in the chimney like the pedal notes of an organ. Each ivy leaf overgrowing the wall of the churchless churchyard hard by, now abandoned, pecked its neighbour smartly, and the vane on the new German-Gothic church in the new spot had already begun to creak. Yet apparently it was not always the outdoor wind that made the deep murmurs; it was a voice. He guessed its origin in a moment or two; the curate was praying with his aunt in the adjoining room. He remembered her speaking of him. Presently the sounds ceased, and a step seemed to cross the landing. Jude sat up, and shouted 'Hoi!'

The step made for his door, which was open, and a man looked in. It was a young clergyman.

'I think you are Mr Highridge,' said Jude. 'My aunt has mentioned you more than once. Well, here I am, just come home; a fellow gone to the bad; though I had the best intentions in the world at one time. Now I am melancholy mad, what with drinking and one thing and another.'

Slowly Jude unfolded to the curate his late plans and movements, by an unconscious bias dwelling less upon the intellectual and ambitious side of his

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dream, and more upon the theological, though this had, up till now, been merely a portion of the general plan of advancement.

'Now I know I have been a fool, and that folly is with me,' added Jude in conclusion. 'And I don't regret the collapse of my University hopes one jot. I wouldn't begin again if I were sure to succeed. I don't care for social success any more at all. But I do feel I should like to do some good thing; and I bitterly regret the Church, and the loss of my chance of being her ordained minister.'

(*from* Chapter 7, Part Second)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: selected sonnets

5 Either (a) 'Shakespeare's sonnets are personal and at the same time universal.'

To what extent do you agree with this comment? In your answer, you should refer to **three** sonnets from the selection.

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following sonnet, showing what it adds to your understanding of Shakespeare's concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

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

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects created by Whitman's use of symbols in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following extract from *The Wound-Dresser*, showing ways in which it is characteristic of Whitman's presentation of war here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Wound-Dresser

1

An old man bending I come among new faces,
Years looking backward resuming in answer to children,
Come tell us old man, as from young men and maidens that love me,
(Arous'd and angry, I'd thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war,
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I resign'd myself,
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead;)
Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,
Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the other was equally brave;)
Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of earth,
Of those armies so rapid so wondrous that saw you to tell us?
What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what deepest remains?

2

O maidens and young men I love and that love me,
What you ask of my days those the strangest and sudden your talking recalls,
Soldier alert I arrive after a long march cover'd with sweat and dust,
In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly shout in the rush of successful charge,
Enter the captur'd works – yet lo, like a swift-running river they fade,
Pass and are gone they fade – I dwell not on soldiers' perils or soldiers' joys,
(Both I remember well – many the hardships, few the joys, yet I was content.)

But in silence, in dreams' projections,
While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,
So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the imprints off the sand,
With hinged knees returning I enter the doors, (while for you up there,
Whoever you are, follow without noise and be of strong heart.)

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Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass the ground,
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd hospital,
To the long rows of cots up and down each side I return,
To each and all one after another I draw near, not one do I miss,
An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes – poor boy! I never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you.

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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)** In what ways and with what effects does Coetzee present the power of empire and imperialism in *Waiting for the Barbarians*?

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

Sometimes, on a good morning, I am enabled to live again all the strength and swiftness of my manhood.

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‘Are you here in bed with me because it is what you want?’

(*from* Chapter 2)

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

8 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Glück present love? 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.

Vespers

In your extended absence, you permit me

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for these vines.

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

9 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the presentation and significance of children in Mansfield's stories. In your answer, you should refer to at least **two** stories from the selection.

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

The post was late as usual. They sat outside the house in long chairs under coloured parasols. Only Bobby Kane lay on the turf at Isabel's feet. It was dull, stifling; the day drooped like a flag.

'Do you think there will be Mondays in Heaven?' asked Bobby childishly.

And Dennis murmured, 'Heaven will be one long Monday.'

But Isabel couldn't help wondering what had happened to the salmon they had for supper last night. She had meant to have fish mayonnaise for lunch and now …

Moira was asleep. Sleeping was her latest discovery. 'It's *so* wonderful. One simply shuts one's eyes, that's all. It's *so* delicious.'

When the old ruddy postman came beating along the sandy road on his tricycle one felt the handle-bars ought to have been oars.

Bill Hunt put down his book. 'Letters,' he said complacently, and they all waited. But, heartless postman – O malignant world! There was only one, a fat one for Isabel. Not even a paper.

'And mine's only from William,' said Isabel mournfully.

'From William – already?'

'He's sending you back your marriage lines as a gentle reminder.'

'Does everybody have marriage lines? I thought they were only for servants.'

'Pages and pages! Look at her! A Lady reading a Letter,' said Dennis.

My darling, precious Isabel. Pages and pages there were. As Isabel read on her feeling of astonishment changed to a stifled feeling. What on earth had induced William …? How extraordinary it was … What could have made him …? She felt confused, more and more excited, even frightened. It was just like William. Was it? It was absurd, of course, it must be absurd, ridiculous. 'Ha, ha, ha! Oh dear!' What was she to do? Isabel flung back in her chair and laughed till she couldn't stop laughing.

'Do, do tell us,' said the others. 'You must tell us.'

'I'm longing to,' gurgled Isabel. She sat up, gathered the letter, and waved it at them. 'Gather round,' she said. 'Listen, it's too marvellous. A love-letter!'

'A love-letter! But how divine!' *Darling, precious Isabel.* But she had hardly begun before their laughter interrupted her.

'Go on, Isabel, it's perfect.'

'It's the most marvellous find.'

'Oh, do go on, Isabel!'

God forbid, my darling, that I should be a drag on your happiness.

'Oh! oh! oh!'

'Sh! sh! sh!'

And Isabel went on. When she reached the end they were hysterical: Bobby rolled on the turf and almost sobbed.

'You must let me have it just as it is, entire, for my new book,' said Dennis firmly. 'I shall give it a whole chapter.'

'Oh, Isabel,' moaned Moira, 'that wonderful bit about holding you in his arms!'

'I always thought those letters in divorce cases were made up. But they pale before this.'

'Let me hold it. Let me read it, mine own self,' said Bobby Kane.

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But, to their surprise, Isabel crushed the letter in her hand. She was laughing no longer. She glanced quickly at them all; she looked exhausted. 'No, not just now. Not just now,' she stammered.

(*from* Marriage à la Mode)

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TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

10 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Morrison shapes a reader's response to the character Beloved.

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

For years Paul D believed schoolteacher broke into children what Garner had raised into men.

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Now he wondered what-all went wrong, and starting with the Plan, everything had.

(*from* Part 2)

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

11 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Okara explore suffering in **three** poems from the selection?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *The Fisherman's Invocation*, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns.

from *The Fisherman's Invocation*

5

The End

The celebration is now ended

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Lay sleeping with breasts in his mouth.

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NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Trethewey's use of different poetic forms. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods and effects in the following poem, consider ways in which Trethewey makes use of photographs here and elsewhere in the collection.

Photograph: Ice Storm, 1971

Why the rough edge of beauty? Why

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of what's inside – mother, stepfather's fist?

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