



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Authors

May/June 2010

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 **Either** (a) 'In the end the revenge plot deals out justice to all the characters.'

How far does your reading of the play support this view?

Or (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Hamlet and his mother.

Polonius: 'A will come straight. Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
Pray you be round with him. 5

Hamlet: [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen: I'll warrant you. Fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS goes behind the arras.*
Enter HAMLET. 10

Hamlet: Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet: Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen: Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet: Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. 15
Queen: Why, how now, Hamlet!
Hamlet: What's the matter now?
Queen: Have you forgot me?
Hamlet: No, by the rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And – would it were not so! – you are my mother. 20
Queen: Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet: Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you. 25
Queen: What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Polonius: [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Hamlet: [*Draws*] How now! a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead! 30
[*Kills POLONIUS with a pass through the arras.*
Polonius: [*Behind*] O, I am slain!
Queen: O me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet: Nay, I know not: 35
Is it the King?
Queen: O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet: A bloody deed! – almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.
Queen: As kill a king!

<i>Hamlet:</i>	Ay, lady, it was my word.	40
	[Parting the arras.	
	Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune; Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.	
	Leave wringing of your hands. Peace; sit you down, And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff; If damned custom have not braz'd it so That it be proof and bulwark against sense.	45
<i>Queen:</i>	What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?	50
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows As false as dicers' oaths. O, such a deed As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul, and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face does glow O'er this solidity and compound mass With heated visage, as against the doom— Is thought-sick at the act.	55
<i>Queen:</i>	Ay me, what act, That roars so loud and thunders in the index?	60
		65

Act 3, Scene 4

At which like unback'd colts they prick'd their ears,
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through 50
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
 Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet. 55

Prospero: This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ariel: I go, I go. [*Exit.*] 60

Prospero: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, 65
 Even to roaring.

Act 4, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Austen gave them many of the most superficially attractive qualities in the book.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of Mary and Henry Crawford in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and dialogue, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Fanny's role and characterisation.

'Fanny,' cried Tom Bertram, from the other table, where the conference was eagerly carrying on, and the conversation incessant, 'we want your services.'

Fanny was up in a moment, expecting some errand, for the habit of employing her in that way was not yet overcome, in spite of all that Edmund could do.

'Oh! we do not want to disturb you from your seat. We do not want your *present* services. We shall only want you in our play. You must be Cottager's wife.'

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'Me!' cried Fanny, sitting down again with a most frightened look. 'Indeed you must excuse me. I could not act any thing if you were to give me the world. No, indeed, I cannot act.'

'Indeed but you must, for we cannot excuse you. It need not frighten you; it is a nothing of a part, a mere nothing, not above half a dozen speeches altogether, and it will not much signify if nobody hears a word you say, so you may be as creepmouse as you like, but we must have you to look at.'

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'If you are afraid of half a dozen speeches,' cried Mr Rushworth, 'what would you do with such a part as mine? I have forty-two to learn.'

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'It is not that I am afraid of learning by heart,' said Fanny, shocked to find herself at that moment the only speaker in the room, and to feel that almost every eye was upon her; 'but I really cannot act.'

'Yes, yes, you can act well enough for *us*. Learn your part, and we will teach you all the rest. You have only two scenes, and as I shall be Cottager, I'll put you in and push you about; and you will do it very well I'll answer for it.'

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'No, indeed, Mr Bertram, you must excuse me. You cannot have an idea. It would be absolutely impossible for me. If I were to undertake it, I should only disappoint you.'

'Phoo! Phoo! Do not be so shamefaced. You'll do it very well. Every allowance will be made for you. We do not expect perfection. You must get a brown gown, and a white apron, and a mob cap, and we must make you a few wrinkles, and a little of the crow's foot at the corner of your eyes, and you will be a very proper, little old woman.'

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'You must excuse me, indeed you must excuse me,' cried Fanny, growing more and more red from excessive agitation, and looking distressfully at Edmund, who was kindly observing her, but unwilling to exasperate his brother by interference, gave her only an encouraging smile. Her entreaty had no effect on Tom; he only said again what he had said before; and it was not merely Tom, for the requisition was now backed by Maria and Mr Crawford, and Mr Yates, with an urgency which differed from his, but in being more gentle or more ceremonious, and which altogether was quite overpowering to Fanny; and before she could breathe after it, Mrs Norris completed the whole, by thus addressing her in a whisper at once angry and audible: 'What a piece of work here is about nothing, – I am quite ashamed of you, Fanny, to make

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such a difficulty of obliging your cousins in a trifle of this sort, – So kind as they are to you – Take the part with a good grace, and let us hear no more of the matter, I entreat.’ 40

‘Do not urge her, madam,’ said Edmund. ‘It is not fair to urge her in this manner. – You see she does not like to act. – Let her choose for herself as well as the rest of us. – Her judgement may be quite as safely trusted. – Do not urge her any more.’ 45

‘I am not going to urge her,’ – replied Mrs Norris sharply, ‘but I shall think her a very obstinate, ungrateful girl, if she does not do what her aunt and cousins wish her – very ungrateful indeed, considering who and what she is.’

Chapter 15

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and how successfully does Chaucer use the beast fable to present human nature in *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how successful you find it as an introduction to Chauntecleer. You should pay attention to the language and tone in your answer.

A yeerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
 With stikkes, and a drye dych withoute,
 In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer.
 In al the land, of crowyng nas his peer.
 His voys was murier than the murie orgon 5
 On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon.
 Wel sikerer was his crowyng in his logge
 Than is a klokke or an abbey orlogge.
 By nature he knew ech ascencioun
 Of the equynoxial in thilke toun; 10
 For whan degrees fiftene weren ascended,
 Thanne crew he, that it myghte nat been amended.
 His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
 And batailled as it were a castel wal;
 His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon; 15
 Lyk asure were his legges and his toon;
 His nayles whitter than the lylie flour,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
 Sevene hennes for to doon al his plesaunce, 20
 Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
 And wonder lyk to hym, as of colours;
 Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
 Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire, 25
 And compaignable, and bar hyrself so faire,
 Syn thilke day that she was seven nyght oold,
 That trewely she hath the herte in hoold
 Of Chauntecleer, loken in every lith;
 He loved hire so that wel was hym therwith. 30
 But swich a joye was it to here hem synge,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to sprynge,
 In sweete accord, "My lief is faren in londe!"
 For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
 Beestes and briddes koude speke and synge. 35

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Dickens's presentation of schools and ideas about education in *Hard Times*.
- Or** (b) Discuss Dickens's presentation of the relationship between Louisa and Mr Gradgrind in the following passage. You should pay close attention to language and narrative techniques in your answer.

He waited, as if he would have been glad that she said something. But she said never a word.

'Louisa, my dear, you are the subject of a proposal of marriage that has been made to me.'

Again he waited, and again she answered not one word. This so far surprised him, as to induce him gently to repeat, 'a proposal of marriage, my dear.' To which she returned, without any visible emotion whatever:

'I hear you, father. I am attending, I assure you.'

'Well!' said Mr. Gradgrind, breaking into a smile, after being for the moment at a loss, 'you are even more dispassionate than I expected, Louisa. Or, perhaps, you are not unprepared for the announcement I have it in charge to make?'

'I cannot say that, father, until I hear it. Prepared or unprepared, I wish to hear it all from you. I wish to hear you state it to me, father.'

Strange to relate, Mr. Gradgrind was not so collected at this moment as his daughter was. He took a paper-knife in his hand, turned it over, laid it down, took it up again, and even then had to look along the blade of it, considering how to go on.

'What you say, my dear Louisa, is perfectly reasonable. I have undertaken then to let you know that – in short, that Mr. Bounderby has informed me that he has long watched your progress with particular interest and pleasure, and has long hoped that the time might ultimately arrive when he should offer you his hand in marriage. That time, to which he has so long, and certainly with great constancy, looked forward, is now come. Mr. Bounderby has made his proposal of marriage to me, and has entreated me to make it known to you, and to express his hope that you will take it into your favourable consideration.'

Silence between them. The deadly statistical clock very hollow. The distant smoke very black and heavy.

'Father,' said Louisa, 'do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?'

Mr Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. 'Well, my child,' he returned, 'I – really – cannot take upon myself to say.'

'Father,' pursued Louisa in exactly the same voice as before, 'do you ask me to love Mr. Bounderby?'

'My dear Louisa, no. No. I ask nothing.'

'Father,' she still pursued, 'does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?'

'Really, my dear,' said Mr. Gradgrind, 'it is difficult to answer your question –'

'Difficult to answer it, Yes or No, father?'

'Certainly, my dear. Because;' here was something to demonstrate, and it set him up again; 'because the reply depends so materially, Louisa, on the sense in which we use the expression.'

Chapter 15

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

6 **Either** (a) 'It is Henchard's inability to understand women that destroys him in the end.'

How far does your reading of the novel support this view?

Or (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Arriving at Casterbridge Henchard went again to Farfrae's house to make inquiries. As soon as the door opened anxious faces confronted his from the staircase, hall, and landing; and they all said in grievous disappointment, 'O – it is not he!' The manservant, finding his mistake, had long since returned, and all hopes had been centred upon Henchard.

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'But haven't you found him?' said the doctor.

'Yes ... I cannot tell 'ee!' Henchard replied as he sank down on a chair within the entrance. 'He can't be home for two hours.'

'H'm,' said the surgeon, returning upstairs.

'How is she?' asked Henchard of Elizabeth, who formed one of the group.

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'In great danger, father. Her anxiety to see her husband makes her fearfully restless. Poor woman – I fear they have killed her!'

Henchard regarded the sympathetic speaker for a few instants as if she struck him in a new light; then, without further remark, went out of the door and onward to his lonely cottage. So much for man's rivalry, he thought. Death was to have the oyster, and Farfrae and himself the shells. But about Elizabeth-Jane; in the midst of his gloom she seemed to him as a pin-point of light. He had liked the look of her face as she answered him from the stairs. There had been affection in it, and above all things what he desired now was affection from anything that was good and pure. She was not his own; yet, for the first time, he had a faint dream that he might get to like her as his own, – if she would only continue to love him.

15

Jopp was just going to bed when Henchard got home. As the latter entered the door Jopp said, 'This is rather bad about Mrs Farfrae's illness.'

'Yes,' said Henchard shortly, though little dreaming of Jopp's complicity in the night's harlequinade, and raising his eyes just sufficiently to observe that Jopp's face was lined with anxiety.

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'Somebody has called for you,' continued Jopp, when Henchard was shutting himself into his own apartment. 'A kind of traveller, or sea-captain of some sort.'

'Oh? – who could he be?'

'He seemed a well-be-doing man – had grey hair and a broadish face; but he gave no name, and no message.'

25

'Nor do I gi'e him any attention.' And, saying this, Henchard closed his door.

Chapter 40

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

7 **Either** (a) 'Had we but world enough and Time ...'

In what ways and with what effects does Marvell explore the idea of time? You should refer to at least **three** of his poems from your selection in your answer.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *The Garden*.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below, 5
Only among the Plants will grow
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green. 10
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer your barks I wound, 15
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race. 20
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead! 25
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach; 30
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind 35
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade. 40

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Pope's presentation of the 'unnumbered spirits' of sylphs and sprites in *The Rape of the Lock*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the methods and poetic effects of Pope's writing, by close reference to the language and tone of the following passage.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs, 5
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day. 10
 Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire, 15
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire;
 "O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,
 (While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied)
 "Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare? 20
 For this your locks in paper durance bound?
 For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair, 25
 While the fops envy and the ladies stare?
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say, 30
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I then your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize, 35
 Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow; 40
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

Canto IV

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'To Hopkins the beauty of Nature spoke of God.'

Discuss your response to Hopkins's poetry in the light of this comment. You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Hopkins's poetic methods and concerns.

My own heart let me more have pity on; let
 Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
 Charitable; not live this tormented mind
 With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get
 By groping round my comfortless, than blind
 Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
 Thirst's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

5

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
 You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
 Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
 At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
 's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather – as skies
 Betweenpie mountains – lights a lovely mile.

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JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

10 Either (a) 'The Duchess is not a victim but rashly invites her own fate.'

How far do you agree with this assessment of the role and characterisation of the Duchess?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, imagery and dramatic action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Cardinal:</i>	The reason why I would not suffer these About my brother, is because at midnight I may with better privacy convey Julia's body to her own lodging. O, my conscience! I would pray now: but the devil takes away my heart For having any confidence in prayer. About this hour I appointed Bosola To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turn, He dies.	5
	<i>Exit. [Enter BOSOLA.]</i>	10
<i>Bosola:</i>	Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice. I heard him name Bosola, and my death: listen, I hear one's footing. <i>[Enter FERDINAND.]</i>	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	Strangling is a very quiet death.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	Nay then I see, I must stand upon my guard.	15
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	What say' to that? Whisper, softly: do you agree to't? So it must be done i'th' dark: the Cardinal Would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. <i>Exit.</i>	
<i>Bosola:</i>	My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder. <i>We value not desert, nor Christian breath, When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.</i> <i>[Withdraws. Enter ANTONIO and a SERVANT.]</i>	20
<i>Servant:</i>	Here stay sir, and be confident, I pray: I'll fetch you a dark lantern. <i>Exit.</i>	25
<i>Antonio:</i>	Could I take him At his prayers, there were hope of pardon.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	Fall right my sword: <i>[strikes ANTONIO down.]</i> I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.	30
<i>Antonio:</i>	O, I am gone. Thou hast ended a long suit, In a minute.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	What art thou?	
<i>Antonio:</i>	A most wretched thing That only have thy benefit in death, To appear myself. <i>[Enter SERVANT with a dark lantern.]</i>	35
<i>Servant:</i>	Where are you sir?	
<i>Antonio:</i>	Very near my home. Bosola?	40
<i>Servant:</i>	O misfortune!	
<i>Bosola:</i>	<i>[to SERVANT]</i> Smother thy pity, thou art dead else. Antonio! The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life! We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded	

Which way please them. O good Antonio, 45
 I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear,
 Shall make thy heart break quickly. Thy fair Duchess
 And two sweet children –

Antonio: Their very names
 Kindle a little life in me. 50

Bosola: Are murder'd!

Antonio: Some men have wish'd to die
 At the hearing of sad tidings: I am glad
 That I shall do't in sadness: I would not now
 Wish my wounds balm'd, nor heal'd: for I have no use 55
 To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
 Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
 We follow after bubbles, blown in th'air.
 Pleasure of life, what is't? Only the good hours
 Of an ague: merely a preparative to rest, 60
 To endure vexation. I do not ask
 The process of my death: only commend me
 To Delio.

Act 5, Scene 4

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