

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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and Other pre-20th Century Authors

May/June 2004

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This document consists of **18** pages and **2** blank pages.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) Enobarbus has been described as 'the voice of common sense' in *Antony and Cleopatra*. What is your response to his role and characterisation in the play?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action of the following passage, discuss its significance to the play as a whole.

Lepidus. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit 5
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Antony. 'Tis spoken well. 10
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*

Caesar. Welcome to Rome.
Antony. Thank you.
Caesar. Sit. 15
Antony. Sit, sir.
Caesar. Nay, then. [*They sit.*

Antony. I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not. 20
Caesar. I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately when to sound your name
It not concern'd me. 25

Antony. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?
Caesar. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt 30
Might be my question.
Antony. How intend you—practis'd?
Caesar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation 35
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.
Antony. You do mistake your business; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it, 40
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

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Caesar. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

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Act 2 Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Not as weak and colourless as she may appear...'
Discuss Shakespeare's characterisation of Desdemona in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language and tone of the following dialogue, discuss what it contributes to the opening of the play.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That you, Iago, who has had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter, 5
Abhor me.
Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, 15
Nonsuits my mediators; 'For, certes,' says he
'I have already chose my officer'.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose 25
As masterly as he—mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd 30
By debtor and creditor—this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's ancient.
Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman!
Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service; 35
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor. 40
Roderigo. I would not follow him, then.
Iago. O, sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark 45
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave

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That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd.
Whip me such honest knaves.

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Act 1 Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, is the issue of reputation explored in the
Or (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following sequence unfolds?

SCENE IV. *Hero's apartment.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

- Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.
- Ursula.* I will, lady.
- Hero.* And bid her come hither.
- Ursula.* Well. [Exit Ursula. 5
- Margaret.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.
- Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
- Margaret.* By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.
- Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this. 10
- Margaret.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.
- Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say. 15
- Margaret.* By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. 20
- Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.
- Margaret.* 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.
- Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?
- Margaret.* Of what, lady, of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say 'saving your reverence, a husband'; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes. 25 30

Enter BEATRICE.

- Hero.* Good morrow, coz.
- Beatrice.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.
- Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?
- Beatrice.* I am out of all other tune, me-thinks. 35
- Margaret.* Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
- Beatrice.* Ye light o' love with your heels! Then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barnes.
- Margaret.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels. 40
- Beatrice.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!
- Margaret.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice. For the letter that begins them all—H.

Margaret. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing
by the star.

Beatrice. What means the fool, trow?

Margaret. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent
perfume.

Beatrice. I am stuff'd cousin, I cannot smell.

Margaret. A maid and stuff'd! There's goodly catching of cold.

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Snobbish, self-centred and patronising ...' Consider the role and characterisation of Emma Woodhouse in the light of this criticism of her.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Austen's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

She must communicate the painful truth, however, and as soon as possible. An injunction of secrecy had been among Mr. Weston's parting words. "For the present the whole affair was to be completely a secret. Mr. Churchill had made a point of it, as a token of respect to the wife he had so very recently lost; and everybody admitted it to be no more than due decorum." Emma had promised; but still Harriet must be excepted. It was her superior duty.

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In spite of her vexation, she could not help feeling it almost ridiculous, that she should have the very same distressing and delicate office to perform by Harriet which Mrs. Weston had just gone through by herself. The intelligence, which had been so anxiously announced to her, she was now to be anxiously announcing to another. Her heart beat quick on hearing Harriet's footstep and voice; so, she supposed, had poor Mrs. Weston felt when she was approaching Randalls. Could the event of the disclosure bear an equal resemblance! But of that, unfortunately, there could be no chance.

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"Well, Miss Woodhouse," cried Harriet, coming eagerly into the room, "is not this the oddest news that ever was?"

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"What news do you mean?" replied Emma, unable to guess, by look or voice, whether Harriet could indeed have received any hint.

"About Jane Fairfax. Did you ever hear anything so strange? Oh! you need not be afraid of owning it to me, for Mr. Weston has told me himself. I met him just now. He told me it was to be a great secret; and, therefore, I should not think of mentioning it to anybody but you, but he said you knew it."

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"What did Mr. Weston tell you?" said Emma, still perplexed.

"Oh! he told me all about it; that Jane Fairfax and Mr. Frank Churchill are to be married, and that they have been privately engaged to one another this long while. How very odd!"

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It was, indeed, so odd, Harriet's behaviour was so extremely odd, that Emma did not know how to understand it. Her character appeared absolutely changed. She seemed to propose showing no agitation, or disappointment, or peculiar concern in the discovery. Emma looked at her, quite unable to speak.

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"Had you any idea," cried Harriet, "of his being in love with her? You, perhaps, might. You" (blushing as she spoke), "who can see into everybody's heart; but nobody else—"

"Upon my word," said Emma, "I begin to doubt my having any such talent. Can you seriously ask me, Harriet, whether I imagined him attached to another woman at the very time that I was—tacitly if not openly—encouraging you to give way to your own feelings? I never had the slightest suspicion, till within the last hour, of Mr. Frank Churchill's having the least regard for Jane Fairfax. You may be very sure that, if I had, I should have cautioned you accordingly."

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"Me!" cried Harriet, colouring, and astonished. "Why should you caution me? You do not think I care about Mr. Frank Churchill?"

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"I am delighted to hear you speak so stoutly on the subject," replied Emma

smiling, "but you do not mean to deny that there was a time—and not very distant either—when you gave me reason to understand that you did care about him?"

"Him! never, never. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how could you so mistake me?" (turning away distressed).

"Harriet," cried Emma, after a moment's pause, "what do you mean? Good Heaven! what do you mean? Mistake you! Am I to suppose then—?"

She could not speak another word. Her voice was lost; and she sat down, waiting in great terror till Harriet should answer.

Harriet, who was standing at some distance and with face turned from her, did not immediately say anything; and when she did speak, it was in a voice nearly as agitated as Emma's.

"I should not have thought it possible," she began, "that you could have misunderstood me! I know we agreed never to name him—but considering how infinitely superior he is to everybody else, I should not have thought it possible that I could be supposed to mean any other person. Mr. Frank Churchill, indeed! I do not know who would ever look at him in the company of the other. I hope I have a better taste than to think of Mr. Frank Churchill, who is like nobody by his side. And that you should have been so mistaken, is amazing! I am sure, but for believing that you entirely approved and meant to encourage me in my attachment, I should have considered it at first too great a presumption almost to dare to think of him. At first, if you had not told me that more wonderful things had happened; that there had been matches of greater disparity (those were your very words)—I should not have dared to give way to—I should not have thought it possible; but if *you*, who had been always acquainted with him—"

"Harriet," cried Emma, collecting herself resolutely, "let us understand each other now, without the possibility of further mistake. Are you speaking of—Mr. Knightley?"

From Chapter 47

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The two rivals, Palamon and Arcite, are hardly differentiated: they are representative young knights.'

Consider Chaucer's characterisation of Palamon and Arcite in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on the role of the gods in the *Tale*.

And right anon swich strif ther is bigonne,
 For thilke grauntyng, in the hevene above,
 Bitwixe Venus, the goddesse of love,
 And Mars, the stierne god armypotente,
 That Juppiter was bisy it to stente; 5
 Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,
 That knew so manye of adventures olde,
 Foond in his olde experience an art
 That he ful soone hath plesed every part.
 As sooth is seyde, elde hath greet avantage; 10
 In elde is bothe wysdom and usage;
 Men may the olde atrenne, and noght atrede.
 Saturne anon, to stynten strif and drede,
 Al be it that it is agayn his kynde,
 Of al this strif he gan remedie fynde. 15
 "My deere doghter Venus," quod Saturne,
 "My cours, that hath so wyde for to turne,
 Hath moore power than woot any man.
 Myn is the drenchyng in the see so wan;
 Myn is the prison in the derke cote; 20
 Myn is the stranglyng and hangyng by the
 throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebellyng,
 The groynynge, and the pryvee empoysonyng;
 I do vengeance and pleyne correccioun,
 Whil I dwelle in the signe of the leoun. 25
 Myn is the ruyn of the hie halles,
 The fallynge of the toures and of the walles
 Upon the mynour or the carpenter.
 I slow Sampson, shakynge the piler;
 And myne by the maladyes colde, 30
 The derke tresons, and the castes olde;
 My lookyng is the fader of pestilence.
 Now weep namoore, I shal doon diligence
 That Palamon, that is thyn owene knyght,
 Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight. 35
 Though Mars shal helpe his knyght, yet nathelees
 Bitwixe yow ther moot be som tyme pees,
 Al be ye noght of o compleccioun,
 That causeth al day swich divisioun.
 I am thyn aiel, redy at thy wille; 40
 Weep now namoore, I wol thy lust fulfillle."
 Now wol I stynten of the goddes above,
 Of Mars, and of Venus, goddesse of love,
 And telle yow as pleyntly as I kan
 The grete effect, for which that I bygan. 45

6 **Either** (a) 'The novel explores the idea that the individual and society are in conflict.'

Discuss with reference to at least **two** characters.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on the issues it raises and its narrative methods.

No Man of common Sense will value a Woman the less for not giving up herself at the first Attack, or for not accepting his Proposal without enquiring into his Person or Character; on the contrary, he must think her the weakest of all Creatures in the World, as the Rate of Men now goes; In short, he must have a very contemptible Opinion of her Capacities, nay, even of her Understanding, that having but one Cast for her Life, shall cast that Life away at once, and make Matrimony like Death, be a *Leap in the Dark*.

5

I would fain have the Conduct of my Sex a little Regulated in this particular, which is the Thing, in which of all the parts of Life, I think at this Time we suffer most in: 'Tis nothing but lack of Courage, the fear of not being Marry'd at all, and of that frightful State of Life, call'd *an old Maid*; of which I have a Story to tell by itself; This I say, is the Woman's Snare; but would the Ladies once but get above that Fear and manage rightly, they would more certainly avoid it by standing their Ground, in a Case so absolutely Necessary to their Felicity, than by exposing themselves as they do; and if they did not Marry so soon as they may do otherwise, they would make themselves amends by Marrying safer; she is always Married too soon who gets a bad Husband, and she is never Married too late who gets a good one: In a word, there is no Woman, *Deformity, or lost Reputation excepted*, but if she manages well, may be Marry'd safely one time or other; but if she precipitates herself, it is ten Thousand to one but she is undone.

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But I come now to my own Case, in which there was at this time no little Nicety. The Circumstances I was in, made the offer of a good Husband the most necessary Thing in the World to me; but I found soon that to be made Cheap and Easy was not the way: It soon began to be found that the Widow had no Fortune, and to say this, was to say all that was Ill of me, for I began to be dropt in all the Discourses of Matrimony: Being well Bred, Handsome, Witty, Modest and agreeable; all which I had allowed to my Character, whether justly or no, is not to the Purpose; I say, all these would not do without the Dross, which was now become more valuable than Virtue itself. In short, *the Widow*, they said, *had no Money*.

25

I resolv'd therefore, as to the State of my present Circumstances; that it was absolutely Necessary to change my Station, and make a new Appearance in some other Place where I was not known, and even to pass by another Name if I found Occasion.

30

I communicated my Thoughts to my intimate Friend the Captain's Lady, who I had so faithfully serv'd in her Case with the Captain; and who was as ready to serve me in the same kind as I could desire: I made no scruple to lay my Circumstances open to her; my Stock was but low, for I had made but about 540 *l.* at the Close of my last Affair, and I had wasted some of that; However, I had about 460 *l.* left, a great many very rich Cloathes, a gold Watch, and some Jewels, tho' of no extraordinary value, and about 30 or 40 *l.* left in Linnen not dispos'd of.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) By reference to **two** or **three** poems from the selection, discuss the claim that 'humour co-exists with sadness in Rossetti's verse.'
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating its methods and concerns to those of other poems in your selection.

Shut Out

The door was shut. I looked between
 Its iron bars; and saw it lie,
 My garden, mine, beneath the sky,
 Pied with all flowers bedewed and green:

From bough to bough the song-birds crossed, 5
 From flower to flower the moths and bees;
 With all its nests and stately trees
 It had been mine, and it was lost.

A shadowless spirit kept the gate,
 Blank and unchanging like the grave. 10
 I peering thro' said: 'Let me have
 Some buds to cheer my outcast state.'

He answered not. 'Or give me, then,
 But one small twig from shrub or tree;
 And bid my home remember me 15
 Until I come to it again.'

The spirit was silent; but he took
 Mortar and stone to build a wall;
 He left no loophole great or small
 Thro' which my straining eyes might look: 20

So now I sit here quite alone
 Blinded with tears; nor grieve for that,
 For nought is left worth looking at
 Since my delightful land is gone.

A violet bed is budding near, 25
 Wherein a lark has made her nest:
 And good they are, but not the best;
 And dear they are, but not so dear.

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Donne's use of the dramatic device of characters speaking in role in religious poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it where appropriate to other religious poems in your selection.

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke now before. 5

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
 For, though their currants yeeld return to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection. 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Jerusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibaltare*,
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
 Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*. 20

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams tree*, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace. 25

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Test, my Sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down. 30

- 9 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways is the Garth family important to the conceit atmosphere of the novel as a whole?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Eliot's presentation of the Lydgates' relationship in the novel as a whole.

He was really in chill gloom about her at that moment, but he dreaded a future without affection, and was determined to resist the oncoming of division between them. Rosamond obeyed him, and he took her on his knee, but in her secret soul she was utterly aloof from him. The poor thing saw only that the world was not ordered to her liking, and Lydgate was part of that world. But he held her waist with one hand and laid the other gently on both of hers; for this rather abrupt man had much tenderness in his manners towards women, seeming to have always present in his imagination the weakness of their frames and delicate poise of their health both in body and mind. And he began again to speak persuasively.

5

"I find, now I look into things a little, Rosy, that it is wonderful what an amount of money slips away in our housekeeping. I suppose the servants are careless, and we have had a great many people coming. But there must be many in our rank who manage with much less: they must do with commoner things, I suppose, and look after the scraps. It seems, money goes but a little way in these matters, for Wrench has everything as plain as possible, and he has a very large practice."

10

"Oh, if you think of living as the Wrenches do!" said Rosamond, with a little turn of her neck. "But I have heard you express your disgust at that way of living."

15

"Yes, they have very bad taste in everything—they make economy look ugly. We needn't do that. I only meant that they avoid expenses, although Wrench has a capital practice."

20

"Why should not you have a good practice, Tertius? Mr. Peacock had. You should be more careful not to offend people, and you should send out medicines as the others do. I am sure you began well, and you got several good houses. It cannot answer to be eccentric; you should think what will be generally liked," said Rosamond, in a decided little tone of admonition.

25

Lydgate's anger rose; he was prepared to be indulgent towards feminine weakness, but not towards feminine dictation. The shallowness of a waternixie's soul may have a charm until she becomes didactic. But he controlled himself, and only said, with a touch of despotic firmness—

"What I am to do in my practice, Rosy, it is for me to judge. That is not the question between us. It is enough for you to know that our income is likely to be a very narrow one—hardly four hundred, perhaps less, for a long time to come, and we must try to rearrange our lives in accordance with that fact."

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Rosamond was silent for a moment or two, looking before her, and then said, "My uncle Bulstrode ought to allow you a salary for the time you give to the Hospital: it is not right that you should work for nothing."

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"It was understood from the beginning that my services would be gratuitous. That, again, need not enter into our discussion. I have pointed out what is the only probability," said Lydgate, impatiently. Then checking himself, he went on more quietly—

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"I think I see one resource which would free us from a good deal of the present difficulty. I hear that young Ned Plymdale is going to be married to Miss Sophy Toller. They are rich, and it is not often that a good house is vacant in Middlemarch. I feel sure that they would be glad to take this house from us with most of our furniture, and they would be willing to pay handsomely for the lease. I can employ Trumbull to speak to Plymdale about it."

45

Rosamond left her husband's knee and walked slowly to the other end of the room; when she turned round and walked towards him it was evident that the tears had come, and that she was biting her under-lip and clasping her hands to keep herself from crying. Lydgate was wretched—shaken with anger and yet feeling that it would be unmanly to vent the anger just now.

"I am very sorry, Rosamond; I know this is painful."

"I thought, at least, when I had borne to send the plate back and have that man taking an inventory of the furniture—I should have thought *that* would suffice."

"I explained it to you at the time, dear. That was only a security and behind that security there is a debt. And that debt must be paid within the next few months, else we shall have our furniture sold. If young Plymdale will take our house and most of our furniture, we shall be able to pay that debt, and some others too, and we shall be quit of a place too expensive for us. We might take a smaller house: Trumbull, I know, has a very decent one to let at thirty pounds a year, and this is ninety." Lydgate uttered this speech in the curt hammering way with which we usually try to nail down a vague mind to imperative facts.

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BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

- 10 **Either** (a) 'We laugh during the play, but it is often coarse, cruel laughter.' How far do you agree that Jonson's presentation of his material evokes this response?
- Or** (b) Write a critical analysis of the following passage, giving particular attention to Jonson's development of characterisation and action at this point in the play.

[Enter FACE.]

FACE: What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.

DRUGGER: Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you, speak for me to Master Doctor. 5

FACE: He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, 10
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapped up in greasy leather, or pissed clouts,
But keeps it in fine lily-pots that, opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs, 15
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

SUBTLE: He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

FACE: Already, sir, ha' you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

SUBTLE: And in right way toward riches – 20

FACE: Sir!

SUBTLE: This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring called to the scarlet, spend what he can.

FACE: What, and so little beard? 25

SUBTLE: Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come.
But he'll be wise – preserve his youth – and fine for 't;
His fortune looks for him another way.

FACE: 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon? 30
I am amused at that.

SUBTLE: By a rule, Captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.
Your chestnut or your olive-coloured face 35
Does never fail, and your long ear doth promise.
I knew 't by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his Mercurial finger.

FACE: Which finger's that?

SUBTLE: His little finger. Look. 40
You were born upon a Wednesday?

DRUGGER: Yes, indeed, sir.

SUBTLE: The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The forefinger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury, 45
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra; which forebowed

He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

FACE: Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab?

SUBTLE: There is a ship now coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs – This is the west, and this the south?

50

[*Looking at the plan.*]

DRUGGER: Yes, sir.

SUBTLE: And those are your two sides?

55

DRUGGER: Ay, sir.

SUBTLE: Make me your door then, south; your broad side, west;
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,

Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;

Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.

60

They are the names of those Mercurial spirits

That do fright flies from boxes.

DRUGGER: Yes, sir.

SUBTLE: And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone

65

To draw in gallants that wear spurs.

Act 1 Scene 3

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 11 **Either** (a) 'What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?'

To what extent do these lines sum up the main concerns of the poem, in your view?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines, giving particular attention to Pope's poetic methods and effects.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains, 5
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair. 10

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired:
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends, 15
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love – to Love an altar built 20
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire;
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes 25
Soon to obtain, and long possess, the prize.
The powers gave ear and granted half his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides, 30
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph – with careful thoughts oppressed, 35
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath. 40
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold —
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.

