
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2016

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

1 **Either** (a) 'There are doubts about his morals and his leadership.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on the Duke?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

Lucio: Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isabella: Woe me! For what?

Lucio: For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks: 5
He hath got his friend with child.

Isabella: Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio: It is true.
I would not – though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest, 10
Tongue far from heart – play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint. 15

Isabella: You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio: Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd.
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time 20
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isabella: Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio: Is she your cousin?

Isabella: Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names 25
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio: She it is.

Isabella: O, let him marry her!

Lucio: This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence; 30
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place, 35

- And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 40
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He – to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions – hath pick'd out an act
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life 45
 Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigour of the statute
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business 50
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.
- Isabella:* Doth he so seek his life?
- Lucio:* Has censur'd him
 Already, and, as I hear, the Provost hath
 A warrant for his execution. 55
- Isabella:* Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?
- Lucio:* Assay the pow'r you have.
- Isabella:* My power, alas, I doubt!
- Lucio:* Our doubts are traitors, 60
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs 65
 As they themselves would owe them.
- Isabella:* I'll see what I can do.
- Lucio:* But speedily.
- Isabella:* I will about it straight;
 No longer staying but to give the Mother 70
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
 Commend me to my brother; soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

Act 1, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) *Iago*: Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong.

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of jealousy in the light of *Iago*'s comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Emilia</i> :	How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	He says he will return incontinent. He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.	
<i>Emilia</i> :	Dismiss me!	5
<i>Desdemona</i> :	It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.	
<i>Emilia</i> :	I would you had never seen him.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	So would not I: my love doth so approve him That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns – Prithee unpin me – have grace and favour in them.	10
<i>Emilia</i> :	I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds! If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me In one of these same sheets.	15
<i>Emilia</i> :	Come, come, you talk.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	My mother had a maid call'd Barbary: She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a song of 'willow'; An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it. That song to-night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do But to go hang my head all at one side And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch.	20
<i>Emilia</i> :	Shall I go fetch your night-gown?	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	No, unpin me here. This Lodovico is a proper man.	
<i>Emilia</i> :	A very handsome man.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	He speaks well.	30
<i>Emilia</i> :	I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.	
<i>Desdemona</i> :	[Sings]: The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green willow; Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee. Sing willow, willow, willow. The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans; Sing willow, willow, willow; Her salt tears fell from her and soft'ned the stones; Sing willow –	35
		40

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 Either (a)** Emma tells Mr Knightley that ‘such a girl as Harriet is exactly what every man delights in.’

Discuss the role and characterisation of Harriet Smith in the light of this comment.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to the language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Austen’s methods and concerns.

From that moment, Emma could have taken her oath that Mr. Knightley had had no concern in giving the instrument. But whether he were entirely free from peculiar attachment — whether there were no actual preference — remained a little longer doubtful. Towards the end of Jane’s second song, her voice grew thick.

‘That will do,’ said he, when it was finished, thinking aloud — ‘you have sung quite enough for one evening — now, be quiet.’ 5

Another song, however, was soon begged for. ‘One more; — they would not fatigue Miss Fairfax on any account, and would only ask for one more.’ And Frank Churchill was heard to say, ‘I think you could manage this without effort; the first part is so very trifling. The strength of the song falls on the second.’ 10

Mr. Knightley grew angry.

‘That fellow,’ said he, indignantly, ‘thinks of nothing but showing off his own voice. This must not be.’ And touching Miss Bates, who at that moment passed near — ‘Miss Bates, are you mad, to let your niece sing herself hoarse in this manner? Go, and interfere. They have no mercy on her.’ 15

Miss Bates, in her real anxiety for Jane, could hardly stay even to be grateful, before she stepped forward and put an end to all further singing. Here ceased the concert part of the evening, for Miss Woodhouse and Miss Fairfax were the only young lady performers; but soon (within five minutes) the proposal of dancing — originating nobody exactly knew where — was so effectually promoted by Mr. and Mrs. Cole, that everything was rapidly clearing away, to give proper space. Mrs. Weston, capital in her country dances, was seated, and beginning an irresistible waltz; and Frank Churchill, coming up with most becoming gallantry to Emma, had secured her hand, and led her up to the top. 20

While waiting till the other young people could pair themselves off, Emma found time, in spite of the compliments she was receiving on her voice and her taste, to look about, and see what became of Mr. Knightley. This would be a trial. He was no dancer in general. If he were to be very alert in engaging Jane Fairfax now, it might augur something. There was no immediate appearance. No; he was talking to Mrs. Cole — he was looking on unconcerned; Jane was asked by somebody else, and he was still talking to Mrs. Cole. 25

Emma had no longer an alarm for Henry; his interest was yet safe; and she led off the dance with genuine spirit and enjoyment. Not more than five couples could be mustered; but the rarity and the suddenness of it made it very delightful, and she found herself well matched in a partner. They were a couple worth looking at. 30

Two dances, unfortunately, were all that could be allowed. It was growing late, and Miss Bates became anxious to get home, on her mother’s account. After some 35

attempts, therefore, to be permitted to begin again, they were obliged to thank Mrs. Weston, look sorrowful, and have done.

‘Perhaps it is as well,’ said Frank Churchill, as he attended Emma to her carriage. ‘I must have asked Miss Fairfax, and her languid dancing would not have agreed with me, after yours.’ 40

Volume 2, Chapter 8

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

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Chaucer present women's treatment of men in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

In th'olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,
 Of which that Britons speken greet honour,
 Al was this land fulfild of fayerye.
 The elf-queene, with hir joly compaignye,
 Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede. 5
 This was the olde opinion, as I rede;
 I speke of manye hundred yeres ago.
 But now kan no man se none elves mo,
 For now the grete charitee and prayeres
 Of lymytours and othere hooly freres, 10
 That serchen every lond and every stream,
 As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,
 Blessynge halles, chambres, kichenes, boures,
 Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,
 Thropes, bernes, shipnes, dayeryes – 15
 This maketh that ther ben no fayeryes.
 For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
 Ther walketh now the lymytour himself
 In undermeles and in morwenynges,
 And seyth his matyns and his hooly thynges 20
 As he gooth in his lymytacioun.
 Wommen may go saufly up and doun.
 In every bussh or under every tree
 Ther is noon oother incubus but he,
 And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour. 25
 And so bifel that this kyng Arthour
 Hadde in his hous a lusty bacheler,
 That on a day cam ridyng fro ryver,
 And happed that, allone as he was born,
 He saugh a mayde walkyng hym biforn, 30
 Of which mayde anon, maugree hir heed,
 By verray force, he rafte hire maydenhed;
 For which oppressioun was swich clamour
 And swich pursute unto the kyng Arthour
 That dampned was this knyght for to be deed, 35
 By cours of lawe, and sholde han lost his heed —
 Paraventure swich was the statut tho —
 But that the queene and othere ladyes mo
 So longe preyeden the kyng of grace
 Til he his lyf hym graunted in the place, 40
 And yaf hym to the queene, al at hir wille,
 To chese wheither she wolde hym save or spille.

from *The Wife of Bath's Tale*

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of the different settings to the meaning and effects of *The Mill on the Floss*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Tom and Maggie and their relationship.

The severity of Tom's face relaxed a little.

'I shouldn't mind you seeing him occasionally at my uncle's; I don't want you to make a fuss on the subject. But I have no confidence in you, Maggie. You would be led away to do anything.'

That was a cruel word. Maggie's lip began to tremble. 5

'Why will you say that, Tom? It is very hard of you. Have I not done and borne everything as well as I could? And I have kept my word to you – when – when ... My life has not been a happy one, any more than yours.'

She was obliged to be childish – the tears would come. When Maggie was not angry, she was as dependent on kind or cold words as a daisy on the sunshine or the cloud; the need of being loved would always subdue her, as in old days it subdued her in the worm-eaten attic. The brother's goodness came uppermost at this appeal, but it could only show itself in Tom's fashion. He put his hand gently on her arm, and said in the tone of a kind pedagogue, 'Now listen to me, Maggie. I'll tell you what I mean. You're always in extremes – you have no judgement and self-command; and yet you think you know best and will not submit to be guided. You know I didn't wish you to take a situation. My aunt Pullet was willing to give you a good home, and you might have lived respectably amongst your relations until I could have provided a home for you with my mother. And that is what I should like to do. I wished my sister to be a lady, and I would always have taken care of you, as my father desired, until you were well married. But your ideas and mine never accord, and you will not give way. Yet you might have sense enough to see that a brother who goes out into the world and mixes with men necessarily knows better what is right and respectable for his sister than she can know herself. You think I am not kind, but my kindness can only be directed by what I believe to be good for you.' 10
15
20
25

'Yes – I know – dear Tom,' said Maggie, still half sobbing, but trying to control her tears. 'I know you would do a great deal for me; I know how you work and don't spare yourself. I am grateful to you. But, indeed, you can't judge for me; our natures are very different. You don't know how differently things affect me from what they do you.' 30

'Yes, I *do* know; I know it too well. I know how differently you must feel about all that affects our family and your own dignity as a young woman before you could think of receiving secret addresses from Philip Wakem. If it was not disgusting to me in every other way, I should object to my sister's name being associated for a moment with that of a young man whose father must hate the very thought of us all and would spurn you. With anyone but you, I should think it quite certain that what you witnessed just before my father's death would secure you from ever thinking again of Philip Wakem as a lover. But I don't feel certain of it with you; I never feel certain about anything with *you*. At one time you take pleasure in a sort of perverse self-denial, and at another you have not resolution to resist a thing that you know to be wrong.' 35
40

There was a terrible cutting truth in Tom's words – that hard rind of truth which is discerned by unimaginative, unsympathetic minds. Maggie always writhed under this judgement of Tom's; she rebelled and was humiliated in the same moment; it seemed as if he held a glass before her to show her her own folly and weakness – as if he were a prophetic voice predicting her future fallings – and yet, all the while, 45

she judged him in return; she said inwardly that he was narrow and unjust, that he was below feeling those mental needs which were often the source of the wrongdoing or absurdity that made her life a planless riddle to him.

Book 6, Chapter 4

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickens's presentation of different attitudes to childhood.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Pip and Miss Havisham.

I went circuitously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell constrainedly, on account of the stiff long fingers of my gloves. Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance likewise, turned from brown to green and yellow.

"You?" said she. "You, good gracious! What do you want?"

5

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-by to Miss Havisham."

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard, while she went to ask if I were to be admitted. After a very short delay, she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

10

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutch stick. The room was lighted as of yore, and at the sound of our entrance, she stopped and turned. She was then just abreast of the rotted bride-cake.

"Don't go, Sarah," she said. "Well, Pip?"

15

"I start for London, Miss Havisham, to-morrow," I was exceedingly careful what I said, "and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you."

"This is a gay figure, Pip," said she, making her crutch stick play round me, as if she, the fairy godmother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!"

20

"Ay, ay!" said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah, with delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

25

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

30

She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. "Well!" she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good – deserve it – abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile. "Good-by, Pip! – you will always keep the name of Pip, you know."

35

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Good-by, Pip!"

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had not considered how I should take leave of her; it came naturally to me at the moment, to do this. She looked at Sarah Pocket with triumph in her weird eyes, and so I left my fairy godmother, with both her hands on her crutch stick, standing in the midst of the dimly lighted room beside the rotten bride-cake that was hidden in cobwebs.

40

Turn to page 14 for Question 7

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Keats's presentation of time and the passing of time. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Keats's poetic methods and concerns.

Ode on Melancholy

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries, 5
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul. 10

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes. 20

III

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight 25
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 30

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Rossetti present loss in her poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's methods and concerns.

A Better Resurrection

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
 My heart within me like a stone
 Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
 Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
 I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief 5
 No everlasting hills I see;
 My life is in the falling leaf:
 O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
 My harvest dwindled to a husk; 10
 Truly my life is void and brief
 And tedious in the barren dusk;
 My life is like a frozen thing,
 No bud nor greenness can I see:
 Yet rise it shall—the sap of Spring; 15
 O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
 A broken bowl that cannot hold
 One drop of water for my soul
 Or cordial in the searching cold; 20
 Cast in the fire the perished thing,
 Melt and remould it, till it be
 A royal cup for Him, my King:
 O Jesus, drink of me.

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