



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
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Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2012

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of ideas about acting and actors contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it reveals about Claudius and Hamlet at this point in the play.

King: O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't –
 A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, 5
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens 10
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 15
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'!
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder – 20
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself 25
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests? 30
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels. Make assay:
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel, 35
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
 All may be well.

[Retires and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

<i>Hamlet:</i>	Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying; And now I'll do't – and so 'a goes to heaven, And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven.	45
	Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. 'A took my father grossly, full of bread, With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? But in our circumstance and course of thought 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.	50
	Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent. When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage; Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed; At game, a-swearing, or about some act That has no relish of salvation in't – Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven, And that his soul may be as damn'd and black As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays. This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.	55 60
	<i>[Exit.</i>	
<i>King [Rising]:</i>	My words fly up, my thoughts remain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go.	65
	<i>[Exit.</i>	

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'In the play *Coriolanus*, the politicians inevitably defeat the simple soldier.'

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

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to action, language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how effective you find it as the opening of the play.

Rome. A street. Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

- 1 Citizen: Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.
 All: Speak, speak.
 1 Citizen: You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish? 5
 All: Resolv'd, resolv'd.
 1 Citizen: First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
 All: We know't, we know't.
 1 Citizen: Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? 10
 All: No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!
 2 Citizen: One word, good citizens.
 1 Citizen: We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 15
 2 Citizen: Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
 1 Citizen: Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty. 25
 2 Citizen: Consider you what services he has done for his country?
 1 Citizen: Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't but that he pays himself with being proud.
 2 Citizen: Nay, but speak not maliciously.
 1 Citizen: I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 30
 2 Citizen: What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.
 1 Citizen: If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within*] What shouts are these? The other side o' th' city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol! 40
 All: Come, come

- 1 Citizen:* Soft! who comes here?
Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.
- 2 Citizen:* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd
the people. 45
- 1 Citizen:* He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!
- Menenius:* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.
- 1 Citizen:* Our business is not unknown to th' Senate; they have
had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which
now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors
have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong
arms too. 50
- Menenius:* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves? 55
- 1 Citizen:* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.
- Menenius:* I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. 60

Act 1, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'In *Mansfield Park* any rebellion against society or social conventions is crushed.'
Consider Austen's presentation of society and social behaviour in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to narrative structure, language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

She would not stir farther from the east-room than the head of the great staircase, till she had satisfied herself of Mr Crawford's having left the house; but when convinced of his being gone, she was eager to go down and be with her uncle, and have all the happiness of his joy as well as her own, and all the benefit of his information or his conjectures as to what would now be William's destination. Sir Thomas was as joyful as she could desire, and very kind and communicative; and she had so comfortable a talk with him about William as to make her feel as if nothing had occurred to vex her, till she found towards the close that Mr Crawford was engaged to return and dine there that very day. This was a most unwelcome hearing, for though *he* might think nothing of what had passed, it would be quite distressing to her to see him again so soon. 5

She tried to get the better of it, tried very hard as the dinner hour approached, to feel and appear as usual; but it was quite impossible for her not to look most shy and uncomfortable when their visitor entered the room. She could not have supposed it in the power of any concurrence of circumstances to give her so many painful sensations on the first day of hearing of William's promotion. 10

Mr Crawford was not only in the room; he was soon close to her. He had a note to deliver from his sister. Fanny could not look at him, but there was no consciousness of past folly in his voice. She opened her note immediately, glad to have any thing to do, and happy, as she read it, to feel that the fidgettings of her aunt Norris, who was also to dine there, screened her a little from view. 15

'MY DEAR FANNY, for so I may always call you, to the infinite relief of a tongue that has been stumbling at *Miss Price* for at least the last six weeks – I cannot let my brother go without sending you a few lines of general congratulation, and giving my most joyful consent and approval. – Go on, my dear Fanny, and without fear; there can be no difficulties worth naming. I chuse to suppose that the assurance of *my* consent will be something; so, you may smile upon him with your sweetest smiles this afternoon, and send him back to me even happier than he goes. 20

Yours affectionately,
M. C.' 30

These were not expressions to do Fanny any good; for though she read in too much haste and confusion to form the clearest judgment of Miss Crawford's meaning, it was evident that she meant to compliment her on her brother's attachment and even to *appear* to believe it serious. She did not know what to do, or what to think. There was wretchedness in the idea of its being serious; there was perplexity and agitation every way. She was distressed whenever Mr Crawford spoke to her, and he spoke to her much too often; and she was afraid there was a something in his voice and manner in addressing her, very different from what they were when he talked to the others. Her comfort in that day's dinner was quite destroyed; she could hardly eat any thing; and when Sir Thomas good humouredly observed, that joy had taken away her appetite, she was ready to sink with shame, from the dread of Mr Crawford's interpretation; for though nothing could have tempted her to turn her eyes to the right hand where he sat, she felt that *his* were immediately directed towards her. 35

40

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Chaucer present greed and avarice in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them to Chaucer's presentation of the Pardoner in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* as a whole.

"Lordynges," quod he, "in chirches whan I preche,
 I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,
 And ryngge it out as round as gooth a belle,
 For I kan al by rote that I telle.
 My theme is alwey oon, and evere was – 5
Radix malorum est Cupiditas.
 First I pronounce whennes that I come,
 And thanne my bulles shewe I, alle and some.
 Oure lige lordes seel on my patente,
 That shewe I first, my body to warente, 10
 That no man be so boold, ne preest ne clerk,
 Me to destourbe of Cristes hooly werk.
 And after that thanne telle I forth my tales;
 Bulles of popes and of cardynales, 15
 Of patriarkes and bishopes I shewe,
 And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
 To saffron with my predicacioun,
 And for to stire hem to devocioun.
 Thanne shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,
 Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones, – 20
 Relikes been they, as wenen they echoon.
 Thanne have I in latoun a sholder-boon
 Which that was of an hooly Jewes sheep.
 'Goode men,' I seye, 'taak of my wordes keep;
 If that this boon be wasshe in any welle, 25
 If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle
 That any worm hath ete, or worm ystonge,
 Taak water of that welle and wassh his tonge,
 And it is hool anon; and forthermoore,
 Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every soore 30
 Shal every sheep be hool that of this welle
 Drynketh a draughte. Taak kep eek what I telle:
 If that the good-man that the beestes oweth
 Wol every wyke, er that the cok hym croweth,
 Fastynge, drynken of this welle a draughte, 35
 As thilke hooly Jew oure eldres taughte,
 His beestes and his stoor shal multiplie.
 And, sires, also it heeeth jalousie;
 For though a man be falle in jalous rage,
 Lat maken with this water his potage, 40
 And nevere shal he moore his wyf mystriste,
 Though he the soothe of hir defaute wiste,
 Al had she taken prestes two or thre.

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Dickens's presentation of marriage and married couples in *Hard Times*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Sissy, with a blending of gentleness and steadiness that quite defeated him, and with a simple confidence in his being bound to do what she required, that held him at a singular disadvantage, "the only reparation that remains with you, is to leave here immediately and finally. I am quite sure that you can mitigate in no other way the wrong and harm you have done. I am quite sure that it is the only compensation you have left it in your power to make. I do not say that it is much, or that it is enough; but it is something, and it is necessary. Therefore, though without any other authority than I have given you, and even without the knowledge of any other person than yourself, I ask you to depart from this place to-night, under an obligation never to return to it." 5 10

If she had asserted any influence over him beyond her plain faith in the truth and right of what she said; if she had concealed the least doubt or irresolution, or had harboured for the best purpose any reserve or pretence; if she had shown, or felt, the lightest trace of any sensitiveness to his ridicule or his astonishment, or any remonstrance he might offer; he would have carried it against her at this point. But he could as easily have changed a clear sky by looking at it in surprise, as affect her. 15

"But do you know," he asked, quite at a loss, "the extent of what you ask? You probably are not aware that I am here on a public kind of business, preposterous enough in itself, but which I have gone in for, and sworn by, and am supposed to be devoted to in quite a desperate manner? You probably are not aware of that, but I assure you it's the fact." 20

It had no effect on Sissy, fact or no fact.

"Besides which," said Mr. Harthouse, taking a turn or two across the room, dubiously, "it's so alarmingly absurd. It would make a man so ridiculous, after going in for these fellows, to back out in such an incomprehensible way." 25

"I am quite sure," repeated Sissy, "that it is the only reparation in your power, Sir. I am quite sure, or I would not have come here."

He glanced at her face, and walked about again.

"Upon my soul, I don't know what to say. So immensely absurd!"

It fell to his lot, now, to stipulate for secrecy. 30

"If I were to do such a very ridiculous thing," he said, stopping again presently, and leaning against the chimneypiece, "it could only be in the most inviolable confidence."

"I will trust to you, Sir," returned Sissy, "and you will trust to me."

His leaning against the chimneypiece reminded him of the night with the whelp. It was the self-same chimneypiece, and somehow he felt as if *he* were the whelp to-night. He could make no way at all. 35

"I suppose a man never was placed in a more ridiculous position," he said, after looking down, and looking up, and laughing, and frowning, and walking off, and walking back again. "But I see no way out of it. What will be, will be. *This* will be, I suppose. I must take off myself, I imagine—in short, I engage to do it." 40

Sissy rose. She was not surprised by the result, but she was happy in it, and her face beamed brightly.

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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'His poems are often set in the present moment and seem to take place in the past and now.'

Consider some of the effects Donne creates through this poetic method. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *The Extasie*, relating it to Donne's methods and concerns in his other poems in your selection.

The Extasie

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers best.

Our hands were firmly cimented
With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thred
Our eyes, upon one double string;

5

So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all our meanes to make us one,
And pictures on our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

10

As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suspende uncertaine victorie,
Our soules, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

15

And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And wee said nothing, all the day.

20

If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soules language understood,
And by good love were grown all minde,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soule spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part farre purer than he came.

25

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Eliot present religion and religious *Silas Marner*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination. 5

'What child is it?' said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

'I don't know – some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I believe,' was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ('After all, *am I certain?*' he hastened to add, in anticipation of his own conscience.) 10

'Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner,' said good-natured Mrs Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin boddice. 'I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it.'

'No – no – I can't part with it, I can't let it go,' said Silas, abruptly. 'It's come to me – I've a right to keep it.' 15

The proposition to take the child from him had come to Silas quite unexpectedly, and his speech, uttered under a strong sudden impulse, was almost like a revelation to himself: a minute before, he had no distinct intention about the child.

'Did you ever hear the like?' said Mrs Kimble, in mild surprise, to her neighbour. 20

'Now, ladies, I must trouble you to stand aside,' said Mr Kimble, coming from the card-room, in some bitterness at the interruption, but drilled by the long habit of his profession into obedience to unpleasant calls, even when he was hardly sober.

'It's a nasty business turning out now, eh, Kimble?' said the Squire. 'He might ha' gone for your young fellow – the 'prentice, there – what's his name?' 25

'Might? ay – what's the use of talking about might?' growled uncle Kimble, hastening out with Marner, and followed by Mr Crackenthorp and Godfrey. 'Get me a pair of thick boots, Godfrey, will you? And stay, let somebody run to Winthrop's and fetch Dolly – she's the best woman to get. Ben was here himself before supper; is he gone?' 30

'Yes, sir, I met him,' said Marner; 'but I couldn't stop to tell him anything, only I said I was going for the doctor, and he said the doctor was at the Squire's. And I made haste and ran, and there was nobody to be seen at the back o' the house, and so I went in to where the company was.'

The child, no longer distracted by the bright light and the smiling women's faces, began to cry and call for 'mammy', though always clinging to Marner, who had apparently won her thorough confidence. Godfrey had come back with the boots, and felt the cry as if some fibre were drawn tight within him. 35

'I'll go,' he said, hastily, eager for some movement; 'I'll go and fetch the woman – Mrs Winthrop.' 40

'Oh, pooh – send somebody else,' said uncle Kimble, hurrying away with Marner.

'You'll let me know if I can be of any use, Kimble,' said Mr Crackenthorp. But the doctor was out of hearing.

Godfrey, too, had disappeared: he was gone to snatch his hat and coat, having just reflection enough to remember that he must not look like a madman; but he rushed out of the house into the snow without heeding his thin shoes. 45

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the uses and effects of Hopkins's presentation of nature and imagery in his poetry. You should refer to **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.

The Caged Skylark

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage,
 Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house, dwells—
 That bird beyond the remembering his free fells,
 This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage 5
 Both sing sometimes the sweetest, sweetest spells,
 Yet both droop deadly sometimes in their cells
 Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest— 10
 Why, hear him, hear him babble and drop down to his nest,
 But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound, when found at best,
 But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed
 For a rainbow footing it nor hé for his bones risen.

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 9 **Either** (a) What in your view does the subplot involving Isabella, Alibius and the mad contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Beatrice: 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins:
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

De Flores: What, salary? Now you move me.

Beatrice: How, De Flores? 5

De Flores: Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? Offer gold?
The life blood of man! Is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beatrice: I understand thee not. 10

De Flores: I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have slept at ease,
And have had the work brought home.

Beatrice [aside.]: I'm in a labyrinth; 15
What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
[*To De Flores.*] I'll double the sum, sir.

De Flores: You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

Beatrice [aside.]: Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was; 20
I know not what will please him. [*To De Flores.*]—For my fear's sake,
I prithee make away with all speed possible.
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not;
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee, 25
But prithee take thy flight.

De Flores: You must fly too then.

Beatrice: I?

De Flores: I'll not stir a foot else.

Beatrice: What's your meaning? 30

De Flores: Why, are not you as guilty, in (I'm sure)
As deep as I? And we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly;
There were no rescue for you. 35

Beatrice [aside.]: He speaks home.

De Flores: Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder. [*Tries to kiss her.*]

Beatrice: How now, sir?
This shows not well. 40

De Flores: What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.

Beatrice [aside.]: The man talks wildly.

De Flores: Come, kiss me with a zeal now.

Beatrice [aside.]: Heaven, I doubt him!

De Flores: I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

Beatrice: Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.

De Flores: Take you heed first;
Faith, y'are grown much forgetful, y'are to blame in't. 50

Beatrice [aside.]: He's bold, and I am blam'd for't!

De Flores: I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on't, I'm in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me. 55

Beatrice: I dare not.

De Flores: Quickly!

Beatrice: Oh, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't. 60
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.

De Flores: Soft, lady, soft;
The last is not yet paid for! Oh, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't 65
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep.
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't: why was all that pains took?
You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it not, for I do piteously: 70
In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with;
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee, 75
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

