

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic function of the players and their contribution to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing how it contributes to the presentation of the relationship between Hamlet and Ophelia.

<i>Ophelia:</i>	Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	I humbly thank you; well, well, well.	
<i>Ophelia:</i>	My lord, I have remembrances of yours That I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you now receive them.	5
<i>Hamlet:</i>	No, not I; I never gave you aught.	
<i>Ophelia:</i>	My honour'd lord, you know right well you did, And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd As made the things more rich; their perfume lost, Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. There, my lord.	10
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Ha, ha! Are you honest?	15
<i>Ophelia:</i>	My lord?	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Are you fair?	
<i>Ophelia:</i>	What means your lordship?	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.	20
<i>Ophelia:</i>	Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.	25
<i>Ophelia:</i>	Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.	30
<i>Ophelia:</i>	I was the more deceived.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful. ambitious: with more offences at my beck	35

than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Ophelia: At home, my lord.

Hamlet: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

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Ophelia: O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet: If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

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Ophelia: O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet: I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *[Exit.*

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Ophelia: O, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers – quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

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Act 3, Scene 1

Coriolanus: Fare ye well;
 Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come. 55
 While I remain above the ground you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Menenius: That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep. 60
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Coriolanus: Give me thy hand.
 Come. [Exeunt. 65

Act 4, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Austen presents personal emotions within the formalities of social behaviour and society in *Mansfield Park*.
- 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 Austen's methods and concerns.

'You had better tell Miss Bertram to think of Mr Rushworth. It may do *her* some good. I often think of Mr Rushworth's property and independence, and wish them in other hands – but I never think of *him*. A man might represent the county with such an estate; a man might escape a profession and represent the county.'

'I dare say he *will* be in parliament soon. When Sir Thomas comes, I dare say he will be in for some borough, but there has been nobody to put him in the way of doing any thing yet.'

'Sir Thomas is to achieve mighty things when he comes home,' said Mary, after a pause. 'Do you remember Hawkins Browne's 'Address to Tobacco,' in imitation of Pope? –

'Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to Parsons sense.'

I will parody them:

Blest Knight! whose dictatorial looks dispense
To Children affluence, to Rushworth sense.

Will not that do, Mrs Grant? Every thing seems to depend upon Sir Thomas's return.'

'You will find his consequence very just and reasonable when you see him in his family, I assure you. I do not think we do so well without him. He has a fine dignified manner, which suits the head of such a house, and keeps every body in their place. Lady Bertram seems more of a cipher now than when he is at home; and nobody else can keep Mrs Norris in order. But, Mary, do not fancy that Maria Bertram cares for Henry. I am sure *Julia* does not, or she would not have flirted as she did last night with Mr Yates; and though he and Maria are very good friends, I think she likes Sotherton too well to be inconstant.'

'I would not give much for Mr Rushworth's chance, if Henry stepped in before the articles were signed.'

'If you have such a suspicion, something must be done, and as soon as the play is all over, we will talk to him seriously, and make him know his own mind; and if he means nothing, we will send him off, though he is Henry, for a time.'

Julia *did* suffer, however, though Mrs Grant discerned it not, and though it escaped the notice of many of her own family likewise. She had loved, she did love still, and she had all the suffering which a warm temper and a high spirit were likely to endure under the disappointment of a dear, though irrational hope, with a strong sense of ill-usage. Her heart was sore and angry, and she was capable only of angry consolations. The sister with whom she was used to be on easy terms, was now become her greatest enemy; they were alienated from each other, and Julia was not superior to the hope of some distressing end to the attentions which were still carrying on there, some punishment to Maria for conduct so shameful towards herself, as well as towards Mr Rushworth. With no material fault of temper, or difference of opinion, to prevent their being very good friends while their interests

were the same, the sisters, under such a trial as this, had not affection or principle enough to make them merciful or just, to give them honour or compassion. Maria felt her triumph, and pursued her purpose careless of Julia; and Julia could never see Maria distinguished by Henry Crawford, without trusting that it would create jealousy, and bring a public disturbance at last.

Fanny saw and pitied much of this in Julia; but there was no outward fellowship between them. Julia made no communication, and Fanny took no liberties. They were two solitary sufferers, or connected only by Fanny's consciousness.

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

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Chaucer's use of irony 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.

But shortly myn entente I wol devyse:
 I preche of no thyng but for coveityse.
 Therefore my theme is yet, and evere was,
Radix malorum est Cupiditas.
 Thus kan I preche agayn that same vice 5
 Which that I use, and that is avarice.
 But though myself be gilty in that synne,
 Yet kan I maken oother folk to twynne
 From avarice, and soore to repente.
 But that is nat my principal entente; 10
 I preche nothyng but for coveitise.
 Of this mateere it oghte ynogh suffise.
 Thanne telle I hem ensamples many oon
 Of olde stories longe tyme agoon.
 For lewed peple loven tales olde; 15
 Swiche thynges kan they wel reporte and holde.
 What, trowe ye, that whiles I may preche,
 And wynne gold and silver for I teche,
 That I wol lyve in poverte wilfully?
 Nay, nay, I thoghte it nevere, trewely! 20
 For I wol preche and begge in sondry landes;
 I wol nat do no labour with myne handes,
 Ne make baskettes, and lyve therby,
 By cause I wol nat beggen ydelly.
 I wol noon of the apostles countrefete; 25
 I wol have moneie, wolle, chese, and whete,
 Al were it yeven of the povereste page,
 Or of the povereste wydwe in a village,
 Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.
 Nay, I wol drynke licour of the vyne, 30
 And have a joly wenche in every toun.
 But herkneth, lordynges, in conclusioun:
 Youre likyng is that I shal telle a tale.
 Now have I dronke a draughte of corny ale,
 By God, I hope I shal yow telle a thyng 35
 That shal by reson been at youre likyng.
 For though myself be a ful vicious man,
 A moral tale yet I yow telle kan,
 Which I am wont to preche for to wynne.
 Now hoold youre pees! my tale I wol bigynne. 40

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Aged and bent he looked and quite bowed down and yet he looked a wise and a better man ...'

Discuss the role and characterisation of Mr Gradgrind in the light of this comment from near the end of the novel.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following passage, commenting in particular on what it contributes to the roles and characterisation of Louisa and Sissy.

As Louisa feigned to rouse herself, and sat up, Sissy retired, so that she stood placidly near the bedside.

"I hope I have not disturbed you. I have come to ask if you would let me stay with you?"

"Why should you stay with me? My sister will miss you. You are everything to her." 5

"Am I?" returned Sissy, shaking her head. "I would be something to you, if I might."

"What?" said Louisa, almost sternly.

"Whatever you want most, if I could be that. At all events, I would like to try to be as near it as I can. And however far off that may be, I will never tire of trying. Will you let me?" 10

"My father sent you to ask me."

"No indeed," replied Sissy. "He told me that I might come in now, but he sent me away from the room this morning—or at least—" She hesitated and stopped.

"At least what?" said Louisa, with her searching eyes upon her. 15

"I thought it best myself that I should be sent away, for I felt very uncertain whether you would like to find me here."

"Have I always hated you so much?"

"I hope not, for I have always loved you, and have always wished that you should know it. But you changed to me a little, shortly before you left home. Not that I wondered at it. You knew so much, and I knew so little, and it was so natural in many ways, going as you were among other friends, that I had nothing to complain of, and was not at all hurt." 20

Her colour rose as she said it modestly and hurriedly. Louisa understood the loving pretence, and her heart smote her. 25

"May I try?" said Sissy, emboldened to raise her hand to the neck that was insensibly drooping towards her.

Louisa, taking down the hand that would have embraced her in another moment, held it in one of hers, and answered:

"First, Sissy, do you know what I am? I am so proud and so hardened, so confused and troubled, so resentful and unjust to every one and to myself, that everything is stormy, dark, and wicked to me. Does not that repel you?" 30

"No!"

"I am so unhappy, and all that should have made me otherwise is so laid waste, that if I had been bereft of sense to this hour, and instead of being as learned as you think me, had to begin to acquire the simplest truths, I could not want a guide to peace, contentment, honour, all the good of which I am quite devoid, more abjectly than I do. Does not that repel you?" 35

"No!"

In the innocence of her brave affection, and the brimming up of her old devoted spirit, the once deserted girl shone like a beautiful light upon the darkness of the other. 40

Louisa raised the hand that it might clasp her neck and join its fellow there. She fell upon her knees, and clinging to this stroller's child looked up at her almost with veneration.

"Forgive me, pity me, help me! Have compassion on my great need, and let me lay this head of mine upon a loving heart!" 45

"O lay it here!" cried Sissy. "Lay it here, my dear."

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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Donne's poetry often uses the poetic device of speaking directly to someone or something.'

Referring to **three** poems, discuss the effects he achieves through this device.

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

Holy Sonnet

Since she whome I lovd, hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholy in heavenly things my mind is sett. 5
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew the head,
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more love, when as thou 10
 Dost woee my soule, for hers offring all thine:
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My love to saints and Angels, things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 7 **Either** (a) With close reference to specific examples, discuss Eliot's presentation of events in the novel.
- 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.

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas's head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly: she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr Cass had ended – powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie's heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly –

'Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr and Mrs Cass.'

Eppie took her hand from her father's head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time: the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropt a low curtsy, first to Mrs Cass and then to Mr Cass, and said –

'Thank you, ma'am – thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady – thank you all the same' (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). 'I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to.'

Eppie's lip began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father's chair again, and held him round the neck: while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

The tears were in Nancy's eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband's account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband's mind.

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger.

'But I've a claim on you, Eppie – the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child: her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other.'

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved, by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. 'Then, sir,' he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished – 'then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen year ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine: you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in.'

'I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter,' said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'He uses striking language and grammar to convey intense emotion.'

By referring closely to **three** poems, consider some of the uses and effects Hopkins's choices of language and poetic expression in the light of this comment.

- 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.

'Patience, hard thing'

Patience, hard thing! the hard thing but to pray,
But bid for, patience is! Patience who asks
Wants war, wants wounds; weary his times, his tasks;
To do without, take tosses, and obey.

Rare patience roots in these, and, these away, 5
Nowhere. Natural heart's-ivy Patience masks
Our ruins of wrecked past purpose. There she basks
Purple eyes and seas of liquid leaves all day.

We hear our hearts grate on themselves: it kills 10
To bruise them dearer. Yet the rebellious wills
Of us wé do bid God bend to him even so.

And where is he who more and more distills
Delicious kindness?—He is patient. Patience fills
His crisp combs, and that comes those ways we know.

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MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and characterisation of Isabella, showing her significance in the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Beatrice and De Flores.

Beatrice: Come hither; nearer, man!

De Flores [aside.]: I'm up to the chin in heaven.

Beatrice: Turn, let me see;
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceiv't.
I thought it had been worse. 5

De Flores [aside.]: Her fingers touch'd me!
She smells all amber.

Beatrice: I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.

De Flores: With your own hands, lady? 10

Beatrice: Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.

De Flores [aside.]: 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.

Beatrice: When w'are us'd 15
To a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,
I see it by experience.

De Flores [aside.]: I was blest 20
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.

Beatrice: Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

De Flores: 'Twould be soon seen, 25
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it.
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.

Beatrice: We shall try you—
Oh my De Flores!

De Flores [aside.]: How's that? 30
She calls me hers already, *my* De Flores!
[*To Beatrice.*] —You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam.

Beatrice: No, was I? I forgot, —Oh!

De Flores: There 'tis again, 35
The very fellow on't.

Beatrice: You are too quick, sir.

De Flores: There's no excuse for't now, I heard it twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance, take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet 40
Beat at your bosom.

- Beatrice:* Would creation—
- De Flores:* Ay, well said, that's it.
- Beatrice:* Had form'd me man. 45
- De Flores:* Nay, that's not it.
- Beatrice:* Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight. 50
- De Flores:* Oh blest occasion!—
Without change to your sex, you have your wishes.
Claim so much man in me.
- Beatrice:* In thee, De Flores?
There's small cause for that. 55
- De Flores:* Put it not from me,
It's a service that I kneel for to you. [Kneels.]
- Beatrice:* You are too violent to mean faithfully;
There's horror in my service, blood and danger,
Can those be things to sue for? 60
- De Flores:* If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't. 65
- Beatrice [aside.]:* This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy, and to such
Gold tastes like angels' food. [To De Flores.] —Rise.
- De Flores:* I'll have the work first.
- Beatrice [aside.]:* Possible his need 70
Is strong upon him; [gives him money]—there's to encourage thee:
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.
- De Flores:* That I have thought on;
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand, 75
And know it will be precious, the thought ravishes.
- Beatrice:* Then take him to thy fury.

