



Cambridge International AS & A Level

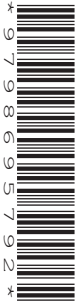
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2020

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- You must answer at least **one** (b) passage-based question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **20** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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

1 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare develops the role and characterisation of King Richard through his relationships with others.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Bolingbroke and his followers.

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	And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover What power the Duke of York had levied there; Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.	
<i>Northumberland:</i>	Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?	40
<i>Percy:</i>	No, my good lord; for that is not forgot Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge, I never in my life did look on him.	
<i>Northumberland:</i>	Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.	
<i>Percy:</i>	My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm To more approved service and desert.	45
<i>Bolingbroke:</i>	I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends; And as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense. My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.	50 55
<i>Northumberland:</i>	How far is it to Berkeley? And what stir Keeps good old York there with his men of war?	
<i>Percy:</i>	There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard; And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour – None else of name and noble estimate. [Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.]	60
<i>Northumberland:</i>	Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.	65
<i>Bolingbroke:</i>	Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues A banish'd traitor. All my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd, Shall be your love and labour's recompense.	
<i>Ross:</i>	Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.	70
<i>Willoughby:</i>	And far surmounts our labour to attain it.	
<i>Bolingbroke:</i>	Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor; Which, till my infant fortune comes to years, Stands for my bounty.	

Act 2, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) The Oracle describes Leontes as 'a jealous tyrant'. Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Leontes in the light of this quotation.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following scene, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

[*Bohemia. The sea-coast.*]

[*Enter ANTIGONUS with the Child, and a MARINER.*]

Antigonus: Thou art perfect then our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mariner: Ay, my lord, and fear 5
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Antigonus: Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard; 10
Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mariner: Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures 15
Of prey that keep upon't.

Antigonus: Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mariner: I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business. [Exit. 20

Antigonus: Come, poor babe.
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature, 25
Sometimes her head on one side some another –
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me; 30
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out 35
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
I prithee call't. For this ungentle business, 40
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more'. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys; 45

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, 50
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
 [Laying down the child.
 There lie, and there thy character; there these
 [Laying down a bundle. 55
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I 60
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough; I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. [Noise of hunt within]
 A savage clamour! 65
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Act 3, Scene 3

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: *Northanger Abbey*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Austen present friends and friendship in *Northanger Abbey*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of the relationship between Catherine and Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Morland's surprize on being applied to by Mr. Tilney, for their consent to his marrying their daughter, was, for a few minutes, considerable; it having never entered their heads to suspect an attachment on either side; but as nothing, after all, could be more natural than Catherine's being beloved, they soon learnt to consider it with only the happy agitation of gratified pride, and, as far as they alone were concerned, had not a single objection to start. His pleasing manners and good sense were self-evident recommendations; and having never heard evil of him, it was not their way to suppose any evil could be told. Good-will supplying the place of experience, his character needed no attestation. "Catherine would make a sad heedless young housekeeper to be sure," was her mother's foreboding remark; but quick was the consolation of there being nothing like practice. 5 10

There was but one obstacle, in short, to be mentioned; but till that one was removed, it must be impossible for them to sanction the engagement. Their tempers were mild, but their principles were steady, and while his parent so expressly forbad the connexion, they could not allow themselves to encourage it. That the General should come forward to solicit the alliance, or that he should even very heartily approve it, they were not refined enough to make any parading stipulation; but the decent appearance of consent must be yielded, and that once obtained—and their own hearts made them trust that it could not be very long denied—their willing approbation was instantly to follow. His *consent* was all that they wished for. They were no more inclined than entitled to demand his *money*. Of a very considerable fortune, his son was, by marriage settlements, eventually secure; his present income was an income of independence and comfort, and under every pecuniary view, it was a match beyond the claims of their daughter. 15 20

The young people could not be surprized at a decision like this. They felt and they deplored—but they could not resent it; and they parted, endeavouring to hope that such a change in the General, as each believed almost impossible, might speedily take place, to unite them again in the fullness of privileged affection. Henry returned to what was now his only home, to watch over his young plantations, and extend his improvements for her sake, to whose share in them he looked anxiously forward; and Catherine remained at Fullerton to cry. Whether the torments of absence were softened by a clandestine correspondence, let us not inquire. Mr. and Mrs. Morland never did—they had been too kind to exact any promise; and whenever Catherine received a letter, as, at that time, happened pretty often, they always looked another way. 25 30 35

The anxiety, which in this state of their attachment must be the portion of Henry and Catherine, and of all who loved either, as to its final event, can hardly extend, I fear, to the bosom of my readers, who will see in the tell-tale compression of the

pages before them, that we are all hastening together to perfect felicity. The means by which their early marriage was effected can be the only doubt; what probable circumstance could work upon a temper like the General's? The circumstance which chiefly availed, was the marriage of his daughter with a man of fortune and consequence, which took place in the course of the summer—an accession of dignity that threw him into a fit of good-humour, from which he did not recover till after Eleanor had obtained his forgiveness of Henry, and his permission for him “to be a fool if he liked it!” 40 45

Volume 2, Chapter 16

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the uses and effects of Chaucer's presentation of gods and goddesses in *The Knight's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to *The Knight's Tale*.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
 Ther was a duc that highte Theseus;
 Of Atthenes he was lord and governour,
 And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
 That gretter was ther noon under the sonne. 5
 Ful many a riche contree hadde he wonne;
 What with his wysdom and his chivalrie,
 He conquered al the regne of Femenye,
 That whilom was ycleped Scithia,
 And weddede the queene Ypolita, 10
 And broghte hire hoom with hym in his contree
 With muchel glorie and greet solempnytee,
 And eek hir yonge suster Emelye.
 And thus with victorie and with melodye
 Lete I this noble duc to Atthenes ryde, 15
 And al his hoost in armes hym bisyde.
 And certes, if it nere to long to heere,
 I wolde have toold yow fully the manere
 How wonnen was the regne of Femenye
 By Theseus and by his chivalrye; 20
 And of the grete bataille for the nones
 Bitwixen Atthenes and Amazones;
 And how asseged was Ypolita,
 The faire, hardy queene of Scithia;
 And of the feste that was at hir weddyng, 25
 And of the tempest at hir hoom-comyng;
 But al that thyng I moot as now forbere.
 I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere,
 And wayke been the oxen in my plough.
 The remenant of the tale is long ynough. 30
 I wol nat letten eek noon of this route;
 Lat every felawe telle his tale aboute,
 And lat se now who shal the soper wynne;
 And ther I lefte, I wol ayeyn bigynne. 35
 This duc, of whom I make mencion,
 Whan he was come almoost unto the toun,
 In al his wele and in his mooste pride,
 He was war, as he caste his eye aside,
 Where that ther kneled in the heighe weye
 A compaignye of ladyes, tweye and tweye, 40
 Ech after oother, clad in clothes blake;
 But swich a cry and swich a wo they make
 That in this world nys creature lyvyng
 That herde swich another waymentyng;
 And of this cry they nolde nevere stenten 45
 Til they the reynes of his brydel henten.
 "What folk been ye, that at myn hom-comyng

Perturben so my feste with crynge?"
Quod Theseus. "Have ye so greet envye
Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and crye?
Or who hath yow mysboden or offended?
And telleth me if it may been amended,
And why that ye been clothed thus in blak."

50

from *The Knight's Tale*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, in your view, does Dickens's presentation of the relationship between Bill Sikes and Nancy contribute to the novel's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

The two old crones, chiming in together, began pouring out many piteous lamentations that the poor dear was too far gone to know her best friends; and were uttering sundry protestations that they would never leave her, when the superior pushed them from the room, closed the door, and returned to the bedside. On being excluded, the old ladies changed their tone, and cried through the keyhole that old Sally was drunk; which, indeed, was not unlikely; since, in addition to a moderate dose of opium prescribed by the apothecary, she was labouring under the effects of a final taste of gin-and-water which had been privily administered, in the openness of their hearts, by the worthy old ladies themselves. 5

'Now listen to me,' said the dying woman aloud, as if making a great effort to revive one latent spark of energy. 'In this very room—in this very bed—I once nursed a pretty young creetur', that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking, and all soiled with dust and blood. She gave birth to a boy, and died. Let me think—what was the year again!' 10

'Never mind the year,' said the impatient auditor; 'what about her?' 15

'Ay,' murmured the sick woman, relapsing into her former drowsy state, 'what about her?—what about—I know!' she cried, jumping fiercely up: her face flushed, and her eyes starting from her head—'I robbed her, so I did! She wasn't cold—I tell you she wasn't cold, when I stole it!'

'Stole what, for God's sake?' cried the matron, with a gesture as if she would call for help. 20

'*It!*' replied the woman, laying her hand over the other's mouth. 'The only thing she had. She wanted clothes to keep her warm, and food to eat; but she had kept it safe, and had it in her bosom. It was gold, I tell you! Rich gold, that might have saved her life!' 25

'Gold!' echoed the matron, bending eagerly over the woman as she fell back. 'Go on, go on—yes—what of it? Who was the mother? When was it?'

'She charged me to keep it safe,' replied the woman with a groan, 'and trusted me as the only woman about her. I stole it in my heart when she first showed it me hanging round her neck; and the child's death, perhaps, is on me besides! They would have treated him better, if they had known it all!' 30

'Known what?' asked the other. 'Speak!'

'The boy grew so like his mother,' said the woman, rambling on, and not heeding the question, 'that I could never forget it when I saw his face. Poor girl! poor girl! She was so young, too! Such a gentle lamb! Wait; there's more to tell. I have not told you all, have I?' 35

'No, no,' replied the matron, inclining her head to catch the words, as they came more faintly from the dying woman. 'Be quick, or it may be too late!'

'The mother,' said the woman, making a more violent effort than before; 'the mother, when the pains of death first came upon her, whispered in my ear that if her baby was born alive, and thrived, the day might come when it would not feel so much disgraced to hear its poor young mother named. "And oh, kind Heaven!" she said, folding her thin hands together, "whether it be boy or girl, raise up some friends for it in this troubled world, and take pity upon a lonely desolate child, abandoned to its mercy!"' 40 45

'The boy's name?' demanded the matron.

'They *called* him Oliver,' replied the woman, feebly. 'The gold I stole was——'

'Yes, yes—what?' cried the other.

She was bending eagerly over the woman to hear her reply; but drew back, instinctively, as she once again rose, slowly and stiffly, into a sitting posture; then, 50 clutching the coverlid with both hands, muttered some indistinct sounds in her throat, and fell lifeless on the bed.

* * * * *

'Stone dead!' said one of the old women, hurrying in as soon as the door was opened.

'And nothing to tell, after all,' rejoined the matron, walking carelessly away. 55

The two crones, to all appearance, too busily occupied in the preparations for their dreadful duties to make any reply, were left alone, hovering about the body.

Chapter 24

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*

- 6 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of Hardy's subtitle, 'A Pure Woman', to the meaning and effects of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

She could hear nothing through the floor, although she listened intently, and thereupon went to the kitchen to finish her interrupted breakfast. Coming up presently to the front room on the ground floor she took up some sewing, waiting for her lodgers to ring that she might take away the breakfast, which she meant to do herself, to discover what was the matter if possible. Overhead, as she sat, she could now hear the floorboards slightly creak, as if some one were walking about, and presently the movement was explained by the rustle of garments against the banisters, the opening and the closing of the front door, and the form of Tess passing to the gate on her way into the street. She was fully dressed now in the walking costume of a well-to-do young lady in which she had arrived, with the sole addition that over her hat and black feathers a veil was drawn. 5 10

Mrs Brooks had not been able to catch any word of farewell, temporary or otherwise, between her tenants at the door above. They might have quarrelled, or Mr d'Urberville might still be asleep, for he was not an early riser.

She went into the back room which was more especially her own apartment, and continued her sewing there. The lady lodger did not return, nor did the gentleman ring his bell. Mrs Brooks pondered on the delay, and on what probable relation the visitor who had called so early bore to the couple upstairs. In reflecting she leant back in her chair. 15

As she did so her eyes glanced casually over the ceiling till they were arrested by a spot in the middle of its white surface which she had never noticed there before. It was about the size of a wafer when she first observed it, but it speedily grew as large as the palm of her hand, and then she could perceive that it was red. The oblong white ceiling, with this scarlet blot in the midst, had the appearance of a gigantic ace of hearts. 20 25

Mrs Brooks had strange qualms of misgiving. She got upon the table, and touched the spot in the ceiling with her fingers. It was damp, and she fancied that it was a blood stain.

Descending from the table, she left the parlour, and went upstairs, intending to enter the room overhead, which was the bedchamber at the back of the drawing-room. But, nerveless woman as she had now become, she could not bring herself to attempt the handle. She listened. The dead silence within was broken only by a regular beat. 30

Drip, drip, drip.

Mrs Brooks hastened downstairs, opened the front door, and ran into the street. A man she knew, one of the workmen employed at an adjoining villa, was passing by, and she begged him to come in and go upstairs with her; she feared something had happened to one of her lodgers. The workman assented, and followed her to the landing. 35

She opened the door of the drawing-room, and stood back for him to pass in, entering herself behind him. The room was empty; the breakfast – a substantial repast of coffee, eggs, and a cold ham – lay spread upon the table untouched, as when she had taken it up, excepting that the carving knife was missing. She asked the man to go through the folding-doors into the adjoining room. 40

He opened the doors, entered a step or two, and came back almost instantly with a rigid face. 'My good God, the gentleman in bed is dead! I think he has been hurt with a knife – a lot of blood has run down upon the floor!' 45

The alarm was soon given, and the house which had lately been so quiet resounded with the tramp of many footsteps, a surgeon among the rest. The wound was small, but the point of the blade had touched the heart of the victim, who lay on his back, pale, fixed, dead, as if he had scarcely moved after the infliction of the blow. In a quarter of an hour the news that a gentleman who was a temporary visitor to the town had been stabbed in his bed, spread through every street and villa of the popular watering-place. 50

Chapter 56

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X

- 7 **Either** (a) 'He is presented with the complexity of a tragic hero.'

Discuss Milton's presentation of Satan in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of his concerns in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

So spake this oracle, then verified
 When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
 Prince of the air; then rising from his grave
 Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed 5
 In open show, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurped,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet,
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise, 10
 And to the woman thus his sentence turned:
 "Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
 Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule." 15
 On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
 "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,
 And eaten of the tree concerning which
 I charged thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof,'
 Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow 20
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field;
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground, for thou 25
 Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."
 So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of death, denounced that day, 30
 Removed far off; then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
 As when he washed his servants' feet, so now
 As father of his family he clad 35
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
 Nor he their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more 40
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.
 To him with swift ascent he up returned,
 Into his blissful bosom reassumed

In glory as of old; to him appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Book X

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Shelley present time and the passing of time? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Shelley's poetic methods, discuss the following extract from 'Mont Blanc', showing what it adds to your understanding of his concerns.

Mont Blanc

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

I.

The everlasting universe of things
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
 Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
 Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
 The source of human thought its tribute brings 5
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river 10
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—
 Thou many-coloured, many-voiced vale,
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
 Fast cloud shadows and sunbeams: awful scene, 15
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
 From the ice gulphs that gird his secret throne,
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
 Of lightning through the tempest;—thou dost lie,
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging, 20
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion
 The chainless winds still come and ever came
 To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging
 To hear—an old and solemn harmony;
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep 25
 Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
 Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
 Which when the voices of the desert fail
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity;—
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion, 30
 A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame;
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
 Thou art the path of that unresting sound—
 Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange 35
 To muse on my own separate phantasy,
 My own, my human mind, which passively
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,
 Holding an unremitting interchange
 With the clear universe of things around; 40

One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

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