



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

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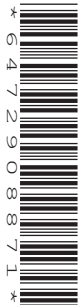
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/12

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry

May/June 2023

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** 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.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

## INFORMATION

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

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This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling***

- |                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                   |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | I would not hear so much offence again<br>For such another deed.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                   |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Soft, lady, soft;<br>The last is not yet paid for! Oh, this act<br>Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't<br>As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep.<br>Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,<br>Nay, sued and kneel'd for't: why was all that pains took?<br>You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,<br>Not that I want it not, for I do piteously:<br>In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,<br>But 'twas not held so precious to begin with;<br>For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,<br>And were I not resolv'd in my belief<br>That thy virginity were perfect in thee,<br>I should but take my recompense with grudging,<br>As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for. | 5<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>10<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>15 |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,<br>Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,<br>To make his death the murderer of my honour!<br>Thy language is so bold and vicious,<br>I cannot see which way I can forgive it<br>With any modesty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 20                                                                                                                |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Push, you forget yourself!<br>A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 25                                                                                                                |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | Oh misery of sin! Would I had been bound<br>Perpetually unto my living hate<br>In that Piracquo, than to hear these words.<br>Think but upon the distance that creation<br>Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 30                                                                                                                |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Look but into your conscience, read me there,<br>'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:<br>Push, fly not to your birth, but settle you<br>In what the act has made you, y'are no more now;<br>You must forget your parentage to me:<br>Y'are the deed's creature; by that name<br>You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,<br>As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,<br>And made you one with me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 35                                                                                                                |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | With thee, foul villain?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 40                                                                                                                |

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                          |
|-------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Yes, my fair murd'ress; do you urge me?<br>Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection!<br>'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind<br>Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's chang'd now,<br>To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,<br>Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted)<br>If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st;<br>I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,<br>I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing. | 45                       |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | De Flores!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 50                       |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | I shall rest from all lovers' plagues then;<br>I live in pain now: that shooting eye<br>Will burn my heart to cinders.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                          |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | Oh sir, hear me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                          |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | She that in life and love refuses me,<br>In death and shame my partner she shall be.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 55                       |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | Stay, hear me once for all; [ <i>kneels</i> ] I make thee master<br>Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels:<br>Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,<br>And I am rich in all things.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 60                       |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Let this silence thee:<br>The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy<br>My pleasure from me;<br>Can you weep fate from its determin'd purpose?<br>So soon may you weep me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 65                       |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>  | Vengeance begins;<br>Murder I see is followed by more sins.<br>Was my creation in the womb so curs'd,<br>It must engender with a viper first?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                          |
| <i>De Flores:</i> | Come, rise, and shroud your blushes in my bosom;<br><div style="text-align: right;">[<i>Raises her.</i>]</div><br>Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:<br>Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.<br>'Las, how the turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon<br>What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.                                                                                                                              | 70<br><br><br><br><br>75 |
|                   | <div style="text-align: right;">[<i>Exeunt.</i>]</div>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                          |
|                   | <div style="text-align: right;">(<i>from Act 3, Scene 4</i>)</div>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                          |

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure***

- 2 Either** (a) What, in your view, are the dramatic effects of Shakespeare's use of characters in disguise in *Measure for Measure*?
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Isabella and Angelo in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Must he needs die?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Maiden, no remedy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,<br>And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | I will not do't.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 5  |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | But can you, if you would?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,<br>If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse<br>As mine is to him?                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 10 |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [To ISABELLA]: You are too cold.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,<br>May call it back again. Well, believe this:<br>No ceremony that to great ones longs,<br>Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,<br>The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,<br>Become them with one half so good a grace<br>As mercy does.                             | 15 |
|                  | If he had been as you, and you as he,<br>You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,<br>Would not have been so stern.                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 20 |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Pray you be gone.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | I would to heaven I had your potency,<br>And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?<br>No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge<br>And what a prisoner.                                                                                                                                                                    | 25 |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [To ISABELLA]: Ay, touch him; there's the vein.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Your brother is a forfeit of the law,<br>And you but waste your words.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 30 |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Alas! alas!<br>Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;<br>And He that might the vantage best have took<br>Found out the remedy. How would you be<br>If He, which is the top of judgement, should<br>But judge you as you are? O, think on that;<br>And mercy then will breathe within your lips,<br>Like man new made. | 35 |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Be you content, fair maid.<br>It is the law, not I condemn your brother.<br>Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,<br>It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.                                                                                                                                                      | 40 |

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                  |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Isabella:</i> | To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.<br>He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens<br>We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven<br>With less respect than we do minister<br>To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.<br>Who is it that hath died for this offence?<br>There's many have committed it.                                                                                                                    | 45                               |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: Ay, well said.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 50                               |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.<br>Those many had not dar'd to do that evil<br>If the first that did th' edict infringe<br>Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,<br>Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,<br>Looks in a glass that shows what future evils –<br>Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd,<br>And so in progress to be hatch'd and born –<br>Are now to have no successive degrees,<br>But here they live to end. | 55<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>60 |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Yet show some pity.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                  |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | I show it most of all when I show justice;<br>For then I pity those I do not know,<br>Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,<br>And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,<br>Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;<br>Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.                                                                                                                                                                                        | 65                               |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | So you must be the first that gives this sentence,<br>And he that suffers. O, it is excellent<br>To have a giant's strength! But it is tyrannous<br>To use it like a giant.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 70                               |

(from Act 2, Scene 2)

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *Jero's Metamorphosis***

- 3**   **Either**   (a) Discuss some of the ways Soyinka presents the importance of reputation in the **two** plays.
- Or**        (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of Jero in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

[*The Beach*.

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*[The MEMBER turns round slowly.]*

*(from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 5)*

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***

- 4**   **Either**   **(a)** Discuss Williams's dramatic presentation of parent and child relationships in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.
- Or**        **(b)** Discuss the presentation of Margaret in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

*Margaret:*        Did anyone ever tell you that you're an ass-aching Puritan,  
                              Brick?

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*Margaret:*       Somebody spit tobacco juice in her face.

*(from Act 1)*

**Section B: Poetry**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight***

- 5    **Either**    (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Armitage present temptation in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*?
- Or**        (b) Comment closely on ways Armitage presents the action in the following extract from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

In the standing position he prepared to be struck,

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was deadened now with dread.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

## ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Browning presents the effects of desire in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the speaker in the following poem, *The Patriot*.

*The Patriot*

## AN OLD STORY

1.

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.  
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had, 5  
 A year ago on this very day!

2.

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
 Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels – 10  
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!'  
 They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

3.

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,  
 To give it my loving friends to keep. 15  
 Nought man could do, have I left undone  
 And you see my harvest, what I reap  
 This very day, now a year is run.

4.

There's nobody on the house-tops now – 20  
 Just a palsied few at the windows set –  
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
 At the Shambles' Gate – or, better yet,  
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

5.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind,  
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
 For they fling, whoever has a mind, 30  
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!  
In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead.  
'Thou paid by the World, – what dost thou owe  
Me?' God might have questioned: but now instead  
'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so.

## GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare some of the ways in which Clarke presents the past in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the dog and the hare in the following poem.

*Hare in July*

All spring and summer the bitch has courted the hare,  
 thrilled to the scent in a gateway, the musk of speed.  
 Months while I dug and planted and watched a mist  
 of green grow to a dense foliage,  
 neat rows in a scaffolding of sticks and nets, 5  
 nose down, tail up in thickening grass  
 she has been hunting the hare.

Today the big machines are in the field  
 raising their cromlechs against the sun.  
 The garden is glamorous with summer. 10  
 We cut and rake grass for the fire.  
 She leaps the bank bearing the weight of her gift,  
 the golden body of a young jack hare,  
 blood in its nostrils and a drowning sound.

'Drop' we say 'drop'. Heartbeat running out, 15  
 its eyes as wide and black as peaty lakes.  
 I feel under my finger one snapped rib  
 fine as a needle in a punctured lung  
 where it leaped too wild against the bitch's jaw.  
 Light fades from its fur, and in its eyes 20  
 a sudden fall of snow.

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which **two** poems present home.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Kathleen Raine presents the speaker.

*Passion*

Full of desire I lay, the sky wounding me,  
Each cloud a ship without me sailing, each tree  
Possessing what my soul lacked, tranquillity.

Waiting for the longed-for voice to speak  
Through the mute telephone, my body grew weak  
With the well-known and mortal death, heartbreak.

5

The language I knew best, my human speech  
Forsook my fingers, and out of reach  
Were Homer's ghosts, the savage conches of the beach.

Then the sky spoke to me in language clear,  
Familiar as the heart, than love more near.  
The sky said to my soul, 'You have what you desire.'

10

'Know now that you are born along with these  
Clouds, winds, and stars, and ever-moving seas  
And forest dwellers. This your nature is.'

15

Lift up your heart again without fear,  
Sleep in the tomb, or breathe the living air,  
This world you with the flower and with the tiger share.'

Then I saw every visible substance turn  
Into immortal, every cell new born  
Burned with the holy fire of passion.

20

This world I saw as on her judgment day  
When the war ends, and the sky rolls away,  
And all is light, love and eternity.

(Kathleen Raine)

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