



# A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

7712/1

Thursday 15 June 2017 Morning

Time allowed: 3 hours

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 12-page answer book.
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for Section C. These texts must NOT be annotated and must NOT contain additional notes or materials.

[Turn over]

## INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The PAPER REFERENCE is 7712/1.
- In Section A you will answer ONE question about a Shakespeare play.
- In Section B you will answer the ONE question about unseen poetry.
- In Section C you will answer ONE question about TWO texts: ONE poetry text and ONE prose text, one of which MUST be written pre-1900.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

## **INFORMATION**

- **The marks for questions are shown in brackets.**
- **The maximum mark for this paper is 75.**
- **You will be marked on your ability to:**
  - **use good English**
  - **organise information clearly**
  - **use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.**
- **In your response you need to:**
  - **analyse carefully the writers' methods**
  - **explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about**
  - **explore connections across the texts you have studied**
  - **explore different interpretations of your texts.**

**DO NOT TURN OVER UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO**

**SECTION A: Shakespeare**

Answer ONE question in this section.

**EITHER**

**0 1** Othello – William Shakespeare

‘As lovers, Othello and Desdemona either worship or despise one another. There is no middle ground.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Othello’s and Desdemona’s attitudes towards one another in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

**OTHELLO** Why, what art thou?

**DESDEMONA**

Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

**OTHELLO**

Come, swear it; damn thyself;

Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned:

Swear thou art honest.

**DESDEMONA** Heaven doth truly know it.

**OTHELLO**

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

**DESDEMONA**

To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

**OTHELLO**

Ah, Desdemon! Away, away, away!

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, the heavy day! Why do you weep?  
Am I the motive of these tears my lord?  
If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost  
him,  
I have lost him too.

**OTHELLO**

Had it pleased heaven  
To try me with affliction, had they rained  
All kind of sores and shames on my bare  
head,  
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my  
soul  
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me  
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:  
But there where I have garnered up my  
heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which my current  
runs,  
Or else dries up – to be discarded thence  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion  
there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped  
cherubin,  
Ay, there look grim as hell!

[Turn over]

**DESDEMONA**

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

**OTHELLO**

O, ay! As summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing, O, thou  
weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou  
hadst ne'er been born!

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

**OTHELLO**

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write 'whore' upon? What  
committed!

Committed? O, thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon  
winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth  
And will not hear it. What committed?  
Impudent strumpet!

**DESDEMONA** By heaven, you do me wrong.

**OTHELLO**

Are you not a strumpet?

**DESDEMONA** No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

**OTHELLO**

What! Not a whore?

**DESDEMONA** No, as I shall be saved.

**OTHELLO**

Is't possible?

**DESDEMONA**

O, heaven forgive us!

**OTHELLO**

I cry you mercy then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello.

(Act 4, Scene 2)

[Turn over]

OR

0 2

**The Taming of the Shrew – William Shakespeare**

**‘In the literature of love, the more a husband tries to demonstrate power and control, the more he appears powerless and foolish.’**

**In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Petruchio in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]**

**PETRUCHIO**

**Be merry, Kate. Some water here. What ho!**

***Enter one with water***

**Where’s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,**

**And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.**

***Exit another Servingman***

**One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.**

**Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?**

**Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.**

***He knocks the basin out of the Servant’s hands***

**You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?**

***He strikes the Servant***

**KATHERINA**

**Patience, I pray you, ’twas a fault unwilling.**

**PETRUCHIO**

**A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!**

**Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.**

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay.

PETRUCHIO Who brought it?

PETER I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

*He throws the food and dishes at them*

You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Exeunt Servants hurriedly*

KATHERINA

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient, tomorrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

[Turn over]

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *Exeunt*

*Enter Servants severally*

**NATHANIEL**

Peter, didst ever see the like?

**PETER**

He kills her in her own humour.

*Enter Curtis*

**GRUMIO** Where is he?

**CURTIS**

In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her,  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she,  
poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look,  
to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. *Exeunt*

*Enter Petruchio*

**PETRUCHIO**

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,

And till she stoop she must not be  
full-gorged,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's  
call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these  
kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor tonight she  
shall not.

As with the meat, some undeservèd fault

I'll find about the making of the bed,  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the  
bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the  
sheets.

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her.  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all  
night,

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong  
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak – 'tis charity to show.

*Exit*

(Act 4, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0	3
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**Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare**

**‘The literature of love tends to present women as selfless and compassionate.’**

**In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents women in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]**

**DUKE**

**For this new-married man approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged  
Your well-defended honour, you must  
pardon  
For Mariana’s sake, but as he adjudged your  
brother,  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,  
Thereon dependent, for your brother’s life,  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!’  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
leisure,  
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for  
Measure.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested,  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies  
thee vantage,  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with  
like haste.  
Away with him.**

**MARIANA** O, my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

**DUKE**

It is your husband mocked you with a  
husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your  
life

And choke your good to come. For his  
possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you with all,  
To buy you a better husband.

**MARIANA** O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

**DUKE**

Never crave him. We are definitive.

**MARIANA**

Gentle my liege! –

**DUKE** You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death. (*To Lucio*) Now, sir,  
to you.

**MARIANA**

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,  
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to  
come,

I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

**DUKE**

Against all sense you do importune her.  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would  
break,  
And take her hence in horror.

[Turn over]

**MARIANA**

Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.  
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak  
all.

They say best men are moulded out of  
faults,

And, for the most, become much more the  
better

For being a little bad. So may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

**DUKE**

He dies for Claudio's death.

**ISABELLA (kneeling)** Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man  
condemned

As if my brother lived. I partly think

A due sincerity governed his deeds

Till he did look on me. Since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died.

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perished by the way. Thoughts are no  
subjects,

Intents but merely thoughts.

**MARIANA**

Merely, my lord.

**DUKE**

Your suit's unprofitable. Stand up, I say.

(Act 5, Scene 1)

OR

0 4

**The Winter's Tale – William Shakespeare**

'Happy endings in the literature of love depend on problems being resolved and characters getting what they deserve.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Paulina's role in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]

**PAULINA**

It is required

You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
Or those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

**LEONTES**

Proceed.

No foot shall stir.

**PAULINA**

Music, awake her, strike!

*Music*

'Tis time: descend; be stone no more;  
approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,  
I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away.  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from  
him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she  
stirs.

*Hermione descends*

Start not: her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful.  
(To Leontes) Do not shun her  
Until you see her die again, for then

[Turn over]

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.  
 When she was young you wooed her: now,  
 in age,  
 Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES O, she's warm!  
 If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as  
 eating.

POLIXENES She embraces him.

CAMILLO  
 She hangs about his neck.  
 If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POLIXENES  
 Ay, and make it manifest where she has  
 lived,  
 Or how stol'n from the dead.

PAULINA That she is living,  
 Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
 Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,  
 Though yet she speak not. Mark a little  
 while.  
*(To Perdita)* Please you to interpose, fair  
 madam; kneel,  
 And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good  
 lady:  
 Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE You gods, look down,  
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine  
 own,  
 Where hast thou been preserved?  
 Where lived? How found  
 Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I,  
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have  
 preserved  
 Myself to see the issue.

**PAULINA**                    There's time enough for that,  
 Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
 You precious winners all; your exultation  
 Partake to everyone. I, an old turtle,  
 Will wing me to some withered bough,  
 and there  
 My mate, that's never to be found again,  
 Lament till I am lost.

**LEONTES**                    O peace, Paulina!  
 Thou shouldst a husband take by my  
 consent,  
 As I by thine a wife. This is a match,  
 And made between's by vows.  
 Thou hast found mine –  
 But how is to be questioned: for I saw her,  
 As I thought, dead; and have in vain said  
 many  
 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far –  
 For him, I partly know his mind – to find thee  
 An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
 And take her by the hand; whose worth and  
 honesty  
 Is richly noted, and here justified  
 By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
 (*To Hermione*) What! Look upon my brother.  
 Both your pardons  
 That e'er I put between your holy looks  
 My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,  
 And son unto the King, whom heavens  
 directing,  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.  
 Good Paulina,  
 Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely

[Turn over]

18

Each one demand and answer to his part  
Performed in this wide gap of time since first  
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away.

*Exeunt*

(Act 5, Scene 3)

**SECTION B: Unseen Poetry**

Answer the following question.

0	5
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It has been said that Dyer's poem is "a simple poem of grief and devotion" whereas Dunn's is about "the complexity of conflicting emotions".

Compare and contrast the presentation of love in the following poems in the light of this comment.  
[25 marks]

**Epitaph on the Monument of Sir William Dyer at Colmworth 1641**

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day  
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay  
One hour longer: so that we might either  
Sit up, or gone to bed together?  
But since thy finished labour hath possessed  
Thy weary limbs with early rest,  
Enjoy it sweetly; and thy widow bride  
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side;  
Whose business, now, is only to prepare  
My nightly dress, and call to prayer:  
Mine eyes wax heavy and the day grows old,  
The dew falls thick, my blood grows cold.  
Draw, draw the closed curtains: and make room:  
My dear, my dearest dust; I come, I come.

**Catherine Dyer (1641)**

[Turn over]

## The Kaleidoscope

To climb these stairs again, bearing a tray,  
Might be to find you pillowed with your books,  
Your inventories listing gowns and frocks  
As if preparing for a holiday.  
Or, turning from the landing, I might find  
My presence watched through your  
kaleidoscope,  
A symmetry of husbands, each redesigned  
In lovely forms of foresight, prayer and hope.  
I climb these stairs a dozen times a day  
And, by the open door, wait, looking in  
At where you died. My hands become a tray  
Offering me, my flesh, my soul, my skin.  
Grief wrongs us so. I stand, and wait, and cry  
For the absurd forgiveness, not knowing why.

Douglas Dunn (1985)

## SECTION C: Comparing Texts

Answer ONE question in this section.

You must write about TWO texts: ONE prose text and ONE poetry text (at least TWO poems must be covered). ONE of these texts must be written pre-1900.

**EITHER**

**0 6** Compare how the authors of two texts you have studied present aspects of desire.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS a prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

**OR**

**0 7** Compare how the authors of two texts you have studied present ideas about romantic commitment.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS a prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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