Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/53**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts **October/November 2015**

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **14** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

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Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

1 Either (a) 'Too immature to be a fit husband for Rosalind ...'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on the role and characterisation of Orlando?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the play's methods and concerns.

Phebe: Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Silvius: Sweet Phebe.

Phebe: Ha! What say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius: Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe: Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius: Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phebe: Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Silvius: I would have you.

Phebe: Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Silvius: So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatt'red smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phebe: Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Silvius: Not very well; but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phebe: Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth – not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am rememb'red, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius: Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe: I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

Act 3, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

2 Either (a) *Othello:* . . . Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

What in your view is the significance of Othello's occupation as a soldier to the play's meaning and effects?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the play's methods and concerns.

Brabantio: What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Roderigo: Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago: Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Brabantio: What profane wretch art thou?

Iago: I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Brabantio: Thou art a villain.

Iago: You are – a Senator.

Brabantio: This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo: Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent –
As partly I find it is – that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor –
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio: Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper; call up all my people.
This accident is not unlike my dream.

Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say; light!

[*Exit from above.*]

Iago: Farewell; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be producted – as if I stay I shall –
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

Act 1, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

3 Either (a) 'Colonel Brandon deserves his marriage to Marianne; unfortunately the same cannot be said of Edward Ferrars and his marriage to Elinor.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of Colonel Brandon and Edward Ferrars in the light of this comment.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationships presented here.

'Poor Elinor! how unhappy I make you!'

'I only wish,' replied her sister, 'there were any thing I *could* do, which might be of comfort to you.'

This, as every thing else would have been, was too much for Marianne, who could only exclaim, in the anguish of her heart, 'Oh! Elinor, I am miserable indeed,' before her voice was entirely lost in sobs.

Elinor could no longer witness this torrent of unresisted grief in silence.

'Exert yourself, dear Marianne,' she cried, 'if you would not kill yourself and all who love you. Think of your mother; think of her misery while *you* suffer; for her sake you must exert yourself.'

'I cannot, I cannot,' cried Marianne; 'leave me, leave me, if I distress you; leave me, hate me, forget me! but do not torture me so. Oh! how easy for those who have no sorrow of their own to talk of exertion! Happy, happy Elinor, *you* cannot have an idea of what I suffer.'

'Do you call *me* happy, Marianne? Ah! if you knew! – And can you believe me to be so, while I see you so wretched!'

'Forgive me, forgive me,' throwing her arms round her sister's neck; 'I know you feel for me; I know what a heart you have; but yet you are – you must be happy; Edward loves you – what, oh! what can do away such happiness as that?'

'Many, many circumstances,' said Elinor, solemnly.

'No, no, no,' cried Marianne wildly, 'he loves you, and only you. You *can* have no grief.'

'I can have no pleasure while I see you in this state.'

'And you will never see me otherwise. Mine is a misery which nothing can do away.'

'You must not talk so, Marianne. Have you no comforts? no friends? Is your loss such as leaves no opening for consolation? Much as you suffer now, think of what you would have suffered if the discovery of his character had been delayed to a later period – if your engagement had been carried on for months and months, as it might have been, before he chose to put an end to it. Every additional day of unhappy confidence, on your side, would have made the blow more dreadful.'

'Engagement!' cried Marianne, 'there has been no engagement.'

'No engagement?'

'No, he is not so unworthy as you believe him. He has broken no faith with me.'

'But he told you that he loved you?'

'Yes – no – never absolutely. It was every day implied, but never professedly declared. Sometimes I thought it had been – but it never was.' *40*

'Yet you wrote to him?' –

'Yes – could that be wrong after all that had passed? – But I cannot talk.'

Chapter 29

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* and *Tale*

4 Either (a) 'Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee
As wel over hir housbonde as hir love,
And for to been in maistrie hym above.'

What in your view does Chaucer's presentation of 'maistrie' in relationships between men and women contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* and *Tale*?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* and *Tale*.

They were ful glade to excuse hem blyve
Of thyng of which they nevere agilte hir lyve.
Of wenches wolde I beren hem on honde,
Whan that for syk unnethes myghte they stonde.
Yet tikled I his herte, for that he
Wende that I hadde of hym so greet chiertee!
I swoor that al my walkynge out by nyghte
Was for t'espye wenches that he dighte;
Under that colour hadde I many a myrthe.
For al swich wit is yeven us in oure byrthe;
Deceite, wepyng, spynnyng God hath yive
To wommen kyndely, whil that they may lyve.
And thus of o thyng I avaunte me,
Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech degree,
By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thyng,
As by continueel murmur or grucchyng.
Namely abedde hadden they meschaunce:
Ther wolde I chide, and do hem no plesaunce;
I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde,
If that I felte his arm over my syde,
Til he had maad his raunson unto me;
Thanne wolde I suffre hym do his nycetee.
And therfore every man this tale I telle,
Wynne whoso may, for al is for to selle;
With empty hand men may none haukes lure.
For wynnyng wolde I al his lust endure,
And make me a feyned appetit;
And yet in bacon hadde I nevere delit;
That made me that evere I wolde hem chide.
For thogh the pope hadde seten hem biside,
I wolde nat spare hem at hir owene bord;
For, by my trouthe, I quitte hem word for word.
As helpe me verray God omnipotent,
Though I right now sholde make my testament,
I ne owe hem nat a word that it nys quit.
I broghte it so aboute by my wit
That they moste yeve it up, as for the beste,
Or elles hadde we nevere been in reste.
For thogh he looked as a wood leon,
Yet sholde he faille of his conclusion.

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

5 Either (a) 'Selfish and unfeeling and yet still a tragic figure.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role and characterisation of Tom Tulliver?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Mr and Mrs Tulliver.

Mr Tulliver turned his eyes on the page again and presently said, 'Ah … Elizabeth Dodson … it's eighteen years since I married her …'

'Come next Ladyday,' said Mrs Tulliver, going up to his side and looking at the page.

Her husband fixed his eyes earnestly on her face.

'Poor Bessy,' he said, 'you was a pretty lass then – everybody said so – and I used to think you kept your good looks rarely. But you're sorely aged … Don't you bear me ill will … I meant to do well by you … We promised one another for better or for worse …'

'But I never thought it 'ud be so for worse as this,' said poor Mrs Tulliver with the strange, scared look that had come over her of late; 'and my poor father gave me away … and to come on so all at once …'

'Oh mother,' said Maggie, 'don't talk in that way.'

'No, I know you won't let your poor mother speak … That's been the way all my life … Your father never minded what I said … It 'ud have been o' no use for me to beg and pray … and it 'ud be no use now, not if I was to go down o' my hands and knees …'

'Don't say so, Bessy,' said Mr Tulliver, whose pride in these first moments of humiliation was in abeyance to the sense of some justice in his wife's reproach. 'If there's anything left as I could do to make you amends, I wouldn't say you nay.'

'Then we might stay here and get a living, and I might keep among my own sisters … and me been such a good wife to you, and never crossed you from week's end to week's end … and they all say so … They say it 'ud be nothing but right … only you're so turned against Wakem.'

'Mother,' said Tom severely, 'this is not the time to talk about that.'

'Let her be,' said Mr Tulliver. 'Say what you mean, Bessy.'

'Why, now the mill and the land's all Wakem's, and he's got everything in his hands, what's the use o' setting your face against him when he says you may stay here, and speaks as fair as can be, and says you may manage the business and have thirty shilling a week and a horse to ride about to market? And where have we got to put our heads? We must go into one o' the cottages in the village … and me and my children brought down to that … and all because you must set your mind against folks till there's no turning you.'

Mr Tulliver had sunk back in his chair trembling.

'You may do as you like wi' me, Bessy,' he said in a low voice; 'I've been the bringing of you to poverty … This world's too many for me … I'm nought but a bankrupt – it's no use standing up for anything now.'

'Father,' said Tom, 'I don't agree with my mother or my uncles, and I don't think you ought to submit to be under Wakem. I get a pound a week now, and you can find something else to do when you get well.'

'Say no more, Tom, say no more; I've had enough for this day. Give me a kiss, Bessy, and let us bear one another no ill will; we shall never be young again … This world's been too many for me.'

Book 3, Chapter 8

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

6 Either (a) How far and in what ways do you agree with the view that 'Egdon Heath is filled with disappointed hopes and broken dreams'?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

About the same moment that Wildeve stepped into the highway Venn also had reached it at a point a hundred yards further on; and he, hearing the same wheels, likewise waited till the carriage should come up. When he saw who sat therein he seemed to be disappointed. Reflecting a minute or two, during which interval the carriage rolled on, he crossed the road, and took a short cut through the furze and heath to a point where the turnpike-road bent round in ascending a hill. He was now again in front of the carriage, which presently came up at a walking pace. Venn stepped forward and showed himself.

Eustacia started when the lamp shone upon him, and Clym's arm was involuntarily withdrawn from her waist. He said, 'What, Diggory? You are having a lonely walk.'

'Yes – I beg your pardon for stopping you,' said Venn. 'But I am waiting about for Mrs Wildeve: I have something to give her from Mrs Yeobright. Can you tell me if she's gone home from the party yet?'

'No. But she will be leaving soon. You may possibly meet her at the corner.'

Venn made a farewell obeisance, and walked back to his former position, where the by-road from Mistover joined the highway. Here he remained fixed for nearly half an hour; and then another pair of lights came down the hill. It was the old-fashioned wheeled nondescript belonging to the captain, and Thomasin sat in it alone, driven by Charley.

The reddleman came up as they slowly turned the corner. 'I beg pardon for stopping you, Mrs Wildeve,' he said. 'But I have something to give you privately from Mrs Yeobright.' He handed a small parcel; it consisted of the hundred guineas he had just won, roughly twisted up in a piece of paper.

Thomasin recovered from her surprise, and took the packet. 'That's all, ma'am – I wish you good-night,' he said, and vanished from her view.

Thus Venn, in his anxiety to rectify matters, had placed in Thomasin's hands not only the fifty guineas which rightly belonged to her, but also the fifty intended for her cousin Clym. His mistake had been based upon Wildeve's words at the opening of the game, when he indignantly denied that the first guinea was not his own. It had not been comprehended by the reddleman that at half-way through the performance the game was continued with the money of another person; and it was an error which afterwards helped to cause more misfortune than treble the loss in money value could have done.

The night was now somewhat advanced; and Venn plunged deeper into the heath, till he came to a ravine where his van was standing – a spot not more than two hundred yards from the site of the gambling bout. He entered this movable home of his, lit his lantern, and, before closing his door for the night, stood reflecting on the circumstances of the preceding hours. While he stood the dawn grew visible in the north-east quarter of the heavens, which, the clouds having cleared off, was bright with a soft sheen at this midsummer time, though it was only between one and two o'clock. Venn, thoroughly weary, then shut his door and flung himself down to sleep.

Book 3, Chapter 8

Turn to page 12 for Question 7

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

7 Either (a) 'As she was wont, th'imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone.'
(from *Sleep and Poetry*)

Referring closely to **three** poems, discuss some of the ways Keats presents imagination.

Or (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss Keats's presentation of beauty here and in other poems in your selection.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

I

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal – yet, do not grieve:
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young –
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty, – that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

8 **Either** **(a)** What in your view does Rossetti's presentation of different attitudes to love contribute to the meaning and effects of her poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's poetic methods and concerns.

Cobwebs

It is a land with neither night nor day,
  Nor heat nor cold, nor any wind, nor rain,
  Nor hills nor valleys; but one even plain
Stretches thro' long unbroken miles away,
While thro' the sluggish air a twilight grey
  Broodeth; no moons or seasons wax and wane,
  No ebb and flow are there along the main,
No bud-time no leaf-falling there for aye,
No ripple on the sea, no shifting sand,
  No beat of wings to stir the stagnant space,
No pulse of life thro' all the loveless land
And loveless sea; no trace of days before,
  No guarded home, no toil-won restingplace
No future hope, no fear for evermore.

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