

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) *Rosalind*: Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man,
I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?

What in your view does Rosalind's disguise as Ganymede contribute to the meaning and effects of the play?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Jaques.

Duke Senior: I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord: My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior: If he, compact of jars, grow musical, 5
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.
[Enter JAQUES.]

1 Lord: He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Senior: Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this, 10
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaques: A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool. A miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool, 15
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms – and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool' quoth I; 'No, sir,' quoth he
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me 20
fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely 'It is ten o'clock;
Thus we may see' quoth he 'how the world 25
wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; 30
And thereby hangs a tale'. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission 35
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

- Duke Senior:* What fool is this?
- Jaques:* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair, 40
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool! 45
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
- Duke Senior:* Thou shalt have one.
- Jaques:* It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them 50
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they 55
so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not, 60
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through 65
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
- Duke Senior:* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
- Jaques:* What, for a counter, would I do but good?
- Duke Senior:* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin; 70
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot has caught
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world. 75

Act 2, Scene 7

- ‘True is it, my incorporate friends,’ quoth he
 ‘That I receive the general food at first
 Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
 Because I am the storehouse and the shop 45
 Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart, to th’ seat o’ th’ brain;
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins 50
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once
 You, my good friends’ – this says the belly; mark
 me.
- 1 Citizen:* Ay, sir; well, well. 55
- Menenius:* ‘Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran.’ What say you to’t? 60
- 1 Citizen:* It was an answer. How apply you this?
- Menenius:* The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members; for, examine
 Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
 Touching the weal o’ th’ common, you shall find 65
 No public benefit which you receive
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
 You, the great toe of this assembly?
- 1 Citizen:* I the great toe? Why the great toe? 70
- Menenius:* For that, being one o’ th’ lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead’st first to win some vantage.
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs. 75
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
 The one side must have bale.

Act 1, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Austen presents marriage as a way of getting financial security – passion is merely a short-term distraction.'

How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss Austen's narrative methods in the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Colonel Brandon.

In Colonel Brandon alone, of all her new acquaintance, did Elinor find a person who could in any degree claim the respect of abilities, excite the interest of friendship, or give pleasure as a companion. Willoughby was out of the question. Her admiration and regard, even her sisterly regard, was all his own; but he was a lover; his attentions were wholly Marianne's, and a far less agreeable man might have been more generally pleasing. Colonel Brandon, unfortunately for himself, had no such encouragement to think only of Marianne, and in conversing with Elinor he found the greatest consolation for the total indifference of her sister. 5

Elinor's compassion for him increased, as she had reason to suspect that the misery of disappointed love had already been known by him. This suspicion was given by some words which accidentally dropt from him one evening at the park, when they were sitting down together by mutual consent, while the others were dancing. His eyes were fixed on Marianne, and, after a silence of some minutes, he said with a faint smile, 'Your sister, I understand, does not approve of second attachments.' 10 15

'No,' replied Elinor, 'her opinions are all romantic.'

'Or rather, as I believe, she considers them impossible to exist.'

'I believe she does. But how she contrives it without reflecting on the character of her own father, who had himself two wives, I know not. A few years however will settle her opinions on the reasonable basis of common sense and observation; and then they may be more easy to define and to justify than they now are, by any body but herself.' 20

'This will probably be the case,' he replied; 'and yet there is something so amiable in the prejudices of a young mind, that one is sorry to see them give way to the reception of more general opinions.' 25

'I cannot agree with you there,' said Elinor. 'There are inconveniences attending such feelings as Marianne's, which all the charms of enthusiasm and ignorance of the world cannot atone for. Her systems have all the unfortunate tendency of setting propriety at nought; and a better acquaintance with the world is what I look forward to as her greatest possible advantage.' 30

After a short pause he resumed the conversation by saying –

'Does your sister make no distinction in her objections against a second attachment? or is it equally criminal in every body? Are those who have been disappointed in their first choice, whether from the inconstancy of its object, or the perverseness of circumstances, to be equally indifferent during the rest of their lives?' 35

'Upon my word, I am not acquainted with the minutia of her principles. I only know that I never yet heard her admit any instance of a second attachment's being pardonable.'

'This,' said he, 'cannot hold; but a change, a total change of sentiments – No, 40
no, do not desire it, – for when the romantic refinements of a young mind are obliged
to give way, how frequently are they succeeded by such opinions as are but too
common, and too dangerous! I speak from experience. I once knew a lady who in
temper and mind greatly resembled your sister, who thought and judged like her,
but who from an inforced change – from a series of unfortunate circumstances' – 45
Here he stopt suddenly; appeared to think that he had said too much, and by his
countenance gave rise to conjectures, which might not otherwise have entered
Elinor's head. The lady would probably have passed without suspicion, had he not
convinced Miss Dashwood that what concerned her ought not to escape his lips. As
it was, it required but a slight effort of fancy to connect his emotion with the tender 50
recollection of past regard. Elinor attempted no more. But Marianne, in her place,
would not have done so little. The whole story would have been speedily formed
under her active imagination; and every thing established in the most melancholy
order of disastrous love.

Chapter 11

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

- 4 **Either** (a) '*The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* explores only the worst of human nature.'

How far do you agree with this comment on *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*.

"Now, sires," quod he, "if that yow be so leef
 To fynde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
 For in that grove I lafte hym, by my fey,
 Under a tree, and there he wole abyde;
 Noght for youre boost he wole him no thyng hyde. 5
 Se ye that ook? Right there ye shal hym fynde.
 God save yow, that boghte agayn mankynde,
 And yow amende!" Thus seyde this olde man;
 And everich of these riotoures ran
 Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde 10
 Of floryns fyne of gold ycoyned rounde
 Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
 No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
 But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
 For that the floryns been so faire and brighte, 15
 That doun they sette hem by this precious hoord.
 The worste of hem, he spak the firste word.
 "Bretheren," quod he, "taak kep what that I seye;
 My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.
 This tresor hath Fortune unto us yiven, 20
 In myrthe and joliftee oure lyf to lyven,
 And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
 Ey! Goddes precious dignitee! who wende
 To-day that we sholde han so fair a grace?
 But myghte this gold be caried fro this place 25
 Hoom to myn hous, or elles unto youres –
 For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures –
 Thanne were we in heigh felicitee.
 But trewely, by daye it may nat bee.
 Men wolde seyn that we were theves stronge, 30
 And for oure owene tresor doon us honge.
 This tresor moste ycaried be by nyghte
 As wisely and as slyly as it myghte.

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects created by Donne's presentation of the soul and ideas about the soul. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Donne's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

Holy Sonnet

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due, 5
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
 Yet dearely'I love you, and would be lov'd faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye, 10
 Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

6 **Either** (a) 'Godfrey Cass and Silas Marner get just what they deserve in the end.'

How far do you agree with this view of the novel?

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

Nothing at that moment could be much more inviting to Dunsey than the bright fire on the brick hearth: he walked in and seated himself by it at once. There was something in front of the fire, too, that would have been inviting to a hungry man, if it had been in a different stage of cooking. It was a small bit of pork suspended from the kettle-hanger by a string passed through a large door-key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks. But the pork had been hung at the farthest extremity of the hanger, apparently to prevent the roasting from proceeding too rapidly during the owner's absence. The old staring simpleton had hot meat for his supper, then? thought Dunstan. People had always said he lived on mouldy bread, on purpose to check his appetite. But where could he be at this time, and on such an evening, leaving his supper in this stage of preparation, and his door unfastened? Dunstan's own recent difficulty in making his way suggested to him that the weaver had perhaps gone outside his cottage to fetch in fuel, or for some such brief purpose, and had slipped into the Stone-pit. That was an interesting idea to Dunstan, carrying consequences of entire novelty. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? *Who would know that anybody had come to take it away?* He went no farther into the subtleties of evidence: the pressing question, 'Where *is* the money?' now took such entire possession of him as to make him quite forget that the weaver's death was not a certainty. A dull mind, once arriving at an inference that flatters a desire, is rarely able to retain the impression that the notion from which the inference started was purely problematic. And Dunstan's mind was as dull as the mind of a possible felon usually is. There were only three hiding-places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes travelled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the fire-light, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and one only, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. It was near the treddles of the loom. In an instant Dunstan darted to that spot, swept away the sand with his whip, and, inserting the thin end of the hook between the bricks, found that they were loose. In haste he lifted up two bricks, and saw what he had no doubt was the object of his search; for what could there be but money in those two leathern bags? And, from their weight, they must be filled with guineas. Dunstan felt round the hole, to be certain that it held no more; then hastily replaced the bricks, and spread the sand over them. Hardly more than five minutes had passed since he entered the cottage, but it seemed to Dunstan like a long while; and though he was without any distinct recognition of the possibility that Marner might be alive, and might re-enter the cottage at any moment, he felt an undefinable dread laying hold on him, as he rose to his feet with the bags in his hand. He would hasten out into the darkness, and then consider what he should do with the bags. He closed the door behind him immediately, that he might shut in the stream of light: a few steps would be enough to carry him beyond betrayal by the gleams from the shutter-chinks and the latch-hole. The rain and darkness had got thicker, and he was glad of it; though it was awkward walking with both hands filled, so that it was as much as he could do

to grasp his whip along with one of the bags. But when he had gone a yard or two, he might take his time. So he stepped forward into the darkness.

Chapter 4

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

7 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance and effects of Hardy's use of the customs and the traditions of Egdon Heath.

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

They advanced to the turf-shed, and when they got near it the firelight and the lantern inside showed distinctly enough the form of a woman reclining on a bed of fern, a group of heath men and women standing around her. Eustacia did not recognize Mrs Yeobright in the reclining figure, nor Clym as one of the standers-by till she came close. Then she quickly pressed her hand upon Wildeve's arm and signified to him to come back from the open side of the shed into the shadow. 5

'It is my husband and his mother,' she whispered in an agitated voice. 'What can it mean? Will you step forward and tell me?'

Wildeve left her side and went to the back wall of the hut. Presently Eustacia perceived that he was beckoning to her, and she advanced and joined him. 10

'It is a serious case,' said Wildeve.

From their position they could hear what was proceeding inside.

'I cannot think where she could have been going,' said Clym to some one. 'She had evidently walked a long way, but even when she was able to speak just now she would not tell me where. What do you really think of her?' 15

'There is a great deal to fear,' was gravely answered, in a voice which Eustacia recognized as that of the only surgeon in the district. 'She has suffered somewhat from the bite of the adder; but it is exhaustion which has overpowered her. My impression is that her walk must have been exceptionally long.'

'I used to tell her not to overwalk herself this weather,' said Clym, with distress. 'Do you think we did well in using the adder's fat?' 20

'Well, it is a very ancient remedy – the old remedy of the viper-catchers, I believe,' replied the doctor. 'It is mentioned as an infallible ointment by Hoffman, Mead, and I think the Abbé Fontana. Undoubtedly it was as good a thing as you could do; though I question if some other oils would not have been equally efficacious.' 25

'Come here, come here!' was then rapidly said in anxious female tones; and Clym and the doctor could be heard rushing forward from the back part of the shed to where Mrs Yeobright lay.

'O, what is it?' whispered Eustacia.

''Twas Thomasin who spoke,' said Wildeve. 'Then they have fetched her. I wonder if I had better go in – yet it might do harm.' 30

For a long time there was utter silence among the group within; and it was broken at last by Clym saying, in an agonized voice, 'O doctor, what does it mean?'

The doctor did not reply at once; ultimately he said, 'She is sinking fast. Her heart was previously affected, and physical exhaustion has dealt the finishing blow.' 35

Then there was a weeping of women, then waiting, then hushed exclamations, then a strange gasping sound, then a painful stillness.

'It is all over,' said the doctor.

Further back in the hut the cotters whispered, 'Mrs Yeobright is dead.'

Chapter 8 Book 4

Turn to Page 14 for Question 8

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) Alsemero at the end of the play says 'Justice hath so right the guilty hit'. In the light of this comment, discuss Middleton's treatment of what is just and unjust in the play.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Beatrice: To your bed's scandal, I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of: your love has made me
A cruel murd'ress.

Alsemero: Ha! 5

Beatrice: A bloody one;
I have kiss'd poison for't, strok'd a serpent:
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder 10
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst, to assure
Yourself to me.

Alsemero: Oh, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance, the temple 15
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion, and quench'd the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
Oh, thou art all deform'd!

Beatrice: Forget not, sir, 20
It for your sake was done; shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Alsemero: Oh, thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood; here we are lost. 25

Beatrice: Remember I am true unto your bed.

Alsemero: The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murdered carcasses; it must ask pause
What I must do in this, meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet; 30

[Exit BEATRICE.

I'll be your keeper yet. Oh, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? — Ha!

[Enter DE FLORES.

This same fellow has put me in. — De Flores! 35

De Flores: Noble Alsemero?

Alsemero: I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.

De Flores: That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could, 40
She ever lov'd me so well; I thank her.

Alsemero: What's this blood upon your band, De Flores?

- De Flores:* Blood? No, sure, 'twas wash'd since.
- Alsemero:* Since when, man? 45
- De Flores:* Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword and dagger school; I think 'tis out.
- Alsemero:* Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd, though.
I had forgot my message; this it is:
What price goes murder?
- De Flores:* How, sir? 50
- Alsemero:* I ask you, sir;
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
- De Flores:* Upon? 'Twas quite through him, sure; 55
Has she confess'd it?
- Alsemero:* As sure as death to both of you,
And much more than that.
- De Flores:* It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that — she's a whore. 60
- Alsemero:* It could not choose but follow; oh cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd
saints?
- Beatrice [within]:* He lies, the villain does bely me!
- De Flores:* Let me go to her, sir. 65
- Alsemero:* Nay, you shall to her.
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard!
Take your prey to you, get you in to her, sir.
- [Exit DE FLORES
- I'll be your pander now; rehearse again 70
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black
audience
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.
Clip your adult'ress freely, 'tis the pilot 75
Will guide you to the Mare Mortuum,
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Act 5, Scene 3

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