

AS ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

Friday 19 May 2017

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7711/1.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- 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.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

0 1 *Othello* – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from *Othello*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Othello as being confused in his judgements.

[25 marks]

OTHELLO (*coming forward*) How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO O, Iago!

IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO Was that mine?

IAGO Yours, by this hand! And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing! – A fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman!

IAGO Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned tonight, for she shall not live! No, my heart is turned to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. – O, the world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

IAGO Nay, that's not your way.

OTHELLO Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO She's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO O, a thousand, thousand times! – And then of so gentle a condition.

IAGO Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain – but yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me!

IAGO O, 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO With mine officer!

IAGO That's fouler.

OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again – this night, Iago.

IAGO Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even
the bed she hath contaminated.

OTHELLO Good, good! The justice of it pleases; very
good!

IAGO And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall
hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO
Excellent good!

(Act 4, Scene 1)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 2 *The Taming of the Shrew* – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from *The Taming of the Shrew*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Lucentio as the suitor most capable of expressing romantic ideas.

[25 marks]

HORTENSIO Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both – that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love – to labour and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO A husband? A devil.

HORTENSIO I say a husband.

GREMIO I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GREMIO I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition – to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

HORTENSIO Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole. He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signor Gremio?

GREMIO I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. *Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio*

TRANIO

I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was –
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO

Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love have touched you, naught remains but so –
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, lad. Go forward, this contents.
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO

Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO

O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

TRANIO

Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air.
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

(Act 1, Scene 1)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 3 *Measure for Measure* – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from *Measure for Measure*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Claudio as someone who is willing to take responsibility for his actions.

[25 marks]

LUCIO

Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

LUCIO If could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the mortality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO No.

LUCIO Lechery?

CLAUDIO Call it so.

PROVOST Away, sir, you must go.

CLAUDIO One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after?

CLAUDIO

Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed.
You know the lady. She is fast my wife
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chanced
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO

With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke –
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in – but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrollèd penalties
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by th'wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn, and for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

LUCIO I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy
shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sithe it
off. Send after the Duke and appeal to him.

CLAUDIO

I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy, bid herself assay him.
I have great hope in that, for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

(Act 1, Scene 2)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 4 *The Winter's Tale* – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from *The Winter's Tale*, provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, as presented in this passage and elsewhere in the play, the relationship between Perdita and Florizel adds little to the play's exploration of ideas about love.

[25 marks]**PERDITA**

Now, my fair'st friend,
 I would I had some flowers o'th'spring, that might
 Become your time of day – (*to the Shepherdesses*) and
 yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's wagon! Daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength – a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one: O, these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL What, like a corse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank for Love to lie and play on,
 Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
 But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
 Pray so, and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too; when you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'th'sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that – move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA O Doricles,
Your praises are too large. But that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through't
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.

FLORIZEL I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PERDITA I'll swear for 'em.

POLIXENES
This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

CAMILLO He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

(Act 4, Scene 4)

Turn over for Section B

Turn over ►

Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

0 5 AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the Ages Pre-1900

Examine the view that in 'The Ruined Maid' Hardy presents rural life as wholly inferior to the life of love and leisure that 'Melia now leads in town.

[25 marks]

The Ruined Maid

'O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?' –
'O didn't you know I'd been ruined?' said she.

– 'You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!' –
'Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'At home in the barton you said "thee" and "thou",
And "thik oon", and "theäs oon", and "t'other"; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!' –
'Some polish is gained with one's ruin,' said she.

– 'Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!' –
'We never do work when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!' –
'True. One's pretty lively when ruined,' said she.

– 'I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!' –
'My dear – a raw country girl, such as you be,
Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined,' said she.

Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 6 AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the Ages Post-1900

Examine the view that in 'Punishment' the speaker is more interested in himself than in the female victim of forbidden love.

[25 marks]

Punishment

I can feel the tug
of the halter at the nape
of her neck, the wind
on her naked front.

It blows her nipples
to amber beads,
it shakes the frail rigging
of her ribs.

I can see her drowned
body in the bog,
the weighing stone,
the floating rods and boughs.

Under which at first
she was a barked sapling
that is dug up
oak-bone, brain-firkin:

her shaved head
like a stubble of black corn,
her blindfold a soiled bandage,
her noose a ring

to store
the memories of love.
Little adulteress,
before they punished you

you were flaxen-haired,
undernourished, and your
tar-black face was beautiful.
My poor scapegoat,

I almost love you
but would have cast, I know,
the stones of silence.
I am the artful voyeur

of your brain's exposed
and darkened combs,
your muscles' webbing
and all your numbered bones:

I who have stood dumb
when your betraying sisters,
cauled in tar,
wept by the railings,

who would connive
in civilized outrage
yet understand the exact
and tribal, intimate revenge.

Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013)

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