



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/42

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2025

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
 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.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Austen present different attitudes to love in *Pride and Prejudice*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Austen's language, tone and narrative methods analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel's meaning and effects

Mr Wickham did not play at whist, and with ready delight was he received at the other table between Elizabeth and Lydia. At first there seemed danger of Lydia's engrossing him entirely, for he was a most determined talker; but being likewise extremely fond of lottery tickets he soon grew too much interested in the game, too eager in making bets and examining after prizes to have attention for any one in particular. Allowing for the common demands of the game, Mr Wickham was therefore at leisure to talk to Elizabeth, and he was very willing to hear him, though what he chiefly wished to hear he could not hope to be told, the history of his acquaintance with Mr Darcy. She dared not even mention that gentleman. Her curiosity however was unexpectedly relieved. Mr Wickham began the subject himself. He inquired how far Netherfield was from Meryton; and, after receiving her answer, asked in an hesitating manner how long Mr Darcy had been staying there.

5

'About a month,' said Elizabeth; and then, unwilling to let the subject drop, added, 'he is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.'

'Yes' replied Wickham; – 'his estate there is a noble one. A bare ten thousand per annum. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you certain information on that head than myself – for I have been connected with his family in a particular manner from my infancy.'

10

Elizabeth could not but look surprised.

'You may well be surprised, Miss Bennet, at such an assertion, after seeing, as you probably might, the very odd manner of our meeting yesterday. – Are you much acquainted with Mr Darcy?'

20

'As much as I ever wish to be,' cried Elizabeth warmly, – 'I have spent four days in the same house with him, and I think him very disagreeable.'

'I have no right to give my opinion,' said Wickham, 'as to his being agreeable or otherwise. I am not qualified to form one. I have known him too long and too well to be a fair judge. It is impossible for me to be impartial. But I believe your opinion of him would in general asonish – and perhaps you would not express it quite so strongly anywhere else. – Here you are in your own family.'

25

'Upon my word I say no more here than I might say in any house in the neighbourhood, except Netherfield. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Every body is disgusted with his pride. You will not find him more favourably spoken of by any one.'

30

'I cannot pretend to be sorry,' said Wickham, after a short interruption, 'that he or that any man should not be estimated beyond their deserts but with him I believe it does not often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and obsequious, or frightened by his high and imposing manners and sees him only as he chooses to be seen.'

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'I should take him, even on my slight acquaintance, to be an ill-tempered man.' Wickham only shook his head.

40

'I wonder,' said he, at the next opportunity of speaking, 'whether he is likely to be in this country much longer.'

'I do not at all know; but I heard nothing of his going away when I was at

Netherfield. I hope your plans in favour of the –shire will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood.'

45

'Oh! no – it is not for me to be driven away by Mr Darcy. If he wishes to avoid seeing me, he must go. We are not on friendly terms and it always gives me pain to meet him, but I have no reason for avoiding him but what I might proclaim to all the world; a sense of every great ill usage, and most painful regrets at his being what he is. His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections. His behaviour to me has been scandalous but I can only believe I could forgive him any thing and every thing, rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father.'

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Elizabeth found the interests of the subject increased, and listened with all her heart; but the delicacy of it prevented farther inquiry.

(from Chapter 16)

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

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Chaucer's presentation of friendship in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods discuss the following extract, showing its significance to *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

This fresh e May, that I speak of so fore,
 In warm wex hath emprented the blis t
 That d nuarie bar of the m ale w t,
 By whib into his gardyn ofte he wente;
 And Damyan, that knew al hire entente, 5
 The blis to untrefeted pr ly.
 Ther n namoore to s e, but has ily
 Som wonder by this blis t al bity e,
 Whib e b ul heeren, if e wole aby e.
 O noble Ode, ful o oth s e ou, God woot, 10
 What s eighthe is it, thogh it be long and hoot,
 That Loenly fnde it out in o m manere?
 By Piramus and Tese may men leere;
 Thogh they were k pt ful longe s reite oer al,
 They been aorded, rown ge thurgh a wal, 15
 Ther no wight b ude han founde out w ib a s eighthe.
 But now to purpos er that day s eighthe
 Were pas d [of] the month of [u n], bifil
 That d nuarie hath a ught o greet a wil,
 Thurgh eggyn g of his wfy, h n for to pley 20
 In his gardyn, and no wight but they twe e,
 That in a morwe unto his May e ith he:
 'Rise up, my wfy, my loe, my lady free!
 The turtles o s is herd, my dowe w eete;
 The wynter is goon with alle his reyes weete. 25
 Com forth now, with thy e e n o lumbyn!
 How fairer been thy bres es than is wy!
 The gardyn is ent o d al aboute;
 Com forth, my white p ous! Out of doute
 Thou has me wounded in my herte, O wfy!
 No p ot of thee ne knew I al my lfy. 30
 Com forth, and lat us take n oure dip ort;
 I b ees thee for my wfy and my o nfort.'
 Swibe olde lewed wordes us d he.
 On Damyan a s gne made b e, 35
 That he b olde go biforn with his blis t.
 This Damyan thanne hath opened the w t,
 And in he s irte, and that in w ib manere
 That no wight my hte it e neither h eere,
 And s ille he is t under a bub anon. 40

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

- 3 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Donne's use of ordinary, everyday situations in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods in the following poem, discuss Donne's presentation of his relationship with God here and elsewhere in the selection.

Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations 14

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for, you
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
 Your force, to break blow, burn, and make me new.
 I, like an unrepented town, to another due,
 Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end,
 Reason your live royalty in me, my little defend,
 But is aptied, and proves weak or untrue,
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
 But am betrothed unto your enemy,
 Dissolve me, untie, or break that knot again,
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

5

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GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

- 4 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Eliot presents contrasts between appearance and reality in the novel.
- Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods discuss the following passage, showing its significance to Eliot's presentation of the relationship between Rosamond and Lydgate here and elsewhere in the novel.

'I never give up anything that I believe to do,' said Rosamond, reproving her aunt as she touched the touch of this word.

'God bless you!' said Lydgate, kissing her again. This on any of purpose in the right place was adorable. He went on: –

'It is too late now for your father to say that our engagement must be given up. You are of age, and I claim you as mine. If anything is done to make you unhappy, – that is a reason for hastening our marriage.'

An unmistakable delight shone forth from the blue eyes that met his and the radiance seemed to light up all his future with mild sunshine. Ideal happiness (of the kind known in the Arabian Nights in which you are invited to step from the labour and disorder of the street into a paradise where everything is given to you and nothing to be aimed) seemed to be an affair of a few weeks' waiting, more or less.

'Why should we defer it?' he said, with ardent insistence. 'I have taken the house now: everything else can soon be got ready – can it not? You will not mind about new clothes. Those can be bought afterwards.'

'What original notions you better men have!' said Rosamond, dimpling with more thorough laughter than usual at this humorous incongruity. 'This is the first time I ever heard of wedding-clothes being bought after marriage.'

'But you don't mean to say you would insist on my waiting months for the sake of clothes?' said Lydgate, half thinking that Rosamond was tormenting him prettily, and half fearing that she really shrank from speedy marriage. 'Remember, we are looking forward to a better sort of happiness than this – being continually together, independent of others and ordering our lives as we will. Come, dear, tell me how soon you can be altogether mine.'

There was a serious pleading in Lydgate's tone, as if he felt that she would be injuring him by any fantastic delay. Rosamond became serious too, and thoughtfully meditative; in fact, she was going through many intricate processes of lace-edging and hoisery and petticoat-tucking, in order to give an answer that would at least be approximate. 'Six weeks would be ample – say so, Rosamond,' insisted Lydgate, releasing her hands to put his arm gently round her.

One little hand immediately went to pat her hair, while she gave her neck a meditative turn, and then said seriously –

'There would be the house-linen and the furniture to be prepared. Still mamma would see to those while we were away.'

'Yes to be sure. We must be away a week or so.'

'Oh, more than that!' said Rosamond, earnestly. She was thinking of her evening dresses for the visit to Sir Godwin Lydgate's which she had long been secretly hoping for as a delightful employment of at least one quarter of the honeymoon, even if she deferred her introduction to the uncle who was a doctor of divinity (also a pleasing though sober kind of rank when sustained by blood). She looked at her lover with some wondering remonstrance as he spoke, and he readily understood that she might wish to lengthen the sweet time of double solitude.

'Whatever you wish, my darling, when the day is fixed. But let us take a decided course, and put an end to any discomfort you may be suffering. Six weeks – I am sure they would be ample.'

'I could certainly hasten the work,' said Rosamond. 'Will you, then, mention it

to papa? – I think it would be better to write to him.' She blushed and looked at him as the garden flowers look at us when we walk forth happily among them in the translucent evening light: is there not a soul beyond utterance, half-nymph, half-bird, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep colour?

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(from Chapter 36)

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) Discuss Hardy's presentation of disappointment and its consequences in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'Mrs Troy has come downstairs' said Samway to Tall. 'If you want to tell her you had better do it now.'

'Do you know what they mean?' the farmer asked of Bathsheba across the room.

'I don't in the least,' said Bathsheba.

5

There was a smart rapping at the door. One of the men opened it instantly, and went outside.

'Mrs Troy is wanted,' he said, on returning.

'Quite ready,' said Bathsheba. 'I didn't tell them to send.'

'It is a stranger man,' said the man by the door.

10

'A stranger?' she said.

'Ask him to come in,' said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes as we have seen him, stood in the doorway.

There was an unearthly silence, all looking towards the newcomer. Those who had just learnt that he was in the neighbourhood recognised him instantly; those who did not were perplexed. Nobody noted Bathsheba. She was leaning on the stairs. Her brow had heavily contracted; her whole face was pallid, her lips apart, her eyes rigidly staring at their visitor.

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Boldwood was among those who did not notice that he was Troy. 'Come in, come in!' he repeated cheerfully, 'and drain a Christmas beaker with us stranger!'

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Troy next advanced into the middle of the room, took off his cap, turned down his coat-collar, and looked Boldwood in the face. Even then Boldwood did not recognise him. Troy began to laugh a merrily laugh; and Boldwood recognised him now.

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Troy turned to Bathsheba. The poor girl's wretchedness at this time was beyond all fancy or narration. She had sunk down on the lowest stair, and there she sat, her mouth blue and dry, and her dark eyes fixed almost upon him, as if she wondered whether it were not all a terrible illusion.

Then Troy spoke. 'Bathsheba, I come here for you.'

30

She made no reply.

'Come home with me: come.'

Bathsheba moved her feet a little, but did not rise. Troy went across to her.

'Come madam, do you hear what I say?' he said peremptorily.

A strange voice came from the fireplace – a voice sounding far off and confined, as if from a dungeon. Hardly a soul in the assembly recognised the thin tones to be those of Boldwood.

35

'Bathsheba, go with your husband!'

Nevertheless she did not move. The truth was that Bathsheba was beyond the pale of activity – and yet not in a swoon. She was in a state of mental *gutta serena*; her mind was for the minute totally deprived of light at the same time that no observation was apparent from without.

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Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, when she quickly sank back. This visible dread of him seemed to irritate Troy, and he seized her arm and pulled it harshly. Whether his grasp pinched her, or whether his mere touch was the cause, was never known, but at the moment of his seizure she writhed, and gave a quick low scream.

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The beam had been heard but a few seconds when it was followed by a sudden deafening report that echoed through the room and stupefied them all. The oak partition shook with the concussion, and the place was filled with grey smoke.

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In bewilderment they turned their eyes to Boldwood. At his back, as he stood before the fireplace, was a gun-rack as is usual in farm houses, so contrived to hold two guns. When Bathsheba had cried out in her husband's grasp Boldwood's face of gnawing despair had changed. The veins had swollen and a frenzied look had gleamed in his eyes. He had turned quickly, taken one of the guns, cocked it, and at once discharged it at Troy.

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(from Chapter 52)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

- 6 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Whitman presents change and its effects. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Whitman's methods and concerns in the selection.

O Me! O Life!

O me! O life! of the questions of these raring,
 Of the endless trains of the faithless – of cities fill'd with the foolish,
 Of myself – If forever reproaching myself – (for who more foolish than
 I, and who more faithless?)
 Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the
 struggle ever renew'd,
 Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and the sordid crowds I see
 around me,
 Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me
 intertwined,
 The question, O me! so asked, raring – What good amid these,
 O me, O life?

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Answer

That you are here – that life exists and identity,
 That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.

15

TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

- 7 Either (a)** 'The poet's relationship with the natural world is presented as complex, never straightforward and simple.'
- Discuss Glück's presentation of the natural world in the light of this comment. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Matins

Forgive me if I say I love you: the powerful

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not fighting in the yard?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 8.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

- 8 Either (a) Analyse how Joyce would use a 'naturalistic' or 'realistic' look at life in Dublin.

In what way and with what effects do you think he did this? In your answer, you should refer to at least two stories from *Dubliners*.

- Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Joyce's presentation of the relationship between Gabriel and his wife here and elsewhere in *The Dead*.

– Good-night, all. Safe home.

– Good-night. Good-night.

The morning was still dark. A dull yellow light brooded over the houses and the river; and the streets seemed to be descending. It was busy underfoot; and only the tracks and paths of snow lay on the roofs on the parapets of the quay and on the area railings. The lamps were still burning redly in the murky air and, across the river, the palaces of the Four Courts stood out menacingly against the heavy sky.

She was walking on before him with Mr Bartell D'Arcy, her shoes in a brown paper tube tucked under one arm and her hands holding her skirt up from the bus. She had no longer any grace of attitude but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, glorious.

She was walking on before him so lightly and so erect that he longed to run after her noiselessly, to catch her by the shoulders and say something foolish and affectionate into her ear. She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. A heliotrope envelope was lying beside his breakfast-table and he was reaching for it with his hand. Birds were twittering in the sky and the sunny web of the curtain was shimmering along the floor: he could not eat for happiness. They were standing on the crowded platform and he was placing a kiss inside the warm palm of her glove. He was standing with her in the cold, looking in through a grated window at a man making bottles in a roaring furnace. It was very cold. Her face, fragrant in the cold air, was quite close to his and suddenly she called out to the man at the furnace:

– Is the fire hot, is it?

But the man could not hear her with the noise of the furnace. It was just as well. He might have answered rudely.

A wave of yet more tender joy ebbed from his heart and went coursing in warm flood along his arteries. Like the tender fires of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of escape. For the years he felt, had not quenched his soul or hers. Their children, his writing, her household affairs had not quenched all their souls' tender fire. In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: *Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?*

Like distant music these words that he had written years before were borne towards him from the past. He longed to be alone with her. When the others had gone away, when he and she were in the room in the hotel, then they would be alone together. He would tell her softly

– Gretta!

Perhaps she would not hear at once: she would be undressing. Then something in his voice would strike her. She would turn and look at him ...

At the corner of Winetavern Street they met a cab. He was glad of its rattling noise as it saved him from conversation. She was looking out of the window and seemed tired. The others spoke only a few words, pointing out some building or street. The horse galloped along wearily under the murky morning sky, dragging his old rattling box after his heels and Gabriel was again in a cab with her, galloping to a table the boat, galloping to their honeymoon.

45

(from *The Dead*)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Morrison makes story telling significant in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Morrison's methods and concerns

'Look' he says 'Denver be here in the day.

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Me?'

(from Part 3)

GABRIEL OKARA: Selected Poems from *Collected Poems*

- 10 Either** (a) In what way and with what effects does Okara present the significance of water and rivers in his poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

A Boy's Dream

I bring to soft clouds my aching

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With warmth of the sun playing on my face.

22 July 1978

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

- 11 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys presents rumour and gossip, and their significance in the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative point of view, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the wider novel.

'If you forsake her they will tear her in pieces – like they did her mother.'

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‘And that’s the first damn word of truth you speak’...

(from Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

- 12 Either** (a) In what way and with what effects does Trethewey present feelings about her mixed ancestry? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods discuss the following extract from the sequence *Native Guard*, considering how far it is characteristic of Trethewey's poems in the collection.

from *Native Guard*

August 1864

Dumas was a fair master to us all.
 He taught me to read and write: I was a man-
 servant, if not a man. At my work
 I studied natural things – all manner
 of plants birds I draw now in my book wren,
 willet, egret, loon. Tending the gardens
 I thought only to study like things thought
 nearer to know something about the dead.
 Now I tend Ship Islands and grassy mounds like dunes
 that shift and disappear. I record names
 and home simple notes not much more than how
 and when – an official duty. I'm told
 it's best to spare most detail, but I know
 there are things which must be accounted for.

5
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1865

These are things which must be accounted for:
 slaughter under the white flag of surrender –
 black massacre at Fort Pillow; our new name,
 the Corps d'Afrique – words that take the *native*
 from our claim; mobs and freedmen – exiles
 in their own homeland; the disabled, the maimed,
 every lost limb, and what remains phantom
 absent, memory haunting an empty space;
 the hog-eaten at Gettysburg, unmarked
 in their grassy all the dead letters unanswered;
 untold stories of those that time will render
 mute. Beneath battlefields green again,
 the dead molder – a unfolding of bone
 we tread upon, forgetting. Truth be told.

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