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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2017

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

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 **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** 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 **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

1 **Either** (a) *Isabella*: More than our brother is our chastity.

In the light of her comment, discuss the characterisation and role of Isabella.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage and its significance in the play.

Duke: There is our commission.
From which we would not have you warp.
Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an ATTENDANT. 5

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs 10
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escalus: If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

[Enter ANGELO.] 15

Duke: Look where he comes.

Angelo: Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke: Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life 20
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do. 25

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence 30

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.

Hold, therefore, Angelo – 35
In our remove be thou at full ourself;

3

	Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus, Though first in question, is thy secondary. Take thy commission.	40
<i>Angelo:</i>	Now, good my lord, Let there be some more test made of my metal, Before so noble and so great a figure Be stamp'd upon it.	
<i>Duke:</i>	No more evasion! We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours. Our haste from hence is of so quick condition That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd Matters of needful value. We shall write to you, As time and our concernings shall importune, How it goes with us, and do look to know What doth befall you here. So, fare you well. To th' hopeful execution do I leave you Of your commissions.	45 50 55
<i>Angelo:</i>	Yet give leave, my lord, That we may bring you something on the way.	
<i>Duke:</i>	My haste may not admit it; Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do With any scruple: your scope is as mine own, So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand; I'll privily away. I love the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes; Though it do well, I do not relish well Their loud applause and Aves vehement; Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.	60 65
<i>Angelo:</i>	The heavens give safety to your purposes!	
<i>Escalus:</i>	Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!	70
<i>Duke:</i>	I thank you. Fare you well.	

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view is the significance of the relationship between Iago and Emilia to the play's meaning and effects?
- 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.

[Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.]

Iago: Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come.
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us or it mars us; think on that, 5
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo: Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago: Here, at thy hand. Be bold, and take thy stand. [Withdraws.]

Roderigo: I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons – 10
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.

Iago: I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo, 15
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life 20
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.
[Enter CASSIO.]

Roderigo: I know his gait, 'tis he. Villain, thou diest! 25
[Thrusts at CASSIO.]

Cassio: That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
I will make proof of thine. [Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]

Roderigo: O, I am slain! 30
[IAGO stabs CASSIO from behind in the leg, and exit.]

Cassio: I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [Falls.
[Enter OTHELLO at a distance.]

Othello: The voice of Cassio. Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo: O, villain that I am! 35

Othello: It is even so.

Cassio: O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Othello: 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me – minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies. Strumpet, I come. 40

5

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit.
 [Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO at a distance.]

Cassio: What, ho! No watch? No passage? Murder! murder! 45

Gratiano: 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cassio: O, help!

Lodovico: Hark!

Roderigo: O wretched villain!

Lodovico: Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night; 50
 These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
 To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo: Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.
 [Re-enter IAGO with a light.]

Lodovico: Hark! 55

Gratiano: Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago: Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lodovico: We do not know.

Iago: Did not you hear a cry?

Cassio: Here, here! For heaven's sake, help me! 60

Iago: What's the matter?

Gratiano: This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico: The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago: What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cassio: Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! 65
 Give me some help.

Iago: O me, Lieutenant! What villains have done this?

Cassio: I think that one of them is hereabout,
 And cannot make away.

Iago: O treacherous villains! – 70
 [To LODOVICO and GRATIANO] What are you
 there? Come in, and give some help.

Roderigo: O, help me there!

Cassio: That's one of them.

Iago: O murd'rous slave! O villain! [Stabs RODERIGO. 75

Roderigo: O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Act 5, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) Frank Churchill is described as ‘a disgrace to the name of man’.

Discuss the role and characterisation of Frank Churchill in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and show what it contributes to your understanding of Austen’s methods and concerns.

Although in one instance the bearers of not good tidings, Mr. and Mrs. Weston’s visit this morning was in another respect particularly opportune. Something occurred while they were at Hartfield, to make Emma want their advice; and, which was still more lucky, she wanted exactly the advice they gave.

This was the occurrence: — The Coles had been settled some years in Highbury, and were very good sort of people — friendly, liberal, and unpretending; but, on the other hand, they were of low origin, in trade, and only moderately genteel. On their first coming into the country, they had lived in proportion to their income, quietly, keeping little company, and that little unexpensively; but the last year or two had brought them a considerable increase of means — the house in town had yielded greater profits, and fortune in general had smiled on them. With their wealth, their views increased; their want of a larger house, their inclination for more company. They added to their house, to their number of servants, to their expenses of every sort; and by this time were, in fortune and style of living, second only to the family at Hartfield. Their love of society, and their new dining-room, prepared every body for their keeping dinner-company; and a few parties, chiefly among the single men, had already taken place. The regular and best families Emma could hardly suppose they would presume to invite — neither Donwell, nor Hartfield, nor Randalls. Nothing should tempt *her* to go, if they did; and she regretted that her father’s known habits would be giving her refusal less meaning than she could wish. The Coles were very respectable in their way, but they ought to be taught that it was not for them to arrange the terms on which the superior families would visit them. This lesson, she very much feared, they would receive only from herself; she had little hope of Mr. Knightley, none of Mr. Weston.

But she had made up her mind how to meet this presumption so many weeks before it appeared, that when the insult came at last, it found her very differently affected. Donwell and Randalls had received their invitation, and none had come for her father and herself; and Mrs. Weston’s accounting for it with “I suppose they will not take the liberty with you; they know you do not dine out,” was not quite sufficient. She felt that she should like to have had the power of refusal; and afterwards, as the idea of the party to be assembled there, consisting precisely of those whose society was dearest to her, occurred again and again, she did not know that she might not have been tempted to accept. Harriet was to be there in the evening, and the Bateses. They had been speaking of it as they walked about Highbury the day before, and Frank Churchill had most earnestly lamented her absence. Might not the evening end in a dance? had been a question of his. The bare possibility of it acted as a further irritation on her spirits; and her being left in solitary grandeur, even supposing the omission to be intended as a compliment, was but poor comfort.

It was the arrival of this very invitation while the Westons were at Hartfield, which made their presence so acceptable; for though her first remark, on reading it, was that "of course it must be declined," she so very soon proceeded to ask them what they advised her to do, that their advice for her going was most prompt and successful. 40

Volume 2, Chapter 7

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Brontë's presentation of different attitudes to love in *Wuthering Heights*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following extract and show what it reveals about Brontë's methods of characterisation in *Wuthering Heights*.

We crowded round, and over Miss Cathy's head, I had a peep at a dirty, ragged, black-haired child; big enough both to walk and talk: indeed, its face looked older than Catherine's; yet, when it was set on its feet, it only stared round, and repeated over and over again some gibberish, that nobody could understand. I was frightened, and Mrs. Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors: she did fly up, asking how he could fashion to bring that gypsy brat into the house, when they had their own bairns to feed and fend for? What he meant to do with it, and whether he were mad? The master tried to explain the matter; but he was really half-dead with fatigue, and all that I could make out, amongst her scolding, was a tale of his seeing it starving, and houseless, and as good as dumb, in the streets of Liverpool; where he picked it up and inquired for its owner. Not a soul knew to whom it belonged, he said; and his money and time being both limited, he thought it better to take it home with him at once, than run into vain expenses there: because he was determined he would not leave it as he found it. Well, the conclusion was that my mistress grumbled herself calm; and Mr. Earnshaw told me to wash it, and give it clean things, and let it sleep with the children. 5

Hindley and Cathy contented themselves with looking and listening till peace was restored: then, both began searching their father's pockets for the presents he had promised them. The former was a boy of fourteen, but when he drew out what had been a fiddle crushed to morsels in the great-coat, he blubbered aloud; and Cathy, when she learned the master had lost her whip in attending on the stranger, showed her humour by grinning and spitting at the stupid little thing; earning for her pains a sound blow from her father to teach her cleaner manners. They entirely refused to have it in bed with them, or even in their room; and I had no more sense, so I put it on the landing of the stairs, hoping it might be gone on the morrow. By chance, or else attracted by hearing his voice, it crept to Mr. Earnshaw's door, and there he found it on quitting his chamber. Inquiries were made as to how it got there; I was obliged to confess, and in recompense for my cowardice and inhumanity was sent out of the house. 10

This was Heathcliff's first introduction to the family. On coming back a few days afterwards (for I did not consider my banishment perpetual) I found they had christened him "Heathcliff": it was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since, both for Christian and surname. Miss Cathy and he were now very thick; but Hindley hated him! and to say the truth I did the same; and we plagued and went on with him shamefully: for I wasn't reasonable enough to feel my injustice, and the mistress never put in a word on his behalf when she saw him wronged. 15

He seemed a sullen, patient child; hardened, perhaps, to ill-treatment: he would stand Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and my pinches moved him only to draw in a breath and open his eyes, as if he had hurt himself by accident and nobody was to blame. This endurance made old Earnshaw furious, when he discovered his son persecuting the poor, fatherless child, as he called him. He took to Heathcliff strangely, believing all he said (for that matter, he said precious little, and generally the truth), and petting him up far above Cathy, who was too mischievous and wayward for a favourite. 20

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs. Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master 25

had learned to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections and his privileges; and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries. I sympathised awhile; but when the children fell ill of the measles, and I had to tend them, and take on me the cares of a woman at once, I changed my ideas. Heathcliff was dangerously sick: and while he lay at the worst he would have me constantly by his pillow: I suppose he felt I did a good deal for him, and he hadn't wit to guess that I was compelled to do it. However, I will say this, he was the quietest child that ever nurse watched over. The difference between him and the others forced me to be less partial. Cathy and her brother harassed me terribly: *he* was as uncomplaining as a lamb; though hardness, not gentleness, made him give little trouble.

Volume 1, Chapter 4

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

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Looke who that is moost pacient in love
He is at his avantage al above.'

In the light of the Franklin's comment, discuss Chaucer's presentation of love in *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*.

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

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,
 Ther was a knyght that loved and dide his payne
 To serve a lady in his beste wise;
 And many a labour, many a greet emprise,
 He for his lady wroghte, er she were wonne. 5
 For she was oon the faireste under sonne,
 And eek therto comen of so heigh kynrede
 That wel unnethes dorste this knyght, for drede,
 Telle hire his wo, his peyne, and his distresse.
 But atte laste she, for his worthynesse, 10
 And namely for his meke obeysaunce,
 Hath swich a pitee caught of his penaunce
 That pryvely she fil of his accord
 To take hym for hir housbonde and hir lord,
 Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir wyves, 15
 And for to lede the moore in blisse hir lyves,
 Of his free wyl he swoor hire as a knyght
 That nevere in al his lyf he, day ne nyght,
 Ne sholde upon hym take no maistrie
 Agayn hir wyl, ne kithe hire jalousie, 20
 But hire obeye, and folwe hir wyl in al,
 As any love to his lady shal,
 Save that the name of soveraynetee,
 That wolde he have for shame of his degree.
 She thanked hym, and with ful greet hum-blesse 25
 She seyde, "Sire, sith of youre gentillesse
 Ye profre me to have so large a reyne,
 Ne wolde nevere God bitwixe us tweyne,
 As in my gilt, were outhere werre or stryf.
 Sire, I wol be youre humble trewe wyf – 30
 Have heer my trouthe – til that myn herte breste."

from *The Franklin's Tale*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

6 **Either** (a) Pip says, 'It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home.'

Consider the significance of this comment to the development of Pip's role and characterisation.

Or (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and its significance to the novel.

Now, the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table; my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger and showing an interest in Drummle, that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly, he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's like a trap, as she stretched it across the table. So suddenly and smartly did he do this, that we all stopped in our foolish contention. 5

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Juggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and entreatingly fixed upon him. "Don't!" 10

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Juggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Juggers, not looking at her, but obstinately looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see *both* your wrists. Show them. Come!" 15

He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured – deeply seamed and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Juggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession. 20

"There's power here," said Mr. Juggers, coolly tracing out the sinews with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these." 25

While he said these words in a leisurely critical style, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased, she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly," said Mr. Juggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went out of the room, and Mr. Juggers, putting the decanters on from his dumb-waiter, filled his glass and passed around the wine. 30

"At half-past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up. Pray make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

If his object in singling out Drummle were to bring him out still more, it perfectly succeeded. In a sulky triumph, Drummle showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us, in a more and more offensive degree until he became downright intolerable. Through all his stages, Mr. Juggers followed him with the same strange interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Juggers's wine. 35

Volume 2, Chapter 7

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide...'
(from *The Garden*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss some of the ways in which Marvell presents the soul. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

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

Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.
 'What should we do but sing his praise 5
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs, 10
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowl to us in care, 15
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pom'granates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows. 20
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand, 25
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast, 30
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may 35
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.'

 Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. 40

Turn to page 14 for Question 8.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Rossetti's presentation of nature and the natural world. 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 methods and concerns.

Memory

1

I nursed it in my bosom while it lived,
 I hid it in my heart when it was dead;
 In joy I sat alone, even so I grieved
 Alone and nothing said.

I shut the door to face the naked truth, 5
 I stood alone – I faced the truth alone,
 Stripped bare of self-regard or forms or ruth
 Till first and last were shown.

I took the perfect balances and weighed;
 No shaking of my hand disturbed the poise; 10
 Weighed, found it wanting: not a word I said,
 But silent made my choice.

None know the choice I made; I make it still.
 None know the choice I made and broke my heart, 15
 Breaking mine idol: I have braced my will
 Once, chosen for once my part.

I broke it at a blow, I laid it cold,
 Crushed in my deep heart where it used to live.
 My heart dies inch by inch; the time grows old,
 Grows old in which I grieve. 20

2

I have a room whereinto no one enters
 Save I myself alone:
 There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
 There my life centres;

While winter comes and goes—oh tedious comer!— 25
 And while its nip-wind blows;
 While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose
 Of lavish summer.

15

If any should force entrance he might see there
 One buried yet not dead, 30
 Before whose face I no more bow my head
Or bend my knee there;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather
 I watch there with clear eyes,
 And think how it will be in Paradise 35
When we're together.

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