# 

# 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, lago?	
IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? OTHELLO O, lago!	
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.	
<b>OTHELLO</b> 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.	
<b>OTHELLO</b> 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.	
<b>OTHELLO</b> 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, lago!	
O, lago, the pity of it, lago! IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent	
to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no-	
body.	
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, lago, this night. I'll not	
expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again – this night, lago.	

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)

## 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 thor-
oughly 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,

or

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.	
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)

# 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.	
<b>PROVOST</b> Away, sir, you must go.	
<b>CLAUDIO</b> 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 chances	
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

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. <b>LUCIO</b> I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sithe i off. Send after the Duke and appeal to him. <b>CLAUDIO</b> 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.	it
And well she can persuade.	(Act 1, Scene 2)

#### 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 frie		
I would I had some	flowers o'th'spring, that might	
Become your time	f day – (to the Shepherdesses) and	
yours, and yours,		
That wear upon yo	r virgin branches yet	
Your maidenheads	growing. O Proserpina,	
For the flowers now	that, frighted, thou let'st fall	
From Dis's wagon!	Daffodils,	
That come before t	ne swallow dares, and take	
The winds of Marcl	with beauty; violets, dim,	
But sweeter than the	e lids of Juno's eyes	
Or Cytherea's brea		
	ere they can behold	
	is strength – a malady	
	ids; bold oxlips and	
The crown imperial	lilies of all kinds,	
The flower-de-luce	being one: O, these I lack	
	ds of, and my sweet friend	
To strew him o'er a	nd o'er!	
FLORIZEL	What, like a corse?	
PERDITA		
	ove to lie and play on,	
Not like a corse; or		
-	ne arms. Come, take your flowers.	
	have seen them do	
-	s: sure this robe of mine	
Does change my d		
FLORIZEL	What you do	
	done. When you speak, sweet,	
I'd have you do it e		
	d sell so, so give alms,	
	e ord'ring your affairs,	
	hen you do dance, I wish you	
	at you might ever do	
Nothing but that –		
	Inction. Each your doing,	
So singular in each		
	re doing in the present deeds,	
That all your acts a	e queens.	

or

_				
	PERDITA Your praises are too large And the true blood which Do plainly give you out an With wisdom I might fear, You wooed me the false v	peeps fairly through't nunstained shepherd, my Doricles, way.		
	FLORIZEL	I think you have		
	As little skill to fear as I ha	ave purpose		
	To put you to't. But come,	, our dance, I pray.		
	Your hand, my Perdita: so	o turtles pair,		
	That never mean to part.			
	PERDITA	I'll swear for 'em.		
	POLIXENES			
	This is the prettiest low-bo	orn lass that ever		
	Ran on the greensward: r	nothing she does or seems	i	
	But smacks of something	greater than herself,		
	Too noble for this place.			
	CAMILLO H	He tells her something		
	That makes her blood loo	k out. Good sooth, she is		
	The queen of curds and c	ream.		
				(Act 4, Scene 4)

Turn over for Section B

#### **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]

'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)

#### 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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