

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

English test

Shakespeare paper:

Richard III

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Richard III* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

2008

Richard III

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 135 to 186

Act 4 Scene 4, lines 199 to 264

What do you learn about Richard from the different ways he speaks to and behaves towards the women in these extracts?

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

Richard III

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 135 to 186

In this extract, Richard tells Lady Anne that he loves her.

RICHARD	It is a quarrel most unnatural, To be revenged on him that loveth thee.	135
ANNE	It is a quarrel just and reasonable, To be revenged on him that killed my husband.	
RICHARD	He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband Did it to help thee to a better husband.	140
ANNE	His better doth not breathe upon the earth.	
RICHARD	He lives that loves thee better than he could.	
ANNE	Name him.	
RICHARD	Plantagenet.	
ANNE	Why, that was he.	
RICHARD	The self-same name, but one of better nature.	
ANNE	Where is he?	
RICHARD	Here. (<i>She spits at him.</i>) Why dost thou spit at me?	145
ANNE	Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!	
RICHARD	Never came poison from so sweet a place.	
ANNE	Never hung poison on a fouler toad. Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.	
RICHARD	Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.	150
ANNE	Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!	

Turn over

RICHARD

I would they were, that I might die at once –
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops – 155
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him –
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedashed with rain. In that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; 165
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn – for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword – 175
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

He kneels, pulling open his shirt. She grips the sword and moves as if to stab him.

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry – 180
But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabbed young Edward –
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

She lets the sword fall.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE

Arise, dissembler. Though I wish thy death, 185
I will not be thy executioner.

Act 4 Scene 4, lines 199 to 264

In this extract, King Richard tells Queen Elizabeth that he intends to marry her daughter.

KING RICHARD	Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.	
ELIZABETH	I have no more sons of the royal blood For thee to slaughter! For my daughters, Richard, They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens – And therefore level not to hit their lives.	200
KING RICHARD	You have a daughter called Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.	205
ELIZABETH	And must she die for this? O, let her live, And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty, Slander myself as false to Edward's bed, Throw over her the veil of infamy! So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.	210
KING RICHARD	Wrong not her birth. She is a royal Princess.	
ELIZABETH	To save her life I'll say she is not so.	
KING RICHARD	Her life is safest only in her birth.	
ELIZABETH	And only in that safety died her brothers.	215
KING RICHARD	Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.	
ELIZABETH	No – to their lives ill friends were contrary.	
KING RICHARD	All unavoided is the doom of destiny.	
ELIZABETH	True, when avoided grace makes destiny. My babes were destined to a fairer death, If grace had blessed <i>thee</i> with a fairer life.	220
KING RICHARD	You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.	

Turn over

ELIZABETH	Cousins, indeed! And by their uncle cozened – Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life! Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts, Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction. No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart To revel in the entrails of my lambs! But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame, My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes – And I, in such a desperate bay of death, Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft, Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.	225 230 235
KING RICHARD	Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise And dangerous success of bloody wars, As I intend more good to you or yours Than ever you or yours by me were harmed!	
ELIZABETH	What good is covered with the face of heaven, To be discovered, that can do me good?	240
KING RICHARD	Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.	
ELIZABETH	Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?	
KING RICHARD	Unto the dignity and height of fortune, The high imperial type of this earth's glory!	245
ELIZABETH	Flatter my sorrow with report of it. Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour, Canst thou demise to any child of mine?	
KING RICHARD	Even all I have – ay, and myself and all Will I withal endow a child of thine – So in the Lethe of thy angry soul Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs Which thou supposest I have done to thee.	250
ELIZABETH	Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.	255
KING RICHARD	Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.	
ELIZABETH	My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.	
KING RICHARD	What do you think?	

ELIZABETH

That thou dost love my daughter 'from' thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it!

260

KING RICHARD

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

END OF TEST

