INSTRUCTIONS
• Use black ink.
• Complete the boxes on the front cover of the Answer Booklet.
• Answer two questions, one from Section 1 and one from Section 2.
• Write your answer to each question on the Answer Booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.
• Do not write in the barcodes.

INFORMATION
• The total mark for this paper is 60.
• The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
• This document consists of 16 pages.
Answer one question from this section. You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

1 **Coriolanus**

   Either

   (a) ‘In *Coriolanus*, Rome is a place of anger and self-interest.’

   How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the significance of Rome in the play? [30]

   Or

   (b) ‘Volumnia shapes her son’s entire career.’

   How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the relationship between Volumnia and Coriolanus? [30]

2 **Hamlet**

   Either

   (a) ‘The play *Hamlet* proves revenge to be a worthless cause.’

   How far and in what ways do you agree with this view? [30]

   Or

   (b) ‘Polonius is not a tedious fool but a clever politician.’

   How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role of Polonius in *Hamlet*? [30]
3 Measure for Measure

Either

(a) ‘The play’s comedy is focused on a lively underworld.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of Measure for Measure? [30]

Or

(b) ‘Duke Vincentio is essentially a wise ruler.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role of the Duke in Measure for Measure? [30]

4 Richard III

Either

(a) ‘Loyalty does no one any good in the world of Richard III.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the play? [30]

Or

(b) ‘Though clearly very different characters, Clarence and Hastings share a common fate.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the roles of Clarence and Hastings in Richard III? [30]
5 **The Tempest**

Either

(a) ‘*The Tempest* is a play about the human need for second chances.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the play? [30]

Or

(b) ‘Ariel is much more than merely Prospero’s servant.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role of Ariel in *The Tempest*? [30]

6 **Twelfth Night**

Either

(a) ‘A play about the dangers of loving yourself.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *Twelfth Night*? [30]

Or

(b) ‘Viola’s disguise as Cesario gives her remarkable freedom.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role of Viola in *Twelfth Night*? [30]
Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Merchant’s Prologue and Tale*
John Milton: *Paradise Lost, Books 9 & 10*
Samuel Taylor Coleridge: *Selected Poems*
Alfred, Lord Tennyson: *Maud*
Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems*

Answer one question from this section. You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

7  Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Merchant’s Prologue and Tale*

Discuss Chaucer’s portrayal of Januarie’s garden and his change of fortune in the following extract from *The Merchant’s Tale*.

In your answer explore the author’s use of language, imagery and verse form, and consider ways in which you find this extract characteristic of *The Merchant’s Prologue and Tale*.

Somme clerkes holden that felicitee
Stant in delit, and therfore certeyn he,
This noble Januarie, with al his might,
In honest wise, as longeth to a knight,
Shoop him to live ful deliciously.

His housinge, his array, as honestly
To his degree was maked as a kinges.
Amonges othere of his honeste thinges,
He made a gardyn, walled al with stoon;
So fair a gardyn woot I nowher noon.

For, out of doute, I verraily suppose
That he that wroot the Romance of the Rose
Ne koude of it the beautee wel devise;
Ne Priapus ne mighte nat suffise,
Though he be god of gardyns, for to telle
The beautee of the gardyn and the welle,
That stood under a laurer alwey grene.
Ful ofte time he Pluto and his queene,
Proserpina, and al hire faierye,
Disporten hem and maken melodye
Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men tolde.
This noble knight, this Januarie the olde,
Swich deyntee hath in it to walke and pleye,
That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye
Save he himself; for of the smale wike
He baar alwey of silver a cliket,
With which, whan that him leste, he it unshette.
And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette
In somer seson, thider wolde he go,
And May his wyf, and no wight but they two;
And thinges whiche that were nat doon abedde,
He in the gardyn parfourned hem and spedde.
And in this wise, many a murye day,
Lived this Januarie and fresshe May.
But worldly joye may nat alwey dure
To Januarie, ne to no creature.
   O sodeyn hap, o thou Fortune unstable!
Lyk to the scorpion so deceyvable,
That flaterest with thyn heed whan thou wolt stinge;
Thy tail is deeth, thurgh thyn envenyminge.
O brotil joye, o sweete venym queynte!
O monstre, that so subtillly kanst peynte
Thy yiftes under hewe of stidefastnesse,
That thou deceyvest bothe moore and lesse.
Why hastow Januarie thus deceyved,
That haddest him for thy fulle freend receyved?
And now thou hast biraft him bothe his yen,
For sorwe of which desirith he to dien.
John Milton: *Paradise Lost, Books 9 & 10*

Discuss Milton's portrayal of Satan and Eve in this extract from *Paradise Lost, Book 9*.

In your answer explore the author's use of language, imagery and verse form, and consider ways in which you find this extract characteristic of *Paradise Lost, Books 9 & 10*.

Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
Embordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
Alicious, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tided grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight.
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her Heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid-Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordained: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
9 Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Selected Poems

Discuss how Coleridge portrays the speaker’s dejected mood in this extract from Dejection: An Ode.

In your answer explore the author’s use of language, imagery and verse form, and consider ways in which you find the poem characteristic of Coleridge’s work in your selection.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, wilt not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o’erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!
II
A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo’d,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III
My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
Discuss the ways in which Tennyson portrays the speaker’s thoughts and feelings of madness in the following extract from *Maud*.

In your answer explore the author’s use of language, imagery and verse form, and consider ways in which you find the extract characteristic of *Maud*.

From *Maud*

V

I

Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.

II

Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man;
And tho’ we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read;
It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;
There is none that does his work, not one;
A touch of their office might have sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill’d their Christ.

III

See, there is one of us sobbing,
No limit to his distress;
And another, a lord of all things, praying
To his own great self, as I guess;
And another, a statesman there, betraying;
His party-secret, fool, to the press;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient – all for what?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,
And wheedle a world that loves him not,
For it is but a world of the dead.
Discuss Christina Rossetti’s presentation of Laura’s transformation in the following extract from *Goblin Market*.

In your answer explore the author’s use of language, imagery and verse form, and consider ways in which you find the poem characteristic of Rossetti’s work in your selection.

Laura started from her chair,  
Flung her arms up in the air,  
Clutched her hair:  
“Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
Must your light like mine be hidden,  
Your young life like mine be wasted,  
Undone in mine undoing  
And ruined in my ruin,  
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?”—  
She clung about her sister,  
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:  
Tears once again  
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,  
Dropping like rain  
After long sultry drouth;  
Shaking with anguish, fear, and pain,  
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,  
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
She loathed the feast:  
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,  
Rent all her robe, and wrung  
Her hands in lamentable haste,  
And beat her breast.  
Her locks streamed like the torch  
Borne by a racer at full speed,  
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
Straight toward the sun,  
Or like a caged thing freed,  
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread thro’ her veins, knocked at her heart,  
Met the fire smouldering there  
And overbore its lesser flame;  
She gorged on bitterness without a name:  
Ah! fool, to choose such part  
Of soul-consuming care!  
Sense failed in the mortal strife:  
Like the watch-tower of a town  
Which an earthquake shatters down,  
Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
Like a wind-uprooted tree  
Spun about,  
Like a foam-topped waterspout  
Cast down headlong in the sea,  
She fell at last;  
Pleasure past and anguish past,  
Is it death or is it life?