



C720U10-1





# ENGLISH LITERATURE COMPONENT 1 Shakespeare and Poetry

MONDAY, 22 MAY 2017 - MORNING

2 hours

# **SECTION A**

	Pages
Romeo and Juliet	2-3
Macbeth	4-5
Othello	6-7
Much Ado About Nothing	8-9
Henry V	10-11
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# **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

The use of a dictionary is not permitted in this examination.

## **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

For Section A, answer **both** questions on the **one** text you have studied. For Section B, answer **both** questions.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer,

e.g. **2 1** .

Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

# INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each section carries 40 marks.

You are advised to spend your time as follows Section A - about one hour Section B - about one hour

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

5 marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures in Section A, where indicated.

# **SECTION A (Shakespeare)**

Answer on one text only.

Benvolio By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.

Tybalt Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a

blow.

Tybalt You shall find me apt enough to that sir, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to

hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance.

'Zounds, consort!

Benvolio We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw into some private place, And reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo

Tybalt Well, peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

MERCUTIO But I'll be hanged sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tybalt Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this-thou art a villain.

ROMEO Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain am I none.

Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tybalt Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Macbe	th
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Answer both	2	1	and	2	2	] .						
You are advise	ed to	sper	nd abou	ut 20	mini	ıtes on	2	1	, and about 40 minutes on	2	2	] .

2 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question.

Look at how the characters speak and behave here. How do you think an audience might respond to this part of the play? Refer closely to details from the extract to support your answer. [15]

Write about the relationship between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth and how it is presented at different points in the play.

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Ross Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner, Were on the quarry of these murdered deer

To add the death of you.

Malcolm Merciful heaven!

What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows, Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACDUFF My children too?

Ross Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

Macduff And I must be from thence!

My wife killed too!

Ross I have said.

Malcolm Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

MALCOLM Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

# Othello

Answer both 3 1 and 3 2 .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 3 1 , and about 40 minutes on 3 2

3 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question.

How does Shakespeare create mood and atmosphere for an audience here? Refer closely to details from the extract to support your answer. [15]

\* 3 2 Write about lago and how he is presented at different points in the play. [25]

# Enter Lodovico, Desdemona and Attendants

'Tis Lodovico. This comes from the Duke. **I**AGO

See, your wife is with him.

Save you, worthy general. Lodovico

OTHELLO With all my heart, sir Lodovico The Duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a letter]

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. OTHELLO

[Opens the letter, and reads]

DESDEMONA And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

I am very glad to see you, signor: **I**AGO

Welcome to Cyprus.

I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio? Lopovico

Lives, sir. lago

Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord DESDEMONA

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Are you sure of that? OTHELLO

My lord? DESDEMONA

[Reads] This fail you not to do as you will — OTHELLO He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Lodovico

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DESDEMONA A most unhappy one. I would do much

T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Fire and brimstone! **O**THELLO

DESDEMONA My lord?

Are you wise? **O**THELLO

DESDEMONA What, is he angry?

Lodovico

Maybe the letter moved him.

For as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

DESDEMONA By my troth, I am glad on't

Indeed? OTHELLO

My lord? DESDEMONA

OTHELLO I am glad to see you mad.

Why, sweet Othello — DESDEMONA

Devil! OTHELLO [Strikes her]

DESDEMONA I have not deserved this.

My lord, this would not be believed in Venice, Lodovico

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much.

Make her amends; she weeps.

**O**THELLO O devil, devil!

> If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

DESDEMONA I will not stay to offend you. [Goes]

> Turn over. © WJEC CBAC Ltd. (C720U10-1)-001

# **Much Ado About Nothing**

Answer both 4 1 and 4 2 .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 4 1, and about 40 minutes on 4 2.

4 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question.

Look at how Leonato speaks and behaves here. How do you think an audience might respond to this part of the play? Refer closely to details from the extract to support your answer. [15]

\* 4 2 Write about Benedick and how he is presented at different points in the play. [25]

Benedick How doth the lady?

BEATRICE Dead I think. Help, uncle!

Hero! Why Hero! Uncle! Signor Benedick! Friar!

LEONATO O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wished for.

Beatrice How now cousin Hero?

FRIAR Have comfort lady.

LEONATO Dost thou look up?

Friar Yea, wherefore should she not?

LEONATO Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood? Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eyes. For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would on the rearward of reproaches Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? O one too much by thee — why had I one? Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand Took up a beggar's issue at my gates, Who smirched thus and mired with infamy, I might have said 'No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins'? But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine, Valuing of her — why she? O she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again And salt too little which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh.

# Henry V

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 5 1, and about 40 minutes on 5 2.

5 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question.

Look at how King Henry speaks and behaves here. How do you think an audience might respond to this part of the play? Refer closely to details from the extract to support your answer. [15]

How does Shakespeare present war in *Henry V*? Refer to characters and events from the play in your answer. [25]

## KING HENRY

This day is called the Feast of Crispian. He that outlives this day and comes safe home Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named. And rouse him at the name of Crispian. He that shall see this day and live old age Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.' Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot But he'll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our names, Familiar in his mouth as household words. Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. This story shall the good man teach his son, And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by From this day to the ending of the world But we in it shall be remembered. We few, we happy few, we band of brothers — For he today that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile This day shall gentle his condition -And gentlemen in England, now abed, Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day.

# The Merchant of Venice

Answer both 6 1 and 6 2.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 6 1, and about 40 minutes on 6 2.

6 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question.

Look at how the characters speak and behave here. How do you think an audience might respond to this part of the play? Refer closely to details from the extract to support your answer. [15]

Which character do you have the most sympathy for in *The Merchant of Venice*? How does Shakespeare create sympathy for your chosen character? [25]

Shylock We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

PORTIA A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock Most rightful judge!

PORTIA And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock Most learned judge! A sentence: come, prepare.

PORTIA Tarry a little, there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood. The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'. Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the laws of Venice confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano O upright judge!

Mark, Jew — O learned judge!

Shylock Is that the law?

PORTIA Thyself shall see the Act.

For as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.

Gratiano O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge.

Shylock I take this offer then. Pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

Bassanio Here is the money.

PORTIA Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice; soft, no haste;

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more Or less than a just pound, be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano A second Daniel; a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

PORTIA Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shylock Give me my principal, and let me go.

# **SECTION B (Poetry)**

The poems you have studied are:

The Manhunt by Simon Armitage

Sonnet 43 by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

London by William Blake

The Soldier by Rupert Brooke

She Walks in Beauty by Lord Byron

Living Space by Imtiaz Dharker

As Imperceptibly as Grief by Emily Dickinson

Cozy Apologia by Rita Dove

Valentine by Carol Ann Duffy

A Wife in London by Thomas Hardy

Death of a Naturalist by Seamus Heaney

Hawk Roosting by Ted Hughes

To Autumn by John Keats

**Afternoons** by Philip Larkin

Dulce et Decorum Est by Wilfred Owen

**Ozymandias** by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Mametz Wood by Owen Sheers

Excerpt from The Prelude by William Wordsworth

Answer bo	th 7 1 and 7 2 .
You are ad	vised to spend about 20 minutes on 7 1, and about 40 minutes on 7 2.
7 1	Read the poem below, Sonnet 43, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
	Sonnet 43 is a poem about love. How does Elizabeth Barrett Browning present love in the poem? Remember to refer to the contexts of the poem in your answer. [15]
7 2	Choose <b>one</b> other poem from the anthology in which the poet also writes about love.
	Compare the way the poet presents love in your chosen poem with the way Elizabeth Barrett Browning presents love in <i>Sonnet 43</i> . [25]
	In your answer to 7 2 you should compare:
	<ul> <li>the content and structure of the poems – what they are about and how they are organised</li> </ul>

how the writers create effects, using appropriate terminology where relevant

the contexts of the poems, and how these may have influenced the ideas in them

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints — I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

**ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** 

**END OF PAPER**