



A-level

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

7712/1

Thursday 7 June 2018

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

For this paper you must have:

- **an AQA 12-page answer book**
- **a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for SECTION C. These texts must NOT be annotated and must NOT contain additional notes or materials.**

[Turn over]

INSTRUCTIONS

- **Use black ink or black ball-point pen.**
- **Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The PAPER REFERENCE is 7712/1.**
- **In Section A you will answer ONE question about a Shakespeare play.**
- **In Section B you will answer the ONE question about unseen poetry.**
- **In Section C you will answer ONE question about TWO texts: ONE poetry text and ONE prose text, one of which MUST be written pre-1900.**
- **Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.**

INFORMATION

- **The marks for questions are shown in brackets.**
- **The maximum mark for this paper is 75.**
- **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.**

DO NOT TURN OVER UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO

SECTION A: Shakespeare

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

0 1 'Othello' – William Shakespeare

“In the literature of love, men control women.”

**In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents male attitudes towards women in this extract and elsewhere in the play.
[25 marks]**

OTHELLO

O, my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA

My dear Othello!

OTHELLO

It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O, my
soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such
calms,

May the winds blow till they have
wakened death,

And let the labouring bark climb hills of
seas,

Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to
die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA

The heavens

forbid

But that our loves and comforts should
increase,

[Turn over]

Even as our days do grow.

OTHELLO

Amen to that,

sweet Powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

They kiss

And this, and this the greatest discords
be

That e'er our hearts shall make.

IAGO (*aside*)

O, you are

well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make
this music,

As honest as I am.

OTHELLO

Come, let's to the

castle.

News, friends; our wars are done; the
Turks are drowned.

How does my old acquaintance of this
isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in
Cyprus:

I have found great love amongst them.

O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good
 Iago,
 Go to the bay and disembark my
 coffers;
 Bring thou the Master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come,
 Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus!

Exeunt all except

Iago and Roderigo

IAGO *(to soldiers, who go off)* Do thou
 meet me presently at
 the harbour. *(To Roderigo)* Come
 hither. If thou be'st
 valiant – as they say base men being in
 love have then a
 nobility in their natures more than is
 native to them –
 list me. The Lieutenant tonight watches
 on the court of

[Turn over]

guard. First, I must tell thee this:

Desdemona is directly
in love with him.

RODERIGO With him? Why, 'tis not
possible!

IAGO Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul
be instructed.

Mark me with what violence she first
loved the Moor,

but for bragging and telling her
fantastical lies. And

will she love him still for prating? Let
not thy discreet

heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And
what delight

shall she have to look on the devil?

When the blood is
made dull with the act of sport, there
should be, again

to inflame it and give satiety a fresh
appetite, loveliness

in favour, sympathy in years, manners
and beauties: all

which the Moor is defective in. Now for
want of these
required conveniences, her delicate
tenderness will find
itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,
disrelish and
abhor the Moor. Very nature will
instruct her in it and
compel her to some second choice.

Now, sir, this granted
– as it is a most pregnant and unforced
position – who
stands so eminently in the degree of
this fortune as
Cassio does? – a knave very voluble;
no further conscionable
than in putting on the mere form of
civil and
humane seeming for the better
compassing of his salt
and most hidden loose affection.

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 2 **‘The Taming of the Shrew’ – William Shakespeare**

“Typically men dominate women in the literature of love, but women always find ways to assert themselves.”

**In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Bianca in this extract and elsewhere in the play.
[25 marks]**

BIANCA

Take you your instrument, play you the
whiles –

His lecture will be done ere you have
tuned.

HORTENSIO

You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune?

LUCENTIO

That will be never. Tune your
instrument.

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO Here, madam.

(He reads)

*'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'*

BIANCA Construe them.

LUCENTIO *'Hic ibat'*, as I told you before

– *'Simois'*, I am

Lucentio – *'hic est'*, son unto Vincentio
of Pisa – *'Sigeia*

tellus', disguised thus to get your love

– *'Hic steterat'*,

[Turn over]

and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing
 – *‘Priami’*, is my
 man Tranio – *‘regia’*, bearing my port –
‘celsa senis’,
 that we might beguile the old
 pantaloon.

HORTENSIO Madam, my instrument’s in
 tune.

BIANCA Let’s hear. (*He plays*) O fie! The
 treble jars.

LUCENTIO Spit in the hole, man, and tune
 again.

BIANCA Now let me see if I can construe
 it. *‘Hic ibat*
Simois’, I know you not – *‘hic est*
Sigeia tellus’, I trust you
 not – *‘Hic steterat Priami’*, take heed he
 hear us not –
‘regia’, presume not – *‘celsa senis’*,
 despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, ’tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the bass.

HORTENSIO

The bass is right, 'tis the base knave
that jars.

(Aside) How fiery and forward our
pedant is.

Now, for my life, the knave doth court
my love.

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not – for, sure, Aeacides
Was Ajax, called so from his
grandfather.

BIANCA

I must believe my master, else, I
promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that
doubt.

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with
you both.

[Turn over]

HORTENSIO *(to Lucentio)*

You may go walk, and give me leave
awhile.

My lessons make no music in three
parts.

LUCENTIO

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must
wait –

(aside) And watch withal, for, but I be
deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the
instrument

To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my
trade.

And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA (*reads*)

*'Gamut I am, the ground of all accord –
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion –
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord –
C fa ut, that loves with all affection –
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I –
E la mi, show pity or I die.'*

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not!
Old fashions please me best. I am not
so nice

To change true rules for odd
inventions.

(Act 3, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 3 **‘Measure for Measure’ – William Shakespeare**

“In ‘Measure for Measure’ Isabella does little to sustain her relationship with her brother.”

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Isabella and Claudio in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]

ISABELLA Dost thou think,
 Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

CLAUDIO O heavens, it
 cannot be.

ISABELLA
Yes, he would give't thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the
time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUDIO Thou shalt
 not do't.

ISABELLA
O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel

ISABELLA
Be ready, Claudio, for your death
tomorrow.

[Turn over]

CLAUDIO

Yes. Has he affections in him
 That thus can make him bite the law by
 th'nose,
 When he would force it? Sure it is no
 sin,
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISABELLA

Which is the least?

CLAUDIO

If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

ISABELLA

What says my brother?

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful
 thing.

ISABELLA

And shamèd life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not
 where,
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded cold; and the delighted
spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence
round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst

Of those that lawless and incertain
thought

Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The weariest and most loathèd worldly
life

That age, ache, penury, and
imprisonment

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas.

CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's
life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

[Turn over]

**Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a
bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.**

(Act 3, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 4 **‘The Winter’s Tale’ – William Shakespeare**

“In the literature of love, jealous characters are never presented as worthy of sympathy.”

**In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Leontes in this extract and elsewhere in the play.
[25 marks]**

LEONTES

(To Hermione) Give me the boy. I am
glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of
me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE

What is

this? Sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come
about her.

Away with him, and let her sport
herself

With that she's big with: for 'tis
Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

Mamillius is led out

HERMIONE

But I'd say

he had not,

And I'll be sworn you would believe my
saying,

Howe'er you lean to th'nayward.

LEONTES

You,

my lords,

[Turn over]

**Look on her, mark her well: be but
about**

**To say she is a goodly lady and
The justice of your hearts will thereto
add,**

**‘Tis pity she’s not honest, honorable.’
Praise her but for this her without-door
form –**

**Which, on my faith, deserves high
speech – and straight**

**The shrug, the ‘hum’ or ‘ha’, these
petty brands**

That calumny doth use – O, I am out!

That mercy does, for calumny will sear

**Virtue itself – these shrugs, these
‘hum’s and ‘ha’s,**

**When you have said she’s goodly,
come between**

**Ere you can say she’s honest. But be’t
known,**

**From him that has most cause to
grieve it should be,**

She’s an adult’ress.

HERMIONE

Should a villain say

so,

**The most replenished villain in the
world,**

**He were as much more villain. You, my
lord,**

Do but mistake.

LEONTES

You have mistook, my

lady,

**Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing
Which I'll not call a creature of thy
place,**

**Lest barbarism, making me the
precedent,**

**Should a like language use to all
degrees,**

**And mannerly distinguishment leave
out**

**Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have
said**

**She's an adult'ress; I have said with
whom.**

**More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A fedary with her, and one that knows**

[Turn over]

HERMIONE

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech
your highness

My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep,
good fools:

There is no cause. When you shall
know your mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in
tears

As I come out. This action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
I never wished to see you sorry: now
I trust I shall. My women, come, you
have leave.

LEONTES

Go, do our bidding: hence!

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

SECTION B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

0 5 Compare and contrast the significance of parting in the following love poems. [25 marks]

‘Goodbye’

**So we must say Goodbye, my darling,
And go, as lovers go, for ever;
Tonight remains, to pack and fix on
labels
And make an end of lying down
together.**

**I put a final shilling in the gas,
And watch you slip your dress below
your knees
And lie so still I hear your rustling
comb
Modulate the autumn in the trees.**

[Turn over]

**And all the countless things I shall
remember**

**Lay mummy-cloths of silence round my
head;**

I fill the carafe with a drink of water;

You say 'We paid a guinea for this bed,'

**And then, 'We'll leave some gas, a little
warmth**

**For the next resident, and these dry
flowers,'**

**And turn your face away, afraid to
speak**

The big word, that Eternity is ours.

**Your kisses close my eyes and yet you
stare**

**As though God struck a child with
nameless fears;**

**Perhaps the water glitters and
discloses**

**Time's chalice and its limpid useless
tears.**

**Everything we renounce except our
selves;
Selfishness is the last of all to go;
Our sighs are exhalations of the earth,
Our footprints leave a track across the
snow.**

**We made the universe to be our home,
Our nostrils took the wind to be our
breath,
Our hearts are massive towers of
delight,
We stride across the seven seas of
death.**

**Yet when all's done you'll keep the
emerald
I placed upon your finger in the street;
And I will keep the patches that you
sewed
On my old battledress tonight, my
sweet.**

Alun Lewis (1915–1944)

[Turn over]

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'To Lucasta, Going to the Wars'

**Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.**

**True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.**

**Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.**

Richard Lovelace (1617–1657)

[Turn over]

SECTION C: Comparing Texts

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

0 6 Compare how ideas about enduring love are presented in TWO texts you have studied.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS the prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

OR

0 7 Compare how the loss of love is presented in TWO texts you have studied.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS the prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page.

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IB/M/Jun18/CH/7712/1/E2

