



A-level

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

7712/1

Thursday 21 May 2020

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]



J U N 2 0 2 0 7 7 1 2 1 0 1

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

‘Iago does not understand love.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Iago’s attitudes to love in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]



RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment: and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set

[Turn over]



hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

RODERIGO It cannot be.

IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse. Follow



thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor – put money in thy purse – nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration – put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills – fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerbic as the coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell,

[Turn over]



thou shalt enjoy her – therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO Thou art sure of me. Go make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse! Go, provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO Where shall we meet i'th'morning?

IAGO At my lodging.

RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?



RODERIGO What say you?

IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed.

IAGO Go to; farewell. Put money enough
in your purse.

RODERIGO I'll sell all my land. *Exit*

IAGO

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gained knowledge
should profane

If I would time expend with such a
snipe

But for my sport and profit. I hate the
Moor,

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my
sheets

He's done my office. I know not if't be
true

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me
well:

The better shall my purpose work on
him.

(Act 1 Scene 3)



OR

0	2
---	---

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

‘The Induction is an essential part of ‘The Taming of the Shrew’, crucial to understanding important ideas about love in the play.’

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



SLY Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our
sight,
And once again a pot o'th'smallest
ale.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit
restored!

O, that once more you knew but what
you are!

These fifteen years you have been in
a dream,

Or when you waked, so waked as if
you slept.

SLY

These fifteen years! By my fay, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

[Turn over]



FIRST SERVINGMAN

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words,
 For though you lay here in this goodly
 chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out
 of door,
 And rail upon the hostess of the
 house,
 And say you would present her at the
 leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and
 no sealed quarts.
 Sometimes you would call out for
 Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
 such maid,
 Nor no such men as you have
 reckoned up,
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of
 Greece,
 And Peter Turph, and Henry
 Pimpernell,
 And twenty more such names and



men as these, Which never were nor
no man ever saw.

SLY

Now Lord be thankèd for my good
amends.

ALL Amen.

*Enter Page as a lady, with
attendants. One gives Sly a pot
of ale*

SLY I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by
it.

PAGE How fares my noble lord?

SLY Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer
enough. *He drinks*
Where is my wife?

PAGE

Here, noble lord, what is thy will with
her?

SLY

Are you my wife, and will not call me
husband? My men should call me
'lord', I am your goodman.

[Turn over]



PAGE

My husband and my lord, my lord
and husband, I am your wife in all
obedience.

SLY I know it well. What must I call
her?

LORD Madam.

SLY Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD

Madam and nothing else, so lords call
ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have
dreamed

And slept above some fifteen year or
more.

PAGE

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from
your bed.

SLY

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and
her alone.

Exeunt Lord and Servingmen

Madam, undress you and come now
to bed.



PAGE

Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
 To pardon me yet for a night or two,
 Or, if not so, until the sun be set.

For your physicians have expressly
 charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,
 That I should yet absent me from your
 bed.

I hope this reason stands for my
 excuse.

SLY Ay, it stands so that I may hardly
 tarry so long. But I would be loath
 to fall into my dreams again. I will
 therefore tarry in despite of the flesh
 and the blood.

Enter the Lord as a Messenger

LORD

Your honour's players, hearing your
 amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
 For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath
 congealed your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.



Therefore they thought it good you
 hear a play
 And frame your mind to mirth and
 merriment,
 Which bars a thousand harms and
 lengthens life.

SLY Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is
 not a comonty a
 Christmas gambold or a
 tumbling-trick?

PAGE

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing
 stuff.

SLY What, household stuff?

PAGE It is a kind of history.

SLY Well, we'll see't. Come, madam
 wife, sit by my side and let the world
 slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

They sit

*A flourish of trumpets to
 announce the play*

(Induction 2)



BLANK PAGE

[Turn over]



OR

0	3
---	---

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

**‘In ‘Measure for Measure’,
marriage is seen as a
punishment and a means
of control rather than as a
celebration and a reward.’**

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



ESCALUS

I am sorry one so learned and so wise
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still
 appeared,
 Should slip so grossly, both in the
 heat of blood
 And lack of tempered judgement
 afterward.

ANGELO

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent
 heart
 That I crave death more willingly than
 mercy.

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Enter Barnardine and Provost,
 Claudio muffled, and Juliet*

DUKE

Which is that Barnardine?

PROVOST

This, my lord.

DUKE

There was a friar told me of this man.
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a
 stubborn soul,

[Turn over]



That apprehends no further than this
 world,
 And squar'st thy life according.
 Thou'rt condemned,
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit
 them all,
 And pray thee take this mercy to
 provide
 For better times to come. Friar,
 advise him:
 I leave him to your hand. What
 muffled fellow's that?

PROVOST

This is another prisoner that I saved,
 Who should have died when Claudio
 lost his head,
 As like almost to Claudio as himself.
He unmuffles Claudio

DUKE (to Isabella)

If he be like your brother, for his sake
 Is he pardoned, and for your lovely
 sake,
 Give me your hand and say you will
 be mine.

He is my brother too. But fitter time for
 that.



By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well. Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself, And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

(To Lucio) You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman, Wherein have I so deserved of you, That you extol me thus?

LUCIO 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may. But I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE

Whipped first, sir, and hanged after. Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,

[Turn over]



If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow –

As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom he begot with child – let her appear,

And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,

Let him be whipped and hanged.

LUCIO I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke.

Good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

DUKE

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,

And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.



DUKE

Slandering a prince deserves it.

Exeunt Officers with Lucio

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look
you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana. Love her,
Angelo.

I have confessed her and I know her
virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy
much goodness.

There's more behind that is more
gratulate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and
secrecy.

We shall employ thee in a worthier
place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you
home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.

Th'offence pardons itself. Dear
Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your
good,

[Turn over]



**Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is
yours is mine.**

**So, bring us to our palace, where we'll
show**

**What's yet behind, that's meet you all
should know.**

Exeunt

(Act 5, Scene 1)



BLANK PAGE

[Turn over]



OR

04

‘The Winter’s Tale’ – William Shakespeare

‘Hermione is merely a passive victim of Leontes’ jealousy.’

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



HERMIONE

You, my lord, best know –
 Who least will seem to do so – my
 past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as
 true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though
 devised
 And played to take spectators. For
 behold me,
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's
 daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here
 standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour
 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For
 life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare;
 for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal

[Turn over]



To your own conscience, sir, before
Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in your
grace,

How merited to be so; since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strained t'appear thus: if one jot
beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will

That way inclining, hardened be the
hearts

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of
kin

Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES I ne'er heard yet

That any of these bolder vices
wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what
they did

Than to perform it first.

HERMIONE That's true enough,

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to
me.

LEONTES

You will not own it.



HERMIONE **More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault I
must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do
confess
I loved him as in honour he required:
With such a kind of love as might
become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself
commanded;
Which not to have done I think had
been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose
love had spoke
Even since it could speak, from an
infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for
conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be
dished
For me to try how. All I know of it**

[Turn over]



Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court the gods
themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you
know

What you have underta'en to do in's
absence.

HERMIONE

Sir,

You speak a language that I
understand not.

My life stands in the level of your
dreams,

Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES Your actions are my dreams.

You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it.

As you were past all shame –

Those of your fact are so – so past all
truth;

Which to deny concerns more than
avails: for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to
itself,



No father owning it – which is indeed
 More criminal in thee than it – so thou
 Shalt feel our justice, in whose
 easiest passage

Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE Sir, spare your threats!

The bug which you would fright me
 with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life,
 your favour,

I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went. My second
 joy,

And first-fruits of my body, from his
 presence

I am barred, like one infectious. My
 third comfort,

Starred most unluckily, is from my
 breast –

The innocent milk in its most
 innocent mouth –

Haled out to murder. Myself on every
 post

[Turn over]



Proclaimed a strumpet; with
 immodest hatred
 The childbed privilege denied, which
 'longs
 To women of all fashion; lastly,
 hurried
 Here to this place, i'th'open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my
 liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here
 alive
 That I should fear to die. Therefore
 proceed.
 But yet hear this – mistake me not: no
 life,
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine
 honour,
 Which I would free – if I shall be
 condemned
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping
 else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell
 you
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours
 all,



**I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!**

(Act 3, Scene 2)

[Turn over]



SECTION B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

0 5

‘In the literature of love, simple acts and moments come to define relationships.’

In the light of this view, compare and contrast how love is presented in these two poems. [25 marks]

‘In Golden Gate Park That Day...’

**In Golden Gate Park that day
a man and his wife were
coming along
thru the enormous meadow
which was the meadow of
the world
He was wearing green suspenders¹
and carrying an old
beat-up flute
in one hand
while his wife had a bunch of grapes
which she kept handing out**



individually
to various squirrels
as if each
were a little joke

And then the two of them came on
thru the enormous meadow
which was the meadow of the world
and then
at a very still spot where the trees
dreamed
and seemed to have been waiting
thru all time

for them
they sat down together on the
grass
without looking at each other
and ate oranges
without looking at each
other
and put the peels
in a basket which they seemed
to have brought for that purpose
without looking at each other

[Turn over]



And then

**he took his shirt and undershirt
off**

**but kept his hat on
sideways**

**and without saying anything
fell asleep under it**

**And his wife just sat there looking
at the birds which flew about
calling to each other**

**in the stilly air
as if they were questioning
existence**

**or trying to recall something
forgotten**

But then finally

she too lay down flat

**and just lay there looking up
at nothing**

yet fingering the old flute

**which nobody
played**

**and finally looking over
at him**



**without any particular
expression**

**except a certain awful look
of terrible depression**

Lawrence Ferlinghetti (b. 1919)

GLOSSARY:

**¹In American English 'suspenders' are
elasticated braces to support trousers**

[Turn over]



‘Strawberries’

**There were never strawberries
like the ones we had
that sultry afternoon
sitting on the step
of the open french window
facing each other
your knees held in mine
the blue plates in our laps
the strawberries glistening
in the hot sunlight
we dipped them in sugar
looking at each other
not hurrying the feast
for one to come
the empty plates
laid on the stone together
with the two forks crossed
and I bent towards you
sweet in that air
in my arms
abandoned like a child
from your eager mouth
the taste of strawberries
in my memory**



**lean back again
let me love you**

**let the sun beat
on our forgetfulness
one hour of all
the heat intense
and summer lightning
on the Kilpatrick hills**

let the storm wash the plates

Edwin Morgan (1920–2010)

[Turn over]



SECTION C: Comparing Texts

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

0 6

‘In the literature of love, separation intensifies feelings of love.’

In the light of this view compare how the authors of TWO texts you have studied present the effects of separation.

**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
----------	----------

‘Pain is part of love.’

**In the light of this view
compare how the authors of
TWO texts you have studied
present the pains of love.**

**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



BLANK PAGE

Copyright information

For confidentiality purposes, all acknowledgements of third-party copyright material are published in a separate booklet. This booklet is published after each live examination series and is available for free download from www.aqa.org.uk.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders may have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements. If you have any queries please contact the Copyright Team.

Copyright © 2020 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

GB/VW/Jun20/7712/1/E2



4 2



2 0 6 A 7 7 1 2 / 1