



**AS**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE A**

**Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry**

**7711/1**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**

**For this paper you must have:**

- **an AQA 12-page answer book.**

**[Turn over]**

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## **INSTRUCTIONS**

- **Use black ink or black ball-point pen.**
- **Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The PAPER REFERENCE is 7711/1.**
- **Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.**
- **Answer ONE question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.**

## **INFORMATION**

- **The maximum mark for this paper is 50.**
- **The marks for questions are shown in brackets.**
- **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 from this section.**

**EITHER**

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**‘Othello’ – William Shakespeare**

**Read the extract from ‘Othello’, on pages 5–7, and respond to the following:**

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, women are passive victims of men.**

**[25 marks]**

**DESDEMONA**

Am I that name, Iago?

**IAGO**

What name, fair lady?

**DESDEMONA**

Such as she said my lord did say I was.

**EMILIA**

He called her whore: a beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

**IAGO**

Why did he so?

**DESDEMONA**

I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

**IAGO**

Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

**EMILIA**

Hath she forsook so many noble matches,

Her father, and her country, all her friends,

To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

**DESDEMONA**

It is my wretched fortune.

**IAGO**

Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

**DESDEMONA**

Nay, heaven doth know.

**EMILIA**

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devised this slander; I'll be hanged else.

**IAGO**

Fie, there is no such man! It is impossible.

[Turn over]

**DESDEMONA**

If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

**EMILIA**

A halter pardon him and hell gnaw his bones!  
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her  
company?

What place, what time, what form, what likelihood?  
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.  
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to th'west!

**IAGO**

Speak within door.

**EMILIA**

O fie upon them! Some such squire he was  
That turned your wit the seamy side without  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

**IAGO**

You are a fool, go to.

**DESDEMONA**

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will – though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement – love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':  
It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

**IAGO**

I pray you, be content: 'tis but his humour;  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

**DESDEMONA**

If 'twere no other –

**IAGO**

It is so, I warrant.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper!  
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

**(Act 4, Scene 2)**

**[Turn over]**

OR

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

**Read the extract from ‘The Taming of the Shrew’, on pages 8–11, and respond to the following:**

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, men judge women solely on their monetary value.**

**[25 marks]**

**PETRUCHIO**

**...I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.**

**HORTENSIO**

**Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?  
Thou’dst thank me but a little for my counsel,  
And yet I’ll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich. But th’ art too much my friend,  
And I’ll not wish thee to her.**

**PETRUCHIO**

**Signor Hortensio, ’twixt such friends as we  
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know**



One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife –  
 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance –  
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,  
 She moves me not, or not removes at least  
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his  
 mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to  
 a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a  
 tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases  
 as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss,  
 so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,  
 I will continue that I broached in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,  
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
 Her only fault – and that is faults enough –  
 Is that she is intolerable curst,  
 And shrewd and froward so beyond all measure  
 That, were my state far worser than it is,  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

[Turn over]

**PETRUCHIO**

Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.  
 Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough.  
 For I will board her though she chide as loud  
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

**HORTENSIO**

Her father is Baptista Minola,  
 An affable and courteous gentleman.  
 Her name is Katherina Minola,  
 Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

I know her father, though I know not her,  
 And he knew my deceased father well.  
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,  
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you  
 To give you over at this first encounter,  
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

**GRUMIO** I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
 lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,  
 she would think scolding would do little good upon  
 him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or  
 so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in  
 his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him  
 but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so  
 disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes  
 to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

**HORTENSIO**

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,  
 And her withholds from me and other more,  
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love,

Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
That ever Katherina will be wooed.  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

**GRUMIO**

Katherine the curst,  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

**(Act 1, Scene 2)**

**[Turn over]**

OR

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

**Read the extract from ‘Measure for Measure’, on pages 12–14, and respond to the following:**

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Isabella’s love for truth and justice is the quality that makes her admirable.**

**[25 marks]**

**FRIAR PETER**

**Now is your time. Speak loud and kneel before him.**

**ISABELLA**

**Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard  
Upon a wronged – I would fain have said, a maid.  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!**

**DUKE**

**Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.  
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.  
Reveal yourself to him.**

**ISABELLA**

**O worthy Duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.**

Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak  
 Must either punish me, not being believed,  
 Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, hear.

**ANGELO**

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.  
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
 Cut off by course of justice –

**ISABELLA**

By course of justice!

**ANGELO**

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

**ISABELLA**

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.  
 That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?  
 That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?  
 That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
 An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,  
 Is it not strange, and strange?

**DUKE**

Nay, it is ten times strange.

**ISABELLA**

It is not truer he is Angelo  
 Than this is all as true as it is strange.  
 Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth  
 To th'end of reck'ning.

**DUKE**

Away with her. Poor soul,

She speaks this in th'infirmity of sense.

**ISABELLA**

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
 There is another comfort than this world,  
 That thou neglect me not with that opinion

[Turn over]

**That I am touched with madness. Make not impossible**

That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo. Even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince.  
If he be less, he's nothing: but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

**DUKE** By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

**ISABELLA**                                O gracious Duke,  
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
For inequality, but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

**(Act 5, Scene 1)**

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**[Turn over]**

OR

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

**Read the extract from ‘The Winter’s Tale’, on pages 16–18, and respond to the following:**

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, the restoration of male friendship is crucial to the happy ending of the play.**

**[25 marks]**

**LEONTES**

**They are come.**

*Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others*  
 Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince:  
 For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
 Your father’s image is so hit in you,  
 His very air, that I should call you brother,  
 As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
 By us performed before. Most dearly welcome,  
 And your fair princess – goddess! O! Alas,  
 I lost a couple that ’twixt heaven and earth  
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
 You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost –  
 All mine own folly – the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,



Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

**FLORIZEL** By his command  
Have I here touched Sicilia, and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,  
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,  
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized  
His wished ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured to look upon you, whom he loves –  
He bade me say so – more than all the sceptres  
And those that bear them living.

**LEONTES** O my brother –  
Good gentleman – the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behindhand slackness! – Welcome hither  
As is the spring to th'earth! And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to th'fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th'adventure of her person?

**FLORIZEL** Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

**LEONTES** Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble, honoured lord, is feared and loved?

**FLORIZEL**  
Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter  
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence,  
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have crossed,

[Turn over]

To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness. My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here where we are.

**LEONTES**                      The blessèd gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,  
Such goodly things as you!

(Act 5, Scene 1)

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**[Turn over]**

**SECTION B: POETRY**

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**EITHER**

**05**

**AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages  
pre-1900**

**Examine the view that the speaker in Burns' 'Song  
(Ae fond kiss)' can find no consolation now that his  
love affair is over. [25 marks]**

**‘Song (Ae fond kiss)’**

**Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I’ll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I’ll wage thee. –**

**Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him:  
 Me, nae chearful twinkle lights me;  
 Dark despair around benights me. –**

**I’ll ne’er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy:  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love for ever. –**

**Had we never lov’d sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov’d sae blindly!  
 Never met – or never parted,  
 We had ne’er been broken-hearted. –**

**Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure! –**

**Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
 Ae fareweel, Alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I’ll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I’ll wage thee. –**

**Robert Burns (1759–1796)**

**[Turn over]**

OR

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**AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages  
post-1900**

**Examine the view that in ‘For My Lover, Returning to His Wife’, Sexton presents the Wife as having all the power. [25 marks]**

**‘For My Lover, Returning to His Wife’**

**She is all there.**

**She was melted carefully down for you  
and cast up from your childhood,  
cast up from your one hundred favorite aggies.**

**She has always been there, my darling.**

**She is, in fact, exquisite.**

**Fireworks in the dull middle of February  
and as real as a cast-iron pot.**

**Let’s face it, I have been momentary.**

**A luxury. A bright red sloop in the harbor.**

**My hair rising like smoke from the car window.**

**Littleneck clams out of season.**

**She is more than that. She is your have to have,  
has grown you your practical your tropical growth.**

**This is not an experiment. She is all harmony.**

She sees to oars and oarlocks for the dinghy,  
has placed wild flowers at the window at breakfast,  
sat by the potter's wheel at midday,  
set forth three children under the moon,  
three cherubs drawn by Michelangelo,

done this with her legs spread out  
in the terrible months in the chapel.  
If you glance up, the children are there  
like delicate balloons resting on the ceiling.

She has also carried each one down the hall  
after supper, their heads privately bent,  
two legs protesting, person to person,  
her face flushed with a song and their little sleep.

I give you back your heart.  
I give you permission –

for the fuse inside her, throbbing  
angrily in the dirt, for the bitch in her  
and the burying of her wound –  
for the burying of her small red wound alive –

for the pale flickering flare under her ribs,  
for the drunken sailor who waits in her left pulse,  
for the mother's knee, for the stockings,  
for the garter belt, for the call –

[Turn over]

the curious call  
when you will burrow in arms and breasts  
and tug at the orange ribbon in her hair  
and answer the call, the curious call.

She is so naked and singular.  
She is the sum of yourself and your dream.  
Climb her like a monument, step after step.  
She is solid.

As for me, I am a watercolor.  
I wash off.

Anne Sexton (1928–1974)

END OF QUESTIONS



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