

A



**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]**

## **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**

<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>
----------	----------

**‘Othello’ – William Shakespeare**

**Read the extract from ‘Othello’, on pages 5–9, 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,

[Turn over]

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.

**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.**

**[Turn over]**

**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**

**0 2**

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

**Read the extract from ‘The Taming of the Shrew’, on pages 11–16, 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

[Turn over]

**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,

[Turn over]

**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)**



**BLANK PAGE**

**[Turn over]**

**OR**

**0 3**

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

**Read the extract from ‘Measure for Measure’, on pages 19–23, 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.**

**[Turn over]**

**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,

[Turn over]

That thou neglect me not with that  
opinion

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)**

**[Turn over]**

**OR**

**04**

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

**Read the extract from ‘The Winter’s Tale’, on pages 25–29, 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**

**[Turn over]**

**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?**

**[Turn over]**

**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,

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 blessedèd 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)**

**[Turn over]**

**SECTION B: POETRY**

**Answer ONE question from this section.**

**EITHER**

**0 5**

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

**Examine the view that the speaker in Burns' 'Song (Ae fond kiss)', on pages 32 and 33, can find no consolation now that his love affair is over.**

**[25 marks]**

**BLANK PAGE**

**[Turn over]**

**‘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**

**0 6**

**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,**

**[Turn over]**

**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 –

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**

# 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](http://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 © 2022 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

**IB/M/CD/Jun22/7711/1/E2**



2 2 6 A 7 7 1 1 / 1