



AS

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

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

7711/1

Thursday 18 May 2023

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

MATERIALS

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

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‘Othello’ – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from ‘Othello’, provided on pages 5 to 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, Shakespeare presents Iago as a character whose intelligence makes us like him rather than condemn him.**

[25 marks]

IAGO Come on, come on: you are
pictures out of doors,
bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your
kitchens, saints
in your injuries, devils being offended,
players in your
housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

DESDEMONA

O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

EMILIA

You shall not write my praise.

IAGO

No, let me not.

DESDEMONA

What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise
me?

[Turn over]

IAGO

O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA

Come on, assay. There's one gone to
the harbour?

IAGO

Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA

(*aside*) I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAGO

I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does
from frieze –

It plucks out brains and all. But my
muse labours,

And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and
wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

DESDEMONA

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

IAGO

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA

Worse and worse.

EMILIA

How if fair and foolish?

IAGO

She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

DESDEMONA These are old fond

paradoxes to make fools
laugh i'th'alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for
her that's foul and foolish?

IAGO

There's none so foul and foolish
thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and
wise ones do.

[Turn over]

DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance! Thou
praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou
bestow on a deserving
woman indeed? One that in the
authority of her merit
did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself?

IAGO

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never
loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never
gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said 'Now I
may';
She that being angered, her revenge
being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her
displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the
salmon's tail;

**She that could think and ne'er disclose
her mind:**

**See suitors following and not look
behind:**

**She was a wight, if ever such wight
were –**

DESDEMONA

To do what?

IAGO

**To suckle fools and chronicle small
beer.**

DESDEMONA

**O, most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he
be thy husband.**

**How say you, Cassio, is he not a most
profane and
liberal counsellor?**

CASSIO **He speaks home, madam; you
may relish him more
in the soldier than in the scholar.**

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

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

Read the extract from ‘The Taming of the Shrew’, provided on pages 11 to 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, Shakespeare presents love as a silly game.**

[25 marks]

*Enter Tranio as Lucentio, and
Hortensio as Licio*

TRANIO

Is't possible, friend Licio, that
Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his
teaching.

They stand aside

*Enter Bianca, and Lucentio as
Cambio*

LUCENTIO

Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve
me that.

LUCENTIO

I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

[Turn over]

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They court each other

HORTENSIO

Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO

O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise

**For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.**

TRANIO

**Signor Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her
lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.**

HORTENSIO

**See how they kiss and court! Signor
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do
forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.**

TRANIO

**And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her though she
would entreat.**

[Turn over]

**Fie on her! See how beastly she doth
court him.**

HORTENSIO

**Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn!**

**For me, that I may surely keep mine
oath,**

**I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as
long loved me**

**As I have loved this proud disdainful
haggard.**

And so farewell, Signor Lucentio.

**Kindness in women, not their
beauteous looks,**

**Shall win my love – and so I take my
leave,**

In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

(Act 4, Scene 2)

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[Turn over]

OR

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

Read the extract from ‘Measure for Measure’, provided on pages 17 to 22, 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, Shakespeare presents men as self-interested lovers without any honour.**

[25 marks]

ISABELLA

**Women, help heaven! Men their
creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten
times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions
are,
And credulous to false prints.**

ANGELO

I think it well,

**And from this testimony of your own
sex –**

**Since I suppose we are made to be no
stronger**

**Than faults may shake our frames – let
me be bold.**

**I do arrest your words. Be that you
are,**

**That is, a woman; if you be more,
you're none.**

**If you be one, as you are well
expressed**

[Turn over]

By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

ISABELLA

I have no tongue but one. Gentle my
lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former
language.

ANGELO

Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISABELLA

My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

ANGELO

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me
love.

ISABELLA

I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

ANGELO

Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

ISABELLA

**Ha! Little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose.**

Seeming, seeming!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't!

**Sign me a present pardon for my
brother,**

**Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell
the world**

Aloud what man thou art.

ANGELO

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

**My unsoiled name, th'austereness of
my life,**

**My vouch against you, and my place
i'th'state,**

**Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the
rein.**

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,

[Turn over]

Lay by all nicety and prolixious
blushes,

That banish what they sue for.

Redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death
draw out

To lingering sufferance. Answer me
tomorrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me
most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs
your true. *Exit*

ISABELLA

To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this,

Who would believe me? O perilous
mouths,

That bear in them one and the
selfsame tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof,

Bidding the law make curtsy to their
will,
Hooking both right and wrong to
th'appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my
brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of
the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of
honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender
down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield
them up,
Before his sister should her body
stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother,
die.
More than our brother is our chastity.

[Turn over]

**I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's
rest. *Exit***

(Act 2, Scene 4)

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[Turn over]

OR

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

**Read the extract from ‘The Winter’s Tale’,
provided on pages 25 to 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 relationship between Florizel and Perdita is presented as idealised and perfect.**

[25 marks]

POLIXENES (*To Florizel*) How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that
does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when
I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would
have ransacked

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have
poured it

To her acceptance: you have let him go
And nothing mated with him. If your
lass

Interpretation should abuse and call
this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were
straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

[Turn over]

FLORIZEL

Old sir, I know

**She prizes not such trifles as these
are:**

**The gifts she looks from me are
packed and locked**

**Up in my heart, which I have given
already,**

**But not delivered. O, hear me breathe
my life**

**Before this ancient sir, whom, it should
seem,**

**Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand,
this hand**

**As soft as dove's down and as white
as it,**

**Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned
snow that's bolted**

By th'northern blasts twice o'er –

POLIXENES

What follows this?

**How prettily the young swain seems to
wash**

**The hand was fair before! I have put
you out.**

**But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.**

FLORIZEL **Do, and be witness to't.**

POLIXENES

And this my neighbour too?

FLORIZEL **And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the
 heavens, and all:**

**That were I crowned the most imperial
 monarch,**

**Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest
 youth**

**That ever made eye swerve, had force
 and knowledge**

**More than was ever man's, I would not
 prize them**

**Without her love; for her employ them
 all;**

**Commend them and condemn them to
 her service**

Or to their own perdition.

POLIXENES **Fairly offered.**

[Turn over]

CAMILLO

This shows a sound affection.

SHEPHERD

But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.

By th'pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

SHEPHERD

Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

FLORIZEL

O, that must be

I'th'virtue of your daughter. One being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder. But come on:

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

**SHEPHERD Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.**

(Act 4, Scene 4)

[Turn over]

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

EITHER

0	5
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AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages pre-1900

Examine the view that in ‘Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde’, provided below, Wyatt’s speaker is more interested in power, control and ownership rather than love. [25 marks]

‘Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde’

**Who so list to hount I knowe where is an
hynde,
But as for me, helas, I may no more;
The vayne travaill hath weried me so
sore,**

I ame of them that farthest cometh
 behinde;
 Yet may I by no meanes, my weried
 mynde
 Drawe from the Deere, but as she
 fleeth afore
 Faynting I followe. I leve of therefore
 Sithens in a nett I seke to hold the
 wynde.
 Who list her hount, I put him owte of
 dowbte,
 As well as I may spend his tyme in
 vain.
 And graven with Diamondes in letters
 plain
 There is written her faier neck rounde
 abowte:
 ‘*Noli me tangere* for Cesars I ame
 And wylde for to hold though I seme
 tame.’

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

[Turn over]

OR

0	6
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AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages post-1900

Examine the view that in ‘One Flesh’ the couple now have no connection with each other. [25 marks]

‘One Flesh’

**Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds
unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.**

**Tossed up like flotsam from a former
passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever
touch,**

**Or if they do, it is like a confession
Of having little feeling – or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a
preparation.**

**Strangely apart, yet strangely close
together,
Silence between them like a thread to
hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a
feather
Touching them gently. Do they know
they're old,
These two who are my father and my
mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now
grown cold?**

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001)

END OF QUESTIONS

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