



AS

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

Thursday 16 May 2024

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

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.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

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Othello – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from *Othello*, provided below, 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, Iago easily turns Othello from a loving husband into a suspicious fool.

[25 marks]

OTHELLO By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

IAGO

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTHELLO

Ha!

IAGO O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!

It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
Who certain of his fate loves not his wronger,
But O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet fondly loves!

OTHELLO

O misery!

IAGO

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTHELLO Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO

I am glad of this: for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio.
 Wear your eye thus: not jealous, nor secure.
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abused. Look to't.
 I know our country disposition well:
 In Venice they do let God see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you,
 And when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

OTHELLO

And so she did.

IAGO

Why, go to, then!

She that so young could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak –
 He thought 'twas witchcraft. – But I am much to blame,
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

OTHELLO

I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO

I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTHELLO

Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO

In faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved.
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion.

OTHELLO

I will not.

IAGO

Should you do so, my lord,

My speech should fall into such vile success
 Which my thoughts aimed not at. Cassio's my worthy
 friend.

My lord, I see you're moved.

OTHELLO

No, not much moved.

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

(Act 3, Scene 3)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 2

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

Read the extract from *The Taming of the Shrew*, provided below, 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, a modern audience would be more disgusted than amused by Katherina's ordeal.

[25 marks]**GRUMIO**

No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

KATHERINA

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
 What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door
 Upon entreaty have a present alms,
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love,
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
 I prithee go and get me some repast,
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHERINA

'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO

I fear it is too choleric a meat.
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

KATHERINA

I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHERINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHERINA

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO

Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHERINA

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
She beats him

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorf?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?

KATHERINA

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

He sets the dish down

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINA

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

KATHERINA

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signor Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.

(Act 4, Scene 3)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 3

Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from *Measure for Measure*, provided below, 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, love is simply a matter of sex, scandal and sin.

[25 marks]

LUCIO Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence. He puts transgression to't.

DUKE He does well in't.

LUCIO A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred. It is well allied, but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

DUKE How should he be made, then?

LUCIO Some report a sea-maid spawned him. Some that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice. That I know to be true. And he is a motion generative. That's infallible.

DUKE You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport. He knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women. He was not inclined that way.

LUCIO O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO Who? Not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk, too; that let me inform you.

DUKE You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO No, pardon. 'Tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

DUKE Wise? Why, no question but he was.

LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCIO Come, sir, I know what I know.

(Act 3, Scene 2)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

0 4

The Winter's Tale – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from *The Winter's Tale*, provided below, 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, unbelievable events distract from the audience's experience of the pains and joys of love.

[25 marks]

SECOND GENTLEMAN How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs: the mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!'; then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Wracked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

FIRST GENTLEMAN The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes – caught the water though not the fish – was when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas!', I would fain say bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

(Act 5, Scene 2)

Turn over for Section B

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 the speaker in *At an Inn* associates love only with pain and sadness.

[25 marks]

At an Inn

When we as strangers sought
Their catering care,
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought
Of what we were.
They warmed as they opined
Us more than friends –
That we had all resigned
For love's dear ends.

And that swift sympathy
With living love
Which quicks the world – maybe
The spheres above,
Made them our ministers,
Moved them to say,
'Ah, God, that bliss like theirs
Would flush our day!'

And we were left alone
As Love's own pair;
Yet never the love-light shone
Between us there!
But that which chilled the breath
Of afternoon,
And palsied unto death
The pane-fly's tune.

The kiss their zeal foretold,
And now deemed come,
Came not: within his hold
Love lingered numb.
Why cast he on our port
A bloom not ours?
Why shaped us for his sport
In after-hours?

As we seemed we were not
That day afar,
And now we seem not what
We aching are.
O severing sea and land,
O laws of men,
Ere death, once let us stand
As we stood then!

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

or

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

Examine the view that in *Meeting Point* MacNeice presents love as a meaningless fantasy.

[25 marks]

Meeting Point

Time was away and somewhere else,
There were two glasses and two chairs
And two people with the one pulse
(Somebody stopped the moving stairs):
Time was away and somewhere else.

And they were neither up nor down;
The stream's music did not stop
Flowing through heather, limpid brown,
Although they sat in a coffee shop
And they were neither up nor down.

The bell was silent in the air
Holding its inverted poise –
Between the clang and clang a flower,
A brazen calyx of no noise:
The bell was silent in the air.

The camels crossed the miles of sand
That stretched around the cups and plates;
The desert was their own, they planned
To portion out the stars and dates:
The camels crossed the miles of sand.

Time was away and somewhere else.
The waiter did not come, the clock
Forgot them and the radio waltz
Came out like water from a rock:
Time was away and somewhere else.

Her fingers flicked away the ash
That bloomed again in tropic trees:
Not caring if the markets crash
When they had forests such as these,
Her fingers flicked away the ash.

God or whatever means the Good
Be praised that time can stop like this,
That what the heart has understood
Can verify in the body's peace
God or whatever means the Good.

Time was away and she was here
And life no longer what it was,
The bell was silent in the air
And all the room one glow because
Time was away and she was here.

Louis MacNeice (1907–1963)

END OF QUESTIONS

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