



**AS**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE A**

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

**7711/1**

**Friday 17 May 2019      Morning**

**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**

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**‘Othello’ – William Shakespeare**

**Read the passage from ‘Othello’ and respond to the following:**

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?**
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents desire as dangerous.**

**[25 marks]**

**OTHELLO**

Good Michael, look you to the guard  
tonight.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable  
stop,

Not to outsport discretion.

**CASSIO**

Iago hath direction what to do;

But, notwithstanding, with my personal  
eye

Will I look to't.

**OTHELLO** Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night. Tomorrow with  
your earliest

Let me have speech with you. (*To  
Desdemona*)

Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to  
ensue:

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and  
you.

Good night.

[Turn over]

*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona,  
and attendants*

*Enter Iago*

**CASSIO** Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

**IAGO** Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock.

Our General cast us thus early for the love of his

Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame. He hath

not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is

sport for Jove.

**CASSIO** She is a most exquisite lady.

**IAGO** And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

**CASSIO** Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

**IAGO** What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

**CASSIO** An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

**IAGO** And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

**CASSIO** She is indeed perfection.

**IAGO** Well, happiness to their sheets!

Come, Lieutenant,  
I have a stoup of wine; and here without  
are a brace of  
Cyprus gallants that would fain have a  
measure to the  
health of black Othello.

**CASSIO** Not tonight, good Iago. I have  
very poor and  
unhappy brains for drinking. I could  
well wish courtesy  
would invent some other custom of  
entertainment.

**IAGO** O, they are our friends! But one  
cup; I'll drink for  
you.

**CASSIO** I have drunk but one cup  
tonight, and that was  
craftily qualified too; and behold what  
innovation it  
makes here. I am unfortunate in the  
infirmity and dare  
not task my weakness with any more.

**[Turn over]**

**IAGO** What, man! 'Tis a night of revels;  
the gallants desire  
it.

**CASSIO** Where are they?

**IAGO** Here, at the door: I pray you call  
them in.

**CASSIO** I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

*Exit*

**IAGO**

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk tonight  
already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now my  
sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turned almost the  
wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath tonight caroused  
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to  
watch.

Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling  
spirits –

That hold their honours in a wary  
distance,

**The very elements of this warlike isle –  
Have I tonight flustered with flowing  
cups,  
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this  
flock of drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle. But here they  
come;  
If consequence do but approve my  
dream,  
My boat sails freely both with wind and  
stream.**

**(Act 2, Scene 3)**

**[Turn over]**

**OR**

**02**

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

**Read the passage from ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ and respond to the following:**

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?**
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents the relationship between Petruchio and Katherina as one based on power and control rather than love.**

**[25 marks]**

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina,  
Hortensio and Servants*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come on, a God's name, once more  
toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly  
shines the moon!

**KATHERINA**

The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight  
now.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon that shines so  
bright.

**KATHERINA**

I know it is the sun that shines so  
bright.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now by my mother's son, and that's  
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.

*(To the Servants)* Go on and fetch our  
horses back again.

[Turn over]

Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing  
but crossed!

**HORTENSIO**

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

**KATHERINA**

Forward, I pray, since we have come so  
far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you  
please.

And if you please to call it a  
rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon.

**KATHERINA**

I know it is the

moon.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.

**KATHERINA**

Then, God be blessed, it is the blessèd  
sun.

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your  
mind.

What you will have it named, even that  
it is,

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

**HORTENSIO** (*aside*)

Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl  
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft, company is coming here.

*Enter Vincentio.*

(*To Vincentio*) Good morrow, gentle  
mistress, where  
away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly  
too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher  
gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her  
cheeks!

[Turn over]

What stars do spangle heaven with  
such beauty

As those two eyes become that  
heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to  
thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her  
beauty's sake.

**HORTENSIO** (*aside*) 'A will make the man  
mad, to make the  
woman of him.

**KATHERINA**

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh  
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child,

Happier the man whom favourable stars

Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not  
mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded,  
withered,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

**KATHERINA**

**Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the  
sun**

**That everything I look on seemeth  
green.**

**Now I perceive thou art a reverend  
father.**

**Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad  
mistaking.**

**(Act 4, Scene 5)**

**[Turn over]**

**OR**

**03**

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

**Read the passage from ‘Measure for Measure’ and respond to the following:**

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?**
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents the Duke as a cold and manipulative ruler.**

**[25 marks]**

*Enter Duke and Friar Thomas***DUKE**

No, holy father, throw away that  
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of  
love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I  
desire thee

To give me secret harbour hath a  
purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims  
and ends

Of burning youth.

**FRIAR THOMAS**      May your grace speak  
of it?

**DUKE**

My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever loved the life removed  
And held in idle price to haunt  
assemblies

Where youth and cost a witless bravery  
keeps.

[Turn over]

I have delivered to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in  
Vienna,  
And he supposes me travelled to  
Poland,  
For so I have strewed it in the common  
ear,  
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this.

**FRIAR THOMAS**

Gladly, my lord.

**DUKE**

We have strict statutes and most biting  
laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to  
headstrong weeds,  
Which for this fourteen years we have  
let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond  
fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs  
of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight  
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
 Becomes more mocked than feared, so  
     our decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are  
     dead,  
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite  
     athwart  
 Goes all decorum.

**FRIAR THOMAS**           It rested in your  
     grace  
 To unloose this tied-up justice when  
     you pleased,  
 And it in you more dreadful would have  
     seemed  
 Than in Lord Angelo.

**DUKE**                       I do fear, too  
     dreadful.  
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people  
     scope,  
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall  
     them

[Turn over]

**For what I bid them do: for we bid this  
be done  
When evil deeds have their permissive  
pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore,  
indeed, my father,  
I have on Angelo imposed the office,  
Who may, in th'ambush of my name,  
strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the fight  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
Visit both prince and people. Therefore,  
I prithee,  
Supply me with the habit, and instruct  
me  
How I may formally in person bear  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this  
action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only this one – Lord Angelo is precise,  
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce  
confesses**

**That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone. Hence  
shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our  
seemers be. *Exeunt***

**(Act 1, Scene 3)**

**[Turn over]**

**OR**

**04**

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

**Read the passage from ‘The Winter’s Tale’ and respond to the following:**

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?**
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, the presence of Perdita brings out the best in those who meet her.**

**[25 marks]**

**ANTIGONUS**

**Come, poor**

**babe.**

**I have heard, but not believed, the  
spirits o'th'dead**

**May walk again: if such thing be, thy  
mother**

**Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was  
dream**

**So like a waking. To me comes a  
creature,**

**Sometimes her head on one side, some  
another:**

**I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So filled and so becoming. In pure white  
robes,**

**Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed  
before me,**

**And, gasping to begin some speech,  
her eyes**

**Became two spouts; the fury spent,  
anon**

**[Turn over]**

**Did this break from her: 'Good  
Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better  
disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the  
thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thy oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia:  
There weep, and leave it crying; and for  
the babe  
Is counted lost forever, Perdita  
I prithee call't. For this ungentle  
business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt  
see  
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with  
shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams  
are toys:  
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffered death, and that**

Apollo would, this being indeed the  
 issue  
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be  
 laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee  
 well!

*He lays down the child, and a scroll*  
 There lie, and there thy character;  
*(he lays down a box)*

there

these,  
 Which may, if fortune please, both  
 breed thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins.  
 Poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus  
 exposed  
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I  
 cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds; and most  
 accursed am I  
 To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell!

[Turn over]

The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt  
like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. – A savage  
clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the  
chase.

I am gone forever! *Exit,*  
*pursued by a bear*

*Enter an old Shepherd*

**SHEPHERD** I would there were no age  
between ten and  
three-and-twenty, or that youth would  
sleep out the  
rest: for there is nothing in the between  
but getting  
wenches with child, wronging the  
ancientry, stealing,  
fighting. Hark you now: would any but  
these boiled  
brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty  
hunt this  
weather? They have scared away two of  
my best sheep,

which I fear the wolf will sooner find  
 than the master. If  
 anywhere I have them, 'tis by the  
 seaside, browsing of  
 ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!

*He sees the child*

What have we here? Mercy on's, a  
 barne! A very pretty  
 barne. A boy or a child, I wonder? A  
 pretty one, a very  
 pretty one. Sure, some scape. Though I  
 am not bookish,  
 yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in  
 the scape: this  
 has been some stair-work, some  
 trunk-work, some be-  
 hind-door-work. They were warmer that  
 got this than  
 the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for  
 pity – yet I'll  
 tarry till my son come: he hallowed but  
 even now.

**(Act 3, Scene 3)**

**[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 in ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad’, on pages 30–33, Keats presents love as a mysterious, deadly curse. [25 marks]**

**BLANK PAGE**

**[Turn over]**

**'La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad'**

**I**

**O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.**

**II**

**Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.**

**III**

**I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.**

## IV

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful – a faery's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

## V

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

## VI

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

[Turn over]

## VII

**She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna-dew,  
And sure in language strange she said –  
‘I love thee true’.**

## VIII

**She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full  
sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.**

## IX

**And there she lulled me asleep  
And there I dreamed – Ah! woe  
betide! –  
The latest dream I ever dreamt  
On the cold hill side.**

## X

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they  
all;  
They cried – ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Thee hath in thrall!’

## XI

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill’s side.

## XII

And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the  
lake,  
And no birds sing.

**John Keats (1795–1821)**

**[Turn over]**

OR

06

**AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the Ages post-1900**

**Examine the view that in ‘Timer’, on pages 36–37, Harrison shows that love cannot survive death. [25 marks]**

**BLANK PAGE**

**[Turn over]**

**‘Timer’**

**Gold survives the fire that’s hot enough to make you ashes in a standard urn. An envelope of coarse official buff contains your wedding ring which wouldn’t burn.**

**Dad told me I’d to tell them at St James’s that the ring should go in the incinerator. That ‘eternity’ inscribed with both their names is his surety that they’d be together, ‘later’.**

**I signed for the parcelled clothing as the son,  
the cardy, apron, pants, bra, dress –**

**the clerk phoned down: 6-8-8-3-1?  
*Has she still her ring on?* (Slight pause)  
**Yes!****

**It’s on my warm palm now, your  
burnished ring!**

**I feel your ashes, head, arms, breasts,  
womb, legs,  
sift through its circle slowly, like that  
thing  
you used to let me watch to time the eggs.**

**Tony Harrison (b. 1937)**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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## IB/M/AMAS/Jun19/7711/1/E2



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