

Cambridge Pre-U

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

9765/03

May/June 2023

2 hours 15 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer two questions in total: Answer Question 1. Answer one other question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth 25 marks.

This syllabus is regulated for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate.

This document has 8 pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Answer Question 1 and **one** other question.

All questions carry equal marks.

In your answers you should comment closely on effects of language, style and form, and pay close attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

1 Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

Α

from Tales of the Hall

Six years had past, and forty ere the six, When Time began to play his usual tricks: The locks, once comely in a virgin's sight, Locks of pure brown, display'd th' encroaching white; The blood, once fervid, now to cool began, And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man: I rode or walk'd as I was wont before,	5
But now the bounding spirit was no more; A moderate pace would now my body heat, A walk of moderate length distress my feet. I show'd my stranger-guest those hills sublime, But said, 'the view is poor, we need not climb.' At a friend's mansion I began to dread	10
At a mend's mansion i began to dread The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed; At home I felt a more decided taste, And must have all things in my order placed; I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less, My dinner more; I learn'd to play at chess;	15
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute Was disappointed that I did not shoot; My morning walks I now could bear to lose, And bless'd the shower that gave me not to chuse: In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;	20
The active arm, the agile hand were gone; Small daily actions into habits grew, And new dislike to forms and fashion new []	25

George Crabbe (1754–1832)

Old Woman

3

So much she caused she cannot now account for As she stands watching day return, the cool Walls of the house moving towards the sun. She puts some flowers in a vase and thinks 'There is not much I can arrange In here and now, but flowers are suppliant	5
As children never were. And love is now A flicker of memory, my body is My own entirely. When I lie at night I gather nothing now into my arms, No child or man, and where I live Is what remains when men and children go.'	10
Yet she owns more than residue of lives That she has marked and altered. See how she Warns time from too much touching her possessions By keeping flowers fed, by polishing Her fine old silver. Gratefully She sees her own glance printed on grandchildren.	15
Drawing the curtains back and opening windows Every morning now, she feels her years Grow less and less. Time puts no burden on Her now she does not need to measure it. It is acceptance she arranges And her own life she places in the vase.	20

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001)

© UCLES 2023

В

2 Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic, in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandel, and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all 5 their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which 'giveth rain from heaven'; no pastures ever lightened in spring-time with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness,-fain-hidden-yet full-confessed. The 10 place remains (1870) nearly unchanged in its larger features; but with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning [...] as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene: nor is any blasphemy or impiety, any frantic saying, or godless 15 thought, more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, 20 through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette¹; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, 25 and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes; which, having neither energy to cart away, nor decency enough to dig into the ground, they thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool behind some houses farther 30 in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria², and bricklayer's refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity; but it 35 cannot conquer the dead earth beyond: and there, circled and coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half-adozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air 40 above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled only of angels, from the porch of Bethesda³. But that day's work is never given, nor, I suppose, will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters. 45

John Ruskin (1819–1900)

- ²scoria: stony waste matter, or fragments of volcanic rock
- ³*Bethesda*: pool near which, according to Biblical legend, Jesus cured a paralysed man

¹*chalcedony/moss-agate/grenouillette*: semi-precious stones supposed to have healing qualities

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

3 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from Act 1 of *She Would If She Could*, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

A dining room. Enter COURTALL and FREEMAN, and a SERVANT brushing COURTALL.

Courtall: Servant:	So, so, 'tis well. Let the coach be made ready. It shall, sir.	
	[<i>Exit</i> SERVANT.]	5
Courtall: Freeman:	Well, Frank, what is to be done today? Faith, I think we must e'en follow the old trade: eat well, and prepare ourselves with a bottle or two of good Burgundy that our old acquaintance may look lovely in our eyes; for, for aught as I see, there is no hopes of new.	10
Courtall:	Well! This is grown a wicked town. It was otherwise in my memory. A gentleman should not have gone out of his chamber, but some civil officer or other of the game would have been with him, and have given him notice where he might have had a course ¹ or two in the afternoon.	15
Freeman:	Truly a good motherly woman of my acquaintance t'other day, talking of the sins of the times, told me, with tears in her eyes, that there are a company of higling ² rascals, who partly for themselves, but more especially for some secret friends, daily forestall the markets; nay, and that many gentlemen who formerly	20
	had been persons of great worth and honor, are of late, for some private reasons, become their own purveyors, to the utter decay and disencouragement of trade and industry.	25
Courtall:	I know there are some wary merchants who never trust their business to a factor; but for my part, I hate the <i>fatigue</i> , and had rather be bound to back my own colts, and man my own hawks, than endure the impertinencies of bringing a young wench to the lure.	30
	[Enter SERVANT.]	
Servant:	Sir, there is a gentlewoman below desires to speak with you.	35
Courtall: Servant:	Ha, Freeman, this may be some lucky adventure. She asked me if you were alone.	
Courtall:	And did not you say aye?	
Servant:	I told her I would go see.	
Courtall:	Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am. Frank, prithee let me put thee into this closet a while.	40
Freeman:	Why, may not I see her?	
Courtall:	On my life thou shalt have fair play, and go halves, if it be a purchase that may with honor be divided; you may overhear all. But for decency' sake, in, in, man.	45
Freeman:	Well, good fortune attend thee.	

[Enter MRS. SENTRY.]

Courtall:	Mrs. Sentry, this is a happiness beyond my	
Sentry: Courtall: Sentry:	expectation. Your humble servant, sir. I hope your lady's come to town. Sir Oliver, my lady, and the whole family. Well, we have had a sad time in the country; my lady's so glad she's come to enjoy the freedom of this place again,	50
Courtall:	and I dare say longs to have the happiness of your company. Did she send you hither?	55
Sentry:	Oh no. If she should but know that I did such a confident trick, she would think me a good one i'faith. The zeal I have to serve you made me venture to call in my way to the Exchange to tell you the good news, and to let you know our lodgings are in James Street at the Black Posts, where we lay the last summer.	60
Courtall: Sentry: Courtall:	Indeed it is very obligingly done. But I must needs desire you to tell my lady that you came to the knowledge of this by some lucky chance or other, for I would not be discovered for a world. Let me alone, I warrant thee.	65
	[Enter SERVANT.]	
Servant: Sentry:	Sir Oliver Cockwood, sir, is come to wait on you. Oh Heaven! my master! my lady and myself are both undone, undone—	70
Courtall: Sentry: Courtall:	'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was busy? For Heaven's sake, Mr. Courtall, what shall I do? Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the wood- hole ³ here. [<i>She goes into the wood-hole</i> .]	75
	Sir George Etherege (c. 1636–c. 1692)	

¹*course*: hunt ²*higling*: haggling ³*wood-hole*: cupboard for storing firewood

7

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of Cambridge Assessment. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is a department of the University of Cambridge.