

## A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

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Thursday 21 May 2020

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for **Section C**. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7712/1.
- In Section A you will answer **one** question about a Shakespeare play.
- In Section B you will answer the **one** question about unseen poetry.
- In Section C you will answer **one** question about **two** texts: **one** poetry text and **one** prose text, one of which **must** be written pre-1900.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

### Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
- 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.

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## Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either**

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***Othello* – William Shakespeare**

‘Iago does not understand love.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Iago’s attitudes to love in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

**[25 marks]**

**RODERIGO** I will incontinently drown myself.

**IAGO** If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

**RODERIGO** It is silliness to live, when to live is torment: and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

**IAGO** O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

**RODERIGO** What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

**IAGO** Virtue? A fig! ’Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

**RODERIGO** It cannot be.

**IAGO** It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse. Follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should

long continue her love to the Moor – put money in thy purse – nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration – put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills – fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerbic as the coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her – therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

**RODERIGO** Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

**IAGO** Thou art sure of me. Go make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse! Go, provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

**RODERIGO** Where shall we meet i'th'morning?

**IAGO** At my lodging.

**RODERIGO** I'll be with thee betimes.

**IAGO** Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

**RODERIGO** What say you?

**IAGO** No more of drowning, do you hear?

**RODERIGO** I am changed.

**IAGO** Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.

**RODERIGO** I'll sell all my land. *Exit*

**IAGO**

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane  
If I would time expend with such a snipe  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,  
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets  
He's done my office. I know not if't be true  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well:  
The better shall my purpose work on him.

(Act 1 Scene 3)

Turn over ►

or

0 2

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

'The Induction is an essential part of *The Taming of the Shrew*, crucial to understanding important ideas about love in the play.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents ideas about love in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

**[25 marks]****SLY**

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,  
And once again a pot o'th'smallest ale.

**SECOND SERVINGMAN**

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?  
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!  
O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,  
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

**SLY**

These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time?

**FIRST SERVINGMAN**

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words,  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the leet,  
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

**SLY**

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

**THIRD SERVINGMAN**

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,  
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

**SLY**

Now Lord be thankèd for my good amends.

**ALL** Amen.

*Enter Page as a lady, with attendants. One gives Sly  
a pot of ale*

**SLY** I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.**PAGE** How fares my noble lord?**SLY** Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.*He drinks*

Where is my wife?

**PAGE**

Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

**SLY**

Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord', I am your goodman.

**PAGE**

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

**SLY** I know it well. What must I call her?

**LORD** Madam.

**SLY** Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

**LORD**

Madam and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

**SLY**

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

**PAGE**

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

**SLY**

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

*Exeunt Lord and Servingmen*

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

**PAGE**

Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two,

Or, if not so, until the sun be set.

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

**SLY** Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I

would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will there-

fore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter the Lord as a Messenger*

**LORD**

Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

**SLY** Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is not a comonty a

Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

**PAGE**

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

**SLY** What, household stuff?

**PAGE** It is a kind of history.

**SLY** Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side

and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

*They sit*

*A flourish of trumpets to announce the play*

(Induction 2)

Turn over ►

or

0 3

**Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare**

'In *Measure for Measure*, marriage is seen as a punishment and a means of control rather than as a celebration and a reward.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents ideas about marriage in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

**[25 marks]****ESCALUS**

I am sorry one so learned and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood  
And lack of tempered judgement afterward.

**ANGELO**

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.  
*Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio muffled, and Juliet*

**DUKE**

Which is that Barnardine?

**PROVOST** This, my lord.

**DUKE**

There was a friar told me of this man.  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned,  
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come. Friar, advise him:  
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

**PROVOST**

This is another prisoner that I saved,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,  
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

*He unmuffles Claudio*

**DUKE (to Isabella)**

If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Is he pardoned, and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.  
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.  
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;  
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.  
Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.  
I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.  
(*To Lucio*) You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,  
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,

Wherein have I so deserved of you,  
That you extol me thus?

**LUCIO** 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the  
trick. If you will hang me for it, you may. But I had  
rather it would please you I might be whipped.

**DUKE**

Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow –  
As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child – let her appear,  
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,  
Let him be whipped and hanged.

**LUCIO** I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a  
whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a  
duke. Good my lord, do not recompense me in making  
me a cuckold.

**DUKE**

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

**LUCIO** Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,  
whipping, and hanging.

**DUKE**

Slandering a prince deserves it.

*Exeunt Officers with Lucio*

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.  
Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo.  
I have confessed her and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.  
There's more behind that is more grate. . .  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy.  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.  
Th'offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good,  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.  
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

*Exeunt*

(Act 5, Scene 1)

Turn over ►

or

0	4
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**The Winter's Tale – William Shakespeare**

'Hermione is merely a passive victim of Leontes' jealousy.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Hermione in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

**HERMIONE**

You, my lord, best know –  
 Who least will seem to do so – my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devised  
 And played to take spectators. For behold me,  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strained t'appear thus: if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour, or in act or will  
 That way inclining, hardened be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry fie upon my grave!

**LEONTES** I ne'er heard yet  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
 Than to perform it first.

**HERMIONE** That's true enough,  
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

**LEONTES**  
 You will not own it.

**HERMIONE** More than mistress of  
 Which comes to me in name of fault I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
 With whom I am accused, I do confess  
 I loved him as in honour he required:  
 With such a kind of love as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love even such,  
 So and no other, as yourself commanded;  
 Which not to have done I think had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke



Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dished  
For me to try how. All I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

**LEONTES**

You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

**HERMIONE**

Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not.  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

**LEONTES**                   Your actions are my dreams.

You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dreamed it. As you were past all shame –  
Those of your fact are so – so past all truth;  
Which to deny concerns more than avails: for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it – which is indeed  
More criminal in thee than it – so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

**HERMIONE**                   Sir, spare your threats!

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starred most unluckily, is from my breast –  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth –  
Haled out to murder. Myself on every post  
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred  
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i'th'open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive  
That I should fear to die. Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this – mistake me not: no life,  
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,  
Which I would free – if I shall be condemned  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!

(Act 3, Scene 2)

Turn over ►



But then finally  
    she too lay down flat  
                    and just lay there looking up  
                                    at nothing  
    yet fingering the old flute  
                                    which nobody played  
    and finally looking over  
                    at him  
without any particular expression  
                    except a certain awful look  
    of terrible depression

Lawrence Ferlinghetti (b. 1919)

**Glossary:**

<sup>1</sup>In American English 'suspenders' are elasticated braces to support trousers

**Turn over for the next poem**

**Turn over ►**

**Strawberries**

There were never strawberries  
like the ones we had  
that sultry afternoon  
sitting on the step  
of the open french window  
facing each other  
your knees held in mine  
the blue plates in our laps  
the strawberries glistening  
in the hot sunlight  
we dipped them in sugar  
looking at each other  
not hurrying the feast  
for one to come  
the empty plates  
laid on the stone together  
with the two forks crossed  
and I bent towards you  
sweet in that air  
in my arms  
abandoned like a child  
from your eager mouth  
the taste of strawberries  
in my memory  
lean back again  
let me love you

let the sun beat  
on our forgetfulness  
one hour of all  
the heat intense  
and summer lightning  
on the Kilpatrick hills

let the storm wash the plates

Edwin Morgan (1920–2010)

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**Section C: Comparing Texts**

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either**

0	6
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'In the literature of love, separation intensifies feelings of love.'

In the light of this view compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present the effects of separation.

You must write about **at least two** poems in your answer **as well as** the prose text you have studied.

**[25 marks]**

**or**

0	7
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'Pain is part of love.'

In the light of this view compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present the pains of love.

You must write about **at least two** poems in your answer **as well as** the prose text you have studied.

**[25 marks]**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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