

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and Other pre-20th Century Authors

May/June 2005

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This document consists of **19** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Although the title of the play is *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is Antony's situation which most engages our interest.' How far does your reading of the play lead you to support this view?
- Or** (b) Giving close attention to the language, tone and action of the following passage, show how it contributes to your understanding of Cleopatra and her women.

[Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c]

Cleopatra: Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear 5
Antony call. I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
Now to that name my courage prove my title! 10
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewell. 15
[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 20
It is not worth leave-taking.

Charmian: Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleopatra: This proves me base. 25
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool, 30
Be angry, and dispatch. O couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!

Charmian: O Eastern star!

Cleopatra: Peace, peace! 35
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Charmian: O, break! O, break!

Cleopatra: As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle –

	O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:	40
	<i>[Applying another asp to her arm]</i>	
	What should I stay –	<i>[Dies]</i>
<i>Charmian:</i>	In this vile world? So, fare thee well.	
	Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies	
	A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;	45
	And golden Phoebus never be beheld	
	Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;	
	I'll mend it, and then play –	
	<i>[Enter the Guard, rushing in]</i>	
<i>1 Guard:</i>	Where's the Queen?	50
<i>Charmian:</i>	Speak softly, wake her not.	
<i>1 Guard:</i>	Caesar hath sent –	
<i>Charmian:</i>	Too slow a messenger.	
	<i>[Applies an asp]</i>	
	O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.	55
<i>1 Guard:</i>	Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.	
<i>2 Guard:</i>	There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.	
<i>1 Guard:</i>	What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?	
<i>Charmian:</i>	It is well done, and fitting for a princess	
	Descended of so many royal kings.	60
	Ah, soldier!	<i>[Charmian dies]</i>

Act 5 Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

2 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways can *Much Ado About Nothing* be called a comedy, in your view?

Or (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds?

Don Pedro: By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.
Claudio: If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Benedick: Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claudio: God bless me from a challenge!
Benedick: [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 5

Claudio: Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
Don Pedro: What, a feast? a feast? 10
Claudio: I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Benedick: Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
Don Pedro: I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy. 15

Claudio: For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not. 25
Don Pedro: Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him dearly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claudio: All, all; and, moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden'.
Don Pedro: But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head? 30

Claudio: Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'.
Benedick: Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit Benedick] 35

Don Pedro: He is in earnest.
Claudio: In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice. 40
Don Pedro: And hath challeng'd thee?
Claudio: Most sincerely.
Don Pedro: What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!
Claudio: He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man. 45

Don Pedro: But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

Act 5 Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 Either (a)** 'It is his kindness and good sense that separate him from the other men in the novel.' Discuss the role and characterisation of Mr Knightley in the light of this comment.
- Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following passage from *Emma*, relating it to Austen's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

Presently Mr. Knightley looked back, and came and sat down by her. They talked at first only of the performance. His admiration was certainly very warm; yet she thought, but for Mrs. Weston, it would not have struck her. As a sort of touchstone, however, she began to speak of his kindness in conveying the aunt and niece; and though his answer was in the spirit of cutting the matter short, she believed it to indicate only his disinclination to dwell on any kindness of his own. 5

'I often feel concerned,' said she, 'that I dare not make *our* carriage more useful on such occasions. It is not that I am without the wish; but you know how impossible my father would deem it that James should put-to for such a purpose.'

'Quite out of the question, quite out of the question,' he replied; 'but you must often wish it, I am sure.' And he smiled with such seeming pleasure at the conviction, that she must proceed another step. 10

'This present from the Campbells,' said she – 'This pianoforté is very kindly given.'

'Yes,' he replied, and without the smallest apparent embarrassment. 'But they would have done better had they given her notice of it. Surprises are foolish things. The pleasure is not enhanced, and the inconvenience is often considerable. I should have expected better judgment in Colonel Campbell.' 15

From that moment, Emma could have taken her oath that Mr. Knightley had had no concern in giving the instrument. But whether he were entirely free from peculiar attachment – whether there were no actual preference – remained a little longer doubtful. Towards the end of Jane's second song, her voice grew thick. 20

'That will do,' said he, when it was finished, thinking aloud – 'You have sung quite enough for one evening; now, be quiet.'

Another song, however, was soon begged for. 'One more; they would not fatigue Miss Fairfax on any account, and would only ask for one more.' And Frank Churchill was heard to say, 'I think you could manage this without effort; the first part is so very trifling. The strength of the song falls on the second.' 25

Mr. Knightley grew angry.

'That fellow,' said he, indignantly, 'thinks of nothing but showing off his own voice. This must not be.' And touching Miss Bates, who at that moment passed near – 'Miss Bates, are you mad, to let your niece sing herself hoarse in this manner? Go, and interfere. They have no mercy on her.' 30

Miss Bates, in her real anxiety for Jane, could hardly stay even to be grateful, before she stepped forward and put an end to all further singing. Here ceased the concert part of the evening, for Miss Woodhouse and Miss Fairfax were the only young lady performers; but soon (within five minutes) the proposal of dancing – originating nobody exactly knew where – was so effectually promoted by Mr. and Mrs. Cole, that every thing was rapidly clearing away, to give proper space. Mrs. Weston, capital in her country-dances, was seated, and beginning an irresistible 35 40

waltz; and Frank Churchill, coming up with most becoming gallantry to Emma, had secured her hand, and led her up to the top.

While waiting till the other young people could pair themselves off, Emma found time, in spite of the compliments she was receiving on her voice and her taste, to look about, and see what became of Mr. Knightley. This would be a trial. He was no dancer in general. If he were to be very alert in engaging Jane Fairfax now, it might augur something. There was no immediate appearance. No; he was talking to Mrs. Cole – he was looking on unconcerned; Jane was asked by somebody else, and he was still talking to Mrs. Cole. 45

Emma had no longer an alarm for Henry; his interest was yet safe; and she led off the dance with genuine spirit and enjoyment. Not more than five couple could be mustered; but the rarity and the suddenness of it made it very delightful, and she found herself well matched in a partner. They were a couple worth looking at. 50

Two dances, unfortunately, were all that could be allowed. It was growing late, and Miss Bates became anxious to get home, on her mother's account. After some attempts, therefore, to be permitted to begin again, they were obliged to thank Mrs. Weston, look sorrowful, and have done. 55

'Perhaps it is as well,' said Frank Churchill, as he attended Emma to her carriage. 'I must have asked Miss Fairfax, and her languid dancing would not have agreed with me, after yours.' 60

Chapter 26

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Chaucer's presentation of the relationships between men and women in *The Knight's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on how effective you find it as an opening to *The Knight's Tale*.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
 Ther was a duc that highte Theseus;
 Of Atthenes he was lord and governour,
 And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
 That gretter was ther noon under the sonne. 5
 Ful many a riche contree hadde he wonne;
 What with his wysdom and his chivalrie,
 He conquered al the regne of Femenye,
 That whilom was ycleped Scithia,
 And weddede the queen Ypolita, 10
 And broghte hire hoom with hym in his contree
 With muchel glorie and greet solempnytee,
 And eek hir yonge suster Emelye.
 And thus with victorie and with melodye
 Lete I this noble duc to Atthenes ryde, 15
 And al his hoost in armes hym bisyde.
 And certes, if it nere to long to heere,
 I wolde have toold yow fully the manere
 How wonnen was the regne of Femenye
 By Theseus and by his chivalrye; 20
 And of the grete bataille for the nones
 Bitwixen Atthenes and Amazones;
 And how asseged was Ypolita,
 The faire, hardy queene of Scithia;
 And of the feste that was at hir weddyng, 25
 And of the tempest at hir hoom-comyng;
 But al that thyng I moot as now forbere.
 I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere,
 And wayke been the oxen in my plough.
 The remenant of my tale is long ynough. 30
 I wol nat letten eek noon of this route;
 Lat every felawe telle his tale aboute,
 And lat se now who shal the soper wynne;
 And ther I lefte, I wol ageyn bigynne. 35
 This duc, of whom I make mencion,
 Whan he was come almoost unto the toun,
 In al his wele and in his mooste pride,
 He was war, as he caste his eye aside,
 Where that ther kneled in the heighe weye 40
 A compaignye of ladyes, tweye and tweye,
 Ech after oother, clad in clothes blake;
 But swich a cry and swich a wo they make
 That in this world nys creature lyvyng
 That herde swich another waymentyng;
 And of this cry they nolde nevere stenten 45
 Til they the reynes of his brydel henten.
 'What folk been ye, that at myn homcomyng

Perturben so my feste with crynge?
Quod Theseus. 'Have ye so greet envye
Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and crye?
Or who hath yow mysboden or offended?
Do telleth me if it may be amended,
And why that ye been clothed thus in blak.'

50

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Children have to fight for life against adults who show almost no tenderness, love or mercy.' Discuss this view with reference to adult and child relationships in *Wuthering Heights*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on what it reveals about the relationship between Cathy and Heathcliff at this point in the novel.

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly. She motioned me to admit him, but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say; but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face. The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there; she was fated, sure to die.

"O Cathy! O my life! how can I bear it?" was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair. And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish – they did not melt.

"What now?" said Catherine, leaning back and returning his look with a suddenly clouded brow. Her humour was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. "You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to bewail the deed to me, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me – and thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?"

Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace her. He attempted to rise, but she seized his hair and kept him down.

"I wish I could hold you," she continued bitterly, "till we were both dead! I shouldn't care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me? Will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, 'That's the grave of Catherine Earnshaw. I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I've loved many others since. My children are dearer to me than she was, and at death I shall not rejoice that I am going to her; I shall be sorry that I must leave them.' Will you say so, Heathcliff?"

"Don't torture me till I'm as mad as yourself," cried he, wrenching his head free and grinding his teeth.

The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture. Well might Catherine deem that heaven would be a land of exile to her, unless with her mortal body she cast away her moral character also. Her present countenance had a wild vindictiveness in its white cheek, and a bloodless lip and a scintillating eye, and she retained in her closed fingers a portion of the locks she had been grasping. As to her companion, while raising himself with one hand, he had taken her arm with the other, and so inadequate was his stock of gentleness to the requirements of her condition that on his letting go I saw four distinct impressions left blue in the colourless skin.

"Are you possessed with a devil," he pursued savagely, "to talk in that manner to me when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded in my memory, and eating deeper eternally after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you; and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness that, while you are at peace, I shall writhe in the torments of hell?"

"I shall not be at peace," moaned Catherine, recalled to a sense of physical weakness by the violent, unequal throbbing of her heart, which beat visibly and audibly under this excess of agitation. She said nothing further till the paroxysm was over, then she continued more kindly, –

50

"I'm not wishing you greater torment than I have, Heathcliff. I only wish us never to be parted; and should a word of mine distress you hereafter, think I feel the same distress underground, and for my own sake forgive me!"

Volume 2, Chapter 1

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 6 **Either** (a) By reference to **two or three** poems from your selection, discuss Christina Rossetti's use of nature and natural imagery in her poetry.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating its methods and concerns to those of other poems in your selection.

'At Home'

When I was dead, my spirit turned
 To seek the much-frequented house:
 I passed the door, and saw my friends
 Feasting beneath the green orange boughs;
 From hand to hand they pushed the wine, 5
 They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
 They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
 For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:
 Said one: 'To-morrow we shall be 10
 Plod plod along the featureless sands
 And coasting miles and miles of sea.'
 Said one: 'Before the turn of tide
 We will achieve the eyrie-seat.'
 Said one: 'To-morrow shall be like 15
 To-day, but much more sweet.'

'To-morrow,' said they, strong with hope,
 And dwelt upon the pleasant way:
 'To-morrow,' cried they one and all,
 While no one spoke of yesterday. 20
 Their life stood full at blessed noon;
 I, only I, had passed away:
 'To-morrow and today,' they cried;
 I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast 25
 No chill across the tablecloth,
 I all-forgotten shivered, sad
 To stay and yet to part how loth:
 I passed from the familiar room,
 I who from love had passed away, 30
 Like the remembrance of a guest
 That tarrieth but a day.

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

- 7 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that a strong sense of actual and often very ordinary situations is conveyed in Donne's poems?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it where appropriate to other poems in your selection.

Song

Sweetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye. 5

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
 And yet is here to day, 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor halfe so short a way:
 Then feare not mee,
 But beleeve that I shall make
 Speedier journeyes, since I take 15
 More wings and spurrs than hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot adde another houre,
 Nor a lost houre recall! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And wee joyne to it our strength,
 And wee teach it art and length,
 It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde, 25
 But sigh'st my soule away,
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde,
 My lifes blood doth decay.
 It cannot bee
 That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st, 30
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethinke me any ill,
 Destiny may take thy part, 35
 And may thy feares fulfill;
 But thinke that wee
 Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
 They who one another keepe
 Alive, ne'r parted bee. 40

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Eliot draws a bleak picture of marriages in the novel *Middlemarch*.' How far do you agree with this comment?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying close attention to the language and tone, and relating it to Eliot's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

The small bequests came first, and even the recollection that there was another will and that poor Peter might have thought better of it, could not quell the rising disgust and indignation. One likes to be done well by in every tense, past, present, and future. And here was Peter capable five years ago of leaving only two hundred apiece to his own brothers and sisters, and only a hundred apiece to his own nephews and nieces: the Garths were not mentioned, but Mrs. Vincy and Rosamond were each to have a hundred. Mr. Trumbull was to have the gold-headed cane and fifty pounds; the other second cousins and the cousins present were each to have the like handsome sum, which, as the saturnine cousin observed, was a sort of legacy that left a man nowhere; and there was much more of such offensive dribbling in favor of persons not present – problematical, and, it was to be feared, low connections. 5

Altogether, reckoning hastily, here were about three thousand disposed of. Where then had Peter meant the rest of the money to go – and where the land? and what was revoked and what not revoked – and was the revocation for better or for worse? All emotion must be conditional, and might turn out to be the wrong thing. The men were strong enough to bear up and keep quiet under this confused suspense; some letting their lower lip fall, others pursing it up, according to the habit of their muscles. But Jane and Martha sank under the rush of questions, and began to cry; poor Mrs. Cranch being half moved with the consolation of getting any hundreds at all without working for them, and half aware that her share was scanty; whereas Mrs. Waule's mind was entirely flooded with the sense of being an own sister and getting little, while somebody else was to have much. The general expectation now was that the "much" would fall to Fred Vincy, but the Vincys themselves were surprised when ten thousand pounds in specified investments were declared to be bequeathed to him: – was the land coming too? Fred bit his lips: it was difficult to help smiling, and Mrs. Vincy felt herself the happiest of women – possible revocation shrinking out of sight in this dazzling vision. 10 15 20 25

There was still a residue of personal property as well as the land, but the whole was left to one person, and that person was – O possibilities! O expectations founded on the favor of "close" old gentlemen! O endless vocatives that would still leave expression slipping helpless from the measurement of mortal folly! – that residuary legatee was Joshua Rigg, who was also sole executor, and who was to take thenceforth the name of Featherstone. 30

There was a rustling which seemed like a shudder running round the room. Every one stared afresh at Mr. Rigg, who apparently experienced no surprise. 35

"A most singular testamentary disposition!" exclaimed Mr. Trumbull, preferring for once that he should be considered ignorant in the past. "But there is a second will – there is a further document. We have not yet heard the final wishes of the deceased." 40

Mary Garth was feeling that what they had yet to hear were not the final wishes. The second will revoked everything except the legacies to the low persons before mentioned (some alterations in these being the occasion of the codicil), and the bequest of all the land lying in Lowick parish with all the stock and household furniture, to Joshua Rigg. The residue of the property was to be devoted to the erection and endowment of almshouses for old men, to be called Featherstone's 45

Alms-Houses, and to be built on a piece of land near Middlemarch already bought for the purpose by the testator, he wishing – so the document declared – to please God Almighty. Nobody present had a farthing; but Mr. Trumbull had the gold-headed cane. It took some time for the company to recover the power of expression. Mary 50
dared not look at Fred.

Chapter 35

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the uses and effects of supernatural elements in Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines, commenting in particular on how effective they are as an opening to the poem.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing – This verse to *Caryll*, muse! is due:
 This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
 Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A wellbred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
 In tasks so bold can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
 Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
 Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
 A youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught – 30
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flowers;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,

And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, tho' she plays no more, oer'looks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
And love of Ombre, after death survive.

BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

10 Either (a) 'The final impression of the play is of an immense activity, of things changing and being changed.' Discuss your own view of the play in the light of this comment.

Or (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following sequence unfolds?

<i>Face:</i>	What mean you, sir?	
<i>Neighbours 1, 2, 4:</i>	O, here's Jeremy!	
<i>Face:</i>	Good sir, come from the door.	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Why! What's the matter?	
<i>Face:</i>	Yet farther, you are too near, yet.	5
<i>Lovewit:</i>	I'the name of wonder!	
	What means the fellow?	
<i>Face:</i>	The house, sir, has been visited.	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	What? With the plague? Stand thou then farther.	
<i>Face:</i>	No, sir,	10
	I had it not.	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Who had it then? I left	
	None else, but thee, i'the house!	
<i>Face:</i>	Yes, sir, my fellow,	
	The cat, that kept the buttery, had it on her	15
	A week, before I spied it: but I got her	
	Conveyed away, i'the night. And so I shut	
	The house up for a month –	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	How!	
<i>Face:</i>	Purposing then, sir,	20
	T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,	
	And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it:	
	Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Breathe less, and farther off. Why, this is stranger!	
	The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors	25
	Have still been open –	
<i>Face:</i>	How, sir!	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Gallants, men, and women,	
	And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here	
	In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,	30
	In days of Pimlico, and Eye-bright!	
<i>Face:</i>	Sir,	
	Their wisdoms will not say so!	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Today they speak	
	Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French hood	35
	Went in, they tell me: and another was seen	
	In a velvet gown, at the window! Divers more	
	Pass in and out!	
<i>Face:</i>	They did pass through the doors then,	
	Or walls, I assure their eyesights, and their spectacles;	40
	For here, sir, are the keys: and here have been,	
	In this my pocket, now, above twenty days!	
	And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.	
	But, that 'tis yet not deep i'the afternoon,	
	I should believe my neighbours had seen double	45
	Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!	
	For, on my faith, to your worship, for these three weeks,	
	And upwards, the door has not been opened.	

<i>Lovewit:</i>		Strange!	
<i>Neighbour 1:</i>	Good faith, I think I saw a coach!		50
<i>Neighbour 2:</i>		And I too,	
	I'd ha' been sworn!		
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Do you but think it now?		
	And but one coach?		
<i>Neighbour 4:</i>	We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy		55
	Is a very honest fellow.		
<i>Face:</i>	Did you see me at all?		
<i>Neighbour 1:</i>	No. That we are sure on.		
<i>Neighbour 2:</i>	I'll be sworn o' that.		
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Fine rogues, to have your testimonies built on!		60
	[<i>Enter Neighbour 3 with his tools</i>]		
<i>Neighbour 3:</i>	Is Jeremy come?		
<i>Neighbour 1:</i>	O, yes, you may leave your tools,		
	We were deceived, he says.		
<i>Neighbour 2:</i>	He has had the keys:		65
	And the door has been shut these three weeks.		
<i>Neighbour 3:</i>		Like enough.	
<i>Lovewit:</i>	Peace, and get hence, you changelings.		
	[<i>Enter Surly and Mammon</i>]		
<i>Face:</i>	Surly come!		70
	And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all.		
	(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?)		
	Nothing's more wretched, than a guilty conscience.		

Act 5 Scene 2

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