



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate  
Principal Subject

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9765/03**

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

**May/June 2010**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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



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This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



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

**All questions carry equal marks.**

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

- 1 Compare and contrast the following poems, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

- A** Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part, –  
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;  
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;  
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows, 5  
 And when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows  
 That we one jot of former love retain.  
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies, 10  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes, –  
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

*Michael Drayton (1563–1631)*

- B** Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.  
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow, 5  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite, 10  
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

*William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

- 2 The following passage is from an autobiography describing events in 1830. Write a critical appreciation of it, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

We were introduced to the little engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty for fifteen miles, – the whole machine not bigger than a common fire-engine. She goes upon two wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons; these are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip-joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels; and when it is desirable to diminish the speed, the steam, which unless suffered to escape would burst the boiler, evaporates through a safety-valve into the air. The reins, bit, and bridle of this wonderful beast is a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench, and there was a small glass tube affixed to the boiler, with water in it, which indicates by its fulness or emptiness when the creature wants water, which is immediately conveyed to it from its reservoirs. There is a chimney to the stove, but as they burn coke there is none of the dreadful black smoke which accompanies the progress of a steam vessel. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage, and, Mr. Stephenson having taken me on the bench of the engine with him, we started at about ten miles an hour. The steam-horse being ill adapted for going up and down hill, the road was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. Almost at starting it was cut through the solid rock, which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high. You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls, which are already clothed with moss and ferns and grasses; and when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage thus far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like pigmies standing in the sky. I must be more concise, though, or I shall want room. We were to go only fifteen miles, that distance being sufficient to show the speed of the engine, and to take us on to the most beautiful and wonderful object on the road. After proceeding through this rocky defile, we presently found ourselves raised up on embankments ten or twelve feet high; we then came to a moss, or swamp, of considerable extent, on which no human foot could tread without sinking, and yet it bore the road which bore us. This had been the great stumbling-block in the minds of the committee of the House of Commons; but Mr. Stephenson has succeeded in overcoming it. A foundation of hurdles, or, as he called it, basket-work, was thrown over the morass, and the interstices were filled with moss and other elastic matter. Upon this the clay and soil were laid down, and the road *does* float, for we passed over it at the rate of five and twenty miles an hour, and saw the stagnant swamp water trembling on the surface of the soil on either side of us. I hope you understand me. The embankment had gradually been rising higher and higher, and in one place, where the soil was not settled enough to form banks, Stephenson had constructed artificial ones of wood-work, over which the mounds of earth were heaped, for he said that though the wood-work would rot, before it did so the banks of earth which covered it would have been sufficiently consolidated to support the road.

*Frances Ann Kemble (1809–1893)*

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, which is the opening of *27 Wagons Full of Cotton* (1945) by Tennessee Williams, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

*Scene: The front porch of the Meighans' cottage near Blue Mountain,*

*Flora. Tell me what?*

*Jake. I ain't been off th' po'ch.*







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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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