



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 2012**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

**All questions in this paper carry equal marks.**



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This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** 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 Write a critical comparison of the following passage and poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

**A**

*Female Orations III*

Ladies, gentlewomen, and other inferior women: The former orations were exclamations against men, repining at their condition and mourning for our own; but we have no reason to speak against men, who are our admirers and lovers; they are our protectors, defenders, and maintainers; they admire our beauties, and love our persons; they protect us from injuries, defend us from dangers, are industrious for our subsistence, and provide for our children; they swim great voyages by sea, travel long journeys by land, to get us rarities and curiosities; they dig to the center of the earth for gold for us; they dive to the bottom of the sea for jewels for us: they build to the skies houses for us: they hunt, fowl, fish, plant, and reap for food for us. All which, we could not do ourselves; and yet we complain of men, as if they were our enemies, whenas<sup>1</sup> we could not possibly live without them, which shows we are as ungrateful as inconstant. But we have more reason to murmur against Nature, than against men, who hath made men more ingenious, witty,<sup>2</sup> and wise than women; more strong, industrious, and laborious than women; for women are witless and strengthless, and unprofitable creatures, did they not bear children.

Wherefore, let us love men, praise men, and pray for men; for without men, we should be the most miserable creatures that Nature hath made or could make.

<sup>1</sup> while on the other hand

<sup>2</sup> intelligent

*Margaret Cavendish (1623–1673)*

B

*To the Ladies*

Wife and servant are the same,  
 But only differ in the name:  
 For when that fatal knot is tied,  
 Which nothing, nothing can divide:  
 When she the word *obey* has said, 5  
 And man by law supreme has made,  
 Then all that's kind is laid aside,  
 And nothing left but state<sup>1</sup> and pride:  
 Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,  
 And all his innate rigor shows: 10  
 Then but to look, to laugh, or speak,  
 Will the nuptial contract break.  
 Like mutes she signs alone must make,  
 And never any freedom take:  
 But still be governed by a nod, 15  
 And fear her husband as her God:  
 Him still must serve, him still obey,  
 And nothing act, and nothing say,  
 But what her haughty lord thinks fit,  
 Who with the power, has all the wit.<sup>2</sup> 20  
 Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,  
 And all the fawning flatt'ers hate:  
 Value your selves, and men despise,  
 You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

<sup>1</sup> pomp

<sup>2</sup> intelligence

*Lady Mary Chudleigh (1656–1710)*

- 2 Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's use of language, style and form.

*The Writer*

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

*Richard Wilbur* (born 1921)

**Turn over for Question 3**

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from Act I of *Black-Ey'd Susan* (1829) by Douglas Jerrold, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

SCENE III. *Dame Hatley's Cottage; door in flat (practical), and a lattice window in L. flat; another door, R. 2 E.*

SUSAN *is heard without, singing a verse of 'Black-Ey'd Susan'.*

*Enter SUSAN, R.*

5

*Susan:* Twelve long tedious months have passed, and no tidings of William. Shame upon the unkind hearts that parted us—that sent my dear husband to dare the perils of the ocean, and made me a pining, miserable creature. Oh! the pangs, the dreadful pangs that tear the sailor's wife, as wakeful on her tear-wet pillow, she lists and trembles at the roaring sea. 10

*Enter GNATBRAIN, at the cottage door in flat.*

*Gnatbrain:* There she is, like a caged nightingale, singing her heart out against her prison bars—for this cottage is little better than a gaol to her. Susan! 15

*Susan:* Gnatbrain!

*Gnatbrain:* In faith, Susan, if sorrow makes such sweet music, may I never turn skylark, but always remain a goose.

*Susan:* Have you seen my uncle?

*Gnatbrain:* Oh, yes! 20

*Susan:* Will he show any kindness?

*Gnatbrain:* I cannot tell. You have flowers from an aloe tree if you wait a hundred years.

*Susan:* He has threatened to distress the good dame.

*Gnatbrain:* Ay, for the rent. Oh, Susan, I would I were your landlord. I should think myself well paid if you would allow me every quarter-day to put my ear to the key-hole, and listen to one of your prettiest ditties. Why, for such payment, were I your landlord, I'd find you in board, washing, and lodging, and the use of a gig on Sundays. I wish I—— But, la! what's the use of my wishing? I'm nobody but half gardener, half waterman—a kind of alligator, that gets his breakfast from the shore, and his dinner from the sea—a—— 25 30

*[DOGGRASS passes window, L. to R.]*

*Susan:* Oh! begone! I see Mr. Doggrass; if he find you here—— 35

*Gnatbrain:* He must not; here's a cupboard—I'm afraid there's plenty of room in it.

*Susan:* No, no, I would not for the world—there is no occasion—meet him.

*Gnatbrain:* Not I, for quiet's sake. We never meet but, like gunpowder and fire, there is an explosion. This will do. *[Goes into closet, R. 2 E.]* 40

*Enter DOGGRASS, door in flat.*

*Doggrass:* Now, Susan, you know my business—I say, you know my business. I come for money. 45

*Susan:* I have none, sir.

*Doggrass:* A pretty answer, truly. Are people to let their houses to beggars?

- Susan:* Beggars! Sir, I am your brother's orphan child.
- Doggrass:* I am sorry for it. I wish he were alive to pay for you. And where is your husband? 50
- Susan:* Do you ask where he is? I am poor, sir—poor and unprotected; do not, as you have children of your own, do not insult me. [Weeps.]
- Doggrass:* Ay, this is to let houses to women; if the tax-gatherers were to be paid with crying, why nobody would roar more lustily than myself; let a man ask for his rent, and you pull out your pocket handkerchief. Where's Dame Hatley? 55
- Susan:* In the next room—ill, very ill.
- Doggrass:* An excuse to avoid me; she shall not. [Going, R.] 60
- Susan:* You will not enter.
- Doggrass:* Who shall stop me?
- Susan:* If heaven give me power, !! Uncle, the old woman is sick—I fear dangerously. Her spirit, weakened by late misfortune, flickers like a dying light—your sudden appearance might make all dark. Uncle—landlord! would you have murder on your soul? 65
- Doggrass:* Murder?
- Susan:* Yes; though such may not be the common word, hearts are daily crushed, spirits broken—whilst he who slays, destroys in safety. 70
- Doggrass:* Can Dame Hatley pay me the money?
- Susan:* No.
- Doggrass:* Then she shall go to prison.
- Susan:* She will die there. 75
- Doggrass:* Well?
- Susan:* Would you make the old woman close her eyes in a gaol?
- Doggrass:* I have no time to hear sentiment. Mrs. Hatley has no money—you have none. Well, though she doesn't merit lenity of me, I'll not be harsh with her. 80
- Susan:* I thought you could not.
- Doggrass:* I'll just take whatever may be in the house, and put up with the rest of the loss.
- Enter DOLLY MAYFLOWER, door in flat.*
- Dolly:* So, Mr. Doggrass, this is how you behave to unfortunate folks—coming and selling them up, and turning them out. Is this your feeling for the poor? 85
- Doggrass:* Feeling! I pay the rates. What business have you here? Go to your spinning.
- Dolly:* Spinning! If it were to spin a certain wicked old man a halter, I'd never work faster. Ugh! I always thought you very ugly, but now you look hideous. 90
- Susan:* Peace, good Dolly.
- Dolly:* Peace! oh, you are too quiet—too gentle. Take example by me: I only wish he'd come to sell me up, that's all. [DOGGRASS goes to door.] Oh, I know who you are looking after—your man, Jacob Twig; he hops after you on your dirty work, like a tom-tit after a jackdaw—I saw him leering in at the door. I wish my dear Gnatbrain was here. Oh, Susan, I wish he was here; he's one of the best, most constant of lovers—he'd befriend you for my sake. 95 100

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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