

A 3—I

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Education

Summer Examination, 1965

Advanced Level

ENGLISH LITERATURE, PAPER I

Monday, 14 June. Time allowed: 3 hours

Write the number of the paper, A 3—I, on the left at the head of each sheet of your answers in the space provided.

Answer, in Section A, Question 1 and two other questions; and, in Section B, Question 5 and two other questions.

SECTION A

Answer Question 1 and two other questions in this section

1. Give a full and clear rendering of **one** of the following extracts, giving the context and adding brief explanatory notes where necessary :

(a) While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
5 Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
10 Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
15 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.

(b) Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
5 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
10 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

2. Show a full comprehension of **one** of the following extracts; either by rendering it into clear modern English (with brief notes, where necessary), or by detailed comment :

✓ (a) Eterne God, that thurgh thy purveiaunce
 Ledest the world by certein governaunce,
 In ydel, as men seyn, ye nothyng make.
 But, Lord, thise grisly feendly rokkes blake,
 5 That semen rather a foul confusioun
 Of werk than any fair creacioun
 Of swich a parfit wys God and a stable,
 Why han ye wroght this werk unresonable ?
 For by this werk, south, north, ne west, ne eest,
 10 Ther nys yfostred man, ne bryd, ne beest ;
 It dooth no good, to my wit, but anoyeth.
 Se ye nat, Lord, how mankynde it destroyeth ?
 An hundred thousand bodyes of mankynde
 Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in mynde,
 15 Which mankynde is so fair part of thy werk
 That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene merk.

(b) This subtil clerk swich routhe had of this man
 That nyght and day he spedde hym that he kan
 To wayten a tyme of his conclusioun ;
 This is to seye, to maken illusioun
 5 By swich a (n) apparence of jogelrye—
 I ne kan no termes of astrologye—
 That she and every wight sholde wene & seye
 That of Britaigne the rokkes were aweye,
 Or ellis they were sonken under grounde.
 10 So atte laste he hath his tyme yfounde
 To maken hise japes and his wrecchednesse
 Of swich a superstitious cursednesse.
 Hise tables Tolletanes forth he brought,
 Ful wel corrected.

3. Choose **one** of the following passages, and (i) give the meaning of the italicised words and phrases; (ii) say **briefly** what you find most noteworthy in its style and thought. (*The context is not required.*)

- ✓ (a) So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
 ' *Sagacious of his Quarrey* from so farr.
 Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
 5 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
 Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
 Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
 Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 10 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive
 Mountains of Ice, that stop *th' imagin'd way*
Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
 15 Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace *petrific*, cold and dry,
 As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As Delos floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with *Gorgonian rigor* not to move,
 20 And with Asphaltic slime.

- (b) Long were to tell
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
 Voyag'd th' *unreal*, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 5 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toild out my *uncouth* passage, forc't to ride
 Th' untractable Abyse, plung'd in the womb
 Of *unoriginal Night* and Chaos wilde,
 10 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found
 The new created World, which *fame* in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
 15 Of absolute perfection, therein Man
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
 20 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World.

4. Write a critical appreciation of **one** of the following passages, dealing with the more notable features of matter, outlook and style:

(a) To-morrow came, and, as sure as fate, Mr. Joseph Sedley made his appearance before luncheon. He had never been known before to confer such an honour on Russell Square. George Osborne was somehow there already (sadly
5 'putting out' Amelia, who was writing to her twelve dearest friends at Chiswick Mall), and Rebecca was employed upon her yesterday's work. As Joe's buggy drove up, and while, after his usual thundering knock and pompous bustle at the door, the ex-Collector of Boggley Wollah laboured upstairs
10 to the drawing-room, knowing glances were telegraphed between Osborne and Miss Sedley, and the pair, smiling archly, looked at Rebecca, who actually blushed as she bent her fair ringlets over her knitting. How her heart beat as Joseph appeared—Joseph, puffing from the staircase in
15 shining creaking boots,—Joseph, in a new waistcoat, red with heat and nervousness, and blushing behind his wadded neckcloth. It was a nervous moment for all; and as for Amelia, I think she was more frightened than even the people most concerned.

20 Sambo, who flung open the door and announced Mr. Joseph, followed grinning, in the Collector's rear, and bearing two handsome nosegays of flowers, which the monster had actually had the gallantry to purchase in Covent Garden Market that morning,—they were not as big as the haystacks
25 which ladies carry about with them now-a-days, in cones of filagree paper; but the young women were delighted with the gift, as Joseph presented one to each, with an exceedingly solemn bow.

'Bravo, Jos!' cried Osborne.

30 'Thank you, dear Joseph,' said Amelia, quite ready to kiss her brother, if he were so minded. (And I think for a kiss from such a dear creature as Amelia, I would purchase all Mr. Lee's conservatories out of hand.)

35 'Oh heavenly, heavenly flowers!' exclaimed Miss Sharp, and smelt them delicately, and held them to her bosom, and cast up her eyes to the ceiling, in an ecstasy of admiration. Perhaps she just looked first into the bouquet, to see

whether there was a *billet-doux* hidden among the flowers; but there was no letter.

40 'Do they talk the language of flowers at Boggley Wollah, Sedley?' asked Osborne, laughing.

'Pooh, nonsense!' replied the sentimental youth. 'Bought 'em at Nathan's; very glad you like 'em; and eh, Amelia, my dear, I bought a pine-apple at the same time, which I gave
45 to Sambo. Let's have it for tiffin; very cool and nice this hot weather.' Rebecca said she had never tasted a pine, and longed beyond everything to taste one.

(b) Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sate. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and
5 all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid
10 smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. 'What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?' he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to
15 grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. 'I am innocent, Rawdon,' she said; 'before God, I am innocent.' She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings,
20 and baubles. 'I am innocent.—Say I am innocent,' she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. 'You innocent! Damn you,' he screamed out. 'You innocent! Why, every
25 trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done
30 others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;' and Lord Steyne

seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley springing out, seized him by the neckcloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. 'You lie, you dog!' said Rawdon. 'You lie, you coward and villain!' And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

SECTION B

Answer Question 5 and two other questions in this section

5. Either, (a) 'The total and final impression produced by *King Lear* is that of profound pessimism.' Do you agree?

Or, (b) Consider the value of the double plot in *King Lear*.

6. Either, (a) 'Chaucer makes little attempt at characterisation in *The Franklin's Tale*: he is more interested in a theme.' Discuss.

Or, (b) What does *The Franklin's Tale* gain by being told in verse?

7. Either, (a) 'A profoundly tragic Book': does this agree with your impression of Book X of *Paradise Lost*?

Or, (b) 'No other book of *Paradise Lost* has such a variety of interest.' Consider the *variety of interest* in Book X of *Paradise Lost*.

8. Either, (a) 'The fact that no single character of *Vanity Fair* engages our full sympathy is highly significant for Thackeray's approach to his world.' Discuss.

Or, (b) 'It is a rich scene.' Consider the richness of the social scene Thackeray exhibits.

A 3—II D

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Education

Summer Examination, 1965

Advanced Level

ENGLISH LITERATURE, PAPER II D

1790—1832

Friday, 18 June. Time allowed: 3 hours

Write the number of the paper, A 3—II D, on the left at the head of each sheet of your answers in the space provided.

Answer Question 1 and three other questions.

1. Relate **four** of the following extracts to their contexts, and comment on any points that are of interest or need explanation:

(a) Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things.

(b) For I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power.

65 B 65

Turn over.

- (c) Henceforth I shall know
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
 No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
 No waste so vacant, but may well employ
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
 Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
 'Tis well to be bereft of promis'd good,
 That we may lift the soul, and contemplate
 With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
- (d) Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse powers, is equally inexhaustible in forms;—each exterior is the physiognomy of the being within,—its true image reflected and thrown out from the concave mirror;—and even such is the appropriate excellence of her chosen poet, of our own Shakespeare,—himself a nature humanized, a genial understanding directing self-consciously a power and an implicit wisdom deeper even than our consciousness.
- (e) Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
- (f) As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
 So came these words and went.

2. Either, (a) 'Wordsworth's poetry is the poetry of meditation, not of action.' Discuss this statement in relation to Books I and II of *The Prelude*.

Or, (b) 'The best passages of *The Prelude* illustrate well the bare but grand simplicity of Wordsworth's style.' Analyse two or three passages to which you think this statement applies.

3. Either, (a) What are the special merits of Coleridge's 'conversation' poems?

Or, (b) Coleridge has been described as 'one of our great masters of verbal melody'. Show, with close reference to a few passages, what you think this means.

4. Either, (a) 'The range and variety of Keats's poetic effects are commonly under-estimated.' Discuss.

Or, (b) What is there that is characteristic of Keats's writing in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, which is printed on pages 4 and 5 of this paper?

5. Either, (a) Which one or two of the characters in *Guy Mannering* contribute most to your enjoyment of the book?

Or, (b) Can *Guy Mannering* be regarded as a successful novel of adventure?

6. Either, (a) How far do you agree with the critic who recently described *Mansfield Park* as a 'humourless novel'?

Or, (b) Fanny Price is often spoken of as a prig. Do you find more endearing qualities in her?

7. Either, (a) What are some of the objects of Peacock's ridicule in *Nightmare Abbey*, and by what means does he render them ridiculous?

Or, (b) What qualities in *Nightmare Abbey* mark it as a novel of the Romantic period?

8. With reference to particular works, discuss the interest shown in this period in **one** of the following: the medieval; Shakespeare; Godwinism; national freedom; poetic theory.

9. All the great poets of the Romantic period wrote plays. Write a critical essay on **one** such play.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

1

- Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 5 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 10 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

2

- Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 15 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 20 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

3

- Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 25 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 30 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4

- Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 35 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 40 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
5 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
10 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.