Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/43**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2025**

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
  Section A: answer **one** question.
  Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **20** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Austen's presentation of social gatherings in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Elizabeth Bennet here and elsewhere in the novel.

Mrs Gardiner's caution to Elizabeth was punctually and kindly given on the first favourable opportunity of speaking to her alone; after honestly telling her what she thought, she thus went on:

'You are too sensible a girl, Lizzy, to fall in love merely because you are warned against it; and, therefore, I am not afraid of speaking openly. Seriously, I would have you be on your guard. Do not involve yourself, or endeavour to involve him in an affection which the want of fortune would make so very imprudent. I have nothing to say against *him*; he is a most interesting young man; and if he had the fortune he ought to have, I should think you could not do better. But as it is – you must not let your fancy run away with you. You have sense, and we all expect you to use it. Your father would depend on *your* resolution and good conduct, I am sure. You must not disappoint your father.'

'My dear aunt, this is being serious indeed.'

'Yes, and I hope to engage you to be serious likewise.'

'Well, then, you need not be under any alarm. I will take care of myself, and of Mr Wickham too. He shall not be in love with me, if I can prevent it.'

'Elizabeth, you are not serious now.'

'I beg your pardon. I will try again. At present I am not in love with Mr Wickham; no, I certainly am not. But he is, beyond all comparison, the most agreeable man I ever saw – and if he becomes really attached to me – I believe it will be better that he should not. I see the imprudence of it. – Oh! *that* abominable Mr Darcy! – My father's opinion of me does me the greatest honor; and I should be miserable to forfeit it. My father, however, is partial to Mr Wickham. In short, my dear aunt, I should be very sorry to be the means of making any of you unhappy; but since we see every day that where there is affection, young people are seldom withheld by immediate want of fortune, from entering into engagements with each other, how can I promise to be wiser than so many of my fellow-creatures if I am tempted, or how am I even to know that it would be wisdom to resist? All that I can promise you, therefore, is not to be in a hurry. I will not be in a hurry to believe myself his first object. When I am in company with him, I will not be wishing. In short, I will do my best.'

'Perhaps it will be as well, if you discourage his coming here so very often. At least, you should not *remind* your Mother of inviting him.'

'As I did the other day,' said Elizabeth, with a conscious smile; 'very true, it will be wise in me to refrain from *that.* But do not imagine that he is always here so often. It is on your account that he has been so frequently invited this week. You know my mother's ideas as to the necessity of constant company for her friends. But really, and upon my honour, I will try to do what I think to be wisest; and now, I hope you are satisfied.'

Her aunt assured her that she was; and Elizabeth having thanked her for the kindness of her hints, they parted; a wonderful instance of advice being given on such a point, without being resented. *40*

(*from* Chapter 26)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Chaucer makes blindness significant to the poem's meaning and effects.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's concerns in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Wel may his herte in joy and blisse habounde,
For who kan be so buxom as a wyf?
Who is so trewe, and eek so ententyf
To kepe hym, syk and hool, as is his make?
For wele or wo she wole hym nat forsake; *5*
She nys nat wery hym to love and serve,
Though that he lye bedrede til he sterve.
And yet somme clerkes seyn it nys nat so,
Of whiche he Theofraste is oon of tho.
What force though Theofraste liste lye? *10*
'Ne take no wyf,' quod he, 'for housbondrye,
As for to spare in houshold thy dispence.
A trewe servant dooth moore diligence
Thy good to kepe than thyn owene wyf,
For she wol clayme half part al hir lyf. *15*
And if thou be syk, so God me save,
Thy verray freendes, or a trewe knave,
Wol kepe thee bet than she that waiteth ay
After thy good and hath doon many a day.
And if thou take a wyf unto thyn hoold *20*
Ful lightly maystow been a cokewold.'
This sentence, and an hundred thynges worse,
Writeth this man, ther God his bones corse!
But take no kep of al swich vanytee;
Deffie Theofraste, and herke me. *25*
A wyf is Goddes yifte verraily;
Alle othere manere yiftes hardily,
As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
Or moebles – alle been yiftes of Fortune
That passen as a shadwe upon a wal. *30*
But drede nat, if pleynly speke I shal:
A wyf wol laste, and in thyn hous endure,
Wel lenger than thee list, paraventure.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Donne present regret in **three** poems?

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Song

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I *5*
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use my self in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here today, *10*
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take *15*
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall! *20*
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind, *25*
But sigh'st my soul away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st, *30*
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part, *35*
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be. *40*

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

4 **Either** **(a)** What, in your view, does Eliot's presentation of ambition and its consequences contribute to the novel's meaning and effects?

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Eliot's narrative methods and concerns.

It was in that way Dorothea came to be sobbing as soon as she was securely alone. But she was presently roused by a knock at the door, which made her hastily dry her eyes before saying, 'Come in.' Tantripp had brought a card, and said that there was a gentleman waiting in the lobby. The courier had told him that only Mrs Casaubon was at home, but he said he was a relation of Mr Casaubon's: would she see him?

'Yes,' said Dorothea, without pause; 'show him into the salon.' Her chief impressions about young Ladislaw were that when she had seen him at Lowick she had been made aware of Mr Casaubon's generosity towards him, and also that she had been interested in his own hesitation about his career. She was alive to anything that gave her an opportunity for active sympathy, and at this moment it seemed as if the visit had come to shake her out of her self-absorbed discontent – to remind her of her husband's goodness, and make her feel that she had now the right to be his helpmate in all kind deeds. She waited a minute or two, but when she passed into the next room there were just signs enough that she had been crying to make her open face look more youthful and appealing than usual. She met Ladislaw with that exquisite smile of goodwill which is unmixed with vanity, and held out her hand to him. He was the elder by several years, but at that moment he looked much the younger, for his transparent complexion flushed suddenly, and he spoke with a shyness extremely unlike the ready indifference of his manner with his male companion, while Dorothea became all the calmer with a wondering desire to put him at ease.

'I was not aware that you and Mr Casaubon were in Rome, until this morning, when I saw you in the Vatican Museum,' he said. 'I knew you at once – but – I mean, that I concluded Mr Casaubon's address would be found at the Poste Restante, and I was anxious to pay my respects to him and you as early as possible.'

'Pray sit down. He is not here now, but he will be glad to hear of you, I am sure,' said Dorothea, seating herself unthinkingly between the fire and the light of the tall window, and pointing to a chair opposite, with the quietude of a benignant matron. The signs of girlish sorrow in her face were only the more striking. 'Mr Casaubon is much engaged; but you will leave your address – will you not? – and he will write to you.'

'You are very good,' said Ladislaw, beginning to lose his diffidence in the interest with which he was observing the signs of weeping which had altered her face. 'My address is on my card. But if you will allow me I will call again to-morrow at an hour when Mr Casaubon is likely to be at home.'

'He goes to read in the Library of the Vatican every day, and you can hardly see him except by an appointment. Especially now. We are about to leave Rome, and he is very busy. He is usually away almost from breakfast till dinner. But I am sure he will wish you to dine with us.'

Will Ladislaw was struck mute for a few moments. He had never been fond of Mr Casaubon, and if it had not been for the sense of obligation, would have laughed at him as a Bat of erudition. But the idea of this dried-up pedant, this elaborator of small explanations about as important as the surplus stock of false antiquities kept in a vendor's back chamber, having first got this adorable young creature to marry him, and then passing his honeymoon away from her, groping after his mouldy futilities (Will was given to hyperbole) – this sudden picture stirred him with a sort of

comic disgust: he was divided between the impulse to laugh aloud and the equally unseasonable impulse to burst into scornful invective. For an instant he felt that the struggle was causing a queer contortion of his mobile features, but with a good effort he resolved it into nothing more offensive than a merry smile. *50*

(*from* Chapter 21)

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) 'Bathsheba's attitude to Gabriel Oak constantly changes throughout the novel.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Hardy's presentation of Bathsheba's relationship with Gabriel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Troy found unexpected chords of feeling to be stirred again within him as earlier in the day. She was handsome as ever, and she was his. It was some minutes before he could counteract his sudden wish to go in and claim her. Then he thought how the proud girl who had always looked down upon him even whilst it was to love him, would hate him on discovering him to be a strolling player. Were he to make himself known, that chapter of his life must at all risks be kept for ever from her and from the Weatherbury people, or his name would be a byword throughout the parish. He would be nicknamed 'Turpin' as long as he lived. Assuredly before he could claim her these few past months of his existence must be entirely blotted out.

'Shall I get you another cup before you start ma'am?' said Farmer Boldwood.

'Thank you,' said Bathsheba. 'But I must be going at once. It was great neglect in that man to keep me waiting here till so late. I should have gone two hours ago if it had not been for him. I had no idea of coming in here; but there's nothing so refreshing as a cup of tea – though I should never have got one if you hadn't helped me.'

Troy scrutinized her cheek as lit by the candles, and watched each varying shade thereon, and the white shell-like sinuosities of her little ear. She took out her purse and was insisting to Boldwood on paying for her tea herself, when at this moment Pennyways entered the tent. Troy trembled: here was his scheme for respectability endangered at once. He was about to leave his hole of espial, attempt to follow Pennyways and find out if the ex-bailiff had recognized him, when he was arrested by the conversation – and found he was too late.

'Excuse me ma'am,' said Pennyways; 'I've some private information for your ear alone.'

'I cannot hear it now,' she said, coldly. That Bathsheba could not endure this man was evident: in fact, he was continually coming to her with some tale or other by which he might creep into favour at the expense of persons maligned.

'I'll write it down,' said Pennyways, confidently. He stooped over the table, pulled a leaf from a warped pocket book, and wrote upon the paper, in a round hand: –

'Your husband is here. I've seen him. Who's the fool now?'

This he folded small and handed towards her. Bathsheba would not read it: she would not even put out her hand to take it. Pennyways then with a laugh of derision tossed it into her lap, and turning away, left her.

From the words and action of Pennyways Troy, though he had not been able to see what the bailiff wrote, had not a moment's doubt that the note referred to him. Nothing that he could think of could be done to check the exposure. 'Curse my luck!' he whispered, and added imprecations which rustled in the gloom like a pestilent wind. Meanwhile Boldwood said, taking up the note from her lap:

'Don't you wish to read it Mrs Troy? If not, I'll destroy it.'

'Oh – well,' said Bathsheba carelessly, 'perhaps it is unjust not to read it. But I can guess what it is about. He wants me to recommend him, or to tell me of some little detail or another connected with my work people. He's always doing that.'

Bathsheba held the note in her right hand. Boldwood handed towards her a plate of cut bread and butter, when, in order to take a slice she put the note into her

left hand where she was still holding the purse, and then allowed her hand to drop beside her close to the canvas. The moment had come for saving his game, and Troy impulsively felt that he would play the card. For yet another time he looked at the fair hand, and saw the pink finger-tips, and the blue veins of the wrist, encircled by a bracelet of coral chippings which she wore: how familiar it all was to him! Then, with the lightning action in which he was such an adept, he noiselessly slipped his hand under the bottom of the tent-cloth, which was far from being pinned tightly down, lifted it a little way keeping his eye to the hole, snatched the note from her fingers, dropped the canvas, and ran away in the gloom towards the bank and ditch, smiling at the scream of astonishment which burst from her. Troy then slid down on the outside of the rampart, hastened round in the bottom of the entrenchment to a distance of a hundred yards, ascended again and crossed boldly in a slow walk towards the front entrance of the tent. His object was now to get to Pennyways and prevent a repetition of the announcement until such time as he should choose.

(*from* Chapter 49)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 **Either** **(a)** 'For Whitman, poetry must be true to life.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Whitman's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Whitman's concerns in the selection.

Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd

Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop gently to me,
Whispering *I love you, before long I die,*
I have travel'd a long way merely to look on you to touch you,
For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
For I fear'd I might afterward lose you. *5*

Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe,
Return in peace to the ocean my love,
I too am part of that ocean my love, we are not so much separated,
Behold the great rondure, the cohesion of all, how perfect!
But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us, *10*
As for an hour carrying us diverse, yet cannot carry us diverse forever;
Be not impatient – a little space – know you I salute the air, the ocean and the land,
Every day at sundown for your dear sake my love.

TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Glück explore despair? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Lullaby

Time to rest now; you have had

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silence and darkness.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 8.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

8 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Joyce presents different attitudes to change. In your answer, you should refer to at least **two** stories from *Dubliners*.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering some of the ways in which Joyce presents marriage, here and elsewhere in *Dubliners*.

Mrs Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her revery that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing. It was seventeen minutes past eleven: she would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street. She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour, and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse; nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident. The question was: What reparation would he make?

There must be reparation made in such cases. It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt. Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it. But she would not do so. For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour: marriage.

She counted all her cards again before sending Mary up to Mr Doran's room to say that she wished to speak with him. She felt sure she would win. He was a serious young man, not rakish or loud-voiced like the others. If it had been Mr Sheridan or Mr Meade or Bantam Lyons her task would have been much harder. She did not think he would face publicity. All the lodgers in the house knew something of the affair; details had been invented by some. Besides, he had been employed for thirteen years in a great Catholic wine-merchant's office and publicity would mean for him, perhaps, the loss of his sit. Whereas if he agreed all might be well. She knew he had a good screw for one thing and she suspected he had a bit of stuff put by.

Nearly the half-hour! She stood up and surveyed herself in the pier-glass. The decisive expression of her great florid face satisfied her and she thought of some mothers she knew who could not get their daughters off their hands.

Mr Doran was very anxious indeed this Sunday morning. He had made two attempts to shave but his hand had been so unsteady that he had been obliged to desist. Three days' reddish beard fringed his jaws and every two or three minutes a mist gathered on his glasses so that he had to take them off and polish them with his pocket-handkerchief. The recollection of his confession of the night before was a cause of acute pain to him; the priest had drawn out every ridiculous detail of the affair and in the end had so magnified his sin that he was almost thankful at being afforded a loophole of reparation. The harm was done. What could he do now but marry her or run away? He could not brazen it out. The affair would be sure to be talked of and his employer would be certain to hear of it. Dublin is such a small city: everyone knows everyone else's business. He felt his heart leap warmly in his throat as he heard in his excited imagination old Mr Leonard calling out in his rasping voice: *Send Mr Doran here, please.*

All his long years of service gone for nothing! All his industry and diligence thrown away! As a young man he had sown his wild oats, of course; he had boasted of his free-thinking and denied the existence of God to his companions in public-

houses. But that was all passed and done with … nearly. He still bought a copy of *Reynolds's Newspaper* every week but he attended to his religious duties and for nine-tenths of the year lived a regular life. He had money enough to settle down on; it was not that. But the family would look down on her. First of all there was her disreputable father and then her mother's boarding house was beginning to get a certain fame. He had a notion that he was being had. He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing. She *was* a little vulgar; sometimes she said *I seen* and *If I had've known.* But what would grammar matter if he really loved her? He could not make up his mind whether to like her or despise her for what she had done. Of course, he had done it too. His instinct urged him to remain free, not to marry. Once you are married you are done for, it said.

(*from* The Boarding House)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

9 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Morrison present the relationship between Sethe and Paul D?

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

When the women assembled outside 124, Sethe was breaking a lump of ice into chunks.

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He is looking at her.

(*from* Part 3)

GABRIEL OKARA: Selected Poems from *Collected Poems*

10 Either **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Okara explore rural life in his poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns in the collection.

Metaphor of a War

There she sat

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With not a sound as if in quiet sleep –

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys explores different kinds of cruelty and their consequences in the novel.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

… I was wearing a dress of that colour when Sandi came to see me for the last time.

'Will you come with me?' he said. 'No,' I said, 'I cannot.'

'So this is good-bye?'

'Yes, this is good-bye.' *5*

'But I can't leave you like this,' he said, 'you are unhappy.'

'You are wasting time,' I said, 'and we have so little.'

Sandi often came to see me when that man was away and when I went out driving I would meet him. I could go out driving then. The servants knew, but none of them told. *10*

Now there was no time left so we kissed each other in that stupid room. Spread fans decorated the walls. We had often kissed before but not like that. That was the life and death kiss and you only know a long time afterwards what it is, the life and death kiss. The white ship whistled three times, once gaily, once calling, once to say goodbye. *15*

I took the red dress down and put it against myself. 'Does it make me look intemperate and unchaste?' I said. That man told me so. He had found out that Sandi had been to the house and that I went to see him. I never knew who told. 'Infamous daughter of an infamous mother,' he said to me.

'Oh put it away,' Grace Poole said, 'come and eat your food. Here's your grey wrapper. Why they can't give you anything better is more than I can understand. They're rich enough.' *20*

But I held the dress in my hand wondering if they had done the last and worst thing. If they had *changed* it when I wasn't looking. If they had changed it and it wasn't my dress at all – but how could they get the scent? *25*

'Well don't stand there shivering,' she said, quite kindly for her.

I let the dress fall on the floor, and looked from the fire to the dress and from the dress to the fire.

I put the grey wrapper round my shoulders, but I told her I wasn't hungry and she didn't try to force me to eat as she sometimes does. *30*

'It's just as well that you don't remember last night,' she said. 'The gentleman fainted and a fine outcry there was up here. Blood all over the place and I was blamed for letting you attack him. And the master is expected in a few days. I'll never try to help you again. You are too far gone to be helped.'

I said, 'If I had been wearing my red dress Richard would have known me.' *35*

'Your red dress,' she said, and laughed.

But I looked at the dress on the floor and it was as if the fire had spread across the room. It was beautiful and it reminded me of something I must do. I will remember I thought. I will remember quite soon now.

That was the third time I had my dream, and it ended. I know now that the flight of steps leads to this room where I lie watching the woman asleep with her head on her arms. In my dream I waited till she began to snore, then I got up, took the keys and let myself out with a candle in my hand. It was easier this time than ever before and I walked as though I were flying. *40*

(*from* Part 3)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Trethewey presents different kinds of suffering. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Trethewey's poetic methods and concerns in the collection.

Elegy for the Native Guards

Now that the salt of their blood
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea …
— ALLEN TATE

We leave Gulfport at noon; gulls overhead
trailing the boat – streamers, noisy fanfare – *5*
all the way to Ship Island. What we see
first is the fort, its roof of grass, a lee –
half reminder of the men who served there –
a weathered monument to some of the dead.

Inside we follow the ranger, hurried *10*
though we are to get to the beach. He tells
of graves lost in the Gulf, the island split
in half when Hurricane Camille hit,
shows us casemates, cannons, the store that sells
souvenirs, tokens of history long buried. *15*

The Daughters of the Confederacy
has placed a plaque here, at the fort's entrance –
each Confederate soldier's name raised hard
in bronze; no names carved for the Native Guards –
2nd Regiment, Union men, black phalanx. *20*
What is monument to their legacy?

All the grave markers, all the crude headstones –
water-lost. Now fish dart among their bones,
and we listen for what the waves intone.
Only the fort remains, near forty feet high, *25*
round, unfinished, half open to the sky,
the elements – wind, rain – God's deliberate eye.

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