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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (PRINCIPAL)**

**9765/03**

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

**May/June 2018**

**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.  
**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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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The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate.

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 effects of language, style and form, and pay close attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of Passages A and B, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form. In Passage B, Lovejoy is a young girl.

- A** It seemed like a forest in a beautiful romance; a green and bowery wilderness where Boccaccio<sup>1</sup> would have loved to woo and Watteau<sup>2</sup> to paint. So artfully had the walks been planned, that they seemed interminable, nor was there a single point in the whole pleasaunce<sup>3</sup> where the keenest eye could have detected a limit. Sometimes you wandered in those arched and winding walks dear to pensive spirits; sometimes you emerged on a spot of turf blazing in the sunshine, a small and bright savannah, and gazed with wonder on the group of black and mighty cedars that rose from its centre, with their sharp and spreading foliage. The beautiful and the vast blended together; and the moment after you had beheld with delight a bed of geraniums or of myrtles, you found yourself in an amphitheatre of Italian pines. 5
- A strange exotic perfume filled the air; you trod on the flowers of other lands; and shrubs and plants were here learning from hardship the philosophy of endurance, struggling successfully even against northern winters. 10
- 15

Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881)

<sup>1</sup> Boccaccio: Italian writer, 1313–1375

<sup>2</sup> Watteau: French painter, 1684–1721

<sup>3</sup> pleasaunce: pleasure garden

- B** The packet had said that the seeds would come up, Mr Ibister had said that too; when Lovejoy had planted them she supposed she had believed it, but it had been more hope than belief. Now, on the patch of earth under the net, had come a film of green; when she bent down and looked closely, she could see that it was made of countless little stalks as fine as hairs, some so fine that she could scarcely see their colour, others vividly showing their new green. They're *blades*, thought Lovejoy, blades of grass! In the border were what she thought at first were tiny weeds, until she saw the real weeds among them. The weeds were among the grass too; she could tell them because they were bigger, a different pattern, and when she looked again the borders were peopled with myriad heads, all alike, each head made of two flat leaves, no bigger than pin-heads, on a stalk; they were so many and all the same, that she knew they were meant; no weed seeded like that. They must come from a sowing ... my sowing, thought Lovejoy suddenly, the seeds / planted. 5
- She knelt down, carefully lifted the net away, and very gently, with her palm, she brushed the hair blades; they seemed to move as if they were not quite rooted, but rooted they were; when she held one in her thumb and finger, it did not come away. 'It's like ... earth's fur,' said Lovejoy. 10
- 20

Rumer Godden (1907–1998)

- 2 The following passage is the opening of *Edward the Second* by Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593). Write a critical appreciation of it, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

[Enter Gaveston reading a letter that was brought him from the King.]

Gaveston: “My father is deceased; come, Gaveston,  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.”  
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight! 5  
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston  
Than live and be the favorite of a king?  
Sweet Prince, I come. These, these thy amorous lines  
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,  
And, like Leander,<sup>1</sup> gasped upon the sand, 10  
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy arms.  
The sight of London to my exiled eyes  
Is as Elysium<sup>2</sup> to a new-come soul;  
Not that I love the city or the men,  
But that it harbors him I hold so dear – 15  
The King, upon whose bosom let me die,  
And with the world be still at enmity.  
What need the arctic people love star-light  
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?  
Farewell, base stooping to the lordly peers; 20  
My knee shall bow to none but to the King.  
As for the multitude, that are but sparks  
Raked up in embers of their poverty,  
*Tanti!*<sup>3</sup> I’ll fan first on the wind  
That glanceth at my lips and flieth away. 25  
But how now, what are these?

[Enter three Poor Men.]

Poor Men: Such as desire your worship’s service.  
Gaveston: What canst thou do?  
1 Poor Man: I can ride. 30  
Gaveston: But I have no horses. What art thou?  
2 Poor Man: A traveller.  
Gaveston: Let me see; thou wouldst do well to wait at my trencher<sup>4</sup>  
and tell me lies at dinner time, and, as I like your  
discoursing, I’ll have you. And what art thou? 35  
3 Poor Man: A soldier that hath served against the Scot.  
Gaveston: Why, there are hospitals<sup>5</sup> for such as you.  
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.  
3 Poor Man: Farewell, and perish by a soldier’s hand,  
[Offers to leave.] 40  
Gaveston: That wouldst reward them with a hospital.  
[Aside.] Aye, aye. These words of his move me as much  
As if a goose should play the porcupine,  
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast;  
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair. 45  
I’ll flatter these and make them live in hope.  
[To them.] You know that I came lately out of France,  
And yet I have not viewed my Lord the King.

If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

*Poor Men:* We thank your worship. 50

*Gaveston:* I have some business; leave me to myself.

*Poor Men:* We will wait here about the court.

*[They exit.]*

*Gaveston:* Do. These are not men for me; 55  
 I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
 Musicians that, with touching of a string,  
 May draw the pliant King which way I please.  
 Music and poetry is his delight;  
 Therefore, I'll have Italian masques by night,  
 Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows; 60  
 And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
 Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad,  
 My men, like satyrs<sup>6</sup> grazing on the lawns,  
 Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leander: a young man, in Greek myth, who swam the Hellespont nightly to meet his love

<sup>2</sup> Elysium: heaven

<sup>3</sup> *Tanti!*: so much for them!

<sup>4</sup> trencher: plate

<sup>5</sup> hospitals: asylums for the destitute or infirm or aged

<sup>6</sup> satyrs: revellers in Greek myth, part human, part goat

<sup>7</sup> antic hay: grotesque country dance

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

*The Corner of the Eye*

The poem is just beyond the corner of the eye.  
 You cannot see it—not yet—but sense the faint gleam,

Or stir. It may be like a poor little shivering fieldmouse,  
 One tiny paw lifted from snow while, far off, the owl

Utters. Or like breakers, far off, almost as soundless as dream. 5  
 Or the rhythmic rasp of your father's last breath, harsh

As the grind of a great file the blacksmith sets to hoof.  
 Or the whispering slither the torn morning newspaper makes,

Blown down an empty slum street in New York, at midnight,  
 Past dog shit and garbage cans, while the full moon, 10

Phthisic<sup>1</sup> and wan, above the East River, presides  
 Over that last fragment of history which is

Our lives. Or the foggy glint of old eyes of  
 The sleepless patient who no longer wonders

If he will once more see in that window the dun- 15  
 Bleached dawn that promises what. Or the street corner

Where always, for years, in passing you felt, unexplained, a pang  
 Of despair, like nausea, till one night, late, late on that spot

You were struck stock-still, and again felt  
 How her head had thrust to your shoulder, she clinging, while you, 20

Mechanically patting the fur coat, heard sobs, and stared up  
 Where tall buildings, frailer than reed-stalks, reeled among stars. Yes,

Something at eye-edge lurks, hears ball creak in socket,  
 Knows, before you do, tension of muscle, change

Of blood pressure, heart-heave of sadness, foot's falter, for 25  
 It has stalked you all day, or years, breath rarely heard, fangs dripping.

And now, any moment, great hindquarters may hunch, ready—  
 Or is it merely a poem, after all?

Robert Penn Warren (1905–1989)

<sup>1</sup> Phthisic: suffering from a wasting disease



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