

Section A: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of autumn.

A

SONG AT THE BEGINNING OF AUTUMN

Now watch this autumn that arrives
 In smells. All looks like summer still;
 Colours are quite unchanged, the air
 On green and white serenely thrives.
 Heavy the trees with growth and full
 The fields. Flowers flourish everywhere.

5

Proust¹ who collected time within
 A child's cake would understand
 The ambiguity of this –
 Summer still raging while a thin
 Column of smoke stirs from the land
 Proving that autumn gropes for us.

10

But every season is a kind
 Of rich nostalgia. We give names –
 Autumn and summer, winter, spring –
 As though to unfasten from the mind
 Our moods and give them outward forms.
 We want the certain, solid thing.

15

But I am carried back against
 My will into a childhood where
 Autumn is bonfires, marbles, smoke;
 I lean against my window fenced
 From evocations in the air.
 When I said autumn, autumn broke.

20

Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)

¹ *Proust*: a French novelist best known for his work, *In Search of Lost Time*.

B

AUTUMN SONG

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering,
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

5

And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf
Knowest thou not? and how the chief
Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?

10

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

15

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of relationships.

A CUSTOM AND CLAIM

Something had changed when I watched
you cross the clear-eyed waiting room,
shiny as this airport's terminal need; your
smile a suitcase falling open with presents.

I was still in clouds, fever-fogged, failing 5
to see the danger signs of your new dress,
floral pardons laughing against quiet eyes;
what have you done this time, my love?

You ask for a kiss, the best intention of strayed
hearts. Lead me instead to your bargaining table, 10
lay me down like a truce. We are still in transit;
show me a ticket to return or leave, changed

as you are by the certainty of other arrivals
and departures, the faith of rolling wheels on 15
tarmac, the custom and claim on what was ours.
Even delayed flights find their way home,

yet I cannot turn my lips to trust, not now.
I have spent all these nights apart, watching 20
the tail-lights of landing planes without a
hand to hold; to count the infinite, the dark.

Marc Daniel Nair (born 1981)

B BADLY CHOSEN LOVER

Criminal, you took a great piece of my life,
And you took it under false pretences,
That piece of time
– In the clear muscles of my brain 5
I have the lens and jug of it!

Books, thoughts, meals, days, and houses,
Half Europe, spent like a coarse banknote,
You took it – leaving mud and cabbage stumps.

And, Criminal, I damn you for it (very softly).
My spirit broke her fast on you. And, Turk, 10
You fed her with the breath of your neck
– In my brain's clear retina

I have the stolen love-behaviour.
Your heart, greedy and tepid, brothel-meat, 15
Gulped it, like a flunkey with erotica.
And very softly, Criminal, I damn you for it.

Rosemary Tonks (1928-2014)

Section B: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

3

Either (a) Discuss Brontë's presentation of Thornfield Hall and its significance to the novel.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of deception, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'The eagerness of a listener quickens the tongue of a narrator.' I said this rather to myself than to the gipsy, whose strange talk, voice, manner, had by this time wrapped me in a kind of dream. One unexpected sentence came from her lips after another, till I got involved in a web of mystification; and wondered what unseen spirit had been sitting for weeks by my heart watching its workings and taking record of every pulse.

5

'Eagerness of a listener!' repeated she: 'yes; Mr Rochester has sat by the hour, his ear inclined to the fascinating lips that took such delight in their task of communicating; and Mr Rochester was so willing to receive and looked so grateful for the pastime given him: you have noticed this?'

10

'Grateful! I cannot remember detecting gratitude in his face.'

'Detecting! You have analysed, then. And what did you detect, if not gratitude?'

I said nothing.

'You have seen love: have you not? – and, looking forward, you have seen him married, and beheld his bride happy?'

15

'Humph! Not exactly. Your witch's skill is rather at fault sometimes.'

'What the devil have you seen, then?'

'Never mind: I came here to inquire, not to confess. Is it known that Mr Rochester is to be married?'

20

'Yes; and to the beautiful Miss Ingram.'

'Shortly?'

'Appearances would warrant that conclusion; and, no doubt (though, with an audacity that wants chastising out of you, you seem to question it), they will be a superlatively happy pair. He must love such a handsome, noble, witty, accomplished lady; and probably she loves him, or, if not his person, at least his purse. I know she considers the Rochester estate eligible to the last degree; though (God pardon me!) I told her something on that point about an hour ago which made her look wondrous grave: the corners of her mouth fell half an inch. I would advise her blackaviced suitor to outlook: if another comes, with a longer or clearer rent-roll – he's dished—'

25

'But, mother, I did not come to hear Mr Rochester's fortune: I came to hear my own; and you have told me nothing of it.'

'Your fortune is yet doubtful: when I examined your face, one trait contradicted another. Chance has meted you a measure of happiness: that I know. I knew it before I came here this evening. She has laid it carefully on one side for you. I saw her do it. It depends on yourself to stretch out your hand, and take it up: but whether you will do so, is the problem I study. Kneel again on the rug.'

30

'Don't keep me long; the fire scorches me.'

I knelt. She did not stoop towards me, but only gazed, leaning back in her chair. She began muttering –

'The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my jargon: it is susceptible; impression follows impression through its clear sphere; where it ceases to smile, it is sad; an unconscious lassitude weighs on the lid: that signifies melancholy resulting from loneliness. It turns from me; it will not suffer further scrutiny; it seems to deny, by a mocking glance, the truth of the discoveries I have already made — to disown the charge both of sensibility and chagrin: its pride and reserve only confirm me in my opinion. The eye is favourable.

45

50

(from Chapter 19)

Moorfield → narrative tool to show the significance of ~~problematic nature of~~ social class in Jane Eyre.

↓
stimulus for Jane's growth
through her v/s ^{of} with Rochester.

⇒ Rochester.

deception → tool to further one's goals.

deception → method to mask one's thought.

Section C: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

8

Either (a) 'Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him dear life redeems you.'
(Act 5, Scene 3)

Bearing these words from Paulina in mind, explore the presentation and significance of redemption in the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic portrayal of Autolycus, here and elsewhere in the play.

Autolycus	[Aside]: If the springe hold, the cock's mine.	
Clown:	I cannot do't without counters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? [Reading out of a note] Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice – what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man-songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and basses – but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates – none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'th'sun.	5
Autolycus	[Groveling on the ground]: O, that ever I was born!	10
Clown:	I'th'name of me!	
Autolycus:	O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then death, death!	
Clown:	Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.	20
Autolycus:	O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.	
Clown:	Alas, poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.	25
Autolycus:	I am robbed, sir, and beaten, my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.	
Clown:	What, by a horseman or a footman?	
Autolycus:	A footman, sweet sir, a footman.	
Clown:	Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand [helping him up].	30
Autolycus:	O good sir, tenderly. O!	
Clown:	Alas, poor soul!	35
Autolycus:	O good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.	
Clown:	How now? Canst stand?	
Autolycus:	Softly, dear sir [picks his pocket]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.	40

- Clown: Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.
- Autolycus: No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 45
- Clown: What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?
- Autolycus: A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 50
- Clown: His vices you would say. There's no virtue whipped out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there – and yet it will no more but abide.
- Autolycus: Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus. 55

(from Act 4, Scene 3)

~~Redemption~~ →

Individual Redemption →

~~cunning man with a malicious heart~~
↓

comic character who picks on the unassuming. } opportunistic.
↳ yellow
↳ 44. 235 "Canst buy lead, or pluck you (what) any; wot you buy!"

~~comic character opportunistic~~

malicious character who uses his skills to benefit himself