

KEY STAGE 3 ASSESSMENT 2003



THE SHAKESPEARE SCENES AND TASKS

Courseware Publications 2003

The presentation of the scenes from the set Shakespeare plays on the following pages closely follows the format of the test papers.

They are fully downloadable and copiable within the purchasing school and can be used to create 'practice' tests for pupils to work through.

The tasks provided are intended to be typical of the questions that might be set on these extracts. Any resemblance to the final set tasks is completely coincidental.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 2003 supplement to *Making Assessments in English at Key Stage Three*. This supplement was first published in 1996 to update what was then one of our bestselling books. Since then, it has become an annual publication with a small but enthusiastic readership. Presenting the Shakespeare extracts in an easy-to-use format so that teachers can adapt them for test practice and for close study has proved popular, while the provision of tasks enables the English Department to create a trial examination with the minimum of fuss. Over the years, this booklet has also had an uncanny knack of forecasting the types of questions that are likely to be posed and this means that students have a chance to engage beforehand in something which is similar in format and approach to the real test.

This year, the production of the booklet has been delayed while we waited for some understanding from QCA as to exactly what the form of the new tests would be. The rationale for change was clear. With the introduction of the Key Stage Three Framework in secondary schools and with changes to the test pattern at other key stages it made sense to bring the key stage three assessment into line. The Shakespeare test was also going to benefit from any review. It is an open secret that, in the past, it has not been the most reliable assessment instrument. It has been bedevilled by mark schemes which examiners find hard to interpret, preconceptions about standards drawn from GCSE, and a tendency among students to regurgitate stock answers or to retell the story.

The Changes

As noted above, the changes arise from the need to bring the key stage three assessment into line with the assessment framework in the Key Stage Three Framework. The reasons why these differ are historical. National testing has always been the province of QCA but OFSTED and the DfES cooked up the strategies and the framework. There is therefore a sense in which QCA has been forced to compromise as well as to update.

However, it also has a position to maintain. So, instead of adopting the framework in its totality, the authority has drawn elements from it, as well as aspects of its own earlier assessment, to create what it calls a set of 'assessment focuses'. It argues that using the same standard focuses in all key stage tests will deliver better value-added data and make statutory and optional tests more comparable. So, the mark schemes at all levels will be based on a similar generic matrix although the writing mark schemes at key stage 3 will be qualified with task-related comment.

The form of the English tests is also going to be similar at all key stages. For reading, the question style and scaffolding approach

used will be identical throughout. For writing, there will always be two compulsory tasks, one of which is longer and structured.

It will not make a difference to many teachers but the extension paper is no longer to be offered. The entry has remained consistently small - probably too small to deliver any valid results - and few will lament its passing. To show that it is still keen to assess the most able students, QCA will be publishing a series of tasks that teachers can use to help them formulate a teacher assessment. These will be available on the QCA website from March 2003. It is not clear whether a level 8 is now available through the test although it can be achieved in the Teacher Assessment.

The Key Stage Three Tests 2003

There will be three papers to assess reading, writing, and Shakespeare at levels 4 to 7. The reading test is a 75-minute paper consisting of three linked extracts in a booklet and a separate answer booklet. The questions, clearly scaffolded, are designed to allow all candidates to show what they can do. However, with the new assessment focuses, students are likely to have less leeway in how they interpret each question.

The writing paper, lasting 45-minutes, will ask for narrative or non-narrative continuous writing. It will be assessed using three specific focuses. These are sentence structure and punctuation, text structure and organisation, and composition and effect. Given this knowledge, teachers will certainly want to rehearse the use of the paranthetical comma, paragraphing, and introductions and endings. While these focuses arguably appear to ignore some of the qualities that make narrative writing successful, it is likely that, in practice, the assessment will become holistic.

As noted above, this is not the only assessment of writing. So, there will now be a shorter writing task included with the Shakespeare paper. QCA claims that it will allow students to write 'precisely and concisely'. There will be a separate mark available for spelling.

The Shakespeare paper will also be 75 minutes in length. Section A (allocated 30 minutes) includes the shorter writing task and earns 20 marks, four of which are allocated to spelling. Section B (allocated 45 minutes) contains the single Shakespeare reading task and carries 18 marks. It is odd in assessment terms how Section A is underweighted given the balance of the marks.

The form of the writing task is very broadly related to the set play. In the sample materials, for example, students are asked to advocate someone as a 'Great Briton' after reading *Henry V*. This is likely to lead the question setters into some dubious and controversial avenues. In this case, having the cultural understandings to choose the right person can make the task much easier.

At first sight, it looks as if the changes to the Shakespeare task may make it more challenging for students. They will now be expected to roam across two extracts from within the extracts set for study. Only these shorter extracts will be printed on the paper. In the sample papers, all of the tasks focused on aspects of the central characters in the plays but asked more specific questions. Synthesising the evidence from two scenes is likely to prove very challenging for less able students, especially if the mark schemes focus tightly on the task.

Addressing the Shakespeare Paper

The shorter writing task is an innovation. There is no choice and the task clearly focuses on writing purposes and the national curriculum triplets. The content relates to ideas and themes developed out of the study of the play. The task will give an indication of appropriate structure, audience and purpose. It is not assessed for any understanding of the play.

The National Curriculum writing triplets provide a good guide to the sort of questions that might be asked. Given that the task will want to be distinctive from the longer narrative or non-narrative alternative, requires precision and conciseness and must also relate to themes and ideas in the play, that probably rules out imagine, explore and entertain! At GCSE level, the second triplet of inform, explain, describe has always proved notoriously difficult to assess because any set task can easily be interpreted under one of the other triplet headings. And, clearly, the assessment will focus on the suitability of the writing in relation to choice of genre or purpose and audience. All that suggests how persuasion and analysis are likely to be key in these answers. Look out for what makes a good king!

There is some convincing psycholinguistic research into task analysis which indicates that students make an immediate decision as to what a set examination question requires from them as soon as they begin reading. Unless they encounter a substantive cue to persuade them otherwise, they will remain with the original model in their heads. What this means in practice is that is very easy for candidates to overlook the niceties of the task particularly in relation to genre and audience once a purpose has been given. Students need to practice discussing what particular tasks require from them in preparation for this paper. A good way to do this with key stage three pupils is to invite them to develop some spoof tasks which cover all the requirements. At level 7 and above, they should do better than these!

'Your husband's boss is coming to stay at your house. Send him an email at work setting out how he can commit the perfect murder after dinner and become head of the company.'

'Invent a new European law which says that children must not be made to work harder than is reasonable. Use it to argue in a meeting of the school council that an afternoon break between lessons should be reintroduced.'

'Imagine you are like Malvolio. Write an article titled, 'How to be Cool' for your favourite teenage magazine.'

What these examples show is how shallow this particular barrel is. It is going to be difficult to set questions within the task parameters that the paper designers have set for themselves.

Where the Shakespeare extracts are concerned, and under the heading of assessment focuses, the aspects of reading to be assessed are concerned with the ability of pupils to:

1. use a range of strategies, including accurate decoding of text, to read for meaning;
2. understand, describe, select or retrieve information, events or ideas from texts and use quotation and reference to text;
3. deduce, infer or interpret information, events or ideas from texts;
4. identify and comment on the structure and organisation of texts, including grammatical and presentational features at text level;
5. explain and comment on writers' uses of language, including grammatical and literary features at word and sentence level;
6. identify and comment on writers' purposes and viewpoints and the overall effect of the text on the reader;
7. relate texts to their social, cultural and historical contexts and literary traditions.

It is reasonable to suppose that the tasks here are likely to stress the last three of these. The question is likely to focus on character, themes, language and performance. Considering how, at AS level, the requirements to comment on historical contexts and literary tradition require a fairly low-level response, it is fair to say that not too much will be required here.

What may be required, however, is more attention to the detail in the extracts which is probably why an abbreviated version is included in the tasks. One of the problems with the marking in previous years has revolved around how to mark the scripts of candidates who answer the question without reference to the extracts. Clearly, the intention now is to set tasks that require textual reference. Of course, that is easier said than done. The sample question on *Macbeth*, for example, asks the student to imagine that he or she is directing the play and prompting the lead actor. Going beyond the point of looking a little anxious and strained without lurching into histrionics makes this an easy question to answer in a mediocre way but a real challenge to do well.

In this booklet, we have included the full texts of all the scenes for classroom study but the tasks are linked to extracts from the plays and are reproduced as complete papers. There is another set of sample papers on the QCA web site but you cannot find the full texts there.

Because this is an annual publication we are always looking for ways in which to improve it so we would welcome your comments. We are also working to improve our virtual books and, again, if you have ideas on how to improve their readability and accessibility, please let us know.

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THE EXTRACTS IN FULL

**HENRY V
ACT 1 SCENE 2 (LINES 221-310)**

**HENRY V
ACT 4 SCENE 3**

**TWELFTH NIGHT
ACT 2 SCENE 4**

**TWELFTH NIGHT
ACT 3 SCENE 1**

**MACBETH
ACT 1 SCENES 6 AND 7**

**MACBETH
ACT 5 SCENES 1 AND 3**

HENRY V
ACT 1 SCENE 2 (LINES 221-310)

LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

KING HENRY V: Call in the messengers
sent from the Dauphin.
Exeunt some Attendants

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's
help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our
awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly
dukedom,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over
them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a
tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepared to know the
pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the
king.

First Ambassador

May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

KING HENRY V: We are no tyrant, but a
Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as
subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our
prisons:

Therefore with frank and with uncurbed
plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador

Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedom, in the
right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward
the Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our
master

Says that you savour too much of your
youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in
France

That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedom there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your
spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedom that you
claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin
speaks.

KING HENRY V: What treasure, uncle?

EXETER: Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING HENRY V: We are glad the Dauphin
is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you
for:

When we have march'd our rackets to
these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a
set
Shall strike his father's crown into the
hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such
a wrangler

That all the courts of France will be
disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder
days,

Not measuring what use we made of
them.

We never valued this poor seat of
England;
And therefore, living hence, did give
ourselves

To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of
greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of

France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on
us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of
his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and
his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful
vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a
thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock
castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the
Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the
Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weep more than did
laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you
well.
Exeunt Ambassadors

EXETER: This was a merry message.
KING HENRY V: We hope to make the
sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our
expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but
France,
Save those to God, that run before our
business.
Therefore let our proportions for these
wars
Be soon collected and all things thought
upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God
before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's
door.
Therefore let every man now task his
thought,
That this fair action may on foot be
brought.

Exeunt Flourish

HENRY V

ACT 4 SCENE 3

THE ENGLISH CAMP

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his host: SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND:

GLOUCESTER: Where is the king?

BEDFORD: The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND: Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

EXETER: There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY: God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BEDFORD: Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXETER: Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

Exit SALISBURY

BEDFORD: He is full of valour as of kindness; Princely in both.

Enter the KING

WESTMORELAND: O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day!

KING HENRY V: What's he that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of

honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day: then shall our names.

Familiar in his mouth as household words Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY

SALISBURY: My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

KING HENRY V: All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND: Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING HENRY V: Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND: God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY V: Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

MONTJOY: Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides,
in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches,
their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY V: Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY: The Constable of France.

KING HENRY V: I pray thee, bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I

trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,

That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host--

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly--
And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes, or they will
pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French
soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do
this,--
As, if God please, they shall,--my ransom
then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle
herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these
my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em
them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY: I shall, King Harry. And so
fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

Exit

KING HENRY V: I fear thou'lt once more
come again for ransom.

Enter YORK

YORK: My lord, most humbly on my knee
I beg
The leading of the vaward.

KING HENRY V: Take it, brave York. Now,
soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the
day!

Exeunt

TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 2 SCENE 4

DUKE ORSINO'S PALACE.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

DUKE ORSINO: Give me some music.
Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

Come, but one verse.

CURIO: He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.

DUKE ORSINO: Who was it?

CURIO: Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE ORSINO: Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA: It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

DUKE ORSINO: Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art,
thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:

Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA: A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO: What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA: Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO: She is not worth thee,
then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA: About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO: Too old by heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

VIOLA: I think it well, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO: Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA: And so they are: alas, that they are so;

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown

DUKE ORSINO: O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown

Are you ready, sir?

DUKE ORSINO: Ay; prithee, sing.

Music

SONG.

Clown

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet

On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

DUKE ORSINO: There's for thy pains.

Clown

No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing,
sir.

DUKE ORSINO: I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

DUKE ORSINO: Give me now leave to
leave thee.

Clown

Now, the melancholy god protect thee;
and the
tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for
thy mind is a very opal. I would have men
of such
constancy put to sea, that their business
might be
every thing and their intent every where;
for that's
it that always makes a good voyage of
nothing. Farewell.

Exit

DUKE ORSINO: Let all the rest give place.

CURIO and Attendants retire

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the
world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd
upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my
soul.

VIOLA: But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO: I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA: Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love
her;

You tell her so; must she not then be
answer'd?

DUKE ORSINO: There is no woman's
sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a
passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's
heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack
retention

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the liver, but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no
compare

Between that love a woman can bear me

And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA: Ay, but I know--

DUKE ORSINO: What dost thou know?

VIOLA: Too well what love women to men
may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

DUKE ORSINO: And what's her history?

VIOLA: A blank, my lord. She never told
her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the
bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but
indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we
prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE ORSINO: But died thy sister of her
love, my boy?

VIOLA: I am all the daughters of my
father's house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know
not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO: Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no deny.

Exeunt

TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT 3 SCENE 1

OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabour

VIOLA: Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?
CLOWN: No, sir, I live by the church.
VIOLA: Art thou a churchman?
CLOWN: No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
VIOLA: So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.
CLOWN: You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
VIOLA: Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.
CLOWN: I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
VIOLA: Why, man?
CLOWN: Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.
VIOLA: Thy reason, man?
CLOWN: Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
VIOLA: I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.
CLOWN: Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.
VIOLA: Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
CLOWN: No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am

indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA: I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
CLOWN: Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.
VIOLA: Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
CLOWN: Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
VIOLA: By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;
Aside
though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
CLOWN: Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
VIOLA: Yes, being kept together and put to use.
CLOWN: I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
VIOLA: I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.
CLOWN: The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.
Exit
VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the haggard, cheque at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practise

As full of labour as a wise man's art
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their
wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH: Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA: And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW: Dieu vous garde,
monsieur.

VIOLA: Et vous aussi; votre
serviteur.

SIR ANDREW: I hope, sir, you are;
and I am yours.

SIR TOBY BELCH: Will you encounter
the house? my niece is desirous you
should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA: I am bound to your
niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my
voyage.

SIR TOBY BELCH: Taste your legs, sir;
put them to motion.

VIOLA: My legs do better
understand me, sir, than I understand
what you mean by bidding me taste my
legs.

SIR TOBY BELCH: I mean, to go, sir, to
enter.

VIOLA: I will answer you with gait
and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the
heavens rain odours on you!

SIR ANDREW: That youth's a rare
courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.

VIOLA: My matter hath no voice, to
your own most pregnant
and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW: 'Odours,' 'pregnant'
and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em
all three all ready.

OLIVIA: Let the garden door be shut,
and leave me to my hearing.

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and
MARIA*

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA: My duty, madam, and most
humble service.

OLIVIA: What is your name?

VIOLA: Cesario is your servant's
name, fair princess.

OLIVIA: My servant, sir! 'Twas never
merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd
compliment:

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA: And he is yours, and his
must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant,
madam.

OLIVIA: For him, I think not on him:
for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd
with me!

VIOLA: Madam, I come to whet your
gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

OLIVIA: O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA: Dear lady,--

OLIVIA: Give me leave, beseech you.
I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful

cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: what
might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the
stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled
thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of
your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you
speak.

VIOLA: I pity you.

OLIVIA: That's a degree to love.

VIOLA: No, not a grize; for 'tis a
vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA: Why, then, methinks 'tis
time to smile again.

O, world, how apt the poor are to be
proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the

better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
Clock strikes
The clock upbraids me with the waste of
time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have
you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to
harvest,
Your were is alike to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
VIOLA: Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLIVIA: Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of
me.
VIOLA: That you do think you are
not what you are.
OLIVIA: If I think so, I think the same
of you.
VIOLA: Then think you right: I am
not what I am.
OLIVIA: I would you were as I would
have you be!
VIOLA: Would it be better, madam,
than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA: O, what a deal of scorn
looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more

soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's
night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every
thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this
clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no
cause,
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought
better.
VIOLA: By innocence I swear, and by
my youth
I have one heart, one bosom and one
truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLIVIA: Yet come again; for thou
perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his
love.

Exeunt

MACBETH

ACT 1 SCENES 6 AND 7

SCENE SIX. BEFORE MACBETH'S CASTLE.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants

DUNCAN: This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO: This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does
approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the
heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this
bird
Hath made his pendent bed and
procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I
have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

DUNCAN: See, see, our honour'd
hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I
teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your
pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH: All our service
In every point twice done and then done
double
Were poor and single business to
contend
Against those honours deep and broad
wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those
of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to
them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN: Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a
purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
help him
To his home before us. Fair and noble
hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

LADY MACBETH: Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is
theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness'
pleasure,
Still to return your own.

DUNCAN: Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him
highly,
And shall continue our graces towards
him.
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt

SCENE 7. MACBETH'S CASTLE.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and
divers Servants with dishes and service,
and pass over the stage. Then enter
MACBETH:*

MACBETH: If it were done when 'tis done,
then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
catch
With his surcease success; that but this
blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of
time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these
cases
We still have judgment here; that we but
teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,
horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have
no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH: He has almost supp'd:
why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH: Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH: Know you not he has?

MACBETH: We will proceed no further
in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of
people,

Which would be worn now in their
newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it
slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and
pale

At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and
valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of
life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH: Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH: What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to
me?

When you durst do it, then you were a
man;

And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor
place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both:

They have made themselves, and that
their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
as you

Have done to this.

MACBETH: If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH: We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-
place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard
journey

Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince

That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put

upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the
guilt

Of our great quell?

MACBETH: Bring forth men-children
only;
For thy undaunted mettle should
compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be
received,
When we have mark'd with blood those
sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very
daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH: Who dares receive it
other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour
roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH: I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest
show:
False face must hide what the false heart
doth know.

Exeunt

MACBETH
ACT 5 SCENES 1 AND 3

**SCENE ONE. DUNSINANE. ANTE-ROOM
IN THE CASTLE.**

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

Doctor

I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?

Gentlewoman

Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it,
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it,
and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Doctor

A great perturbation in nature, to receive
at once
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching! In this slumbery agitation,
besides her
walking and other actual performances,
what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gentlewoman

Neither to you nor any one; having no
witness to
confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very
guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe
her; stand close.

Doctor

How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman

Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman

It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus
washing her hands: I have known her
continue in
this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH: Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what
comes from
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

LADY MACBETH: Out, damned spot! out,
I say!--One: two: why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie,
my
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need
we
fear who knows it, when none can call our
power to
account?--Yet who would have thought the
old man
to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH: The thane of Fife had a
wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No
more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all
with
this starting.

Doctor

Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.

Gentlewoman

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH: Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor

Well, well, well,--

Gentlewoman

Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor

Even so?

LADY MACBETH: To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

Doctor

Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman

Directly.

Doctor

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

SCENE THREE. DUNSINANE. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants

MACBETH: Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant

There is ten thousand--

MACBETH: Geese, villain!

Servant

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH: Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH: Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

Seyton!--I am sick at heart,
When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old
age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their
stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny,
and dare not. Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

SEYTON: What is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH: What news more?

SEYTON: All is confirm'd, my lord, which
was reported.

MACBETH: I'll fight till from my bones
my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

SEYTON: 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH: I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country
round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me
mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick coming
fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH: Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind

diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor

Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH: Throw physic to the dogs; I'll
none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my
staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly
from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst,
doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine
health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I
say.--

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative
drug,

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them?

Doctor

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

MACBETH: Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor

[Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and
clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exeunt

The tasks provided on the following pages are intended to be typical of the questions that might be set on these extracts. Any resemblance to the final set tasks is completely coincidental.

Henry V

Section A – Writing

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

When watching *Henry V*, the audience might admire Henry for his understanding of what it means to be a king.

HOW SHOULD A KING BEHAVE IN THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY?

Times have changed and so have many aspects of royalty, so what qualities does a king need in the modern age?

The Daily News invites you to contribute to the debate. Send us a short article giving your views. Write about:

- **What you think are the qualities of a good king**
- **Which of these qualities are most important today**
- **Which are timeless**

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for Section B

Henry V

Section B – Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Henry V

Act 1 Scene 2

Act 4 Scene 3

In these speeches how does Henry use language to rally people to his cause?

Support your ideas by referring to the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

In this scene, Henry has received tennis balls from the Dauphin

KING HENRY V: We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

In this scene, Henry's nobles are worrying that the English will be outnumbered.

WESTMORELAND: O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

KING HENRY V: What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Twelfth Night

Section A – Writing

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

Viola's disguise lead her into lies and deceptions but, in the end everything turns out well.

DO THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

You are going to take part in a class debate with this subject. You have to ask yourself the question whether it is okay to lie and deceive people if things turn out for the best.

Write a speech either FOR or AGAINST the idea. Make sure that you:

- **Argue persuasively**
- **Include examples to back up what you say**

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for Section B

Twelfth Night

Section B – Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Twelfth Night

Act 2 Scene 4

Act 3 Scene 1

In these extracts how does Viola use language to keep up her deceptions with Orsino and Olivia?

Support your ideas by referring to the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

In this scene, Orsino questions Olivia.

VIOLA: But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO: I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA: Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE ORSINO: There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA: Ay, but I know--

DUKE ORSINO: What dost thou know?

VIOLA: Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE ORSINO: And what's her history?

VIOLA: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE ORSINO: But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA: I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO: Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

In this scene, Viola - in disguise - courts Olivia on behalf of Orsino.

OLIVIA: Give me your hand, sir.
VIOLA: My duty, madam, and most humble service.
OLIVIA: What is your name?
VIOLA: Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
OLIVIA: My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
VIOLA: And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
OLIVIA: For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
VIOLA: Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
OLIVIA: O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
VIOLA: Dear lady,--
OLIVIA: Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
VIOLA: I pity you.
OLIVIA: That's a degree to love.
VIOLA: No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA: Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
Clock strikes
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your were is alike to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA: Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA: Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA: That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA: If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA: Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLIVIA: I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA: Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA: O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

Macbeth

Section A – Writing

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

Macbeth is a victim of his own ambition and the witches prophecies.

OUIJA BOARDS

Have you and your friends ever sat round a table with the letters of the alphabet marked out in a circle and each put a fingers on the top of a glass? This is a Ouija Board. You ask it questions and the glass moves, apparently without any effort, to spell out the answer.

There is a craze in your school for using these boards.

After complaints from parents your school has decided to ban pupils from playing this game. Write a short speech for a school assembly explaining why.

You might like to think about:

- **How easily people can be taken in**
- **How some might think the effect is supernatural**
- **How the outcomes might be harmful**

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for Section B

Macbeth

Section B – Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Macbeth

Act 1 Scenes 6 and 7
Act 5 Scenes 1 and 3

If you were directing the extracts, how would you advise the actress playing Lady Macbeth to show what she is feeling?

Support your ideas by referring to the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

In this scene, Lady Macbeth urges Macbeth to kill King Duncan.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH: He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH: Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH: Know you not he has?

MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH: Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH: What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH: If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH: We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

In this scene, Lady Macbeth is overcome by her guilt.

LADY MACBETH: Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH: Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH: The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH: Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor

Well, well, well,--

Gentlewoman

Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor

Even so?

LADY MACBETH: To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

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