

SECOND PUBLIC EXAMINATION

HONOUR SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

COURSE I

Paper 3 Literature in English from 1550 to 1660

COURSE II

Paper 6 (a) Literature in English from 1550 to 1660

HONOUR SCHOOL OF HISTORY AND ENGLISH

Literature in English from 1550 to 1660

TRINITY TERM 2016

Tuesday, 17 May, 9.30am – 12.30pm

Time allowed – Three hours

Answer *three* questions. Except where specified, themes can be applied to any author or authors of your choice. You should pay careful attention in your answers to the precise terms of the quotations and questions.

Candidates should not repeat material across different parts of the examination.

Do not turn over until told that you may do so.

1. It is but love, which makes his paper perfect white
To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
Whiles beauty's reddest ink Venus for him doth stir.
(SIR PHILIP SIDNEY)
2. 'But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not onely the
daintie lineaments of beauty, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and
craggy cliffs, that by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the
principall; for oftimes we fynde ourselues, I know not how, singularly delighted with
the shewe of such natural rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order'
(‘E.K.’, in EDMUND SPENSER, *Shepeardes Calendar*).
3. I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to Trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map.
(CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE)
4. 'For the Methode of a Poet historicall is not such, as of an Historiographer'
(EDMUND SPENSER).
5. 'As the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the
deadliest hate'(JOHN LYLly).
6. Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
(SIR WALTER RALEGH)
7. The Summer hath his joys,
And Winter his delights.
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.
(THOMAS CAMPION)
8. It will be look'd for, Book, when some but see
Thy title, Epigrams, and named of me,
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and tooth'd withal.
(BEN JONSON)
9. Life is a voyage, and in our lives' ways
Countries, courts, towns are rocks, or remoras*;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
That though than pitch they stain worse, we must touch.
(JOHN DONNE)

*remoras: fish that attach themselves to a ship's hull, and reduce its speed

10. But yet the Weaker thou doest seeme to be
In Sexe, or Sence, the more his Glory shines,
That doth infuse such powerful Grace in thee,
To shew thy Love in these few humble lines.
(AEMELIA LANYER)

11. 'But it fareth with *Sentences* as with *coynes*; In coines, they that in smallest compasse
containe greatest value, are best esteemed: and, in sentences, those that in fewest
words comprise most matter, are most praised' (LANCELOT ANDREWES).

12. Com, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain nymph, sweet Liberty
(JOHN MILTON)

13. Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may,
The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.
(ROBERT HERRICK)

14. Joy, I did lock thee up: but some bad man
Hath let thee out again.
(GEORGE HERBERT)

15. BUSY: You are an abomination: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparel of
the Female, and the Female of the Male.
PUPPET: It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against
the Puppets; for we have neyther Male nor Female amongst us. And that
thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!
[*The puppet takes up his garment.*]
(BEN JONSON)

16. 'Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much
writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making'
(JOHN MILTON).

17. 'To have been happy, madam, adds to calamity' (FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND
JOHN FLETCHER).

18. 'Tis time to die when we are ourselves our foes.
(THOMAS MIDDLETON)

19. Tell us, pray, what devil
This melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters.
(JOHN FORD)

20. 'Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty, that
which one admires, another rejects. . . . *Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli* [The
fate of books depends on the fancy of the reader]' (ROBERT BURTON).