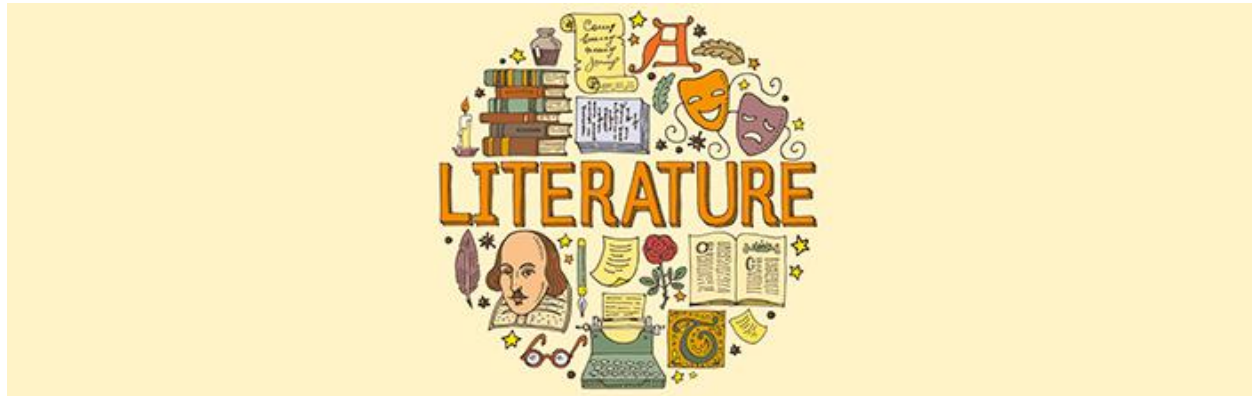


English Literature Papers 1 & 2



Exam Revision Pack

Name: _____
Class: _____
Teacher: _____

How to use:

Complete at least one full essay per week (50 mins). These should be from a range of texts.

50 minute revision: Set a timer. Spend 10 minutes reading, annotating and planning your answer, including quotes and annotations from the whole text. After 10 minutes, spend 40 minutes writing up your answer in full. Bring these essays to your teacher for feedback.

10 minute revision: Set a timer. Spend 10 minutes reading, annotating and planning your answer, including quotes and annotations from the whole text.

5 minute revision: Read the question only, and do a four minute knowledge dump of all quotes, vocab and core knowledge you can think of that link to the question. Then spend a minute adding ideas from your knowledge organisers and exercise books that you forgot to include. Use a different coloured pen for ideas you missed!

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Prince Escalus has arrived to break up the fighting.

PRINCE
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel—
Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents conflict as a key theme in the play.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents conflict in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents conflict in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from Act 1 Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Tybalt realises that Romeo is at the Capulet party.

ROMEO
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear.
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT
This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.
What, dares the slave
Come hither covered with an antic face
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Starting with this extract, explain how far you think Shakespeare presents the relationship between love and hate in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between love and hate in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents the relationship between love and hate in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 2 Scene 2 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play the Romeo declares his love to Juliet.

Romeo
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid since she is envious.
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, 'do' entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents Romeo's feeling about love in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Romeo in this speech.
- how Shakespeare presents Romeo in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 3 Scene 1 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Mercutio rejects Tybalt's suggestion that they leave the streets of Verona.

MERCUTIO Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou—why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?

Starting with this extract, explain how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents Mercutio in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet

Read the following extract from the start of Act 4 Scene 3 of *Romeo and Juliet* and then answer the question that follows.

At this point in the play Juliet is preparing to take potion which will make it seem as if she is dead.

JULIET
Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial. ^{She takes out the vial.}
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
^{She takes out her knife}
and puts it down beside her. ^{She takes out her knife}
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
What if it be a poison which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud;

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Write about:

- how Shakespeare presents Juliet in this extract.
- how Shakespeare presents Juliet in the play as a whole.

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

A Christmas Carol

Read this extract from Stave 2.

In this extract Scrooge is being taken back to his childhood at school.

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his heightened and excited face; would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

“There’s the Parrot!” cried Scrooge. “Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. ‘Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?’ The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn’t. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!”

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, “Poor boy!” and cried again.

“I wish,” Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: “but it’s too late now.”

“What is the matter?” asked the Spirit.

“Nothing,” said Scrooge. “Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that’s all.”

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand: saying as it did so, “Let us see another Christmas!”

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present Scrooge’s growing self-awareness?

Write about:

- how Dickens presents Scrooge in this extract
- how Dickens presents Scrooge’s growing self-awareness in the novel as a whole.

30 marks

Read this extract from Chapter 1 of *A Christmas Carol* and then answer the question that follows.

“Christmas a humbug, uncle!” said Scrooge’s nephew. “You don’t mean that, I am sure?”

“I do,” said Scrooge. “Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.”

“Come, then,” returned the nephew gaily. “What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.”

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, “Bah!” again; and followed it up with “Humbug.”

“Don’t be cross, uncle!” said the nephew.

“What else can I be,” returned the uncle, “when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What’s Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in ’em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,” said Scrooge indignantly, “every idiot who goes about with ‘Merry Christmas’ on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!”

“Uncle!” pleaded the nephew.

“Nephew!” returned the uncle sternly, “keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.”

“Keep it!” repeated Scrooge’s nephew. “But you don’t keep it.”

“Let me leave it alone, then,” said Scrooge. “Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!”

“There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,” returned the nephew. “Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!”

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

“Let me hear another sound from you,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir,” he added, turning to his nephew. “I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.”

“Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.”

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

“But why?” cried Scrooge’s nephew. “Why?”

“Why did you get married?” said Scrooge.

“Because I fell in love.”

“Because you fell in love!” growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. “Good afternoon!”

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present the importance of family in *A Christmas Carol*?

Read this extract from Chapter 1 of *A Christmas Carol* and then answer the question that follows.

“At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,” said the gentleman, taking up a pen, “it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.”

“Are there no prisons?” asked Scrooge.

“Plenty of prisons,” said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

“And the Union workhouses?” demanded Scrooge. “Are they still in operation?”

“They are. Still,” returned the gentleman, “I wish I could say they were not.”

“The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?” said Scrooge.

“Both very busy, sir.”

“Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,” said Scrooge. “I’m very glad to hear it.”

“Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,” returned the gentleman, “a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?”

“Nothing!” Scrooge replied.

“You wish to be anonymous?”

“I wish to be left alone,” said Scrooge. “Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don’t make merry myself at Christmas and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.”

“Many can’t go there; and many would rather die.”

“If they would rather die,” said Scrooge, “they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don’t know that.”

“But you might know it,” observed the gentleman.

“It’s not my business,” Scrooge returned. “It’s enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people’s. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!”

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present the idea of charity in *A Christmas Carol*?

Read this extract from Stave 2.

In this extract Scrooge is shown his past when he was employed by Mr Fezziwig.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

“A small matter,” said the Ghost, “to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.”

“Small!” echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig: and when he had done so, said,

“Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?”

“It isn’t that,” said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. “It isn’t that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count ’em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.”

He felt the Spirit’s glance, and stopped.

“What is the matter?” asked the Ghost.

“Nothing particular,” said Scrooge.

“Something, I think?” the Ghost insisted.

“No,” said Scrooge, “No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That’s all.”

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens present Scrooge changing?

Write about:

- how Dickens presents Scrooge in this extract
- how Dickens presents Scrooge changing in the novel as a whole.

In this extract, Scrooge meets the Ghost of Christmas Present for the first time.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me."

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for," muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe."

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

Starting with this extract, how does Dickens use the supernatural to create intrigue and excitement in *A Christmas Carol*?

Write about:

- how Dickens uses the supernatural in this extract
- how Dickens uses the supernatural in the novel as a whole.

[30 marks]

Section A: Modern prose or drama
Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.
JB Priestley: An Inspector Calls

These questions alternate between character questions and theme questions (as they do in the exam)

EITHER

01 How important is the character of Eric in demonstrating Priestley's ideas?

Write about:

- How Eric responds to his family and the Inspector
- How Priestley presents Eric's actions

OR:

02 How successfully is the idea of collective responsibility explored in this play, through the use of the Inspector?

Write about:

- Priestley's ideas about collective responsibility in *An Inspector Calls*
- How Priestley uses the Inspector to present these views

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

EITHER

01 How does Priestley use Gerald Croft's status to show his ideas about society?

Write about:

- How the Birling family react to Gerald Croft
- How Priestley presents Gerald Croft

OR:

02 How successfully does Priestley present the different attitudes between the older and younger generations in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents the older generation and the younger generation
- How Priestley shows his and their attitudes in the way he writes

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Modern prose or drama
Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.
JB Priestley: An Inspector Calls

EITHER

01 Why did Priestley create the Birling family as the central characters in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents the Birlings
- What the Birling family represent and how they demonstrate Priestley's views

OR:

02 How does Priestley explore guilt in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents guilt by the way he writes
- How Priestley presents different characters' reactions to guilt

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

EITHER

01 How does Priestley use Mr Birling to present his ideas about employers' responsibility?

Write about:

- Priestley's ideas about employers
- How Priestley presents Mr Birling

OR:

02 How does Priestley present his ideas about social class in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- Priestley's ideas about social class
- How Priestley presents these ideas through his characters and the way he writes

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Section A: Modern prose or drama
Answer one question from this section on your chosen text.

JB Priestley: An Inspector Calls

These questions alternate between character questions and theme questions (as they do in the exam)

EITHER

01 Why does Priestley present Eva Smith without the audience ever getting to see her or hear her in *An Inspector Calls*?

Write about:

- How Priestley presents Eva Smith
- What Eva Smith represents and how this shows Priestley's views

OR:

02 How does Priestley show his ideas about gender inequality in *An Inspector Calls*??

Write about:

- Priestley's views on gender inequality
- How Priestley presents gender inequality

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

EITHER

01 How does Priestley use Sheila's change throughout the play to present his ideas??

Write about:

- How Sheila responds to her family and to the Inspector
- How Priestley presents the change in Sheila by the way he writes

OR:

02 What is important about the period of time in which Priestley set *An Inspector Calls*, and why did he do this?

Write about:

- The importance of the period of time in which the play was set
- How Priestley uses this period of time to present his ideas to the audience

[30 marks]
AO4 [4 marks]

Power and Conflict Poetry Comparison

1. Compare the ways poets present the power of the natural world in Storm on the Island and in **one** other poem from Power and Conflict.

Storm on the Island

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean – leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat
Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo,
We are bombarded by the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

SEAMUS HEANEY

2. Compare the ways poets present ideas about power in Ozymandias and in **one** other poem from Power and Conflict.

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

3. Compare the ways poets present ideas about identity in *The Emigrée* and in **one** other poem from *Power and Conflict*.

The Émigrée

There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

CAROL RUMENS

1. Compare the ways poets present individual experiences of conflict in War Photographer and in **one** other poem from Power and Conflict.

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black-and-white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

4. Compare the ways poets present powerful individuals in *My Last Duchess* and in **one** other poem from *Power and Conflict*.

My Last Duchess

Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read

Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps

Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had

A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,

The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace – all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but
thanked
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will

Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,

– E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands

As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;

Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING

