



**ENGLISH LITERATURE ADMISSIONS TEST**

**4501/11**

**Wednesday 30 October 2019**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

**Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until you are told that you may do so.**

A separate answer booklet with 8 lined pages is provided. Please check you have one.

You should allow at least 30 minutes for reading this question paper, making notes and preparing your answer.

**Your answer should only be written on the lined pages inside the answer booklet. No extra paper is allowed for this purpose.** The blank inside front and back covers should be used to plan your answer and for any rough working or notes.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper.

No texts, dictionaries or sources of reference may be brought into the examination.

*This paper consists of 8 printed pages and 4 blank pages.*



**UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE**

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*Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes.*

*You should spend at least 30 minutes reading and annotating the passages and preparing your answer.*

**The following passages are all linked by the theme of parting. They are arranged chronologically by date of publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.**

- (a) 'Lucasia, Rosania and Orinda Parting at a Fountain' (1663), a poem by Katherine Philips *page 4*
- (b) From *Vanity Fair* (1847), a novel by William Makepeace Thackeray *page 5*
- (c) From *An Autobiography* (1883), by Anthony Trollope *page 6*
- (d) 'it may not always be so; and i say' (1923), a poem by E. E. Cummings *page 7*
- (e) From *World Without End* (1931), a memoir by Helen Thomas *page 8*
- (f) 'Movement Song' (1973), a poem by Audre Lorde *page 9*

***Task:***

**Select two of the passages (a) to (f) and compare and contrast them in any ways that seem interesting to you, paying particular attention to distinctive features of structure, language and style.**

***This task is designed to assess your responsiveness to unfamiliar literary material and your skills in close reading. Marks are not awarded for references to other texts or authors you have studied.***

(a) **'Lucasia, Rosania and Orinda Parting at a Fountain' (1663), a poem by Katherine Philips**

Here, here are our enjoyments done,  
And since the Love and Grief we wear  
Forbids us either word or tear,  
And Art wants here expression,  
See Nature furnish us with one.

The kind and mournful Nymph which here  
Inhabits in her humble Cells,  
No longer her own sorrow tells,  
Nor for it now concern'd appears,  
But for our parting sheds these tears.

Unless she may afflicted be,  
Lest we should doubt her Innocence;  
Since she hath lost her best pretence  
Unto a matchless purity;  
Our Love being clearer far than she.

Cold as the streams that from her flow  
Or (if her privater recess  
A greater Coldness can express)  
Then cold as those dark beds of Snow  
Our hearts are at this parting blow.

But Time that has both wings and feet,  
Our Suffering Minutes being spent,  
Will Visit us with new Content.  
And sure, if kindness be so sweet,  
'Tis harder to forget than meet.

Then though the sad adieu we say,  
Yet as the wine we hither bring,  
Revives, and then exalts the Spring;  
So let our hopes to meet allay,  
The fears and Sorrows of this day.

**(b) From *Vanity Fair* (1847), a novel by William Makepeace Thackeray**

The hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton<sup>1</sup> addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia<sup>2</sup> to philosophise, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and tedious; and having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visits of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart. 'You'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky<sup>3</sup>!' said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

'I suppose I must,' said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with a perfect accent, 'Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux<sup>4</sup>.'

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did: but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, 'Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning.' As the Hammersmith Semiramis<sup>5</sup> spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honour; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. 'Heaven bless you, my child,' said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. 'Come away, Becky,' said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them for ever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall—all the dear friends—all the young ladies—the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlour-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Pinkerton: the headmistress

<sup>2</sup> Amelia: Amelia Sedley, a pupil, also referred to in the passage as 'Miss Sedley'

<sup>3</sup> Becky: Becky Sharp, another pupil, Amelia's friend, also referred to in the passage as 'Miss Sharp'

<sup>4</sup> *je viens vous faire mes adieux*: I have come to say goodbye to you

<sup>5</sup> Semiramis: a legendary queen of the ancient world

**(c) From *An Autobiography* (1883), by Anthony Trollope**

It was with many misgivings that I killed my old friend Mrs. Proudie. I could not, I think, have done it, but for a resolution taken and declared under circumstances of great momentary pressure.

It was thus that it came about. I was sitting one morning at work upon the novel at the end of the long drawing-room of the Athenæum Club,—as was then my wont when I had slept the previous night in London. As I was there, two clergymen, each with a magazine in his hand, seated themselves, one on one side of the fire and one on the other, close to me. They soon began to abuse what they were reading, and each was reading some part of some novel of mine. The gravamen<sup>1</sup> of their complaint lay in the fact that I reintroduced the same characters so often! 'Here,' said one, 'is that archdeacon whom we have had in every novel he has ever written.' 'And here,' said the other, 'is the old duke whom he has talked about till everybody is tired of him. If I could not invent new characters, I would not write novels at all.' Then one of them fell foul of Mrs. Proudie. It was impossible for me not to hear their words, and almost impossible to hear them and be quiet. I got up, and standing between them, I acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I said, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over.' And so I did. The two gentlemen were utterly confounded, and one of them begged me to forget his frivolous observations.

I have sometimes regretted the deed, so great was my delight in writing about Mrs. Proudie, so thorough was my knowledge of all the little shades of her character. It was not only that she was a tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess, a very vulgar woman, and one who would send headlong to the nethermost pit all who disagreed with her; but that at the same time she was conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save the souls around her from its horrors. And as her tyranny increased so did the bitterness of the moments of her repentance increase, in that she knew herself to be a tyrant,—till that bitterness killed her. Since her time others have grown up equally dear to me,—Lady Glencora and her husband, for instance; but I have never dissevered myself from Mrs. Proudie, and still live much in company with her ghost.

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<sup>1</sup> gravamen: the essence, or most serious part

(d) 'it may not always be so; and i say' (1923), a poem by E. E. Cummings

**Starting "it may not always be so; and i say  
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch"**

**Ending "Then shall i turn my face, and hear one bird  
sing terribly afar in the lost lands."**

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(e) From *World Without End* (1931), a memoir by Helen Thomas

Starting “So we lay, all night, sometimes talking of our love and all that had been...”

Ending “Then with leaden feet which stumbled in a sudden darkness that overwhelmed me I groped my way back to the empty house.”

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<sup>1</sup> Edward: Edward Thomas, the poet, who was killed in action in France at Easter 1917, some months after this farewell



(f) **'Movement Song' (1973), a poem by Audre Lorde**

**Starting "I have studied the tight curls on the back of your neck"**

**Ending "saying we cannot waste time  
only ourselves."**

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<sup>1</sup> clericals: office workers

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