

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4-7**2006**

English test

Shakespeare paper: *Richard III*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Richard III* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

Richard III

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 32 to 96
Act 3 Scene 7, lines 110 to 172

In these extracts, how does Richard use language to deceive others and to hide his plans to become king?

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

18 marks

	It follows in his thought that I am he. These, as I learn, and suchlike toys as these Hath moved his highness to commit me now.	60
RICHARD	Why, this it is when men are ruled by women. 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower. My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she That tempts him to this harsh extremity. Was it not she and that good man of worship, Anthony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower, From whence this present day he is delivered? We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.	65 70
CLARENCE	By heaven, I think there is no man secure But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore. Heard you not what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was for her delivery?	75
RICHARD	Humbly complaining to her deity Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty. I'll tell you what, I think it is our way, If we will keep in favour with the king, To be her men and wear her livery. The jealous, o'er-worn widow and herself, Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen, Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.	80
BRAKENBURY	I beseech your graces both to pardon me; His majesty hath straitly given in charge That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with your brother.	85
RICHARD	Even so. And please your worship, Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say. We speak no treason, man. We say the king Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous. We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue, And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks. How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?	90 95

Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, 145
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then on the other side I checked my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 150
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away, 155
And that my path were even to the crown
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness, 160
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need. 165
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty
And make (no doubt) us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 170
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

END OF TEST

