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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

Richard III

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 32 to 96

In this extract, Richard tells the audience his plans. He then talks to his brother, Clarence, who is being taken by Brakenbury to be imprisoned in the Tower.

RICHARD
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other. 35
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up
About a prophecy which says that 'G'
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul, here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE *guarded by* BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day. What means this armèd guard
That waits upon your grace?

CLARENCE
His majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower. 45

RICHARD
Upon what cause?

CLARENCE
Because my name is George.

RICHARD
Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours.
He should for that commit your godfathers.
Oh, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christened in the Tower. 50
But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

CLARENCE
Yea, Richard, when I know, but I protest
As yet I do not. But as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter 'G', 55
And says a wizard told him that by 'G'
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with 'G',

Turn over

It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and suchlike toys as these 60
Hath moved his highness to commit me now.

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. 65
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. 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. 80
The jealous, o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

BRAKENBURY I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge 85
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

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 90
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. 95
How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

Act 3 Scene 7, lines 110 to 172

In this extract, Buckingham and Richard carry out their plan to trick the Mayor into believing that Richard deserves to be king. The Mayor and citizens are on the stage watching and listening.

RICHARD — I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCKINGHAM — You have, my lord. Would it might please your grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

RICHARD — Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

BUCKINGHAM — Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock;
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

RICHARD — I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
If not to answer, you might haply think

Turn over

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

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