

2008 Key stage 3 English test: Shakespeare paper set sections for *Richard III*

Each year schools are informed of the set sections via the June circular and *Assessment and reporting arrangements* booklet.

The three plays for study in 2008 are: *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard III* and *The Tempest*.

Two sections are specified for each play; schools should note that pupils are required to study BOTH of the set sections.

In November 2007 schools must indicate on the test order form which Shakespeare paper (*Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard III* or *The Tempest*) pupils will be taking in the 2008 tests.

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The downloadable set sections will give all teachers and pupils access to the edition of the text that will appear in the test papers, with the same layout and font.

The 2008 set sections for *Richard III* are as follows:

Act 1, Scene 2, lines 33 to 186

'Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.'
to
'I will not be thy executioner.'

AND

Act 4, Scene 4, lines 199 to 342

'Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.'
to
'Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?'

	O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death! O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead; Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick – As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood, Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd.	65
RICHARD	Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessing for curses.	
ANNE	Villain, thou knowest nor law of God nor man! No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.	70
RICHARD	But I know none, and therefore am no beast.	
ANNE	O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!	
RICHARD	More wonderful when angels are so angry. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, Of these supposed crimes to give me leave By circumstance but to acquit myself.	75
ANNE	Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man, For these known evils but to give me leave By circumstance to curse thy cursèd self.	80
RICHARD	Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have Some patient leisure to excuse myself.	
ANNE	Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make No excuse current but to hang thyself.	
RICHARD	By such despair I should accuse myself.	85
ANNE	And by despairing shalt thou stand excused For doing worthy vengeance on thyself That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.	
RICHARD	Say that I slew them not?	
ANNE	Then say they were not slain. But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee!	90
RICHARD	I did not kill your husband.	
ANNE	Why, then he is alive.	
RICHARD	Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.	
ANNE	In thy foul throat thou liest! Queen Margaret saw Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood – The which thou once didst bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat aside the point.	95

RICHARD	I was provokèd by her slanderous tongue That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.	
ANNE	Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind, That never dream'st on aught but butcheries. Didst thou not kill this King?	100
RICHARD	I grant ye.	
ANNE	Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me too Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed! O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!	
RICHARD	The better for the King of Heaven, that hath him.	105
ANNE	He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.	
RICHARD	Let him thank me that help to send him thither – For he was fitter for that place than earth.	
ANNE	And thou unfit for any place but hell!	
RICHARD	Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.	110
ANNE	Some dungeon.	
RICHARD	Your bed-chamber.	
ANNE	Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!	
RICHARD	So will it, madam, till I lie with you.	
ANNE	I hope so.	
RICHARD	I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne, To leave this keen encounter of our wits, And fall something into a slower method – Is not the causer of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, As blameful as the executioner?	115 120
ANNE	Thou wast the cause and most accursed effect.	
RICHARD	Your beauty was the cause of that effect – Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.	125
ANNE	If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.	

SECTION 2

Act 4, Scene 4, lines 199 to 342

KING RICHARD	Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.	
ELIZABETH	I have no more sons of the royal blood For thee to slaughter! For my daughters, Richard, They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens – And therefore level not to hit their lives.	200
KING RICHARD	You have a daughter called Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.	205
ELIZABETH	And must she die for this? O, let her live, And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty, Slander myself as false to Edward's bed, Throw over her the veil of infamy! So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.	210
KING RICHARD	Wrong not her birth. She is a royal Princess.	
ELIZABETH	To save her life I'll say she is not so.	
KING RICHARD	Her life is safest only in her birth.	
ELIZABETH	And only in that safety died her brothers.	215
KING RICHARD	Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.	
ELIZABETH	No – to their lives ill friends were contrary.	
KING RICHARD	All unavoids is the doom of destiny.	
ELIZABETH	True, when avoided grace makes destiny. My babes were destined to a fairer death, If grace had blessed <i>thee</i> with a fairer life.	220
KING RICHARD	You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.	

KING RICHARD	Be not so hasty to confound my meaning. I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter And do intend to make her Queen of England.	
ELIZABETH	Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?	265
KING RICHARD	Even he that makes her Queen. Who else should be?	
ELIZABETH	What, <i>thou</i> ?	
KING RICHARD	Even so. How think you of it?	
ELIZABETH	How canst <i>thou</i> woo her?	
KING RICHARD	That would I learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.	
ELIZABETH	And wilt thou learn of me?	
KING RICHARD	Madam, with all my heart.	270
ELIZABETH	Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, A pair of bleeding hearts. Thereon engrave 'Edward' and 'York'. Then haply will she weep. Therefore present to her – as sometime Margaret Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood – A handkerchief: which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds. Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle Rivers – ay, and for her sake Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.	275
KING RICHARD	You mock me, madam. This is not the way To win your daughter.	
ELIZABETH	There is no other way – Unless thou couldst put on some other shape And not be Richard that hath done all this!	285
KING RICHARD	Say that I did all this for love of her.	
ELIZABETH	Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee, Having bought love with such a bloody spoil!	290

KING RICHARD	Look what is done cannot be now amended! Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after-hours gives leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.	295
	If I have killed the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love Than is the doting title of a mother.	300
	They are as children but one step below, Even of your metal, of your very blood – Of all one pain, save for a night of groans Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow. Your children were vexation to your youth; But mine shall be a comfort to your age.	305
	The loss you have is but a son being King, And by that loss your daughter is made Queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can.	310
	Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity.	315
	The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother. Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repaired with double riches of content.	320
	What! We have many goodly days to see! The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl, Advantaging their loan with interest Of ten times double gain of happiness!	325
	Go, then, my mother – to thy daughter go. Make bold her bashful years with your experience. Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale. Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty! Acquaint the Princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.	330
	And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come, And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed – To whom I will retail my conquest won, And she shall be sole victoress, Caesar's Caesar!	335

ELIZABETH

What were I best to say? Her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee
That God, the law, my honour, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

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