

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

2004

Shakespeare paper: *Macbeth*

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 covers of your answer booklets.

This booklet contains a writing task and a reading task.

- You should write your answer to the **writing task** in the writing task answer booklet.
- The **writing task** assesses your writing and has 20 marks.
- You should write your answer to the **reading task** in the reading task answer booklet.
- The **reading task** assesses your reading and understanding of *Macbeth* and has 18 marks.

The paper is 1 hour and 15 minutes long.

- You should spend about:

30 minutes on the writing task
45 minutes on the reading task

BLANK PAGE

Writing task

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

In *Macbeth*, Banquo warns Macbeth about the Witches' influence.

Help!

You give advice in a magazine for young people. You receive this request:

Please advise me...

I have recently moved school and made some new friends. I like spending time with them, but my form tutor thinks my work is suffering.

What should I do?

Sam

Write your advice to be published in the magazine.

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for the reading task

Reading task

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Macbeth

Act 1 Scene 3, lines 98 to 155

Act 3 Scene 1, lines 1 to 73

Macbeth and Banquo are concerned about whom they can and cannot trust.

How do these extracts explore the idea that it is difficult to know whom to trust?

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

18 marks

Macbeth

Act 1 Scene 3, lines 98 to 155

In this extract, Macbeth responds to the news that he is now the Thane of Cawdor.

ANGUS	<p style="text-align: right;">We are sent</p> <p>To give thee from our royal master thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.</p>	100
ROSS	<p>And for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail most worthy thane, For it is thine.</p>	
BANQUO	<p style="text-align: center;">What, can the devil speak true?</p>	105
MACBETH	<p>The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes?</p>	
ANGUS	<p style="text-align: center;">Who was the thane, lives yet, But under heavy judgement bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined with those of Norway, Or did line the rebel with hidden help And vantage, or that with both he laboured In his country's wrack, I know not, But treasons capital, confessed and proved, Have overthrown him.</p>	110
MACBETH	<p>[<i>Aside</i>] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind. – Thanks for your pains. – [<i>To Banquo</i>] Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me Promised no less to them?</p>	115
BANQUO	<p style="text-align: center;">That trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange, And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence. – Cousins, a word, I pray you.</p>	120 125
MACBETH	<p>[<i>Aside</i>] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen. – This supernatural soliciting Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,</p>	130

Turn over

	Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor. If good, why do I yield to that suggestion, Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart knock at my ribs Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man that function Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is, But what is not.	135 140
BANQUO	Look how our partner's rapt.	
MACBETH	If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me Without my stir.	
BANQUO	New honours come upon him Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould, But with the aid of use.	
MACBETH	[<i>Aside</i>] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	145
BANQUO	Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.	
MACBETH	Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are registered where every day I turn The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. [<i>To Banquo</i>] Think upon what hath chanced and at more time, The interim having weighed it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.	150
BANQUO	Very gladly.	
MACBETH	Till then, enough. – Come, friends.	155

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1, lines 1 to 73

In this extract, Banquo and Macbeth reflect on their fears about each other, and Macbeth asks Banquo to attend the feast.

Enter BANQUO dressed for riding

BANQUO	Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weird women promised, and I fear Thou played'st most foully for't; yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity,
--------	---

BANQUO	Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon's.	
MACBETH	I wish your horses swift and sure of foot, And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.	40
		<i>Exit Banquo</i>
	Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night; to make society The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself Till supper-time alone. While then, God be with you.	45
		<i>Exeunt [all but Macbeth and a Servant]</i>
	Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men Our pleasure?	
SERVANT	They are, my lord, without the palace gate.	
MACBETH	Bring them before us.	
		<i>Exit Servant</i>
	To be thus is nothing, But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares, And to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour To act in safety. There is none but he,	50
	Whose being I do fear; and under him My genius is rebuked, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters When first they put the name of king upon me And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like, They hailed him father to a line of kings. Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,	55
	For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered, Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them, and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings. Rather than so, come Fate into the list, And champion me to th'utterance. Who's there?	60
		65
		70

END OF TEST