



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
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Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2010

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal.'

How far do you agree with Fortinbras's assessment of Prince Hamlet?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how effective you find it as the opening to the play.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. *Elsinore. The guard-platform of the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

<i>Bernardo:</i>	Who's there?	
<i>Francisco:</i>	Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	Long live the King!	
<i>Francisco:</i>	Bernardo?	5
<i>Bernardo:</i>	He.	
<i>Francisco:</i>	You come most carefully upon your hour.	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.	
<i>Francisco:</i>	For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.	10
<i>Bernardo:</i>	Have you had quiet guard?	
<i>Francisco:</i>	Not a mouse stirring.	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.	15
	<i>Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.</i>	
<i>Francisco:</i>	I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?	
<i>Horatio:</i>	Friends to this ground.	
<i>Marcellus:</i>	And liegemen to the Dane.	20
<i>Francisco:</i>	Give you good night.	
<i>Marcellus:</i>	O, farewell, honest soldier! Who hath reliev'd you?	
<i>Francisco:</i>	Bernardo hath my place. Give you good night.	[Exit. 25
<i>Marcellus:</i>	Holla, Bernardo!	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	Say— What, is Horatio there?	
<i>Horatio:</i>	A piece of him.	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.	30
<i>Horatio:</i>	What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?	
<i>Bernardo:</i>	I have seen nothing.	

- Marcellus:* Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
- Horatio:* Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. 40
- Bernardo:* Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
- Horatio:* Well, sit we down, 45
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
- Bernardo:* Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 50
The bell then beating one—
Enter Ghost.
- Marcellus:* Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again.
Bernardo: In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
- Marcellus:* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio. 55
Bernardo: Looks 'a not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.
Horatio: Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.
Bernardo: It would be spoke to.
Marcellus: Question it, Horatio.
- Horatio:* What art thou that usurp'st this time of night 60
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!
Marcellus: It is offended.
- Bernardo:* See, it stalks away. 65
Horatio: Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost.*
Marcellus: 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Bernardo: How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't? 70
- Horatio:* Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
- Marcellus:* Is it not like the King?
Horatio: As thou art to thyself: 75

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's dramatisation of ideas about rule and government contribute to the play?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationships between Prospero, Miranda and Caliban.

<i>Prospero:</i>	Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!	
	<i>Enter CALIBAN.</i>	
<i>Caliban:</i>	As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd With raven's feather from unwholesome fen Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye And blister you all o'er!	5
<i>Prospero:</i>	For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins Shall, for that vast of night that they may work, All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging Than bees that made 'em.	10
<i>Caliban:</i>	I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first, Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me Water with berries in't, and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile. Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o' th' island.	15 20 25
<i>Prospero:</i>	Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee, Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate The honour of my child.	30
<i>Caliban:</i>	O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done. Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else This isle with Calibans.	35
<i>Miranda:</i>	Abhorred slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage, Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known. But thy vile race, Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou Deservedly confin'd into this rock, who hadst	40 45

- Caliban:* You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
- Prospero:* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly 55
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
- Caliban:* No, pray thee. 60
[*Aside*] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos.

Act 1, Scene 2

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'It is Sir Thomas Bertram who nearly brings about the ruin of Mansfield Park.'

Discuss your own response to the role and characterisation of Sir Thomas in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and dialogue, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

The next day came and brought no second letter. Fanny was disappointed. She could still think of little else all the morning; but when her father came back in the afternoon with the daily newspaper as usual, she was so far from expecting any elucidation through such a channel, that the subject was for a moment out of her head.

5

She was deep in other musing. The remembrance of her first evening in that room, of her father and his newspaper, came across her. No candle was *now* wanted. The sun was yet an hour and half above the horizon. She felt that she had, indeed, been three months there; and the sun's rays falling strongly into the parlour, instead of cheering, made her still more melancholy; for sunshine appeared to her a totally different thing in a town and in the country. Here, its power was only a glare, a stifling, sickly glare, serving but to bring forward stains and dirt that might otherwise have slept. There was neither health nor gaiety in sunshine in a town. She sat in a blaze of oppressive heat, in a cloud of moving dust; and her eyes could only wander from the walls, marked by her father's head, to the table cut and notched by her brothers, where stood the tea-board never thoroughly cleaned, the cups and saucers wiped in streaks, the milk a mixture of motes floating in thin blue, and the bread and butter growing every minute more greasy than even Rebecca's hands had first produced it. Her father read his newspaper, and her mother lamented over the ragged carpet as usual, while the tea was in preparation—and wished Rebecca would mend it; and Fanny was first roused by his calling out to her, after humphing and considering over a particular paragraph—"What's the name of your great cousins in town, Fan?"

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A moment's recollection enabled her to say, "Rushworth, Sir."

"And don't they live in Wimpole Street?"

"Yes, Sir."

25

"Then, there's the devil to pay among them, that's all! There"—holding out the paper to her—"much good may such fine relations do you. I don't know what Sir Thomas may think of such matters; he may be too much of the courtier and fine gentleman to like his daughter the less. But by G—! if she belonged to me, I'd give her the rope's end as long as I could stand over her. A little flogging for man and woman too, would be the best way of preventing such things."

30

Fanny read to herself that "it was with infinite concern the newspaper had to announce to the world, a matrimonial *fracas* in the family of Mr R. of Wimpole Street; the beautiful Mrs R. whose name had not long been enrolled in the lists of Hymen, and who had promised to become so brilliant a leader in the fashionable world, having quitted her husband's roof in company with the well-known and captivating Mr C., the intimate friend and associate of Mr R., and it was not known, even to the editor of the newspaper, whither they were gone."

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"It is a mistake, Sir," said Fanny instantly; "it must be a mistake—it cannot be true—it must mean some other people."

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) How important in your view is the presentation and use of dreams to the mood and effects of *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Chaucer's methods and concerns in the poem as a whole. You should pay attention to the language and tone of the passage in your answer.

"Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
 Of o thyng God hath sent me large grace;
 For whan I se the beautee of youre face,
 Ye been so scarlet reed aboute youre yen,
 It maketh al my drede for to dyen; 5
 For al so siker as *In principio*,
Mulier est hominis confusio, —
 Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
 'Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.'
 For whan I feele a-nyght your softe syde, 10
 Al be it that I may nat on yow ryde,
 For that oure perche is maad so narwe, allas!
 I am so ful of joye and of solas,
 That I diffye bothe sweven and dreem." 15
 And with that word he fley doum fro the beem,
 For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
 For he hadde founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
 Real he was, he was namoore aferd. 20
 He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,
 And trad hire eke as ofte, er it was pryme.
 He looketh as it were a grym leoun,
 And on his toos he rometh up and doum;
 Hym deigned nat to sette his foot to grounde. 25
 He chukketh whan he hath a corn yfoundede,
 And to hym rennen thanne his wyves alle.
 Thus roial, as a prince is in his halle,
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture,
 And after wol I telle his aventure. 30
 Whan that the month in which the world bigan,
 That highte March, whan God first maked man,
 Was compleet, and passed were also,
 Syn March bigan, thritty dayes and two,
 Bifel that Chauntecleer in all his pryde, 35
 His sevene wyves walkynge by his syde,
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat moore,
 And knew by kynde, and by noon oother loore, 40
 That it was pryme, and crew with blisful stevene.
 "The sonne," he seyde, "is clomben up on hevene
 Fourty degrees and oon, and moore ywis.
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
 Herkneþ these blisful briddes how they synge, 45
 And se the fresshe floures how they sprynge;
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas!"
 But sodeynly hym fil a sorweful cas,
 —

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) What does Dickens's presentation of the industrial world of Coketown contribute to the meaning and effects of *Hard Times*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of James Harthouse.

The next morning was too bright a morning for sleep, and James Harthouse rose early, and sat in the pleasant bay window of his dressing-room, smoking the rare tobacco that had had so wholesome an influence on his young friend. Reposing in the sunlight, with the fragrance of his eastern pipe about him, and the dreamy smoke vanishing into the air, so rich and soft with summer odours, he reckoned up his advantages as an idle winner might count his gains. He was not at all bored for the time, and could give his mind to it. 5

He had established a confidence with her, from which her husband was excluded. He had established a confidence with her, that absolutely turned upon her indifference towards her husband, and the absence, now and at all times, of any congeniality between them. He had artfully, but plainly, assured her that he knew her heart in its last most delicate recesses; he had come so near to her through its tenderest sentiment; he had associated himself with that feeling; and the barrier behind which she lived, had melted away. All very odd, and very satisfactory! 10

And yet he had not, even now, any earnest wickedness of purpose in him. Publicly and privately, it were much better for the age in which he lived, that he and the legion of whom he was one were designedly bad, than indifferent and purposeless. It is the drifting icebergs setting with any current anywhere, that wreck the ships. 15

When the Devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, smoothed, and varnished, according to the mode; when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he take to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very Devil. 20

So James Harthouse reclined in the window, indolently smoking, and reckoning up the steps he had taken on the road by which he happened to be travelling. The end to which it led was before him, pretty plainly; but he troubled himself with no calculations about it. What will be, will be. 25

As he had rather a long ride to take that day—for there was a public occasion “to do” at some distance, which afforded a tolerable opportunity of going in for the Gradgrind men—he dressed early, and went down to breakfast. He was anxious to see if she had relapsed since the previous evening. No. He resumed where he had left off. There was a look of interest for him again. 30

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

- 6 **Either** (a) What does Hardy's presentation of marriages contribute to the novel's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone and Hardy's narrative methods, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

We go back for a moment to the preceding night, to account for Henchard's attitude.

At the hour when Elizabeth-Jane was contemplating her stealthy reconnoitring excursion to the abode of the lady of her fancy, he had been not a little amazed at receiving a letter by hand in Lucetta's well-known characters. The self-repression, the resignation of her previous communication had vanished from her mood; she wrote with some of the natural lightness which had marked her in their early acquaintance. 5

HIGH-PLACE HALL

MY DEAR MR HENCHARD, – Don't be surprised. It is for your good and mine, as I hope, that I have come to live at Casterbridge – for how long I cannot tell. That depends upon another; and he is a man, and a merchant, and a Mayor, and one who has the first right to my affections. 10

Seriously, *mon ami*, I am not so light-hearted as I may seem to be from this. I have come here in consequence of hearing of the death of your wife – whom you used to think of as dead so many years before! Poor woman, she seems to have been a sufferer, though uncomplaining, and though weak in intellect not an imbecile. I am glad you acted fairly by her. As soon as I knew she was no more, it was brought home to me very forcibly by my conscience that I ought to endeavour to disperse the shade which my *étourderie* flung over my name, by asking you to carry out your promise to me. I hope you are of the same mind, and that you will take steps to this end. As, however, I did not know how you were situated, or what had happened since our separation, I decided to come and establish myself here before communicating with you. 15

You probably feel as I do about this. I shall be able to see you in a day or two. Till then, farewell. – Yours,

LUCETTA 25

P.S. – I was unable to keep my appointment to meet you for a moment or two in passing through Casterbridge the other day. My plans were altered by a family event, which it will surprise you to hear of.

Henchard had already heard that High-Place Hall was being prepared for a tenant. He said with a puzzled air to the first person he encountered, 'Who is coming to live at the Hall?' 30

'A lady of the name of Templeman, I believe, sir,' said his informant.

Henchard thought it over. 'Lucetta is related to her, I suppose,' he said to himself. 'Yes, I must put her in her proper position, undoubtedly.'

It was by no means with the oppression that would once have accompanied the thought that he regarded the moral necessity now; it was, indeed, with interest, if not warmth. His bitter disappointment at finding Elizabeth-Jane to be none of his, and himself a childless man, had left an emotional void in Henchard that he unconsciously craved to fill. In this frame of mind, though without strong feeling, he had strolled up the alley and into High-Place Hall by the postern at which Elizabeth had so nearly encountered him. He had gone on thence into the court, and inquired of a man whom he saw unpacking china from a crate if Miss Le Sueur was living there. Miss Le Sueur had been the name under which he had known Lucetta – or 'Lucette', as she had called herself at that time. 40

The man replied in the negative; that Miss Templeman only had come. Henchard went away, concluding that Lucetta had not as yet settled in. 45

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

- 7 **Either** (a) 'How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?'

Discuss the ways in which Marvell presents the need for peace, tranquillity and escape from the world in his poetry. You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how typical you find it to be of Marvell's methods and concerns.

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body

SOUL

O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
A Soul enslav'd so many wayes?
With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet; and manacled in Hands.
Here blinded with an Eye; and there 5
Deaf with drumming of an Ear.
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart. 10

BODY

Oh who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame: 15
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possest. 20

SOUL

What Magick could me thus confine
With anothers Grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes, 25
That to preserve, which me destroys:
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure:
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again. 30

BODY

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's chearful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

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ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'For all its criticism of women, the poem is still a celebration of female beauty and charm.'

Discuss Pope's presentation of women in *The Rape of the Lock* in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone of the following passage, write a critical appreciation, showing how effective you find it as the ending of the poem.

The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain.
 With such a prize no mortal must be blessed –
 So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest? 5
 Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux's in snuffboxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound; 10
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
 But trust the Muse – she saw it upward rise, 15
 Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes.
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confessed in view.)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair. 20
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
 This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey, 25
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blessed lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's eyes; 30
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast 35
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die –
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust – 45
 This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name!

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss Hopkins's presentation of human hopes and fears in his poetry. You refer closely to at least **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how characteristic you find it of Hopkins's poetic methods and concerns.

Spring

Nothing is so beautiful as spring –
 When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
 Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
 Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
 The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing; 5
 The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
 The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
 With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
 A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning 10
 In Eden garden. – Have, get, before it cloy,
 Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
 Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
 Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

- 10 Either (a) '... But if it chance
Some cursed example poison it near the head
Death and disease through the whole land spread.'

What in your view does Webster's use of images of death and disease contribute to the meaning and effects of the play?

- Or (b) Paying close attention to language and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how characteristic you find it of Webster's dramatic methods in the play.

<i>Bosola:</i>	I do haunt you still.	
<i>Cardinal:</i>	So.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well, is the doing of it!	
<i>Cardinal:</i>	You enforce your merit too much.	5
<i>Bosola:</i>	I fell into the galleys in your service, where, for two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted thus? I will thrive some way: blackbirds fatten best in hard weather: why not I, in these dog-days?	10
<i>Cardinal:</i>	Would you could become honest –	
<i>Bosola:</i>	With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves, as they went forth; because they carried themselves always along with them.	
	[Exit CARDINAL.]	15
	Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	He hath denied thee some suit?	
<i>Bosola:</i>	He and his brother are like plum trees, that grow crooked over standing pools, they are rich, and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be one of their flatt'ring panders, I would hang on their ears like a horse-leech, till I were full, and then drop off. I pray leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependences, in expectation to be advanc'd tomorrow? What creature ever fed worse, than hoping Tantalus; nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that hop'd for a pardon? There are rewards for hawks, and dogs, when they have done us service; but for a soldier, that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.	20 25 30
<i>Delio:</i>	Geometry?	
<i>Bosola:</i>	Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world, upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital: fare ye well sir. And yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower.	35
	[Exit BOSOLA.]	
<i>Delio:</i>	I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys, For a notorious murder, and 'twas thought The Cardinal suborn'd it: he was releas'd By the French general, Gaston de Foix	40

Antonio:

'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected, I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness, for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul;
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents, and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

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Act 1, Scene 1

