



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/52**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**October/November 2011**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

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This document consists of **16** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) '... I perchance hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on.' (Hamlet)

Discuss the contribution made to the play's meaning and effects by Shakespeare's presentation of different kinds of madness.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the characterisation of Polonius.

POLONIUS: This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night is night, and time is time,  
Were nothing, but to waste night, day, and time. 5  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad? 10  
But let that go.

QUEEN: More matter with less art.

POLONIUS: Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he's mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure! 15  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect;  
Or rather say the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause. 20  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.  
I have a daughter – have while she is mine –  
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise. 25  
[Reads.]  
'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most  
beautified Ophelia.' That's an ill phrase, a vile  
phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase. But you shall  
hear. Thus [Reads]: 'In her excellent white  
bosom, these, etc.' 30

QUEEN: Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS: Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers.

I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I  
love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

40

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine  
is to him, HAMLET:

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

45

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

KING: But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

POLONIUS: What do you think of me?

50

KING: As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS: I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me – what might you,

55

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book;

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight –

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

60

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;

This must not be'. And then I prescripts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

65

Act 2, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic effects of Miranda's relationships with other characters in *Tempest*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, consider the significance and the dramatic effects of the following passage.

PROSPERO: Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL: To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, 5  
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors  
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary 10  
And sight-outrunning were not, the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO: My brave spirit! 15  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL: Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 20  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me; the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring – then like reeds, not hair –  
Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here'. 25

PROSPERO: Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL: Close by, my master.

PROSPERO: But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL: Not a hair perish'd; 30  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs 35  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO: Of the King's ship,  
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' th' fleet? 40

- ARIEL: Safely in harbour  
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;  
The mariners all under hatches stowed, 45  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring labour,  
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote  
Bound sadly home for Naples, 50  
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.
- PROSPERO: Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.  
What is the time o' th' day? 55
- ARIEL: Past the mid season.
- PROSPERO: At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
- ARIEL: Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, 60  
Which is not yet perform'd me.
- PROSPERO: How now, moody?  
What is 't thou canst demand?
- ARIEL: My liberty.
- PROSPERO: Before the time be out? No more! 65
- ARIEL: I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year. 70
- PROSPERO: Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?
- ARIEL: No.
- PROSPERO: Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep, 75  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.
- ARIEL: I do not, sir.
- PROSPERO: Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her? 80
- ARIEL: No, sir.

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) What in your view does Austen's presentation of the relationships between brothers and sisters contribute to the meaning and effects of the novel?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on what it reveals about Austen's methods of developing characterisation.

Mr. Rushworth was from the first struck with the beauty of Miss Bertram, and being inclined to marry, soon fancied himself in love. He was a heavy young man, with not more than common sense; but as there was nothing disagreeable in his figure or address, the young lady was well pleased with her conquest. Being now in her twenty-first year, Maria Bertram was beginning to think matrimony a duty; and as a marriage with Mr. Rushworth would give her the enjoyment of a larger income than her father's, as well as ensure her the house in town, which was now a prime object, it became, by the same rule of moral obligation, her evident duty to marry Mr. Rushworth if she could. Mrs. Norris was most zealous in promoting the match, by every suggestion and contrivance, likely to enhance its desirableness to either party; and, among other means, by seeking an intimacy with the gentleman's mother, who at present lived with him, and to whom she even forced Lady Bertram to go through ten miles of indifferent road, to pay a morning visit. It was not long before a good understanding took place between this lady and herself. Mrs. Rushworth acknowledged herself very desirous that her son should marry, and declared that of all the young ladies she had ever seen, Miss Bertram seemed, by her amiable qualities and accomplishments, the best adapted to make him happy. Mrs. Norris accepted the compliment, and admired the nice discernment of character which could so well distinguish merit. Maria was indeed the pride and delight of them all – perfectly faultless – an angel; and of course, so surrounded by admirers, must be difficult in her choice; but yet as far as Mrs. Norris could allow herself to decide on so short an acquaintance, Mr. Rushworth appeared precisely the young man to deserve and attach her.

After dancing with each other at a proper number of balls, the young people justified these opinions, and an engagement, with a due reference to the absent Sir Thomas, was entered into, much to the satisfaction of their respective families, and of the general lookers-on of the neighbourhood, who had, for many weeks past, felt the expediency of Mr. Rushworth's marrying Miss Bertram.

It was some months before Sir Thomas's consent could be received; but in the mean while, as no one felt a doubt of his most cordial pleasure in the connection, the intercourse of the two families was carried on without restraint, and no other attempt made at secrecy, than Mrs. Norris's talking of it every where as a matter not to be talked of at present.

Edmund was the only one of the family who could see a fault in the business; but no representation of his aunt's could induce him to find Mr. Rushworth a desirable companion. He could allow his sister to be the best judge of her own happiness, but he was not pleased that her happiness should centre in a large income; nor could he refrain from often saying to himself, in Mr. Rushworth's company, "If this man had not twelve thousand a year, he would be a very stupid fellow."



Turn to page 8 for Question 4.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'A sinister exploration of the nature of evil.'

Discuss Chaucer's poetic methods in presenting evil in the *Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying close attention to the language and tone, and showing how effective you find it as the ending to *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*.

"But, sires, o word forgat I in my tale:  
 I have relikes and pardoun in my male,  
 As faire as any man in Engelond,  
 Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.  
 If any of yow wole, of devocion, 5  
 Offren, and han myn absolucion,  
 Com forth anon, and kneleth heere adoun,  
 And mekely receyveth my pardoun;  
 Or elles taketh pardoun as ye wende,  
 Al newe and fressh at every miles ende, 10  
 So that ye offren, alwey newe and newe,  
 Nobles or pens, whiche that be goode and trewe.  
 It is an honour to everich that is heer  
 That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer  
 T'assoille yow, in contree as ye ryde, 15  
 For adventures whiche that may bityde.  
 Paraventure ther may fallen oon or two  
 Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke atwo.  
 Looke which a seuretee is it to yow alle  
 That I am in youre felaweshipe yfalle, 20  
 That may assoille yow, bothe moore and lasse,  
 Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.  
 I rede that oure Hoost heere shal bigynne,  
 For he is moost envoluped in synne.  
 Com forth, sire Hoost, and offre first anon, 25  
 And thou shalt kisse the relikes everychon,  
 Ye, for a grote! Unbokele anon thy purs."  
 "Nay, nay!" quod he, "thanne have I Cristes curs!  
 Lat be," quod he, "it shal nat be, so theech!  
 Thou woldest make me kisse thyn olde breech, 30  
 And swere it were a relyk of a seint,  
 Though it were with thy fundement depeint!  
 But, by the croys which that Seint Eleyne fond,  
 I wolde I hadde thy coillons in myn hond  
 In stide of relikes or of seintuarie. 35  
 Lat kutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem carie;  
 They shul be shryned in an hogges toord!"  
 This Pardoner answerde nat a word;  
 So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he seye.  
 "Now," quod oure Hoost, "I wol no lenger pleye 40  
 With thee, ne with noon oother angry man."  
 But right anon the worthy Knyght bigan,



Whan that he saugh that al the peple lough,  
'Namoore of this, for it is right ynough!  
Sire Pardoner, be glad and myrie of cheere;  
And ye, sire Hoost, that been to me so deere,  
I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner.  
And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee neer,  
And, as we diden, lat us laughe and pleye."  
Anon they kiste, and ryden forth hir weye.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) Dickens said that *Hard Times* was ‘a satire against those who see figures and averages and nothing else.’

Discuss Dickens’s satirical methods and effects in the light of this comment.

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

“What a beaming face you have, Jane!” said Louisa, as her young sister – timidly still – bent down to kiss her.

“Have I? I am very glad you think so. I am sure it must be Sissy’s doing.”

The arm Louisa had begun to twine around her neck, unbent itself. “You can tell father if you will.” Then, staying her for a moment, she said, “It was you who made my room so cheerful, and gave it this look of welcome?” 5

“Oh no, Louisa, it was done before I came. It was –”

Louisa turned upon her pillow, and heard no more. When her sister had withdrawn, she turned her head back again, and lay with her face towards the door, until it opened and her father entered. 10

He had a jaded anxious look upon him, and his hand, usually steady, trembled in hers. He sat down at the side of the bed, tenderly asking how she was, and dwelling on the necessity of her keeping very quiet after her agitation and exposure to the weather last night. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner; and was often at a loss for words. 15

“My dear Louisa. My poor daughter.” He was so much at a loss at that place, that he stopped altogether. He tried again.

“My unfortunate child.” The place was so difficult to get over, that he tried again.

“It would be hopeless for me, Louisa, to endeavour to tell you how overwhelmed I have been, and still am, by what broke upon me last night. The ground on which I stand has ceased to be solid under my feet. The only support on which I leaned, and the strength of which it seemed, and still does seem, impossible to question, has given way in an instant. I am stunned by these discoveries. I have no selfish meaning in what I say; but I find the shock of what broke upon me last night, to be very heavy indeed.” 20 25

She could give him no comfort herein. She had suffered the wreck of her whole life upon the rock.

“I will not say, Louisa, that if you had by any happy chance undeceived me some time ago, it would have been better for us both; better for your peace, and better for mine. For I am sensible that it may not have been a part of my system to invite any confidence of that kind. I had proved my – my system to myself, and I have rigidly administered it; and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. I only entreat you to believe, my favourite child, that I have meant to do right.” 30

He said it earnestly, and to do him justice he had. In gauging fathomless deeps with his little mean excise-rod, and in staggering over the universe with his rusty stiff-legged compasses, he had meant to do great things. Within the limits of his short tether he had tumbled about, annihilating the flowers of existence with greater singleness of purpose than many of the blatant personages whose company he kept. 35 40

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gard

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Donne uses conflict in his poems. 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, relating it where appropriate to Donne's methods and concerns in his other poems.

*Twicknam Garden*

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares,  
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,  
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,  
 Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing;  
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5  
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,  
 And can convert Manna to gall,  
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought  
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did 10  
 Benight the glory of this place,  
 And that a grave frost did forbid  
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;  
 But that I may not this disgrace  
 Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let mee 15  
 Some senslesse peece of this place bee;  
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,  
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come, 20  
 And take my teares, which are loves wine,  
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,  
 For all are false, that tast not just like mine;  
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,  
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,  
 Than by her shadow, what she weares. 25  
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,  
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 7 **Either** (a) Write an essay on Eliot's development of the role and characterisation of Silas Marner through her relationships with other characters in the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

'I remember now – the knife wasn't in my pocket.'

5

William said, 'I know nothing of what you mean.' The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, 'I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.'

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then – that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation –

'The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.'

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

30

William said meekly, 'I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas.'

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul – that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, '*She* will cast me off too.' And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner's position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

45

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, with any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief, by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

50

55

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'What dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.'

How far in your view do these lines sum up the poem's main concerns?

- Or** (b) Discuss the methods and poetic effects of Pope's writing, by close reference to the language and tone of the following passage.

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield –  
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.  
His warlike amazon her host invades,  
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.  
The club's black tyrant first her victim died, 5  
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread?  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And of all monarchs only grasps the globe? 10  
The Baron now his diamonds pours apace –  
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,  
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen, 15  
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.  
Thus, when dispersed a routed army runs  
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
Of various habit, and of various dye, 20  
The pierced battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps – one fate o'erwhelms them all.  
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook, 25  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look:  
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.  
And now (as oft in some distempered state)  
On one nice trick depends the general fate. 30  
An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen  
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen.  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.  
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky – 35  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.  
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to Fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
Sudden these honours shall be snatched away,  
And cursed for ever this victorious day. 40

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) In what ways and to what effect does Hopkins present specific settings and 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, commenting on how far the features you notice are characteristic of Hopkins's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.  
 What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
 This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
 And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say  
 Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
 Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
 To dearest him that lives alas! away.

5

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
 Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
 Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
 The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
 As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

10

10 Either (a) 'My sister – O! my sister, there's the cause on't.' (Ferdinand)

How far do you agree that the Duchess is presented as the cause of the play tragedy?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, imagery and dramatic action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following scene unfolds.

[Enter BOSOLA with a dark lantern.]  
 BOSOLA: Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, ha?  
 And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,  
 From the Duchess' lodgings: there's some stratagem  
 In the confining all our courtiers 5  
 To their several wards. I must have part of it,  
 My intelligence will freeze else. List again,  
 It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,  
 Best friend of silence, and of solitariness,  
 The owl, that scream'd so: ha! Antonio? 10  
 [Enter ANTONIO with a candle, his sword drawn.]  
 ANTONIO: I heard some noise: who's there? What art thou? Speak.  
 BOSOLA: Antonio! Put not your face nor body  
 To such a forc'd expression of fear,  
 I am Bosola; your friend. 15  
 ANTONIO: Bosola!  
 [aside] This mole does undermine me – heard you not  
 A noise even now?  
 BOSOLA: From whence?  
 ANTONIO: From the Duchess' lodging. 20  
 BOSOLA: Not I: did you?  
 ANTONIO: I did: or else I dream'd.  
 BOSOLA: Let's walk towards it.  
 ANTONIO: No. It may be, 'twas  
 But the rising of the wind. 25  
 BOSOLA: Very likely.  
 Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.  
 You look wildly.  
 ANTONIO: I have been setting a figure  
 For the Duchess' jewels. 30  
 BOSOLA: Ah: and how falls your question?  
 Do you find it radical?  
 ANTONIO: What's that to you?  
 'Tis rather to be question'd what design,  
 When all men were commanded to their lodgings,  
 Makes you a night-walker. 35  
 BOSOLA: In sooth I'll tell you:  
 Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil  
 Had least to do here; I come to say my prayers,  
 And if it do offend you, I do so,  
 You are a fine courtier. 40  
 ANTONIO: [aside]: This fellow will undo me.  
 You gave the Duchess apricocks to-day,  
 Pray heaven they were not poison'd!



BOSOLA: Poison'd! a Spanish fig  
For the imputation.

ANTONIO: Traitors are ever confident,  
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stol'n too,  
In my conceit, none are to be suspected  
More than yourself. 50

BOSOLA: You are a false steward.

ANTONIO: Saucy slave! I'll pull thee up by the roots.

BOSOLA: May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.

ANTONIO: You are an impudent snake indeed, sir,  
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting? 55

BOSOLA: ...

ANTONIO: You libel well, sir.

BOSOLA: No sir, copy it out:  
And I will set my hand to't.

ANTONIO: My nose bleeds. 60  
One that were superstitious, would count  
This ominous: when it merely comes by chance.  
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name  
Are drown'd in blood!  
Mere accident: for you, sir, I'll take order: 65  
I'th' morn you shall be safe: [*aside*] 'tis that must colour  
Her lying-in: sir, this door you pass not:  
I do not hold it fit, that you come near  
The Duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself;  
[*aside*] *The great are like the base; nay, they are the same,* 70  
*When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.*

Act 2, Scene 3





