



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

**May/June 2012**

**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 **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the Danish Royal family.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it reveals about Hamlet's state of mind at this point in the play.

*Hamlet:* Ay, so God buy to you! Now I am alone.  
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit 5  
 That from her working all his visage wann'd;  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
 For Hecuba! 10  
 What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; 15  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.  
 Yet I,  
 A dull and muddy-mettl'd rascal, peak, 20  
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king  
 Upon whose property and most dear life  
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across, 25  
 Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,  
 Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' th' throat  
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
 Ha!  
 'Swounds, I should take it; for it cannot be 30  
 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall  
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
 I should 'a fatted all the region kites  
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! 35  
 O, vengeance!  
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, 40  
 And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
 A scullion! Who would fustian!

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About, my brains. Hum – I have heard  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father 50  
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick. If 'a do blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be a devil; and the devil hath power 55  
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More relative than this. The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. 60

*[Exit.*

Act 2, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic portrayal of Coriolanus's family (Volumnia, and Young Marcius) and its significance.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

*Brutus:* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was ne'er distributed. 5  
*Enter an Aedile.*

What, will he come?

*Aedile:* He's coming

*Brutus:* How accompanied?

*Aedile:* With old Menenius, and those senators 10  
That always favour'd him.

*Sicinius:* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by th' poll?

*Aedile:* I have; 'tis ready. 15

*Sicinius:* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Aedile:* I have.

*Sicinius:* Assemble presently the people hither;  
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so  
I' th' right and strength o' th' commons' be it either 20  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say fine, cry 'Fine!' – if death, cry 'Death!'  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

*Aedile:* I shall inform them. 25

*Brutus:* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Aedile:* Very well. 30

*Sicinius:* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Brutus:* Go about it.  
*[Exit Aedile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd 35  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck. 40  
*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and  
COMINIUS, with Others.*

<i>Sicinius:</i>	Well, here he comes.	
<i>Menenius:</i>	Calmly, I do beseech you.	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Ay, as an ostler, that for th' poorest piece Will bear the knave by th' volume. Th' honour'd gods Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's! Throng our large temples with the shows of peace, And not our streets with war!	50
<i>1 Senator:</i>	Amen, amen!	
<i>Menenius:</i>	A noble wish. <i>Re-enter the Aedile, with the Plebeians.</i>	
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Draw near, ye people.	
<i>Aedile:</i>	List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!	55
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	First, hear me speak.	
<i>Both tribunes:</i>	Well, say. Peace, ho!	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Shall I be charg'd no further than this present? Must all determine here?	
<i>Sicinius:</i>	I do demand, If you submit you to the people's voices, Allow their officers, and are content To suffer lawful censure for such faults As shall be prov'd upon you.	60
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	I am content.	65

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) Edmund says of Mr Rushworth 'If this man had not twelve thousand a year, he would be a very stupid fellow.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of attitudes to wealth and money and its contribution to the meaning and effects of *Mansfield Park* in the light of Edmund's comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative structure, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Austen's methods and concerns in the novel.

Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery. I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can, impatient to restore every body, not greatly in fault themselves, to tolerable comfort, and to have done with all the rest.

My Fanny indeed at this very time, I have the satisfaction of knowing, must have been happy in spite of every thing. She must have been a happy creature in spite of all that she felt or thought she felt, for the distress of those around her. She had sources of delight that must force their way. She was returned to Mansfield Park, she was useful, she was beloved; she was safe from Mr Crawford, and when Sir Thomas came back she had every proof that could be given in his then melancholy state of spirits, of his perfect approbation and increased regard; and happy as all this must make her, she would still have been happy without any of it, for Edmund was no longer the dupe of Miss Crawford. 5 10

It is true, that Edmund was very far from happy himself. He was suffering from disappointment and regret, grieving over what was, and wishing for what could never be. She knew it was so, and was sorry; but it was with a sorrow so founded on satisfaction, so tending to ease, and so much in harmony with every dearest sensation, that there are few who might not have been glad to exchange their greatest gaiety for it. 15

Sir Thomas, poor Sir Thomas, a parent, and conscious of errors in his own conduct as a parent, was the longest to suffer. He felt that he ought not to have allowed the marriage, that his daughter's sentiments had been sufficiently known to him to render him culpable in authorising it, that in so doing he had sacrificed the right to the expedient, and been governed by motives of selfishness and worldly wisdom. These were reflections that required some time to soften; but time will do almost everything, and though little comfort arose on Mrs Rushworth's side for the misery she had occasioned, comfort was to be found greater than he had supposed, in his other children. Julia's match became a less desperate business than he had considered it at first. She was humble and wishing to be forgiven, and Mr Yates, desirous of being really received into the family, was disposed to look up to him and be guided. He was not very solid; but there was a hope of his becoming less trifling – of his being at least tolerably domestic and quiet; and, at any rate, there was comfort in finding his estate rather more, and his debts much less, than he had feared, and in being consulted and treated as the friend best worth attending to. There was comfort also in Tom, who gradually regained his health, without regaining the thoughtlessness and selfishness of his previous habits. He was the better for ever for his illness. He had suffered, and he had learnt to think, two advantages that he had never known before; and the self-reproach arising from the deplorable event in Wimpole Street, to which he felt himself accessory by all the dangerous intimacy of his unjustifiable theatre, made an impression on his mind which, at the age of 20 25 30 35

six-and-twenty, with no want of sense, or good companions, was durable in its happy effects. He became what he ought to be, useful to his father, steady and quiet, and not living merely for himself.

Here was comfort indeed! and quite as soon as Sir Thomas could place dependence on such sources of good, Edmund was contributing to his father's ease by improvement in the only point in which *he* had given him pain before – improvement in his spirits. After wandering about and sitting under trees with Fanny all the summer evenings, he had so well talked his mind into submission, as to be very tolerably cheerful again. 45

These were the circumstances and the hopes which gradually brought their alleviation to Sir Thomas, deadening his sense of what was lost, and in part reconciling him to himself; though the anguish arising from the conviction of his own errors in the education of his daughters, was never to be entirely done away. 50

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

- 4 **Either** (a) 'For myn entente is nat but for to wynne,  
And nothing for correccioun of synne.'

What in your view do the Pardoner's confessions about his methods of preaching contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them to Chaucer's descriptive methods and concerns in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* as a whole.

In Flaundes whilom was a compaignye  
Of yonge folk that haunteden folye,  
As riot, hasard, stywes, and tavernes,  
Where as with harpes, lutes and gyternes,  
They daunce and pleyen at dees bothe day and nyght, 5  
And eten also and drynken over hir myght,  
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacrificise  
Withinne that develes temple, in cursed wise,  
By superfluytee abhomynable.  
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable 10  
That it is grisly for to heere hem swere.  
Oure blissed Lordes body they totere, –  
Hem thoughte that Jewes rente hym noght ynough;  
And ech of hem at otheres synne lough.  
And right anon thanne comen tombesteres 15  
Fetys and smale, and yonge frutesteres,  
Syngeres with harpes, baudes, wafereres,  
Whiche been the verray develes officeres  
To kyndle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,  
That is annexed unto glotonye. 20  
The hooly writ take I to my witnesse  
That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.  
Lo, how that dronken Looth, unkyndely,  
Lay by his doghtres two, unwityngly;  
So dronke he was, he nyste what he wroghte. 25  
Herodes, whoso wel the stories soghte,  
Whan he of wyn was repleet at his feeste,  
Right at his owene table he yaf his heeste  
To sleen the Baptist John, ful giltelees.  
Senec seith a good word doutelees; 30  
He seith he kan no difference fynde  
Bitwix a man that is out of his mynde  
And a man which that is dronkelewe,  
But that woodnesse, yfallen in a shrewe,  
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse. 35  
O glotonye, ful of cursednesse!  
O cause first of oure confusioun!  
O original of oure dampnacioun,  
Till Crist hadde boght us with his blood agayn!  
Lo, how deere, shortly for to sayn, 40  
Aboght was thilke cursed vileynye!  
Corrupt was al this world for glotonye.



- 5 **Either** (a) Write an essay on Dickens's development of the role and characterisation of Squeers in *Hard Times*, using Blackpool through his relationships with other characters in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying close attention to the detail of the writing and commenting in particular on Dickens's narrative techniques.

Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs. Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr. Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs. Pegler had done, Mr. Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

5

"I am surprised, madam," he observed with severity, "that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr. Bounderby for your son, after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him."

"*Me* unnatural!" cried poor old Mrs. Pegler. "*Me* inhuman! To my dear boy?"

"Dear!" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Yes; dear in his selfmade prosperity, madam, I dare say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother."

10

"*I* deserted my Josiah!" cried Mrs. Pegler, clasping her hands. "Now, Lord forgive you, Sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms before Josiah was born. May you repent of it, Sir, and live to know better!"

15

She was so very earnest and injured, that Mr. Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone:

"Do you deny, then, madam, that you left your son to—to be brought up in the gutter?"

20

"Josiah in the gutter!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. "No such a thing, Sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cipher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!" said Mrs. Pegler, with indignant pride. "And my dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, Sir, that after his beloved father died, when he was eight years old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and thriving. And *I'll* give you to know, Sir—for this my dear boy won't—that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a year—more than I want, for I put by out of it—only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him. And I never have, except with looking at him once a year, when he has never knowed it."

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

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Donne's poetic methods of convincing his audience of his sincerity and faith. You should refer to **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 to Donne's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

*The Sunne Rising*

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,  
 Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?  
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide 5  
 Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,  
 Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,  
 Call countrey ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,  
 Nor houres, dayes, months, which are the rags of time. 10

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong  
 Why shouldst thou thinke?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:  
 If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15  
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,  
 Whether both the'India's of spice and Myne  
 Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.  
 Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay. 20

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,  
 Nothing else is.  
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,  
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.  
 Thou sunne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25  
 In that the world's contracted thus;  
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee  
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;  
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare. 30

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss Eliot's use of different settings and locations, showing what they contribute to the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing what it adds to Eliot's presentation of Nancy Lammeter in the novel.

Three of the ladies quickly retired, but the Miss Gunns were quite content that Mrs Osgood's inclination to remain with her niece gave them also a reason for staying to see the rustic beauty's toilette. And it was really a pleasure – from the first opening of the bandbox, where everything smelt of lavender and rose-leaves, to the clasping of the small coral necklace that fitted closely round her little white neck. Everything belonging to Miss Nancy was of delicate purity and nattiness: not a crease was where it had no business to be, not a bit of her linen professed whiteness without fulfilling its profession; the very pins on her pincushion were stuck in after a pattern from which she was careful to allow no aberration; and as for her own person, it gave the same idea of perfect unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird. It is true that her light-brown hair was cropped behind like a boy's, and was dressed in front in a number of flat rings, that lay quite away from her face; but there was no sort of coiffure that could make Miss Nancy's cheek and neck look otherwise than pretty; and when at last she stood complete in her silvery twilled silk, her lace tucker, her coral necklace, and coral ear-drops, the Miss Gunns could see nothing to criticise except her hands, which bore the traces of butter-making, cheese-crushing, and even still coarser work. But Miss Nancy was not ashamed of that, for while she was dressing she narrated to her aunt how she and Priscilla had packed their boxes yesterday, because this morning was baking morning, and since they were leaving home, it was desirable to make a good supply of meat-pies for the kitchen; and as she concluded this judicious remark, she turned to the Miss Gunns that she might not commit the rudeness of not including them in the conversation. The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly, and thought what a pity it was that these rich country people, who could afford to buy such good clothes (really Miss Nancy's lace and silk were very costly), should be brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity. She actually said 'mate' for 'meat,' 'appen' for 'perhaps,' and 'oss' for 'horse,' which, to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking. Miss Nancy, indeed, had never been to any school higher than Dame Tedman's: her acquaintance with profane literature hardly went beyond the rhymes she had worked in her large sampler under the lamb and the shepherdess; and in order to balance an account, she was obliged to effect her subtraction by removing visible metallic shillings and sixpences from a visible metallic total. There is hardly a servant-maid in these days who is not better informed than Miss Nancy; yet she had the essential attributes of a lady – high veracity, delicate honour in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits, – and lest these should not suffice to convince grammatical fair ones that her feelings can at all resemble theirs, I will add that she was slightly proud and exacting, and as constant in her affection towards a baseless opinion as towards an erring lover.

The anxiety about sister Priscilla, which had grown rather active by the time the coral necklace was clasped, was happily ended by the entrance of that cheerful-looking lady herself, with a face made blowsy by cold and damp. After the first questions and greetings, she turned to Nancy, and surveyed her from head to foot – then wheeled her round, to ascertain that the back view was equally faultless.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Hopkins's presentation of duty and service in his poetry. You should discuss **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Hopkins's poetic methods and concerns.

*The Windhover:*

to Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-  
 dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
 Of the rólling level únderneath him steady áir, and stríding  
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
 In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing, 5  
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
 Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
 Stirred for a bird, —the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
 Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion 10  
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wónder of it: shéer plód makes plóugh down síllion  
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
 Fall, gáll themséives, and gásh góld-vermílion.

Turn over for Question 9

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 9 **Either** (a) Consider some of the ways in which Middleton presents lust and desire and their significance to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and imagery, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

*Enter* VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, TOMAZO, FRANCISCUS, *and* ANTONIO.

- Vermandero:* Oh, Alsemero, I have a wonder for you.
- Alsemero:* No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.
- Vermandero:* I have suspicion near as proof itself  
For Piracquo's murder. 5
- Alsemero:* Sir, I have proof  
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
- Vermandero:* Beseech you hear me; these two have been disguis'd  
E'er since the deed was done. 10
- Alsemero:* I have two other  
That were more close disguis'd than your two could be,  
E'er since the deed was done.
- Vermandero:* You'll hear me! —these mine own servants—
- Alsemero:* Hear me; —those nearer than your servants,  
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless. 15
- Franciscus:* That may be done with easy truth, sir.
- Tomazo:* How is my cause bandied through your delays!  
'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for haste;  
Give me a brother alive or dead: 20  
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both  
A recompense, for murder and adultery.
- Beatrice:* *within.* Oh, oh, oh!
- Alsemero:* Hark, 'tis coming to you.
- De Flores:* *within.* Nay, I'll along for company. 25
- Beatrice:* *within.* Oh, oh!
- Vermandero:* What horrid sounds are these?
- Alsemero:* Come forth, you twins of mischief!
- Enter* DE FLORES *bringing in* BEATRICE [*wounded*].
- De Flores:* Here we are; if you have any more  
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not  
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,  
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind. 30
- Vermandero:* An host of enemies enter'd my citadel  
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna! 35

- Beatrice:* Oh come not near me, sir, I shall defile you:  
I am that of your blood was taken from you  
For your better health; look no more upon't,  
But cast it to the ground regardlessly:  
Let the common sewer take it from distinction. 40  
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor  
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;  
I ne'er could pluck it from him: my loathing  
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd;  
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life. 45  
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,  
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,  
For which your false bride died.
- Alsemero:* Diaphanta!
- De Flores:* Yes; and the while I coupled with your mate 50  
At barley-brake; now we are left in hell.
- Vermandero:* We are all there, it circumscribes here.
- De Flores:* I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart;  
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.
- Tomazo:* Ha! My brother's murderer! 55
- De Flores:* Yes, and her honour's prize  
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing  
But that pleasure: it was so sweet to me  
That I have drunk up all, left none behind  
For any man to pledge me. 60
- Vermandero:* Horrid villain!  
Keep life in him for further tortures.
- De Flores:* No!  
I can prevent you; here's my penknife still.  
It is but one thread more, [*stabs himself*]—and now 'tis cut. 65  
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee:  
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,  
I would not go to leave thee far behind. *Dies.*
- Beatrice:* Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive;  
'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live. *Dies.* 70

