



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/53**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**October/November 2010**

**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 **19** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of spying and watching contribute to the play's meaning and effects?

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

QUEEN:	Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.	
HAMLET:	No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.	
POLONIUS:	[ <i>To the King</i> ] O, ho! do you mark that?	
HAMLET:	Lady, shall I lie in your lap?	
	<i>[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.</i>	5
OPHELIA:	No, my Lord.	
HAMLET:	I mean, my head upon your lap?	
OPHELIA:	Ay, my lord.	
HAMLET:	Do you think I meant country matters?	
OPHELIA:	I think nothing, my lord.	10
HAMLET:	That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.	
OPHELIA:	What is, my lord?	
HAMLET:	Nothing.	
OPHELIA:	You are merry, my lord.	
HAMLET:	Who, I?	15
OPHELIA:	Ay, my lord.	
HAMLET:	O God, your only jig-maker! What should a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.	
OPHELIA:	Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.	20
HAMLET:	So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, 'a must build churches, then; or else shall 'a suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is ' For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!'	25

*The trumpet sounds. Hautboys play. The Dumb Show enters.*

- Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.*
- OPHELIA: What means this, my Lord?  
 HAMLET: Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.  
 OPHELIA: Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 45

*Enter Prologue.*

- HAMLET: We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.  
 OPHELIA: Will 'a tell us what this show meant?  
 HAMLET: Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 50
- OPHELIA: You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.  
 PROLOGUE: *For us, and for our tragedy,  
 Here stooping to your clemency,  
 We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.* 55
- HAMLET: Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?  
 OPHELIA: 'Tis brief, my lord.  
 HAMLET: As woman's love.

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic function and contribution to the play's meaning and effects of the sub-plot involving Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the dramatic action, language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Shakespeare's methods and concerns in the play as a whole.

SEBASTIAN:	Thy case, dear friend, Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest; And I the King shall love thee.	5
ANTONIO:	Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.	
SEBASTIAN:	O, but one word. [ <i>They talk apart.</i> ]	10
<i>Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song.</i>		
ARIEL:	My master through his art foresees the danger That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth – For else his project dies – to keep them living. [ <i>Sings in Gonzalo's ear.</i> ]	15
	While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber, and beware. Awake, awake!	20
ANTONIO:	Then let us both be sudden.	
GONZALO:	Now, good angels Preserve the King! [ <i>They wake.</i> ]	
ALONSO:	Why, how now? – Ho, awake! – Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?	25
GONZALO:	What's the matter?	
SEBASTIAN:	Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.	30
ALONSO:	I heard nothing.	
ANTONIO:	O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.	35
ALONSO:	Heard you this, Gonzalo?	
GONZALO:	Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me; I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn – there was a noise, That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.	40

ALONSO: Lead off this ground; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GONZALO: Heavens keep him from these beasts! 45  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO: Lead away.

ARIEL: Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt. 50

Act 2, Scene 1

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

- 3 **Either** (a) Fanny wonders about herself 'How could she have excited serious attachment in a man who had seen so many and been admired by so many and flirted with so many, infinitely her superiors'.

Discuss Austen's presentation of Henry Crawford's relationship with Fanny in the light of this quotation.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to narrative techniques and language, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on its effectiveness as the opening of the novel.

ABOUT thirty years ago, Miss Maria Ward of Huntingdon, with only seven thousand pounds, had the good luck to captivate Sir Thomas Bertram, of Mansfield Park, in the county of Northampton, and to be thereby raised to the rank of a baronet's lady, with all the comforts and consequences of an handsome house and large income. All Huntingdon exclaimed on the greatness of the match, and her uncle, the lawyer, himself, allowed her to be at least three thousand pounds short of any equitable claim to it. She had two sisters to be benefited by her elevation; and such of their acquaintance as thought Miss Ward and Miss Frances quite as handsome as Miss Maria, did not scruple to predict their marrying with almost equal advantage. But there certainly are not so many men of large fortune in the world, as there are pretty women to deserve them. Miss Ward, at the end of half a dozen years, found herself obliged to be attached to the Rev. Mr. Norris, a friend of her brother-in-law, with scarcely any private fortune, and Miss Frances fared yet worse. Miss Ward's match, indeed, when it came to the point, was not contemptible, Sir Thomas being happily able to give his friend an income in the living of Mansfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Norris began their career of conjugal felicity with very little less than a thousand a year. But Miss Frances married, in the common phrase, to disoblige her family, and by fixing on a Lieutenant of Marines, without education, fortune, or connections, did it very thoroughly. She could hardly have made a more untoward choice. Sir Thomas Bertram had interest, which, from principle as well as pride, from a general wish of doing right, and a desire of seeing all that were connected with him in situations of respectability, he would have been glad to exert for the advantage of Lady Bertram's sister: but her husband's profession was such as no interest could reach; and before he had time to devise any other method of assisting them, an absolute breach between the sisters had taken place. It was the natural result of the conduct of each party, and such as a very imprudent marriage almost always produces. To save herself from useless remonstrance, Mrs. Price never wrote to her family on the subject till actually married. Lady Bertram, who was a woman of very tranquil feelings, and a temper remarkably easy and indolent, would have contented herself with merely giving up her sister, and thinking no more of the matter: but Mrs. Norris had a spirit of activity, which could not be satisfied till she had written a long

and angry letter to Fanny, to point out the folly of her conduct, and threaten her with all its possible ill consequences. Mrs. Price in her turn was injured and angry; and an answer which comprehended each sister in its bitterness, and bestowed such very disrespectful reflections on the pride of Sir Thomas, as Mrs. Norris could not possibly keep to herself, put an end to all intercourse between them for a considerable period. 35

Chapter 1

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

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Chaucer's presentation of murder and violence in *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 in your answer.

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,  
 That in the grove hadde woned yeres three,  
 By heigh ymaginacioun forncast,  
 The same nyght thurghout the hegges brast  
 Into the yerd ther Chauntecleer the faire 5  
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to reparaire;  
 And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,  
 Til it was passed undren of the day,  
 Waityng his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,  
 As gladly doon thise homycides alle 10  
 That in await ligen to mordre men.  
 O false mordrour, lurkyng in thy den!  
 O newe Scariot, newe Genylon,  
 False dissymulour, o Greek Synon,  
 That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe! 15  
 O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe  
 That thou into that yerd flaugh fro the bemes!  
 Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes  
 That thilke day was perilous to thee;  
 But what that God forwoot moot nedes bee, 20  
 After the opinioun of certein clerkis.  
 Witnessse on hym that any parfit clerk is,  
 That in scole is greet altercacioun  
 In this mateere, and greet disputisoun,  
 And hath been of an hundred thousand men. 25  
 But I ne kan nat bulte it to the bren  
 As kan the hooly doctour Augustyn,  
 Or Boece, or the Bisshop Bradwardyn,  
 Wheither that Goddes worthy forwityng  
 Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thyng, – 30  
 "Nedely" clepe I symple necessitee;  
 Or elles, if free choys be graunted me  
 To do that same thyng, or do it noght,  
 Though God forwoot it er that was wrought;  
 Or if his wityng streyneth never a deel 35  
 But by necessitee condicioneel.  
 I wol nat han to do of swich mateere;  
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may heere,



That tok his conseil of his wyf, with sorwe,  
To walken in the yerd upon that morwe 40  
That he hadde met that dreem that I yow tolde.  
Wommennes conseils been ful ofte colde;  
Wommannes conseil broghte us first to wo,  
And made Adam fro Paradys to go,  
Ther as he was ful myrie and wel at ese. 45  
But for I noot to whom it myght displese,  
If I conseil of wommen wolde blame,  
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) How far do you agree with the view that the role and characterisation of Bounderby are essentially comic?
- Or** (b) Commenting in particular on Dickens's narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

In Mrs. Sparsit's limp and streaming state, no extensive precautions were necessary to change her usual appearance; but, she stopped under the lee of the station wall, tumbled her shawl into a new shape, and put it on over her bonnet. So disguised she had no fear of being recognized when she followed up the railroad steps, and paid her money in the small office. Louisa sat waiting in a corner. Mrs. Sparsit sat waiting in another corner. Both listened to the thunder, which was loud, and to the rain, as it washed off the roof, and pattered on the parapets of the arches. Two or three lamps were rained out and blown out; so, both saw the lightning to advantage as it quivered and zigzagged on the iron tracks. 5

The seizure of the station with a fit of trembling, gradually deepening to a complaint of the heart, announced the train. Fire and steam, and smoke, and red light; a hiss, a crash, a bell, and a shriek; Louisa put into one carriage, Mrs. Sparsit put into another: the little station a desert speck in the thunderstorm. 10

Though her teeth chattered in her head from wet and cold, Mrs. Sparsit exulted hugely. The figure had plunged down the precipice, and she felt herself, as it were, attending on the body. Could she, who had been so active in the getting up of the funeral triumph, do less than exult? "She will be at Coketown long before him," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "though his horse is never so good. Where will she wait for him? And where will they go together? Patience. We shall see." 15

The tremendous rain occasioned infinite confusion, when the train stopped at its destination. Gutters and pipes had burst, drains had overflowed, and streets were under water. In the first instant of alighting, Mrs. Sparsit turned her distracted eyes towards the waiting coaches, which were in great request. "She will get into one," she considered, "and will be away before I can follow in another. At all risks of being run over, I must see the number, and hear the order given to the coachman." 20

But, Mrs. Sparsit was wrong in her calculation. Louisa got into no coach, and was already gone. The black eyes kept upon the railroad-carriage in which she had travelled, settled upon it a moment too late. The door not being opened after several minutes, Mrs. Sparsit passed it and repassed it, saw nothing, looked in, and found it empty. Wet through and through: with her feet squelching and squashing in her shoes when ever she moved; with a rash of rain upon her classical visage; with a bonnet like an over-ripe fig; with all her clothes spoiled; with damp impressions of every button, string, and hook-and-eye she wore, printed off upon her highly connected back; with a stagnant verdure on her general exterior, such as accumulates on an old park fence in a mouldy lane; Mrs. Sparsit had no resource but to burst into tears of bitterness and say, "I have lost her!" 30

Chapter 11, Book 2



THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

6 **Either** (a) 'Hardy presents a world in which people never learn from their experience.'

How far do you agree with this comment on *The Mayor of Casterbridge*?

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

The company had by this time decidedly degenerated, and the renewed inquiry was received with a laugh of appreciation. The woman whispered; she was imploring and anxious: 'Come, come, it is getting dark, and this nonsense won't do. If you don't come along, I shall go without you. Come!'

She waited and waited; yet he did not move. In ten minutes the man broke in upon the desultory conversation of the furmity drinkers with, 'I asked this question, and nobody answered to 't. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?' 5

The woman's manner changed, and her face assumed the grim shape and colour of which mention has been made. 10

'Mike, Mike,' said she; 'this is getting serious. O! – too serious!'

'Will anybody buy her?' said the man.

'I wish somebody would,' said she firmly. 'Her present owner is not at all to her liking!'

'Nor you to mine,' said he. 'So we are agreed about that. Gentlemen, you hear? It's an agreement to part. She shall take the girl if she wants to, and go her ways. I'll take my tools, and go my ways. 'Tis simple as Scripture history. Now then stand up, Susan, and show yourself.' 15

'Don't, my chiel,' whispered a buxom staylace dealer in voluminous petticoats, who sat near the woman; 'yer good man don't know what he's saying.' 20

The woman, however, did stand up. 'Now, who's auctioneer?' cried the hay-trusser.

'I be,' promptly answered a short man, with a nose resembling a copper knob, a damp voice, and eyes like buttonholes. 'Who'll make an offer for this lady?' 25

The woman looked on the ground, as if she maintained her position by a supreme effort of will.

'Five shillings,' said some one, at which there was a laugh.

'No insults,' said the husband. 'Who'll say a guinea?'

Nobody answered; and the female dealer in staylaces interposed.

'Behave yerself moral, good man, for Heaven's love! Ah, what a cruelty is the poor soul married to! Bed and board is dear at some figures, 'pon my 'vation 'tis!' 30

'Set it higher, auctioneer,' said the trusser.

'Two guineas!' said the auctioneer; and no one replied.

'If they don't take her for that, in ten seconds they'll have to give more,' said the husband. 'Very well. Now, auctioneer, add another.' 35

'Three guineas – going for three guineas!' said the rheumy man.

'No bid?' said the husband. 'Good Lord, why she's cost me fifty times the money, if a penny. Go on.'

'Four guineas!' cried the auctioneer.

40

'I'll tell ye what – I won't sell her for less than five,' said the husband, bringing down his fist so that the basins danced. 'I'll sell her for five guineas to any man that will pay me the money, and treat her well; and he shall have her for ever, and never hear aught o' me. But she shan't go for less. Now then – five guineas – and she's yours. Susan, you agree?'

45

She bowed her head with absolute indifference.

'Five guineas,' said the auctioneer, 'or she'll be withdrawn. Do anybody give it? The last time. Yes or no?'

'Yes,' said a loud voice from the doorway.

Chapter 1

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

- 7 **Either** (a) How far do you agree with the view that 'Though he is concerned with heaven and God, his poetry presents the delights of earthly pleasure'? 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 extract from *The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun*.

I have a Garden of my own,  
 But so with Roses over grown,  
 And Lillies, that you would it guess  
 To be a little Wilderness. 5  
 And all the Spring time of the year  
 It onely loved to be there.  
 Among the beds of Lillyes, I  
 Have sought it oft, where it should lye;  
 Yet could not, till it self would rise,  
 Find it, although before mine Eyes. 10  
 For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,  
 It like a bank of Lillies laid.  
 Upon the Roses it would feed,  
 Upon its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:  
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip, 15  
 And print those Roses on my Lip.  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On Roses thus its self to fill:  
 And its pure virgin Limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of Lillies cold. 20  
 Had it liv'd long, it would have been  
 Lillies without, Roses within.  
 O help! O help! I see it faint:  
 And dye as calmely as a Saint.  
 See how it weeps. The Tears do come 25  
 Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.  
 So weeps the wounded Balsome: so  
 The Holy Frankincense doth flow.  
 The brotherless *Heliades*  
 Melt in such Amber Tears as these. 30  
 In a gold Vial will  
 Keep these two crystal Tears; and fill  
 It till it do o'reflow with mine;  
 Then place it in *Diana's* Shrine.  
 Now my Sweet Faun is vanish'd to 35  
 Whither the Swans and Turtles go:  
 In fair *Elizium* to endure,  
 With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.  
 O do not run too fast: for I  
 Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye. 40

First my unhappy Statue shall  
Be cut in Marble; and withal,  
Let it be weeping too: but there  
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;  
For I so truly thee bemoane,  
That I shall weep though I be Stone:  
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there.  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest Alabaster made:  
For I would have thine Image be  
White as I can, though not as Thee.

45

50

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) How would you defend Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* from the view that 'It has nothing in it to attract or interest a modern reader'?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing how characteristic it is of Pope's methods and concerns in the poem as a whole.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued –  
 Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.  
 'To Arms, to Arms!' the fierce virago cries,  
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
 All side in parties, and begin the attack; 5  
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack –  
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,  
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.  
 No common weapons in their hands are found:  
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound. 10  
 So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,  
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,  
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars – Latona, Hermes arms –  
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms.  
 Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around – 15  
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound –  
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,  
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!  
 Triumphant Umbriel on a sponce's height  
 Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight: 20  
 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey  
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.  
 While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,  
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
 A beau and witling perished in the throng – 25  
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.  
 'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'  
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,  
 'Those eyes are made so killing...' was his last. 30  
 Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies  
 The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.  
 When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
 Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;  
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain, 35  
 But at her smile the beau revived again.  
 Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;  
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side –  
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside. 40



See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;  
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,  
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
But this bold lord, with manly strength indued, 45  
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;  
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
The pungent grains of titillating dust. 50  
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Canto 5

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'His use of the sonnet form is wonderfully varied.'

Discuss this view with close reference to at least **three** sonnets from your selection.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Hopkins's poetic methods and concerns.

## BROTHERS

How lovely the elder brother's  
 Life all laced in the other's,  
 Lóve-laced! – what once I well  
 Witnessed; so fortune fell.  
 When Shrovetide, two years gone, 5  
 Our boys' plays brought on  
 Part was picked for John,  
 Young Jóhn; then fear, then joy  
 Ran revel in the elder boy.  
 Their night was come now; all 10  
 Our company thronged the hall;  
 Henry, by the wall,  
 Beckoned me beside him:  
 I came where called, and eyed him  
 By meanwhiles; making mý play 15  
 Turn most on tender byplay.  
 For, wrung all on love's rack,  
 My lad, and lost in Jack,  
 Smiled, blushed, and bit his lip;  
 Or drove, with a diver's dip, 20  
 Clutched hands down through clasped knees –  
 Truth's tokens tricks like these,  
 Old telltales, with what stress  
 He hung on the imp's success.  
 Now the other was bráss-bóld: 25  
 Hé had no work to hold  
 His heart up at the strain;  
 Nay, roguish ran the vein.  
 Two tedious acts were past;  
 Jack's call and cue at last; 30  
 When Henry, heart-forsook,  
 Dropped eyes and dared not look.  
 Eh, how áll rúng!  
 Young dog, he did give tongue!  
 But Harry – in his hands he has flung 35  
 His tear-tricked cheeks of flame  
 For fond love and for shame.  
 Ah Nature, framed in fault,  
 There's comfort then, there's salt;  
 Nature, bad, base, and blind, 40  
 Dearly thou canst be kind;  
 There dearly thén, deárlý,  
 I'll cry thou canst be kind.



JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

- 10 **Either** (a) Delio says at the end of the play 'Integrity of life is fame's best friend'. How far does the play lead you to agree with this view?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the dramatic action and language, discuss what the following passage contributes to your understanding of the play as a whole.

FERDINAND:	Th'alarum? give me a fresh horse. Rally the vaunt-guard; or the day is lost. Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms, Shake my sword over you, will you yield?	
CARDINAL:	Help me, I am your brother.	5
FERDINAND:	The devil? My brother fight upon the adverse party? <i>He wounds the CARDINAL and, in the scuffle, gives BOSOLA his death wound.</i>	
	There flies your ransom.	10
CARDINAL:	O Justice: I suffer now for what hath former been: <i>Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.</i>	
FERDINAND:	Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's fortune was harder than Pompey's: Caesar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace: you both died in the field, the pain's nothing. Pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.	15
BOSOLA:	Now my revenge is perfect: sink, thou main cause Of my undoing: the last part of my life Hath done me best service. <i>He kills FERDINAND.</i>	20
FERDINAND:	Give me some wet hay, I am broken winded. I do account this world but a dog-kennel: I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures Beyond death.	25
BOSOLA:	He seems to come to himself, Now he's so near the bottom.	30
FERDINAND:	My sister. O! my sister, there's the cause on't. <i>Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust, Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust.</i> [Dies.]	
CARDINAL:	Thou hast thy payment too.	35
BOSOLA:	Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth; 'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid Begun upon a large and ample base, Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing. [Enter PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO and GRISOLAN.]	40

PESCARA: How now, my lord?  
MALATESTES: O sad disaster!  
RODERIGO: How comes this? 45  
BOSOLA: Revenge, for the Duchess of Malfi, murdered  
By th' Aragonian brethren; for Antonio,  
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia,  
Poison'd by this man; and lastly, for myself,  
That was an actor in the main of all, 50  
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'th' end  
Neglected.  
PESCARA: How now, my lord?  
CARDINAL: Look to my brother:  
He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling 55  
Here i'th'rushes. And now, I pray, let me  
Be laid by, and never thought of.  
[Dies]

Act 5, Scene 5





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