

ADVANCED SUBSIDIARY (AS) General Certificate of Education January 2009

English Literature

Assessment Unit AS 2 assessing Module 2: The Study of Shakespeare



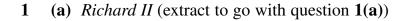
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[ASL21]

TUESDAY 27 JANUARY, AFTERNOON

RESOURCE BOOKLET

You must make sure that you select the appropriate extract for the question you are doing. For example, if you are doing question 1(a), you must select extract 1(a).



KING RICHARD

And let them die that age and sullens have; For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words To wayward sickliness and age in him: He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

KING RICHARD

Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his; As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

(Enter NORTHUMBERLAND)

NORTHUMBERLAND

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

KING RICHARD

What says he?

NORTHUMBERLAND

Nay, nothing, all is said. His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK

Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

KING RICHARD

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he; His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be. So much for that! Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns, Which live like venom, where no venom else But only they have privilege to live. And, for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance we do seize to us The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.



YORK

How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. I am the last of noble Edward's sons, Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first. In war was never lion raged more fierce: In peace was never gentle lamb more mild Than was that young and princely gentleman. His face thou hast, for even so looked he, Accomplished with the number of thy hours; But when he frowned, it was against the French, And not against his friends; his noble hand Did win what he did spend, and spent not that Which his triumphant father's hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindred blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kin: Oh, Richard, York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between!

KING RICHARD

Why, Uncle, what's the matter?

(Act 2 Scene 1, lines 139–186)

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(b) *Richard II* (extract to go with question 1(b))

RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, The time shall not be many hours of age, More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think, Though he divide the realm, and give thee half, It is too little, helping him to all; He shall think that thou, which knowest the way To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, Being ne'er so little urged another way, To pluck him headlong from the usurpèd throne. The love of wicked men converts to fear; That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both, To worthy danger, and deservèd death.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My guilt be on my head, and there an end! Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

RICHARD

Doubly divorced? Bad men, you violate A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me, And then betwixt me and my married wife. Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me; And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made. Part us, Northumberland! I towards the north, Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime, My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp, She came adornèd hither like sweet May, Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

QUEEN

And must we be divided? Must we part?

RICHARD

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN

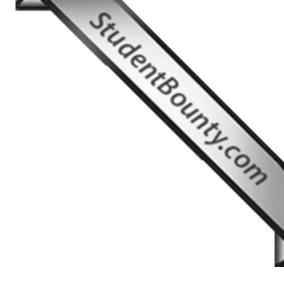
Banish us both and send the king with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND

That were some love but little policy.

QUEEN

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.



RICHARD

So two, together weeping, make one woe. Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here. Better far off than near; be ne'er the near! Go count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

QUEEN

So longest way shall have the longest moans.

RICHARD

Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short, And piece the way out with a heavy heart. Come, come! In wooing sorrow, let's be brief, Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part; Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

QUEEN

Give me mine own again; 't were no good part To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. So, now I have mine own again, be gone, That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

RICHARD

We make woe wanton with this fond delay. Once more, adieu! the rest, let sorrow say!

(Exeunt)

(Act 5 Scene 1, lines 55–102)

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2 (a) As You Like It (extract to go with question 2(a))

CORIN

StudentBounty.com Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape

CORIN

Here comes young Monsieur Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

(Enter ROSALIND as GANYMEDE)

ROSALIND (*reading from a paper*)

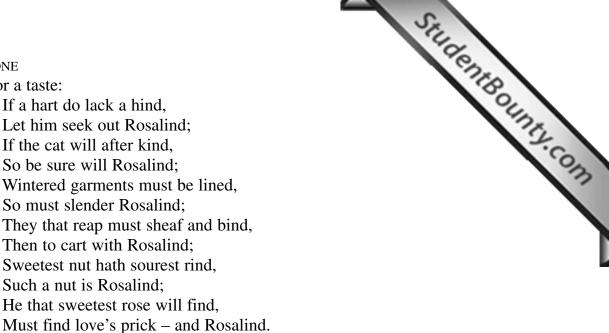
'From the East to Western Inde No jewel is like Rosalind; Her worth, being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalind; All the pictures fairest lined Are but black to Rosalind; Let no face be kept in mind But the fair of Rosalind.'

TOUCHSTONE

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROSALIND

Out, fool!



This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND

TOUCHSTONE

For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,

If the cat will after kind, So be sure will Rosalind;

Such a nut is Rosalind;

Peace, you dull fool. I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND

I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar; then it will be the earliest fruit i'th'country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE

You have said – but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

(Act 3 Scene 2, lines 53–97)

(**b**) As You Like It (extract to go with question **2**(**b**))

HYMEN

StudentBounty.com Peace, ho: I bar confusion, 'Tis I must make conclusion Of these most strange events. Here's eight that must take hands To join in Hymen's bands, If truth holds true contents. (To ORLANDO and ROSALIND) You and you no cross shall part (To OLIVER and CELIA) You and you are heart in heart. (To PHEBE) You to his love must accord, Or have a woman to your lord. (To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY) You and you are sure together As the winter to foul weather. – Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing, Feed yourselves with questioning, That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met and these things finish. Song

Wedding is great Juno's crown, O blessed bond of board and bed. 'Tis Hymen peoples every town, High wedlock then be honoured. Honour, high honour, and renown To Hymen, god of every town.

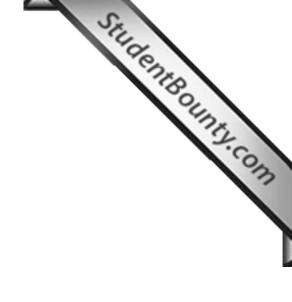
DUKE SENIOR

O my dear niece: welcome thou art to me, Even daughter; welcome in no less degree.

PHEBE

I will not eat my word now thou art mine: Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

(*Enter* JAQUES DE BOYS, *the second brother*)



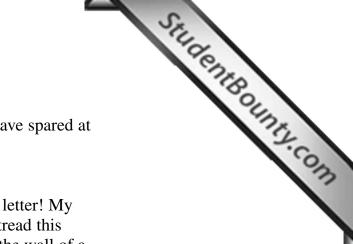
JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Roland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Addressed a mighty power which were on foot In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here and put him to the sword; And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise and from the world, His crown bequeathing to his banished brother, And all their lands restored to them again That were with him exiled. This to be true, I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, young man. Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: To one his lands withheld, and to the other A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. – First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot; And after every of this happy number That have endured shrewd days and nights with us Shall share the good of our returned fortune According to the measure of their states. Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity And fall into our rustic revelry. –

(Act 5 Scene 4, lines 109–161)



3 (a) *King Lear* (extract to go with question **3**(a))

OSWALD

This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard, –

KENT

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

CORNWALL

Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT

Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL

Why art thou angry?

KENT

That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrince t'unloose; smooth every passion That in the natures of their lords rebel; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye crackling home to Camelot.

CORNWALL

What! art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER

How fell you out? say that.

KENT

No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.

CORNWALL

Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT

His countenance likes me not.

CORNWALL

No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: I have seen better faces in my time Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

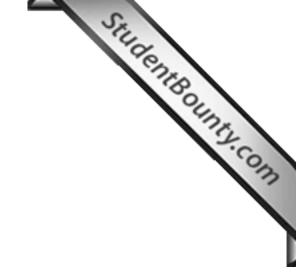
CORNWALL

This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he, An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth: And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which is this plainness Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends Than twenty silly-duckling observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

(Act 2 Scene 2, lines 59–101)

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(b) *King Lear* (extract to go with question **3**(b))

EDGAR

(*Within*) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

(*The* FOOL, *runs out from the hovel*)

FOOL

Come not in here, Nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me! help me!

KENT

Give me thy hand. Who's there?

FOOL

A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT

What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'straw? Come forth.

(Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman)

EDGAR

Away! the foul fiend follows me! Though the sharp hawthorn blow the cold winds. Humh! go to thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR

Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDGAR

Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

(Storm still)

LEAR

What! has his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all? FOOL

Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT

He hath no daughters, Sir.

LEAR

Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR

Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill: Alow, alow, loo, loo!

FOOL

This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

(Act 3 Scene 4, lines 37-80)

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4 (a) *Coriolanus* (extract to go with question 4(a))

(Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA, mother and wife to MARTIUS. They set them down on two low stools and sew)

VOLUMNIA

StudentBounty.com I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person – that it was no better than, picture-like, to hang by th' wall if renown made it not stir was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA

But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

VOLUMNIA

Then his good report should have been my son. I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

(Enter a Gentlewoman)

GENTLEWOMAN (to VOLUMNIA)

Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIRGILIA

Beseech you give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA

Indeed you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum, See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair; As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him. Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus: 'Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear Though you were born in Rome!' His bloody brow With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow Or all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA

His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA

Away, you fool! It more becomes a man Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba When she did suckle Hector looked not lovelier Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword, contemning. –

(To the Gentlewoman)

Tell Valeria We are fit to bid her welcome.

(Exit Gentlewoman)

VIRGILIA

Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA

He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee And tread upon his neck.

(Enter VALERIA with an usher and the Gentlewoman)

VALERIA

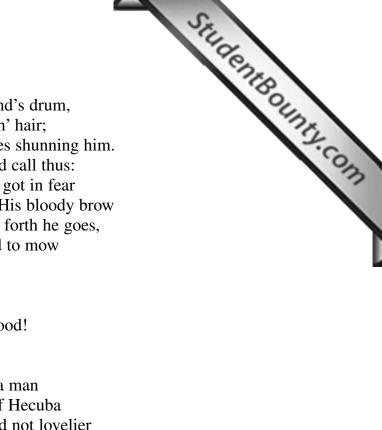
My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA

Sweet madam.

VIRGILIA

I am glad to see your ladyship.



VALERIA

StudentBounts.com How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. (To VOLUMNIA) What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. (To VIRGILIA) How does your little son?

VIRGILIA

I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOLUMNIA

He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA

O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: 'has such a confirmed countenance! I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, catched it again. Or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it! O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

VOLUMNIA

One on's father's moods.

VALERIA

Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA

A crack, madam.

VALERIA

Come, lay aside your stitchery. I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

VIRGILIA

No, good madam, I will not out of doors.

VALERIA

Not out of doors?

VOLUMNIA

She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA

Indeed, no, by your patience. I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VALERIA

Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIRGILIA

I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

VOLUMNIA

Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA

'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VALERIA

You would be another Penelope. Yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

(Act 1 Scene 3, lines 1–87)

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(b) *Coriolanus* (extract to go with question 4(b))

CORIOLANUS

Are these your herd? Must these have voices, that can yield them now And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices? You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? Have you not set them on?

MENENIUS

Be calm, be calm.

CORIOLANUS

It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot To curb the will of the nobility. Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule Nor ever will be ruled.

BRUTUS

Call't not a plot. The people cry you mocked them, and of late When corn was given them gratis, you repined, Scandalled the suppliants for the people, called them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

CORIOLANUS

Why, this was known before.

BRUTUS

Not to them all.

CORIOLANUS

Have you informed them sithence?

BRUTUS

How! I inform them?

CORIOLANUS

You are like to do such business.

BRUTUS

Not unlike,

Each way to better yours.

CORIOLANUS

Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

SICINIUS

You show too much of that For which the people stir. If you will pass To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MENENIUS

Let's be calm.

COMINIUS

The people are abused, set on. This palt'ring Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus Deserved this so dishonoured rub, laid falsely I'th' plain way of his merit.

CORIOLANUS

Tell me of corn! This was my speech, and I will speak't again –

MENENIUS

Not now, not now.

FIRST SENATOR

Not in this heat, sir, now.

CORIOLANUS

Now as I live, I will. My nobler friends, I crave their pardons. For the mutable, rank-scented meinie, Let them regard me, as I do not flatter, And therein behold themselves. I say again, In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed, and scattered By mingling them with us, the honoured number Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

MENENIUS

Well, no more.



FIRST SENATOR

No more words, we beseech you.

CORIOLANUS

How, no more? As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs Coin words till their decay against those measles Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought The very way to catch them.

BRUTUS

You speak o'th' people as if you were a god To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

SICINIUS

'Twere well we let the people know't.

MENENIUS

What, what? His choler?

CORIOLANUS

Choler! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

SICINIUS

It is a mind That shall remain a poison where it is, Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS

'Shall remain'? Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you His absolute 'shall'?

COMINIUS

'Twas from the canon.

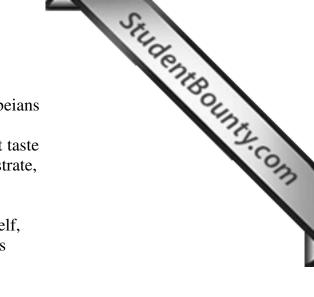
CORIOLANUS

'Shall'?

O good but most unwise patricians, why, You grave but reckless senators, have you thus Given Hydra here to choose an officer That, with his peremptory 'shall', being but The horn and noise o'th' monster's, wants not spirit To say he'll turn your current in a ditch And make your channel his? If he have power, Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake



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Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned, Be not as common fools; if you are not, Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians If they be senators, and they are no less When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate, And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall', His popular 'shall', against a graver bench Than ever frowned in Greece. By Jove himself, It makes the consuls base, and my soul aches To know, when two authorities are up, Neither supreme, how soon confusion May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take The one by th'other.

COMINIUS

Well, on to th' market-place.

CORIOLANUS

Whoever gave that counsel to give forth The corn o'th' storehouse gratis, as 'twas used Sometime in Greece –

MENENIUS

Well, well, no more of that.

(Act 3 Scene 1, lines 33–118)

5 (a) *The Tempest* (extract to go with question **5**(a))

StudentBounty.com (Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen)

MIRANDA

Alas now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself: He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

PROSPERO

Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress: 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you, – Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, – What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda. – O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration! worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!

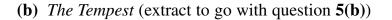
MIRANDA

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skilless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.

(Act 3 Scene 1, lines 15–59)





SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this! how say you? 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space. StudentBounty.com

ANTONIO

A space whose ev'ry cubit Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate As amply and unnecessarily As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:

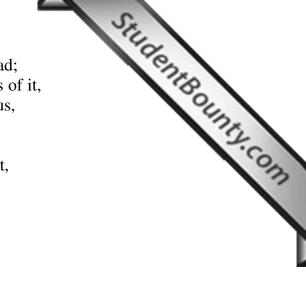
And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before: my brother's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But for your conscience.

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that? if' twere a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon,



If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

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.

ANTONIO

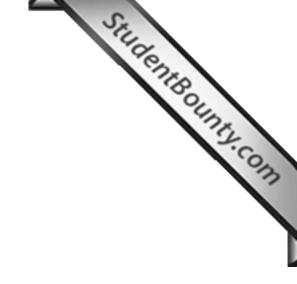
Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

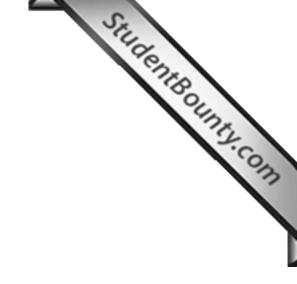
O, but one word. (They talk apart.)

(Re-enter ARIEL invisible, with music and song.)

(Act 2 Scene 1, lines 249–291)



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