



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/52

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

May/June 2013

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'The Forest of Arden is no pastoral heaven; it has its discontents and bitterness as well.'

Discuss your own response to the play in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how far it serves as an introduction to Orlando and Oliver.

[Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orlando: As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

[Enter OLIVER. 25

Adam: Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando: Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM retires.

Oliver: Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando: Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing. 30

Oliver: What mar you then, sir?

Orlando: Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver: Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.

- Orlando:* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury? 35
- Oliver:* Know you where you are, sir?
- Orlando:* O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.
- Oliver:* Know you before whom, sir? 40
- Orlando:* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 45
- Oliver:* What, boy! [Strikes him.]
- Orlando:* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. 50
- Oliver:* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
- Orlando:* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou has rail'd on thyself. 55
- Adam [Coming forward]:* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.
- Oliver:* Let me go, I say. 60
- Orlando:* I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 65
- Oliver:* And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me. 70
- Orlando:* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.
- Oliver:* Get you with him, you old dog.
- Adam:* Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word. 75

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss in what ways and with what dramatic effects the idea of Rome is presented in the play.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Messenger: Where's Caius Marcius?
Marcus: Here. What's the matter?
Messenger: The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Marcus: I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. 5
*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with other
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*
1 Senator: Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:
The Volsces are in arms. 10
Marcus: They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't,
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he. 15
Cominius: You have fought together?
Marcus: Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt. 20
1 Senator: Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Cominius: It is your former promise.
Marcus: Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou 25
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?
Lartius: No, Caius, Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other
Ere stay behind this business. 30
Menenius: O, true bred!
1 Senator: Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Lartius [To Cominius]: Lead you on.
[*To Marcus*] Follow Cominius; we must follow 35
you;
Right worthy you priority.
Cominius: Noble Marcius!
1 Senator [To the citizens]: Hence to your homes; be gone.

<i>Marcus:</i>	Nay, let them follow. The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth; pray follow. [Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.	40 45
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Was ever man so proud as is this Marcus?	
<i>Brutus:</i>	He has no equal.	
<i>Sicinius:</i>	When we were chosen tribunes for the people –	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Mark'd you his lip and eyes?	50
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Nay, but his taunts!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.	
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Bemock the modest moon.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	The present wars devour him! He is grown Too proud to be so valiant.	55
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.	60
<i>Brutus:</i>	Fame, at the which he aims – In whom already he is well grac'd – cannot Better be held nor more attain'd than by A place below the first; for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To th' utmost of a man, and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcus 'O, if he Had borne the business!'	65
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcus, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius.	70
<i>Brutus:</i>	Come. Half all Cominius' honours, are to Marcus, Though Marcus earn'd them not; and all his faults To Marcus shall be honours, though indeed In aught he merit not.	75
<i>Sicinius:</i>	Let's hence and hear How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion, More than his singularity, he goes Upon this present action.	80
<i>Brutus:</i>	Let's along.	

Act 1, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Austen's presentation of the relationships between parents and children.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Austen's methods of characterisation and how they contribute to your understanding of Mr Palmer.

'Oh! my love,' cried Mrs Palmer to her husband, who just then entered the room – 'You must help me persuade the Miss Dashwoods to go to town this winter.'

Her love made no answer; and after slightly bowing to the ladies, began complaining of the weather.

'How horrid all this is!' said he. 'Such weather makes every thing and every body disgusting. Dulness is as much produced within doors as without, by rain. It makes one detest all one's acquaintance. What the devil does Sir John mean by not having a billiard room in his house? How few people know what comfort is! Sir John is as stupid as the weather.' 5

The rest of the company soon dropt in. 10

'I am afraid, Miss Marianne,' said Sir John, 'you have not been able to take your usual walk to Allenham today.'

Marianne looked very grave and said nothing.

'Oh! don't be so sly before us,' said Mrs Palmer; 'for we know all about it, I assure you; and I admire your taste very much, for I think he is extremely handsome. We do not live a great way from him in the country, you know. Not above ten miles, I dare say.' 15

'Much nearer thirty,' said her husband.

'Ah! well! there is not much difference. I never was at his house; but they say it is a sweet pretty place.' 20

'As vile a spot as I ever saw in my life,' said Mr Palmer.

Marianne remained perfectly silent, though her countenance betrayed her interest in what was said.

'Is it very ugly?' continued Mrs Palmer – 'then it must be some other place that is so pretty I suppose.' 25

When they were seated in the dining room, Sir John observed with regret that they were only eight altogether.

'My dear,' said he to his lady, 'it is very provoking that we should be so few. Why did you not ask the Gilberts to come to us today?'

'Did I not tell you, Sir John, when you spoke to me about it before, that it could not be done? They dined with us last.' 30

'You and I, Sir John,' said Mrs Jennings, 'should not stand upon such ceremony.'

'Then you would be very ill-bred,' cried Mr Palmer.

'My love, you contradict every body,' – said his wife with her usual laugh. 'Do you know that you are quite rude?' 35

'I did not know I contradicted any body in calling your mother ill-bred.'

'Aye, you may abuse me as you please,' said the good-natured old lady, 'you have taken Charlotte off my hands, and cannot give her back again. So there I have the whip hand of you.'

Charlotte laughed heartily to think that her husband could not get rid of her; and exultingly said, she did not care how cross he was to her, as they must live together. It was impossible for any one to be more thoroughly good-natured, or more determined to be happy than Mrs Palmer. The studied indifference, insolence, and discontent of her husband gave her no pain: and when he scolded or abused her, she was highly diverted. 40

'Mr Palmer is so droll!' said she, in a whisper, to Elinor. 'He is always out of humour.' 45

Elinor was not inclined, after a little observation, to give him credit for being so genuinely and unaffectedly ill-natured or ill-bred as he wished to appear. His temper might perhaps be a little soured by finding, like many others of his sex, that through some unaccountable bias in favour of beauty, he was the husband of a very silly woman, – but she knew that this kind of blunder was too common for any sensible man to be lastingly hurt by it. – It was rather a wish of distinction she believed, which produced his contemptuous treatment of every body, and his general abuse of every thing before him. It was the desire of appearing superior to other people. The motive was too common to be wondered at; but the means, however they might succeed by establishing his superiority in ill-breeding, were not likely to attach any one to him except his wife. 50 55

Chapter 20

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

- 4 **Either** (a) To what extent in your view does *The Pardoner's Tale* reflect the concerns raised in *The Prologue*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* as a whole.

This cursed man hath in his hond yhent
 This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
 Into the nexte strete unto a man,
 And borwed of hym large botelles thre;
 And in the two his poyson poured he; 5
 The thridde he kepte clene for his drynke.
 For al the nyght he shoop hym for to swynke
 In cariynge of the gold out of that place.
 And whan this riotour, with sory grace,
 Hadde filled with wyn his grete botels thre, 10
 To his felawes agayn repaireth he.
 What nedeth it to sermone of it moore?
 For right as they hadde cast his deeth bifoore,
 Right so they han hym slayn, and that anon.
 And whan that this was doon, thus spak that oon: 15
 "Now lat us sitte and drynke, and make us merie,
 And afterward we wol his body berie."
 And with that word it happed hym, par cas,
 To take the botel ther the poyson was,
 And drank, and yaf his felawe drynke also, 20
 For which anon they storven bothe two.
 But certes, I suppose that Avycen
 Wroot nevere in no canon, ne in no fen,
 Mo wonder signes of empoisonyng
 Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir endyng. 25
 Thus ended been these homycides two,
 And eek the false empoysonere also.
 O cursed synne of alle cursednesse!
 O traytours homycide, O wikkednesse!
 O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! 30
 Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileynye
 And othes grete, of usage and of pride!
 Allas! mankynde, how may it bitide
 That to thy creatour, which that the wroghte,
 And with his precious herte-blood thee boghte, 35
 Thou art so fals and so unkynde, allas?

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Donne's presentation of death and attitudes to dying. 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 extract from *Elegie: To his Mistris Going to Bed*, relating it to Donne's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

Elegie: To his Mistris Going to Bed

Come, Madame, come, all rest my powers defie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lye.
 The foe oft-times, having the foe in sight,
 Is tir'd with standing, though they never fight. 5
 Off with that girdle, like heavens zone glistering
 But a farre fairer world encompassing.
 Unpin that spangled brest-plate, which you weare
 That th'eyes of busy fooles may be stopt there:
 Unlace your selfe, for that harmonious chime 10
 Tells me from you that now 'tis your bed time.
 Off with that happy buske, whom I envye
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gownes going off such beauteous state reveales
 As when from flowery meades th'hills shadow steales. 15
 Off with your wyrie coronet and showe
 The hairy dyadem which on you doth growe.
 Off with those shoes: and then safely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes heavens Angels us'd to bee 20
 Receiv'd by men; Thou Angel bring'st with thee
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradise, and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
 By this these Angels from an evill sprite:
 They set our haire, but these the flesh upright. 25
 Licence my roving hands, and let them goe
 Behind, before, above, between, below.
 Oh my America, my new found lande,
 My kingdome, safeliest when with one man man'd,
 My myne of precious stones, my Empiree, 30
 How blest am I in this discovering thee.
 To enter in these bonds is to be free,
 Then where my hand is set my seal shall be.
 Full nakedness, all joyes are due to thee.
 As soules unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must bee 35
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use
 Are as Atlanta's balls, cast in mens viewes,
 That when a fooles eye lighteth on a gem
 His earthly soule may covet theirs not them.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 6 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Eliot present differences in social class and status in *Silas Marner*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?' asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

'Who says so?' said Marner, sharply. 'Will they make me take her?'

'Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you – an old bachelor like you?'

'Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me,' said Marner. 'The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father: it's a lone thing – and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where – and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing – I'm partly mazed.' 5

'Poor little thing!' said Godfrey. 'Let me give something towards finding it clothes.'

He had put his hand in his pocket and found half-a-guinea, and, thrusting it into Silas's hand, he hurried out of the cottage to overtake Mr Kimble. 10

'Ah, I see it's not the same woman I saw,' he said, as he came up. 'It's a pretty little child: the old fellow seems to want to keep it; that's strange for a miser like him. But I gave him a trifle to help him out: the parish isn't likely to quarrel with him for the right to keep the child.' 15

'No; but I've seen the time when I might have quarrelled with him for it myself. It's too late now, though. If the child ran into the fire, your aunt's too fat to overtake it: she could only sit and grunt like an alarmed sow. But what a fool you are, Godfrey, to come out in your dancing shoes and stockings in this way – and you one of the beaux of the evening, and at your own house! What do you mean by such freaks, young fellow? Has Miss Nancy been cruel, and do you want to spite her by spoiling your pumps?' 20

'O, everything has been disagreeable tonight. I was tired to death of jigging and gallanting, and that bother about the hornpipes. And I'd got to dance with the other Miss Gunn,' said Godfrey, glad of the subterfuge his uncle had suggested to him. 25

The prevarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

Godfrey reappeared in the White Parlour with dry feet, and, since the truth must be told, with a sense of relief and gladness that was too strong for painful thoughts to struggle with. For could he not venture now, whenever opportunity offered, to say the tenderest things to Nancy Lammeter – to promise her and himself that he would always be just what she would desire to see him? There was no danger that his dead wife would be recognized: those were not days of active inquiry and wide report; and as for the registry of their marriage, that was a long way off, buried in unturned pages, away from everyone's interest but his own. Dunsey might betray him if he came back; but Dunsey might be won to silence. 30

And when events turn out so much better for a man than he has had reason to dread, is it not a proof that his conduct has been less foolish and blameworthy than it might otherwise have appeared? When we are treated well, we naturally begin to think that we are not altogether unmeritorious, and that it is only just we should treat ourselves well, and not mar our own good fortune. Where, after all, would be the use of his confessing the past to Nancy Lammeter, and throwing away his happiness? – nay, hers? for he felt some confidence that she loved him. As for the child, he would see that it was cared for: he would never forsake it; he would do everything but own it. Perhaps it would be just as happy in life without being owned by its father, 40 45

seeing that nobody could tell how things would turn out, and that – is there any other reason wanted? – well, then, that the father would be much happier without owning the child.

50

Chapter 13

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast Hardy's presentation of Eustacia Vye and Thomasin Yeobright.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss Hardy's presentation of the minor characters here and what it reveals about their significance in the novel.

'How dark 'tis now the fire's gone down!' said Christian Cattle, looking behind him with his hare eyes. 'Don't ye think we'd better get home-along, neighbours? The heth isn't haunted, I know; but we'd better get home... Ah, what was that?'

'Only the wind,' said the turf-cutter.

'I don't think Fifth-of-Novembers ought to be kept up by night except in towns. It should be by day in outstep, ill-accounted places like this!' 5

'Nonsense, Christian. Lift up your spirits like a man! Susy, dear, you and I will have a jig – hey, my honey? – before 'tis quite too dark to see how wellfavoured you be still, though so many summers have passed since your husband, a son of a witch, snapped you up from me.' 10

This was addressed to Susan Nunsuch; and the next circumstance of which the beholders were conscious was a vision of the matron's broad form whisking off towards the space whereon the fire had been kindled. She was lifted bodily by Mr Fairway's arm, which had been flung round her waist before she had become aware of his intention. The site of the fire was now merely a circle of ashes flecked with red embers and sparks, the furze having burnt completely away. Once within the circle he whirled her round and round in a dance. She was a woman noisily constructed; in addition to her enclosing framework of whalebone and lath, she wore pattens summer and winter, in wet weather and in dry, to preserve her boots from wear; and when Fairway began to jump about with her, the clicking of the pattens, the creaking of the stays, and her screams of surprise, formed a very audible concert. 15

'I'll crack thy numskull for thee, you mandy chap!' said Mrs Nunsuch, as she helplessly danced round with him, her feet playing like drumsticks among the sparks. 'My ankles were all in a fever before, from walking through that prickly furze, and now you must make 'em worse with these vlankers!' 20

The vagary of Timothy Fairway was infectious. The turf-cutter seized old Olly Dowden, and, somewhat more gently, pousetted with her likewise. The young men were not slow to imitate the example of their elders, and seized the maids; Grandfer Cattle and his stick jiggled in the form of a three-legged object among the rest; and in half a minute all that could be seen on Rainbarrow was a whirling of dark shapes amid a boiling confusion of sparks, which leapt around the dancers as high as their waists. The chief noises were women's shrill cries, men's laughter, Susan's stays and pattens, Olly Dowden's 'heu-heu-heu!' and the strumming of the wind upon the furze-bushes, which formed a kind of tune of the demoniac measure they trod. Christian alone stood aloof, uneasily rocking himself as he murmured, 'They ought not to do it – how the vlankers do fly!' 'tis tempting the Wicked one, 'tis.' 25

'What was that?' said one of the lads, stopping.

'Ah – where?' said Christian, hastily closing up to the rest.

The dancers all lessened their speed.

''Twas behind you, Christian, that I heard it – down there.' 30

'Yes – 'tis behind me!' Christian said. 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bless the bed that I lie on; four angels guard –'

'Hold your tongue. What is it?' said Fairway.

'Hoi-i-i-i!' cried a voice from the darkness.

'Halloo-o-o-o!' said Fairway. 35

'Is there any cart-track up across here to Mis'ess Yeobright's, of Blooms-End?' came to them in the same voice, as a long, slim, indistinct figure approached the barrow.

'Ought we not to run home as hard as we can, neighbours, as 'tis getting late?' said Christian. 'Not run away from one another, you know; run close together, I mean.' 50

Chapter 3, Book 1

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'They bring out the worst and destroy the best in each other.'

Discuss Middleton's presentation of the relationship between Beatrice and De Flores in the light of this comment.

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

Isabella: How long hast thou been a fool?

Antonio: Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isabella: Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lollio: Oh mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred. 5

Madman within: Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls!

Isabella: Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order.

Lollio: Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool, mistress;
I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. 10
[Exit.]

Isabella: Well, sir.

Antonio: 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! Nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isabella: Ha! 15

Antonio: This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

Isabella: You are a fine fool indeed.

Antonio: Oh, 'tis not strange: 20
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences, and like
A cunning poet, catches a quantity
Of every knowledge, yet brings all home
Into one mystery, into one secret 25
That he proceeds in.

Isabella: Y'are a parlous fool.

Antonio: No danger in me: I bring nought but love,
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, 30
I'll stand you twenty back in recompense. [Kisses her.]

Isabella: A forward fool too!

Antonio: This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways he fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and the nearest 35
To tread the Galaxia to my star.

Isabella: Profound, withal! Certain, you dream'd of this;
Love never taught it waking.

- Antonio:* Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies; there is within 40
A gentleman that loves you.
- Isabella:* When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so in the meantime keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough.
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you; 45
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.
- [Enter LOLLIO.]
- Antonio:* And must again. —He, he, I thank you, cousin; 50
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.
- Lollio:* How do you like the fool, mistress?
- Isabella:* Passing well, sir.
- Lollio:* Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?
- Isabella:* If he hold on as he begins, he is like 55
To come to something.

Act 3, Scene 3

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