



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Hamlet's relationship with women in the play.
- 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.

LAERTES: I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive in this case should stir me most  
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour  
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation  
Till by some elder masters of known honour 5  
I have a voice and precedent of peace  
To keep my name ungor'd – but till that time  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET: I embrace it freely; 10  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils. Come on.

LAERTES: Come, one for me.  
HAMLET: I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night, 15  
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES: You mock me, sir.  
HAMLET: No, by this hand.  
KING: Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,  
You know the wager? 20

HAMLET: Very well, my lord;  
Your Grace has laid the odds a' th' weaker side.  
KING: I do not fear it: I have seen you both;  
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES: This is too heavy; let me see another. 25  
HAMLET: This likes me well. These foils have all a length?  
[*They prepare to play.*]

OSRIC: Ay, my good lord.  
KING: Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit, 30  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings 35  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,  
'Now the King drinks to Hamlet'. Come, begin – 40  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET: Come on, sir.

LAERTES: Come, my lord. [They play]

HAMLET: One.

LAERTES: No.

HAMLET: Judgment?

OSRIC: A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES: Well, again.

KING: Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;  
Here's to thy health. 50  
[Drum, trumpets, and shot.

Give him the cup.

HAMLET: I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.  
Come. [They play.

Another hit; what say you? 55

LAERTES: A touch, a touch, I do confess't.

KING: Our son shall win.

QUEEN: He's fat, and scant of breath.  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.  
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. 60

HAMLET: Good madam!

KING: Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN: I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

KING: [Aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

HAMLET: I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by. 65

QUEEN: Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES: My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING: I do not think't.

LAERTES: [Aside] And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET: Come, for the third. Laertes, you do but dally; 70  
I pray you pass with your best violence;  
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's use of music and songs in *The Tempest* contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- 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 role and characterisation of Prospero.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

- PROSPERO: Now does my project gather to a head;  
My charms crack not, my spirits obey; and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
- ARIEL: On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, 5  
You said our work should cease.
- PROSPERO: I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the King and 's followers?
- ARIEL: Confin'd together 10  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge till your release. The King,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, 15  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him you term'd sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo'.  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em 20  
That if you now beheld them your affections  
Would become tender.
- PROSPERO: Dost thou think so, spirit?
- ARIEL: Mine would, sir, were I human.
- PROSPERO: And mine shall. 25  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick, 30  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part; the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 35  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.
- ARIEL: I'll fetch them, sir. *[Exit.]*
- PROSPERO: Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot 40  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice 45

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid –  
Weak masters though ye be – I have be-dimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder 50  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth, 55  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music – which even now I do –  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, 60  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

Act 5, Scene 1

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

3 **Either** (a) 'That period of general folly.' (Edmund)

'We were all alive – I was never happier.' (Henry)

Consider the contribution of the 'week of the theatricals' to the meaning and effects of *Mansfield Park*.

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

The grandeur of the house astonished, but could not console her. The rooms were too large for her to move in with ease; whatever she touched she expected to injure, and she crept about in constant terror of something or other; often retreating towards her own chamber to cry; and the little girl who was spoken of in the drawing-room when she left it at night, as seeming so desirably sensible of her peculiar good fortune, ended every day's sorrows by sobbing herself to sleep. A week had passed in this way, and no suspicion of it conveyed by her quiet passive manner, when she was found one morning by her cousin Edmund, the youngest of the sons, sitting crying on the attic stairs. 5

"My dear little cousin," said he with all the gentleness of an excellent nature, "what can be the matter?" And sitting down by her, was at great pains to overcome her shame in being so surprised, and persuade her to speak openly. "Was she ill? or was any body angry with her? or had she quarrelled with Maria and Julia? or was she puzzled about any thing in her lesson that he could explain? Did she, in short, want any thing he could possibly get her, or do for her?" For a long while no answer could be obtained beyond a "no, no – not at all – no, thank you;" but he still persevered, and no sooner had he begun to revert to her own home, than her increased sobs explained to him where the grievance lay. He tried to console her. 10

"You are sorry to leave Mamma, my dear little Fanny," said he, "which shows you to be a very good girl; but you must remember that you are with relations and friends, who all love you, and wish to make you happy. Let us walk out in the park, and you shall tell me all about your brothers and sisters." 15

On pursuing the subject, he found that dear as all these brothers and sisters generally were, there was one among them who ran more in her thoughts than the rest. It was William whom she talked of most and wanted most to see. William, the eldest, a year older than herself, her constant companion and friend; her advocate with her mother (of whom he was the darling) in every distress. 25

"William did not like she should come away – he had told her he should miss her very much indeed." "But William will write to you, I dare say." "Yes, he had promised he would, but he had told *her* to write first." "And when shall you do it?" She hung her head and answered, hesitatingly, "she did not know; she had not any paper." 30

"If that be all your difficulty, I will furnish you with paper and every other material, and you may write your letter whenever you choose. Would it make you happy to write to William?"

"Yes, very." 35

“Then let it be done now. Come with me into the breakfast room, we shall have every thing there, and be sure of having the room to ourselves.”

“But cousin – will it go to the post?”

“Yes, depend upon me it shall; it shall go with the other letters; and as your uncle will frank it, it will cost William nothing.”

40

“My uncle!” repeated Fanny with a frightened look.

“Yes, when you have written the letter, I will take it to my father to frank.”

Fanny thought it a bold measure, but offered no farther resistance; and they went together into the breakfast-room, where Edmund prepared her paper, and ruled her lines with all the good will that her brother could himself have felt, and probably with somewhat more exactness.

45

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

- 4 **Either** (a) 'An unscrupulous individual who tells a moral tale.'

How far do you agree with this view of Chaucer's presentation of the Pardoner?

- 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 olde man gan looke in his visage,  
 And seyde thus: "For I ne kan nat fynde  
 A man, though that I walked into Ynde,  
 Neither in citee ne in no village,  
 That wolde change his youthe for myn age; 5  
 And therefore moot I han myn age stille,  
 As longe tyme as it is Goddes wille.  
 Ne Deeth, alas! ne wol nat han my lyf  
 Thus walke I, lyk a resteles kaityf,  
 And on the ground, which is my moodres gate, 10  
 I knokke with my staf, both erly and late,  
 And seye 'Leeve mooder, leet me in!  
 Lo how I vanysshe, flessh, and blood, and skyn!  
 Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?  
 Mooder, with yow wolde I change my cheste 15  
 That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,  
 Ye, for an heyre clowt to wrappe in me!  
 But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,  
 For which ful pale and welked is my face.  
 But, sires, to yow it is no curteisye 20  
 To speken to an old man vileynye,  
 But he trespasse in word, or elles in dede.  
 In Hooly Writ ye may yourself wel rede:  
 'Agayns an oold man, hoor upon his heed,  
 Ye sholde arise;' wherfore I yeve yow reed, 25  
 Ne dooth unto an oold man noon harm now,  
 Namooore than that ye wolde men did to yow  
 In age, if that ye so longe abyde.  
 And God be with yow, where ye go or ryde!  
 I moot go thider as I have to go." 30  
 "Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,"  
 Seyde this oother hasardour anon;  
 "Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!  
 Thou spak right now of thilke traytour Deeth,  
 That in this contree alle oure freendes sleeth. 35  
 Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his espye,  
 Telle where he is, or thou shalt it abyde,  
 By God, and by the hooly sacrament!  
 For soothly thou art oon of his assent  
 To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!" 40  
 "Now, sires," quod he, "if that yow be so leef  
 To fynde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,  
 For in that grove I lafte hym, by my fey,  
 Under a tree, and there he wole abyde;  
 Noght for youre boost he wole him no thyng hyde." 45



- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Dickens present relationships between parents and their children in *Hard Times*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on Dickens's narrative techniques.

"I was acquainted with all this, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, "except the last clause, long ago. It's a bad job; that's what it is. You had better have been satisfied as you were, and not have got married. However, it's too late to say that."

"Was it an unequal marriage, Sir, in point of years?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"You hear what this lady asks. Was it an unequal marriage in point of years, this unlucky job of yours?" said Mr. Bounderby. 5

"Not e'en so. I were one-and-twenty myself; she were twenty nighbut."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit to her Chief, with great placidity. "I inferred, from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years." 10

Mr. Bounderby looked very hard at the good lady in a side-long way that had an odd sheepishness about it. He fortified himself with a little more sherry.

"Well? Why don't you go on?" he then asked, turning rather irritably on Stephen Blackpool.

"I ha' coom to ask yo, Sir, how I am to be ridded o' this woman." Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs. Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock. 15

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her for better for worse."

"I mun be ridded o' her. I cannot bear 't nommore. I ha' lived under 't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad." 20

"He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, Sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to 't. I had read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worst so fast, but that they can be set free fro' *their* misfortnet marriages, an' marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they has rooms o' one kind an' another in their houses, above a bit, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, and we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd an' other cash, an' they can say 'This for yo' an' that for me,' an' they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridded o' this woman, and I want t' know how?" 25 30

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, Sir, there's a law to punish me?" 35

"Of course there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I marry t'ooother dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is." 40

"If I was to live wi' her an' not marry her – saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an' her so good – there's a law to punish me, in every innocent child belonging to me?"

"Of course there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!" 45

"Hem! There's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and – and – it must be kept up."

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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'All other things, to their destruction draw,  
Only our love hath no decay.'  
(*'The Anniversarie'*)

Discuss Donne's presentation of love in a world of decay and mortality. You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Donne's methods and concerns in his other poems in your selection.

*The Dreame*

Deare love, for nothing lesse than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dreame,  
It was a theame  
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,  
Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet 5  
My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,  
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice,  
To make dreames truth; and fables histories;  
Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best,  
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's do the rest. 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,  
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;  
Yet I thought thee  
(For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,  
But when I saw thou sawest my heart, 15  
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,  
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when  
Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
I doe confesse, it could not chuse but bee  
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee. 20

Comming and staying show'd thee, thee,  
But rising makes me doubt, that now,  
Thou art not thou.  
That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee;  
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, 25  
If mixture it of *Feare, Shame, Honor*, have.  
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I  
Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die. 30

Turn to page 12 for Question 7.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of money to Eliot's development of the plot and characterisation in *Silas Marner*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

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This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

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She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter – the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion – pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant – it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

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Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity – the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

50

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Pope's use of epic and heroic features in *The Rape of the Lock*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract, commenting on how far it is characteristic of Pope's methods and concerns in the rest of the poem.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:  
 So ladies in romance assist their knight, 5  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head: 10  
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear,  
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought 15  
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined  
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart. 20  
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,  
 Resigned to Fate, and with a sigh retired.  
 The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide  
 To enclose the lock – now joins it, to divide.  
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed, 25  
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;  
 Fate urged the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain  
 (But airy substance soon unites again).  
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever! 30  
 Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,  
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast  
 When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last,  
 Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high, 35  
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!  
 'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'  
 The victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!'

Canto III

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

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

*Duns Scotus's Oxford*

Towery city and branchy between towers;  
 Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-charmèd, rook-racked,  
 river-rounded;  
 The dapple-eared lily below thee; that country and town did  
 Once encounter in, here coped and poisèd powers;

Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours  
 That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded  
 Best in; graceless growth, thou hast confounded  
 Rural rural keeping – folk, flocks, and flowers.

5

Yet ah! this air I gather and I release  
 He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what  
 He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;

10

Of realty the rarest-veinèd unraveller; a not  
 Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;  
 Who fired France for Mary without spot.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

- 10 **Either** (a) What in your view does Webster's dramatisation of madness contribute to the meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the play as whole.

ANTONIO: What think you of my hope of reconciliation  
To the Aragonian brethren?

DELIO: I misdoubt it  
For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct  
For your repair to Milan, they appear 5  
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,  
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,  
Much 'gainst his noble nature, hath been mov'd  
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants  
Are at this instant making it their suit 10  
To be invested in your revenues.  
I cannot think they mean well to your life,  
That do deprive you of your means of life,  
Your living.

ANTONIO: You are still an heretic 15  
To any safety I can shape myself.

DELIO: Here comes the Marquis. I will make myself  
Petitioner for some part of your land,  
To know whither it is flying.

ANTONIO: I pray do. 20  
[Enter PESCARA.]

DELIO: Sir, I have a suit to you.

PESCARA: To me?

DELIO: An easy one:  
This is the citadel of St Bennet, 25  
With some demesnes, of late in the possession  
Of Antonio Bologna; please you bestow them on me?

PESCARA: You are my friend. But this is such a suit  
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

DELIO: No sir? 30

PESCARA: I will give you ample reason for't  
Soon, in private. Here's the Cardinal's mistress.  
[Enter JULIA.]

JULIA: My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,  
And should be an ill beggar, had I not 35  
A great man's letter here, the Cardinal's  
To court you in my favour.  
[She gives him a letter.]

PESCARA: He entreats for you  
The citadel of St Bennet, that belong'd 40  
To the banish'd Bologna.

JULIA: Yes.

PESCARA: I could not have thought of a friend I could  
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours.



JULIA: Sir, I thank you:  
 And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd  
 Both in your gift, and speediness of giving,  
 Which makes your grant the greater.  
*Exit.*

ANTONIO [*aside*]: How they fortify 50  
 Themselves with my ruin!

DELIO: Sir, I am  
 Little bound to you.

PESCARA: Why?

DELIO: Because you deni'd this suit to me, and gav'e't 55  
 To such a creature.

PESCARA: Do you know what it was?  
 It was Antonio's land: not forfeited  
 By course of law; but ravish'd from his throat  
 By the Cardinal's entreaty: it were not fit 60  
 I should bestow so main a piece of wrong  
 Upon my friend: 'tis a gratification  
 Only due to a strumpet; for it is injustice.  
 Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents  
 To make those followers I call my friends 65  
 Look ruddier upon me? I am glad  
 This land, tane from the owner by such wrong,  
 Returns again unto so foul an use,  
 As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,  
 To ask noble things of me, and you shall find 70  
 I'll be a noble giver.

Act 5, Scene I





