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LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/92

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

May/June 2010

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 **two** questions, each from a different section.

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 **16** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Sujata Bhatt has said, 'I feel that I'm an outsider wherever I am.'

Discuss how the perspective of the outsider is presented in **two** of her poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering in particular the presentation of the man and his relationship with the narrator.

Sujata: The First Disciple of Buddha

One morning, a tall lean man
 stumbled towards me.
 His large eyes: half closed
 as if he were seasick;
 his thick black hair full of dead leaves and bumble-bees 5
 grew wild as weeds and fell way below his hips.
 His beard swayed gently as an elephant's trunk.
 'I'm hungry,' he muttered.
 I took him home, fed him fresh yoghurt and bread.
 Then, I bathed him, shaved his face clean and smooth, 10
 coconut oiled his skin soft again.
 It took four hours
 to wash and comb his long hair,
 which he refused to cut.
 For four hours he bent his head this way and that 15
 while I ploughed through his hair
 with coconut oil on my fingers.
 'And *how* did you get this way?' I asked.
 'I haven't slept for years,' he said.
 'I've been thinking, just thinking. 20
 I couldn't sleep or eat
 until I had finished thinking.'
 After the last knot
 had been pulled out of his hair, he slept,
 still holding on to my sore fingers. 25
 The next morning, before the sun rose,
 before my father could stop me,
 he led me to the wide-trunked, thick-leafed bodhi tree
 to the shady spot where he had sat for years
 and asked me to listen. 30

Songs of Ourselves

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the ways in which poets explore memories in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on the way the poet presents the idea of 'self'.

Summer Farm

Straws like tame lightnings lie about the grass
 And hang zigzag on hedges. Green as glass
 The water in the horse-trough shines.
 Nine ducks go wobbling by in two straight lines.

A hen stares at nothing with one eye, 5
 Then picks it up. Out of an empty sky
 A swallow falls and, flickering through
 The barn, dives up again into the dizzy blue.

I lie, not thinking, in the cool, soft grass, 10
 Afraid of where a thought might take me – as
 This grasshopper with plated face
 Unfolds his legs and finds himself in space.

Self under self, a pile of selves I stand 15
 Threaded on time, and with metaphysic hand
 Lift the farm like a lid and see
 Farm within farm, and in the centre, me.

Norman MacCaig

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear'.

In the light of this quotation, discuss ways in which Wordsworth explores the importance of his relationship with the natural world when he was a child.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on Wordsworth's presentation of the Leech Gatherer in the following extract from 'Resolution and Independence'.

Resolution and Independence

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Beside the little pond or moorish flood
Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood; 5
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond
Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he connd, 10
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now such freedom as I could I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the Old Man make, 15
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
'What kind of work is that which you pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
He answered me with pleasure and surprize; 20
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
Yet each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest;
Choice word, and measured phrase; above the reach 25
Of ordinary men; a stately speech!
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come
To gather Leeches, being old and poor: 30
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From Pond to Pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance. 35

The Old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole Body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a Man from some far region sent;
To give me human strength, and strong admonishment.

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

4 Either (a) 'I used to rush into strange dreams at night.'

'It was half dream, half reality.'

Discuss the importance of dreams in the novel.

Or (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on ways it presents the final union of Jane and Mr Rochester.

'READER, I married him. A quiet wedding we had: he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner, and John cleaning the knives, and I said –

'Mary, I have been married to Mr Rochester this morning.' The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent, phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one's ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me; the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air, and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process; but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only –

'Have you, miss? Well, for sure!'

A short time after she pursued, 'I seed you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed'; and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

'I telled Mary how it would be,' he said: 'I knew what Mr Edward' (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore he often gave him his Christian name) – 'I knew what Mr Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long either: and he's done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, miss!' and he politely pulled his forelock.

'Thank you, John. Mr Rochester told me to give you and Mary this.'

I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words –

'She'll happen do better for him nor ony o' t' grand ladies.' And again, 'If she ben't one o' th' handsomest, she's noan faal, and varry good-natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful, onybody may see that.'

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me.

'She had better not wait till then, Jane,' said Mr Rochester, when I read her letter to him; 'if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine.'

How St John received the news I don't know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr Rochester's name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and though very serious, kind. He has maintained a regular, though not frequent correspondence ever since: he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things.

You have not quite forgotten little Adèle, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe, for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another – my husband needed them all.

- 5 **Either** (a) ‘...no longer could I accept Sacred Heart and what it represented as a sunrise horizon. Quietly, unobtrusively and extremely fitfully, something in my mind began to assert itself...’

In what ways has Tambu developed over the course of the novel?

- Or** (b) Discuss in detail the presentation of Nyasha in the following extract, commenting on this episode’s significance to the novel.

Yet it was serious. Nyasha was losing weight steadily, constantly, rapidly. It dropped off her body almost hourly and what was left of her was grotesquely unhealthy from the vital juices she flushed down the toilet. Did he not know? Did he not see? I could not ask him these questions. The most I could do was ask in a small, timid voice to be allowed to stay, with Nyasha, I specified, for a few more days. Nobody was more surprised by my audacity than I was. Babamukuru did not answer, but I was not taken home. I did not take it as a victory though. I took it as proof that Babamukuru was good. 5

Nyasha grew weaker by the day. She weaved when she walked and every night was the same. Although we were on vacation she studied fourteen hours a day to make sure that she passed her ‘O’ levels. She worked late into the night to wake me up regularly and punctually at three o’clock with a problem – a chemical equation to balance, the number of amperes in a circuit to be calculated or an irregular Latin verb to be conjugated, although I was only in Form One and could not often help her. ‘I have to get it right,’ she would whisper with an apologetic smile. It was truly alarming, but nobody commented, nobody acted; we were all very frightened. One evening, at supper, she passed out into her plate. It didn’t last long, only a minute or two, but it was enough to overtax her father’s precarious patience. Babamukuru, who thought she was making a scene, ordered her to her bedroom, where she lay open-eyed and quiet all night. At three o’clock she woke me up. 10 15 20

‘Can I get into bed with you, Tambu?’ she whispered, but when I rolled over to make room for her to climb in she shook her head and smiled. ‘It’s all right,’ she said. ‘I just wanted to see if you would let me.’ Then she sat on her bed and looked at me out of her sunken eyes, her bony knees pressed together so that her nightdress fell through the space where her thighs had been, agitated and nervous and picking her skin. ‘I don’t want to do it, Tambu, really I don’t, but it’s coming, I feel it coming.’ Her eyes dilated. ‘They’ve done it to me,’ she accused, whispering still. ‘Really, they have.’ And then she became stern. ‘It’s not their fault. They did it to them too. You know they did,’ she whispered. ‘To both of them, but especially to him. They put him through it all. But it’s not his fault, he’s good.’ Her voice took on a Rhodesian accent. ‘He’s a good boy, a good munt. A bloody good kaffir,’ she informed in sneering sarcastic tones. Then she was whispering again. ‘Why do they do it, Tambu,’ she hissed bitterly, her face contorting with rage, ‘to me and to you and to him? Do you see what they’ve done? They’ve taken us away. Lucia. Takesure. All of us. They’ve deprived you of you, him of him, ourselves of each other. We’re grovelling. Lucia for a job, Jeremiah for money. Daddy grovels to them. We grovel to him.’ She began to rock, her body quivering tensely. ‘I won’t grovel. Oh no, I won’t. I’m not a good girl. I’m evil. I’m not a good girl.’ I touched her to comfort her and that was the trigger. ‘I won’t grovel, I won’t die,’ she raged and crouched like a cat ready to spring. 25 30 35

The noise brought Babamukuru and Maiguru running. They could do nothing, they could only watch. Nyasha was beside herself with fury. She rampaged, shredding her history book between her teeth ('Their history. Liars. Their bloody lies.'). She broke mirrors, her clay pots, anything she could lay her hands on and jabbing the fragments viciously into her flesh, stripping the bedclothes, tearing her clothes from the wardrobe and trampling them underfoot. 'They've trapped us. They've trapped us. But I won't be trapped. I'm not a good girl. I won't be trapped.' Then as suddenly as it came, the rage passed. 'I don't hate you, Daddy,' she said softly. 'They want me to, but I won't.' She lay down on her bed. 'I'm very tired,' she said in a voice that was recognisably hers. 'But I can't sleep. Mummy will you hold me?' She curled up in Maiguru's lap looking no more than five years old. 'Look what they've done to us,' she said softly. 'I'm not one of them but I'm not one of you.' She fell asleep.

45

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6 **Either** (a) 'Being inside the mind of a character is a thrilling reading experience.'

Discuss the effects of first person narrative in **two** stories from your selection.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing ways in which Narayan develops the humour of the conversation.

A Horse and Two Goats

The man said, 'I come from New York,' took out a wallet from his hip pocket, and presented his card.

Muni shrank away from the card. Perhaps he was trying to present a warrant and arrest him. Beware of khaki, one part of his mind warned. Take all the cigarettes or bhang or whatever is offered, but don't get caught. Beware of khaki. He wished he weren't seventy as the shopman had said. At seventy one didn't run, but surrendered to whatever came. He could only ward off trouble by talk. So he went on, all in the chaste Tamil for which Kritam was famous. (Even the worst detractors could not deny that the famous poetess Avvaiyar was born in this area, although no one could say whether it was in Kritam or Kuppam, the adjoining village.) Out of this heritage the Tamil language gushed through Muni in an unimpeded flow. He said, 'Before God, sir, Bhagwan, who sees everything, I tell you, sir, that we know nothing of the case. If the murder was committed, whoever did it will not escape. Bhagwan is all-seeing. Don't ask me about it. I know nothing.' A body had been found mutilated and thrown under a tamarind tree at the border between Kritam and Kuppam a few weeks before, giving rise to much gossip and speculation. Muni added an explanation, 'Anything is possible there. People over there will stop at nothing.' The foreigner nodded his head and listened courteously though he understood nothing.

'I am sure you know when this horse was made,' said the red man and smiled ingratiatingly.

Muni reacted to the relaxed atmosphere by smiling himself, and pleaded, 'Please go away, sir, I know nothing. I promise we will hold him for you if we see any bad character around, and we will bury him up to his neck in a coconut pit if he tries to escape; but our village has always had a clean record. Must definitely be the other village.'

Now the red man implored, 'Please, please, I will speak slowly, please try to understand me. Can't you understand even a simple word of English? Everyone in this country seems to know English. I have got along with English everywhere in this country, but you don't speak it. Have you any religious or spiritual scruples for avoiding the English speech?'

Muni made some indistinct sounds in his throat and shook his head. Encouraged, the other went on to explain at length, uttering each syllable with care and deliberation. Presently he sidled over and took a seat beside the old man, explaining, 'You see, last August, we probably had the hottest summer in history, and I was working in shirt sleeves in my office on the fortieth floor of the Empire State Building. You must have heard of the power failure, and there I was stuck for four hours, no elevator, no air conditioning. All the way in the train I kept thinking, and the minute I reached home in Connecticut, I told my wife Ruth, "We will visit India this winter, it's time to look at other civilisations." Next day she called the travel agent first thing and told him to fix it, and so here I am. Ruth came with me but is staying back at Srinagar, and I am the one doing the rounds and joining her later.'

Muni looked reflective at the end of this long peroration and said, rather feebly, 'Yes, no,' as a concession to the other's language, and went on in Tamil, 'When I was this high,' he indicated a foot high, 'I heard my uncle say...'

No one can tell what he was planning to say as the other interrupted him at this stage to ask, 'Boy, what is the secret of your teeth? How old are you?'

Section C: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

7 Either (a) 'Listen, she's gotta go to work sometime.' (Beatrice)

'You never worked in your life.' (Eddie)

Discuss ways in which the play presents opportunities available to women.

Or (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which Miller develops the tension between Eddie and Beatrice.

- EDDIE: You mean it's all right with you? That's gonna be her husband?
 BEATRICE: Why? He's a nice fella, hard workin', he's a good-lookin' fella.
 EDDIE: He sings on the ships, didja know that?
 BEATRICE: What do you mean, he sings?
 EDDIE: Just what I said, he sings. Right on the deck, all of a sudden, a whole song comes out of his mouth – with motions. You know what they're callin' him now? Paper Doll they're callin' him, Canary. He's like a weird. He comes out on the pier, one-two-three, it's a regular free show. 5
- BEATRICE: Well, he's a kid; he don't know how to behave himself yet.
 EDDIE: And with that wacky hair; he's like a chorus girl or sump'm. 10
 BEATRICE: So he's blond, so –
 EDDIE: I just hope that's his regular hair, that's all I hope.
 BEATRICE: You crazy or sump'm? [*She tries to turn him to her.*]
 EDDIE [*– he keeps his head turned away*]: What's so crazy? I don't like his whole way. 15
- BEATRICE: Listen, you never seen a blond guy in your life? What about Whitey Balso?
 EDDIE [*turning to her victoriously*]: Sure, but Whitey don't sing; he don't do like that on the ships.
 BEATRICE: Well, maybe that's the way they do in Italy. 20
 EDDIE: Then why don't his brother sing? Marco goes around like a man; nobody kids Marco. [*He moves from her, halts. She realizes there is a campaign solidified in him.*] I tell you the truth I'm surprised I have to tell you all this. I mean I'm surprised, B.
- BEATRICE [*– she goes to him with purpose now*]: Listen, you ain't gonna start nothin' here. 25
 EDDIE: I ain't startin' nothin', but I ain't gonna stand around lookin' at that. For that character I didn't bring her up. I swear, B., I'm surprised at you; I sit there waitin' for you to wake up but everything is great with you.
- BEATRICE: No, everything ain't great with me. 30
 EDDIE: No?
 BEATRICE: No. But I got other worries.
 EDDIE: Yeah. [*He is already weakening.*]
 BEATRICE: Yeah, you want me to tell you?
 EDDIE [*in retreat*]: Why? What worries you got? 35
 BEATRICE: When am I gonna be a wife again, Eddie?
 EDDIE: I ain't been feelin' good. They bother me since they came.
 BEATRICE: It's almost three months you don't feel good; they're only here a couple of weeks. It's three months, Eddie.

EDDIE: I don't know, B. I don't want to talk about it.

BEATRICE: What's the matter, Eddie, you don't like me, heh?

EDDIE: What do you mean, I don't like you? I said I don't feel good, that's all.

BEATRICE: Well, tell me, am I doing something wrong? Talk to me.

EDDIE: [– *Pause. He can't speak, then*]: I can't. I can't talk about it.

BEATRICE: Well, tell me what – 45

EDDIE: I got nothin' to say about it!
[*She stands for a moment; he is looking off; she turns to go into the house.*]

EDDIE: I'll be all right, B.; just lay off me, will ya? I'm worried about her.

BEATRICE: The girl is gonna be eighteen years old, it's time already. 50

EDDIE: B., he's taking her for a ride!

BEATRICE: All right, that's her ride. What're you gonna stand over her till she's forty?
Eddie, I want you to cut it out now, you hear me? I don't like it! Now come in the house.

EDDIE: I want to take a walk, I'll be in right away. 55

BEATRICE: They ain't goin' to come any quicker if you stand in the street. It ain't nice, Eddie.

EDDIE: I'll be in right away. Go ahead.
[*He walks off. She goes into the house.*]

Act 1

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 8 **Either** (a) Dysart says, 'I do essential things. Irreversible, terminal things. I stand in the square with a pick in my hand, striking at heads!'
- Discuss ways in which Shaffer presents psychiatric methods in the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following episode, saying how this dialogue prepares an audience for Alan Strang's entrance.

Hesther enters the square: a woman in her mid-forties.

HESTHER Hallo, Martin.

Dysart rises and kisses her on the cheek.

DYSART Madam Chairman! Welcome to the torture chamber!

HESTHER It's good of you to see me right away. 5

DYSART You're a welcome relief. Take a couch.

HESTHER It's been a day?

DYSART No – just a fifteen year old schizophrenic, and a girl of eight thrashed into catatonia by her father. Normal, really... You're in a state.

HESTHER Martin, this is the most shocking case I ever tried. 10

DYSART So you said on the phone.

HESTHER I mean it. My bench wanted to send the boy to prison. For life, if they could manage it. It took me two hours solid arguing to get him sent to you instead.

DYSART Me? 15

HESTHER I mean, to hospital.

DYSART Now look, Hesther. Before you say anything else, I can take no more patients at the moment. I can't even cope with the ones I have.

HESTHER You must.

DYSART Why? 20

HESTHER Because most people are going to be disgusted by the whole thing. Including doctors.

DYSART May I remind you I share this room with two highly competent psychiatrists?

HESTHER Bennett and Thoroughgood. They'll be as shocked as the public. 25

DYSART That's an absolutely unwarrantable statement.

HESTHER Oh, they'll be cool and exact. And underneath they'll be revolted, and immovably English. Just like my bench.

DYSART Well, what am I? Polynesian?

HESTHER You know exactly what I mean! ... (pause) Please, Martin. It's vital. You're this boy's only chance. 30

DYSART Why? What's he done? Dosed some little girl's Pepsi with Spanish Fly? What could possibly throw your bench into two-hour convulsions?

HESTHER He blinded six horses with a metal spike.

A long pause. 35

DYSART Blinded?

HESTHER Yes.

DYSART All at once, or over a period?

HESTHER All on the same night.

DYSART Where? 40

HESTHER In a riding stable near Winchester. He worked there at weekends.

DYSART How old?
HESTHER Seventeen.
DYSART What did he say in Court?
HESTHER Nothing. He just sang. 45
DYSART Sang?
HESTHER Any time anyone asked him anything.
Pause.
Please take him, Martin. It's the last favour I'll ever ask you.
DYSART No, it's not. 50
HESTHER No, it's not – and he's probably abominable. All I know is, he needs you
badly. Because there really is nobody within a hundred miles of your
desk who can handle him. And perhaps understand what this is about.
Also...
DYSART What? 55
HESTHER There's something very special about him.
DYSART In what way?
HESTHER Vibrations.
DYSART You and your vibrations.
HESTHER They're quite startling. You'll see. 60
DYSART When does he get here?
HESTHER Tomorrow morning. Luckily there was a bed in Neville Ward. I know this
is an awful imposition, Martin. Frankly I didn't know what else to do.

Act 1 Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part 1*9 **Either** (a) 'a wasp-stung and impatient fool'

'When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound'

Bearing in mind the different views of him in the play, what is your judgement of Hotspur?

Or (b) Comment closely on the following episode, focusing in particular on ways in which Shakespeare develops an audience's understanding of Falstaff.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and POINS.

POINS Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

PRINCE Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

5

FALSTAFF Poins! Poins! And be hang'd! Poins!

PRINCE Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

FALSTAFF I am accus'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. 10

I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! A plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. 15

An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd. 20

PRINCE Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers. 25

FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? 30

PRINCE Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters. If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too! – I hate it. 35

Act 2, Scene 2

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