
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/53

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2014

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **17** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects Shakespeare creates through his presentation of the different pairs of lovers in *As You Like It*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and comic effects, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Touchstone.

Audrey: Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone: I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 5

Audrey: Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone: No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques [Aside]: A material fool!

Audrey: Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 10

Touchstone: Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey: I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone: Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. 15

Jaques [Aside]: I would fain see this meeting. 20

Audrey: Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone: Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said: 'Many a man knows no end of his goods'. Right! Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 30

[Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.] 35

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

- Sir Oliver:* Is there none here to give the woman?
- Touchstone:* I will not take her on gift of any man.
- Sir Oliver:* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.
- Jaques* [*Discovering himself*]: Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.
- Touchstone:* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. Goddild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay; pray be cover'd. 45
- Jaques:* Will you be married, motley?
- Touchstone:* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 50
- Jaques:* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp. 55
- Touchstone* [*Aside*]: I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. 60
- Jaques:* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.
- Touchstone:* Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married or we must live in bawdry. 65
Farewell, good Master Oliver. Not –
- O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee.
But – 70
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.
- [*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*]
- Sir Oliver:* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. 75

[*Exit.*]

Act 3, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the dramatic effects of Shakespeare's presentation of political politicians in the play *Coriolanus*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what the following passage contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Marcus: Yonder comes news; a wager – they have met.

Lartius: My horse to yours – no.

Marcus: 'Tis done.

Lartius: Agreed.

Marcus: Say, has our general met the enemy? 5

Messenger: They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lartius: So, the good horse is mine.

Marcus: I'll buy him of you.

Lartius: No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town. 10

Marcus: How far off lie these armies?

Messenger: Within this mile and half.

Marcus: Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence 15
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

[*They sound a parley. Enter two SENATORS with Others, on the walls of Corioli.*]

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Senator:* No, nor a man that fears you less than he: 20
That's lesser than a little [*Drum afar off*]
Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes; 25
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum far off*]
Hark you far off!
There is Aufidius. List what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Marcus: O, they are at it! 30

Lartius: Their noise be our instruction.
Ladders, ho!

[*Enter the army of the Volsces.*]

Marcus: They fear us not, but issue forth their city. 35
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus.
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows.
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge. 40

[*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.*]

Marcus: All the contagion of the south light on you,
 You shames of Rome! you herd of – Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorrd 45
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale 50
 With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
 And make my wars on you. Look to't. Come on;
 If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches. Follow me. 55

[*Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*]

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds;
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like. 60

[*MARCIUS enters the gates.*]

1 Soldier: Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Soldier: Not I. [MARCUS is shut in.]

1 Soldier: See, they have shut him in.

All: To th' pot, I warrant him. 65

[*Alarum continues*]

[*Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.*]

Lartius: What is become of Marcus?

All: Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Soldier: Following the fliers at the very heels, 70
 With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates. He is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lartius: O noble fellow!
 Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword, 75
 And when it bows stand'st up. Thou art left, Marcus;
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and 80
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous and did tremble.

[*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*]

1 Soldier: Look, sir. 85

Lartius: O, 'tis Marcus!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

Act 1, Scene 4

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Most of the characters are hiding something, either from others or from themselves.'
- Explore Austen's methods of characterisation in *Sense and Sensibility* in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Mrs Jennings, Lady Middleton's mother, was a good-humoured, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes and laughter, and before dinner was over had said many witty things on the subject of lovers and husbands; hoped they had not left their hearts behind them in Sussex, and pretended to see them blush whether they did or not. Marianne was vexed at it for her sister's sake, and turned her eyes towards Elinor to see how she bore these attacks, with an earnestness which gave Elinor far more pain than could arise from such common-place raillery as Mrs Jennings's. 5

Colonel Brandon, the friend of Sir John, seemed no more adapted by resemblance of manner to be his friend, than Lady Middleton was to be his wife, or Mrs Jennings to be Lady Middleton's mother. He was silent and grave. His appearance however was not displeasing, in spite of his being in the opinion of Marianne and Margaret an absolute old bachelor, for he was on the wrong side of five and thirty; but though his face was not handsome his countenance was sensible, and his address was particularly gentlemanlike. 10 15

There was nothing in any of the party which could recommend them as companions to the Dashwoods; but the cold insipidity of Lady Middleton was so particularly repulsive, that in comparison of it the gravity of Colonel Brandon, and even the boisterous mirth of Sir John and his mother-in-law was interesting. Lady Middleton seemed to be roused to enjoyment only by the entrance of her four noisy children after dinner, who pulled her about, tore her clothes, and put an end to every kind of discourse except what related to themselves. 20

In the evening, as Marianne was discovered to be musical, she was invited to play. The instrument was unlocked, every body prepared to be charmed, and Marianne, who sang very well, at their request went through the chief of the songs which Lady Middleton had brought into the family on her marriage, and which perhaps had lain ever since in the same position on the pianoforté, for her ladyship had celebrated that event by giving up music, although by her mother's account she had played extremely well, and by her own was very fond of it. 25

Marianne's performance was highly applauded. Sir John was loud in his admiration at the end of every song, and as loud in his conversation with the others while every song lasted. Lady Middleton frequently called him to order, wondered how any one's attention could be diverted from music for a moment, and asked Marianne to sing a particular song which Marianne had just finished. Colonel Brandon alone, of all the party, heard her without being in raptures. He paid her only the compliment of attention; and she felt a respect for him on the occasion, which the others had reasonably forfeited by their shameless want of taste. His pleasure in music, though it amounted not to that extatic delight which alone could sympathize with her own, was estimable when contrasted against the horrible insensibility of the 30 35

others; and she was reasonable enough to allow that a man of five and thirty might well have outlived all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite power of enjoyment. She was perfectly disposed to make every allowance for the colonel's advanced state of life which humanity required.

Chapter 7

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Women and men have very different expectations of marriage in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Chaucer's presentation of marriage in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

Virginitee is greet perfeccion,
 And continence eek with devocion,
 But Crist, that of perfeccion is welle,
 Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle 5
 Al that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore
 And in swich wise folwe hym and his foore.
 He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfitly;
 And lordynges, by youre leve, that am nat I.
 I wol bistowe the flour of al myn age
 In the actes and in fruyt of mariage. 10
 Telle me also, to what conclusion
 Were membres maad of generacion,
 And of so parfit wys a wight ywroght?
 Trusteth right wel, they were nat maad for noght.
 Glose whoso wole, and seye bothe up and doun 15
 That they were made for purgacioun
 Of uryne, and oure bothe thynges smale
 Were eek to knowe a femele from a male,
 And for noon oother cause – say ye no?
 The experience woot wel it is noght so. 20
 So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe,
 I sey this: that they made ben for bothe;
 That is to seye, for office, and for ese
 Of engendrure, ther we nat God displese.
 Why sholde men elles in hir bookes sette 25
 That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dette?
 Now wherwith sholde he make his paiement,
 If he ne used his sely instrument?
 Thanne were they maad upon a creature
 To purge uryne, and eek for engendrure. 30
 But I seye noght that every wight is holde,
 That hath swich harneys as I to yow tolde,
 To goon and usen hem in engendrure.
 Thanne sholde men take of chastitee no cure.
 Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man, 35
 And many a seint, sith that the world bigan;
 Yet lyved they evere in parfit chastitee.
 I nyl envye no virginitee.
 Lat hem be breed of pured whete-seed,
 And lat us wyves hoten barly-breed; 40
 And yet with barly-breed, Mark telle kan,
 Oure Lord Jhesu refreshed many a man.

In swich estaat as God hath cleped us
I wol persevere; I nam nat precius.
In wyfhod I wol use myn instrument
As frely as my Makere hath it sent.
If I be daungerous, God yeve me sorwe!

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Eliot's presentation of childhood and children in *The Mill on the Floss*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Tom and Bob.

At this moment a striking incident made the boys pause suddenly in their walk. It was the plunging of some small body in the water from among the neighbouring bulrushes – if it was not a water-rat, Bob intimated that he was ready to undergo the most unpleasant consequences.

'Hoigh! Yap – hoigh! there he is,' said Tom, clapping his hands, as the little black snout made its arrowy course to the opposite bank. 'Seize him, lad! seize him!' 5

Yap agitated his ears and wrinkled his brows, but declined to plunge, trying whether barking would not answer the purpose just as well.

'Ugh! you coward!' said Tom, and kicked him over, feeling humiliated as a sportsman to possess so poor-spirited an animal. Bob abstained from remark and passed on, choosing however to walk in the shallow edge of the overflowing river by way of change. 10

'He's none so full now, the Flos isn't,' said Bob, as he kicked the water up before him, with an agreeable sense of being insolent to it. 'Why, last 'ear, the meadows was all one sheet o' water, they was.' 15

'Ay, but,' said Tom, whose mind was prone to see an opposition between statements that were really quite accordant, 'but there was a big flood once when the Round Pool was made. / know there was, 'cause father says so. And the sheep and cows were all drowned, and the boats went all over the fields ever such a way.'

'/ don't care about a flood comin',' said Bob, 'I don't mind the water, no more nor the land. /'d swim – / would.' 20

'Ah, but if you got nothing to eat for ever so long?' said Tom, his imagination becoming quite active under the stimulus of that dread. 'When I'm a man, I shall make a boat with a wooden house on the top of it, like Noah's ark, and keep plenty to eat in it – rabbits and things – all ready. And then if the flood came, you know, Bob, I shouldn't mind ... And I'd take you in, if I saw you swimming,' he added, in the tone of a benevolent patron. 25

'I aren't frightened,' said Bob, to whom hunger did not appear so appalling. 'But I'd get in, an' knock the rabbits on th' head when you wanted to eat 'em.'

'Ah, and I should have halfpence, and we'd play at heads-and-tails,' said Tom, not contemplating the possibility that this recreation might have fewer charms for his mature age. 'I'd divide fair to begin with, and then we'd see who'd win.' 30

'I'n got a half-penny o' my own,' said Bob, proudly, coming out of the water and tossing his half-penny in the air. 'Yeads or tails?'

'Tails,' said Tom, instantly fired with the desire to win. 35

'It's yeads,' said Bob, hastily, snatching up the half-penny as it fell.

'It wasn't,' said Tom, loudly and peremptorily. 'You give me the half-penny – I've won it fair.'

'I shan't,' said Bob, holding it tight in his pocket.

'Then I'll make you – see if I don't,' said Tom. 40

'You can't make me do nothing, you can't,' said Bob.

'Yes, I can.'

'No, you can't.'

'I'm master.'

'I don't care for you.'

'But I'll make you care, you cheat,' said Tom, collaring Bob and shaking him.

'You get out wi' you,' said Bob, giving Tom a kick.

Book 1, Chapter 6

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

- 6 **Either** (a) What in your view does Hardy's presentation of marriage and married couples contribute to the meaning and effects of *The Return of The Native*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Wildeve.

Having seen Eustacia's signal from the hill at eight o'clock, Wildeve immediately prepared to assist her in her flight, and, as he hoped, accompany her. He was somewhat perturbed, and his manner of informing Thomasin that he was going on a journey was in itself sufficient to rouse her suspicions. When she had gone to bed he collected the few articles he would require, and went upstairs to the money-chest, whence he took a tolerably bountiful sum in notes, which had been advanced to him on the property he was so soon to have in possession, to defray expenses incidental to the removal. 5

He then went to the stable and coach-house to assure himself that the horse, gig, and harness were in a fit condition for a long drive. Nearly half an hour was spent thus, and on returning to the house Wildeve had no thought of Thomasin being anywhere but in bed. He had told the stable-lad not to stay up, leading the boy to understand that his departure would be at three or four in the morning; for this, though an exceptional hour, was less strange than midnight, the time actually agreed on, the packet from Budmouth sailing between one and two. 10 15

At last all was quiet, and he had nothing to do but to wait. By no effort could he shake off the oppression of spirits which he had experienced ever since his last meeting with Eustacia, but he hoped there was that in his situation which money could cure. He had persuaded himself that to act not ungenerously towards his gentle wife by settling on her the half of his property, and with chivalrous devotion towards another and greater woman by sharing her fate, was possible. And though he meant to adhere to Eustacia's instructions to the letter, to deposit her where she wished and to leave her, should that be her will, the spell that she had cast over him intensified, and his heart was beating fast in the anticipated futility of such commands in the face of a mutual wish that they should throw in their lot together. 20 25

He would not allow himself to dwell long upon these conjectures, maxims, and hopes, and at twenty minutes to twelve he again went softly to the stable, harnessed the horse, and lit the lamps; whence, taking the horse by the head, he led him with the covered car out of the yard to a spot by the roadside some quarter of a mile below the inn. 30

Here Wildeve waited, slightly sheltered from the driving rain by a high bank that had been cast up at this place. Along the surface of the road where lit by the lamps the loosened gravel and small stones scudded and clicked together before the wind, which, leaving them in heaps, plunged into the heath and boomed across the bushes into darkness. Only one sound rose above this din of weather, and that was the roaring of a ten-hatch weir to the southward, from a river in the meads which formed the boundary of the heath in this direction. 35

He lingered on in perfect stillness till he began to fancy that the midnight hour must have struck. A very strong doubt had arisen in his mind if Eustacia would venture down the hill in such weather; yet knowing her nature he felt that she might. 'Poor thing! 'tis like her ill-luck,' he murmured. 40

Book 5, Chapter 9



Turn to page 14 for Question 7

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Death and dying are never far away in Keats's poetry.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Keats's poetry? 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 'Sleep and Poetry', relating it to Keats's methods and concerns in this and in other poems in your selection.

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen
 That am not yet a glorious denizen
 Of thy wide heaven – Should I rather kneel
 Upon some mountain-top until I feel
 A glowing splendour round about me hung, 5
 And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?
 O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
 That am not yet a glorious denizen
 Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
 Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air, 10
 Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
 Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
 Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
 The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo
 Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear 15
 The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
 Visions of all places: a bowery nook
 Will be elysium – an eternal book
 Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
 About the leaves, and flowers – about the playing 20
 Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
 Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
 And many a verse from so strange influence
 That we must ever wonder how, and whence
 It came. Also imaginings will hover 25
 Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
 Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
 In happy silence, like the clear Meander
 Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
 Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot, 30
 Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
 Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
 Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
 All that was for our human senses fitted.
 Then the events of this wide world I'd seize 35
 Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
 Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
 Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Middleton's presentation of attitudes to reputation and to the reputation in *The Changeling*.
- 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 Beatrice.

Beatrice: You are a scholar, sir? 5

Alsemero: A weak one, lady.

Beatrice: Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Alsemero: From your tongue I take it to be music.

Beatrice: You are skilful in't, can sing at first sight. 5

Alsemero: And I have show'd you all my skill at once.
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition:
I love you dearly.

Beatrice: Be better advis'd, sir: 10
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind. 15

Alsemero: But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed.
Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation 20
By the hand royal, that's your part, lady.

Beatrice: Oh, there's one above me, sir. [*Aside.*] For five days past
To be recall'd! Sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me; that he should come
So near his time, and miss it! 25

Jasperino: [*aside.*] We might have come by the carriers from Valencia,
I see, and sav'd all our sea-provision: we are at farthest
sure. Methinks I should do something too;
I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. 30
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her,
If she be lawful prize, down goes her top-sail.

[*Greets DIAPHANTA.*]

Enter DE FLORES.

De Flores: Lady, your father—

Beatrice: Is in health, I hope. 35

De Flores: Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady.
He's coming hitherward.

Beatrice: What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stall 40
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:

And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

- De Flores* [aside.]: Will't never mend this scorn
One side nor other? Must I be enjoin'd 45
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger; I know she had
Rather see me dead than living, and yet 50
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.
- Alsemero*: You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.
- Beatrice*: Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of some particular thing 55
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

Act 1, Scene 1

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