



UNIVERSITETET I OSLO

Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk

EXAM
2009/FALL
1 page + attachment

ENG2327: Shakespeare

Attachment: 6 pages

Duration of exam: 4 hours

Wednesday, 02 December 2009

You are allowed an English-English dictionary

Write an essay on *ONE* of the following topics:

1. Write an essay on the excerpt from *Hamlet* (text provided). Locate the scene in its dramatic context, and discuss its key themes, sources of conflict, and aspects of language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole.

OR

2. Write an essay on the excerpt from *Antony and Cleopatra* (text provided). Locate the scene in its dramatic context, and discuss its key themes, sources of conflict, and aspects of language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole.

OR

3. Write an essay on the excerpt from *Henry V* (text provided). Locate the scenes in their dramatic context, and discuss their key themes, sources of conflict, and aspects of language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole.

Explanation: For an explanation of the mark obtained: contact the responsible teacher of the course no later than 1 week after the exam results have been published in StudentWeb. Remember to include your name and candidate number. The examiner will then decide whether to give a written explanation or call you in for an interview.

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

KING
POLONIUS

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last

Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.

I do beseech you give him leave to go.

KING

Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

HAMLET

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son —
A little more than kin, and less than kind.⁹

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun.¹⁰

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN

If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

'Seems', madam? Nay, it is; I know not 'seems'.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passes show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;

KING

But you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course

Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled.

For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died today,

'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,

And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as yourself in Denmark. Madam, come.
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

ENC 2327 H9
Act 1

side 2 and 7

Enter SERVANTS.

—Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet. Take hence this jack, and whip him.
[*to himself*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY

Moon and stars!

Whip him! Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here — what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

100

THIDIAS

Mark Antony —

Tug him away; being whipped,
Bring him again. This jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt servants with Thidias.*]
[*To Cleopatra*] You were half blasted ere I knew
you. Hal!

you. Hal!

Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

CLEOPATRA

Good my lord —

You have been a boggler ever,
But when we in our viciousness grow hard-
(O misery on't!), the wise gods seal our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

110

CLEOPATRA

O, is't come to this?

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Græus Pompey's, ⁸⁸ besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

120

CLEOPATRA

Wherefore is this?

ANTONY To let a fellow that will take rewards

And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And pligher of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outtroat
The hornéd herd!⁸⁹ For I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

130

Enter a SERVANT with THIDIAS.

—Is he whipped?

Soundly, my lord.

Cried he? And begged a pardon?

SERVANT

He did ask favour.

[*To Thidias*.] If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him.

Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar;
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into th'abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.

140

Hence with thy stripes, be gone! [*Exit Thidias.*]

150

CLEOPATRA

Have you done yet?

Alack, our terrere moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

CLEOPATRA

I must stay his time.

side 3 on 7

EN 6-2327 409

Act 2

EN 62327 H09
Act 2

96 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 3, 13

ANTONY To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA Not know me yet?

ANTONY Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so

Dissolve my life; the next, Casarion smite;

Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the discandyng of this pelleted storm

Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

ANTONY I am satisfied.

Caesar sets down in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land

Hath nobly held; severed navy too

Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle.

There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA That's my brave lord!

ANTONY I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives

Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to me

All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:

Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA It is my birthday.

I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA [to servant:] Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY Do so. [Exit servant.]

3, 13 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 97

We'll speak to them, and tonight I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my Queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight

I'll make Death love me, for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious

Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge: and I see still

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

200

3, 13 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 97

side 4 w 7

ENG 2327 H69
Act 3

IV.5-6

ORLEANS

Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON

10 Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour! Once more back again!
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CONSTABLE

Disorder that hath spoiled us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enow yet living in the field
20 To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exeunt

IV.6

Alarm. Enter the King and his train, Exeter and others, with prisoners

KING HENRY

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done – yet keep the French the field.

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HENRY

Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

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IV.6

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay instepped,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud, 'Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abrest,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came and cheered him up;
He smiled me in the face, rought me his hand,
And, with a feeble grip, says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips,
And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes

And gave me up to tears.

KING HENRY

I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With misful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarm

But hark! what new alarm is this same?
The French have reinforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through.

Exeunt

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Side Saw 7

FN 62327 H109
text 3

IV.7
Enter Fluellen and Gower

FLUELLEN Kill the poy and the luggage? 'Tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert - in your conscience now, is it not?

GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burnt and carried away all that was in the King's tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant King!

FLUELLEN Ay, he was porm at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

GOWER Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN Why, I pray you, is not 'pig' great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLUELLEN I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth - it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers,

and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend Cleitus.

GOWER Our King is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet - he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

GOWER Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men porm at Monmouth.

GOWER Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and Bourbon, with prisoners; also Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others. Flourish

KING HENRY

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

side 6 av 7

EN 42327 H09
Act 3

IV.7

Enter Montjoy

EXETER

Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.

GLoucester

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING HENRY

How now, what means this, Herald? Know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great King;

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To book our dead, and then to bury them,

To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes – woe the while! –

Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar trench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies!

KING HENRY

I tell thee truly, Herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer

And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY

The day is yours.

KING HENRY

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle called that stands hard by?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

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IV.7

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN Your grandfather of famous memory, an't 90

please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the

Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,

fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Your majesty says very true. If your majesties

is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a

garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their

Monmouth caps, which your majesty know to this hour

is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe

your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint 100

Tavy's day.

KING HENRY

I wear it for a memorable honour;

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN All the water in Wye cannot wash your

majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you

that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases

His grace, and His majesty too!

KING HENRY Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I

care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world. 110

I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be

God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING HENRY

God keep me so!

Enter Williams

Our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts.

Exeunt Herald with Montjoy

Call yonder fellow hither.

EXETER Soldier, you must come to the King.

KING HENRY Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy

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side row 7