



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Authors

October/November 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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Bloody bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain.'

Is there anything more to say about Claudius's role and characterisation in the play?

- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds?

Laertes: What ceremony else?

Hamlet: That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.

Laertes: What ceremony else?

Priest: Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise. Her death was doubtful; 5
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, 10
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laertes: Must there no more be done?

Priest: No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead 15
To sing sage requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laertes: Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, 20
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet: What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen: Sweets to the sweet; farewell!
[Scattering flowers. 25
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laertes: O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 30
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaps into the grave.
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, 35
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

<i>Hamlet:</i>	[<i>Advancing</i>] What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, Hamlet the Dane.	40 <i>[Leaps into the grave.]</i>
<i>Laertes:</i>	The devil take thy soul!	45 <i>[Grappling with him.]</i>
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Thou pray'st not well. I prithee take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenitive and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wiseness fear. Hold off thy hand.	50
<i>King:</i>	Pluck them asunder.	
<i>Queen:</i>	Hamlet! Hamlet!	
<i>All:</i>	Gentlemen!	
<i>Horatio:</i>	Good my lord, be quiet.	55 <i>[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]</i>
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Why, I will fight with him upon this theme Until my eyelids will no longer wag.	
<i>Queen:</i>	O my son, what theme?	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?	60
<i>King:</i>	O, he is mad, Laertes.	
<i>Queen:</i>	For love of God, forbear him.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	'Swounds, show me what th'owt do: Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself, Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile? I'll do't. Dost come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I.	65 70

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 2 **Either** (a) What does Shakespeare's presentation of family relationships contribute to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, consider what the following passage contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Antonio and Sebastian.

<i>Sebastian:</i>	What a strange drowsiness possesses them!	
<i>Antonio:</i>	It is the quality o' th' climate.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Why Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.	5
<i>Antonio:</i>	Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O, what might! No more! And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be; th' occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.	10
<i>Sebastian:</i>	What, art thou waking?	
<i>Antonio:</i>	Do you not hear me speak?	15
<i>Sebastian:</i>	I do; and surely It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.	20
<i>Antonio:</i>	Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep – die rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Thou dost snore distinctly; There's meaning in thy snores.	25
<i>Antonio:</i>	I am more serious than my custom; you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Trebles thee o'er.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Well, I am standing water.	30
<i>Antonio:</i>	I'll teach you how to flow.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Do so: to ebb, Hereditary sloth instructs me.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	O, If you but knew how you the purpose cherish, Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed, Most often, do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.	35
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Prithee say on. The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield.	40
<i>Antonio:</i>	Thus, sir: Although this lord of weak remembrance, this Who shall be of as little memory	45

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded –
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade – the King his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd 50
 As he that sleeps here swims.

Sebastian: I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd.

Antonio: O, out of that 'no hope'
 What great hope have you! No hope that way is 55
 Another way so high a hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Sebastian: He's gone. 60

Antonio: Then tell me,
 Who's the next heir of Naples?

Act 2, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

3 **Either** (a) 'Portsmouth was Portsmouth; Mansfield was home.'

How important to the meaning and effects of the novel is Austen's presentation of the settings?

Or (b) Paying close attention to Austen's narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Julia was the first to move and speak again. Jealousy and bitterness had been suspended: selfishness was lost in the common cause; but at the moment of her appearance, Frederick was listening with looks of devotion to Agatha's narrative, and pressing her hand to his heart, and as soon as she could notice this, and see that, in spite of the shock of her words, he still kept his station and retained her sister's hand, her wounded heart swelled again with injury, and looking as red as she had been white before, she turned out of the room, saying 'I need not be afraid of appearing before him.' 5

Her going roused the rest; and at the same moment, the two brothers stepped forward, feeling the necessity of doing something. A very few words between them were sufficient. The case admitted no difference of opinion; they must go to the drawing room directly. Maria joined them with the same intent, just then the stoutest of the three; for the very circumstance which had driven Julia away, was to her the sweetest support. Henry Crawford's retaining her hand at such a moment, a moment of such peculiar proof and importance, was worth ages of doubt and anxiety. She hailed it as an earnest of the most serious determination, and was equal even to encounter her father. They walked off, utterly heedless of Mr Rushworth's repeated question of 'Shall I go too? – Had not I better go too? – Will not it be right for me to go too?' but they were no sooner through the door than Henry Crawford undertook to answer the anxious inquiry, and encouraging him by all means to pay his respects to Sir Thomas without delay, sent him after the others with delighted haste. 10 15 20

Fanny was left with only the Crawfords and Mr Yates. She had been quite overlooked by her cousins; and as her own opinion of her claims on Sir Thomas's affection was much too humble to give her any idea of classing herself with his children, she was glad to remain behind and gain a little breathing time. Her agitation and alarm exceeded all that was endured by the rest, by the right of a disposition which not even innocence could keep from suffering. She was nearly fainting: all her former habitual dread of her uncle was returning, and with it compassion for him – and for almost everyone of the party on the development before him – with solicitude on Edmund's account indescribable. She had found a seat, where in excessive trembling she was enduring all these fearful thoughts, while the other three, no longer under any restraint, were giving vent to their feelings of vexation, lamenting over such an unlooked-for premature arrival as a most untoward event, and without mercy wishing poor Sir Thomas had been twice as long on his passage, or were still in Antigua. 25 30 35

The Crawfords were more warm on the subject than Mr Yates, from better understanding the family and judging more clearly of the mischief that must ensue. The ruin of the play was to them a certainty, they felt the total destruction of the scheme to be inevitably at hand; while Mr Yates considered it only as a temporary interruption, a disaster for the evening, and could even suggest the possibility of the rehearsal being renewed after tea, when the bustle of receiving Sir Thomas were over and he might be at leisure to be amused by it. 40

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) What contribution to the meaning and effects of *The Nun's Priest's Prologue and Tale* is made by the digressions in the story of the cock and the fox?
- Or** (b) Discuss Chaucer's presentation of the relationship between Chauntecleer and Pertelote in the following passage. In your answer you should pay attention to the language, tone and comic effects.

And so bifel that in a dawenyng,
 As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
 And next hym sat this faire Pertelote,
 This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte, 5
 As man that in his dreem is drecched soore.
 And whan that Pertelote thus herde hym roore,
 She was agast, and seyde, "Herte deere,
 What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?
 Ye been a verray sleper; fy, for shame!" 10

And he answerde, and seyde thus: "Madame,
 I pray yow that ye take it nat agrief.
 By God, me mette I was in swich meschief
 Right now, that yet myn herte is soore afright.
 Now God," quod he, "my swevene recche aright, 15
 And kepe my body out of foul prisoun!
 Me mette how that I romed up and down
 Withinne our yeerd, wheer as I saugh a beest
 Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areest
 Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed. 20
 His colour was bitwixe yelow and reed,
 And tipped was his tayl and bothe his eeris
 With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heeris;
 His snowte smal, with glowyng eyeen tweye.
 Yet of his look for feere almoost I deye; 25
 This caused me my gronyng, doutelees."
 "Avoy!" quod she, "fy on yow, hertelees!
 Allas!" quod she, "for, by that God above,
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love.
 I kan nat love a coward, by my feith! 30
 For certes, what so any womman seith,
 We alle desiren, if it myghte bee,
 To han housbondes hardy, wise, and free,
 And secree, and no nygard, ne no fool,
 Ne hym that is agast of every tool, 35
 Ne noon avauntour, by that God above!
 How dorste ye seyn, for shame, unto youre love
 That any thyng myghte make yow aferd?
 Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?"

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 5 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the role and significance of Mrs Sparsit and Rachel in *Hard Times*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and narrative techniques, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralyzed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?" 5

"The circulation, Sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, Sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, Sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else." 10

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive – even what motive in reason – can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!" 15

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank-robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, Sir, for it will be a rise to me, and will do me good." 20

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you –" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, Sir, as you are aware." 30

Chapter 8, Book 3

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'He seemed to feel exactly as she felt about life and its surroundings – that they were a tragical rather than a comical thing.'

Discuss your response to the relationship between Donald Farfrae and Elizabeth-Jane in the light of her comment about him when she first meets him.

- Or** (b) Playing close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Henchard and Elizabeth sat conversing by the fire. It was three weeks after Mrs Henchard's funeral; the candles were not lighted, and a restless, acrobatic flame, poised on a coal, called from the shady walls the smiles of all shapes that could respond – the old pier-glass, with gilt columns and huge entablature, the picture-frames, sundry knobs and handles, and the brass rosette at the bottom of each riband bell-pull on either side of the chimney-piece. 5

'Elizabeth, do you think much of old times?' said Henchard.

'Yes, sir; often,' said she.

'Who do you put in your pictures of 'em?'

'Mother and father – nobody else hardly.' 10

Henchard always looked like one bent on resisting pain when Elizabeth-Jane spoke of Richard Newson as 'father'. 'Ah! I am out of all that, am I not?' he said ... 'Was Newson a kind father?'

'Yes, sir; very.'

Henchard's face settled into an expression of stolid loneliness which gradually modulated into something softer. 'Suppose I had been your real father?' he said. 'Would you have cared for me as much as you cared for Richard Newson?' 15

'I can't think it,' she said quickly. 'I can think of no other as my father, except my father.'

Henchard's wife was dissevered from him by death; his friend and helper Farfrae by estrangement; Elizabeth-Jane by ignorance. It seemed to him that only one of them could possibly be recalled, and that was the girl. His mind began vibrating between the wish to reveal himself to her and the policy of leaving well alone, till he could no longer sit still. He walked up and down, and then he came and stood behind her chair, looking down upon the top of her head. He could no longer restrain his impulse. 'What did your mother tell you about me – my history?' he asked. 20

'That you were related by marriage.'

'She should have told more – before you knew me! Then my task would not have been such a hard one ... Elizabeth, it is I who am your father, and not Richard Newson. Shame alone prevented your wretched parents from owning this to you while both of 'em were alive.' 30

The back of Elizabeth's head remained still, and her shoulders did not denote even the movements of breathing. Henchard went on: 'I'd rather have your scorn, your fear, anything than your ignorance; 'tis that I hate. Your mother and I were man and wife when we were young. What you saw was our second marriage. Your mother was too honest. We had thought each other dead – and – Newson became her husband.' 35

This was the nearest approach Henchard could make to the full truth. As far as he personally was concerned he would have screened nothing; but he showed a respect for the young girl's sex and years worthy of a better man. 40

Chapter 19

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

7 **Either** (a) 'Whatever the subject Marvell is the most persuasive of poets.'

How far do you agree? You should refer to at least **three** of his poems from your selection in your answer.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland*.

An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland

The forward Youth that would appear Must now forsake his <i>Muses</i> dear, Nor in the Shadows sing His Numbers languishing.	
'Tis time to leave the Books in dust, And oyl th' unused Armour rust: Removing from the Wall The Corslet of the Hall.	5
So restless <i>Cromwel</i> could not cease In the inglorious Arts of Peace, But through adventurous War Urged his active Star.	10
And, like the three-fork'd Lightning, first Breaking the Clouds where it was nurst, Did thorough his own Side His fiery way divide.	15
For 'tis all one to Courage high The Emulous or Enemy; And with such to inclose Is more than to oppose.	20
Then burning through the Air he went, And Pallaces and Temples rent: And <i>Caesars</i> head at last Did through his Laurels blast.	
'Tis Madness to resist or blame The force of angry Heavens flame: And, if we would speak true, Much to the Man is due.	25
Who, from his private Gardens, where He liv'd reserved and austere, As if his highest plot To plant the Bergamot, Could by industrious Valour climbe To ruine the great Work of Time, And cast the Kingdome old Into another Mold.	30
Though Justice against Fate complain, And plead the antient Rights in vain: But those do hold or break As Men are strong or weak.	35
Nature that hateth emptiness, Allows of penetration less:	40

And therefore must make room
Where greater Spirits come.
What Field of all the Civil Wars, 45
Where his were not the deepest Scars?
And *Hampton* shows what part
He had of wiser Art.

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

8 **Either** (a) '*The Rape of the Lock* is essentially a love poem.'

How far do you agree with this reading of the poem?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Pope's methods and concerns in the rest of the poem.

"In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the sylph, oh, pious maid, beware! 5
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
 He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, 10
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
 And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid. 15
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side, 20
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil. 25
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows, 30
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face: 35
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown: 40
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Canto 1

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'The poems express a simple religious faith in complex ways.'

How far do you agree with this view? 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.

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
 As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
 Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
 Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
 Each mortal thing does one thing and the same: 5
 Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
 Selves – goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
 Crying *What I do is me: for that I came.*

I say more: the just man justices;
 Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces; 10
 Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is –
 Christ – for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
 Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
 To the Father through the features of men's faces.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

10 Either (a) 'It is the language and the imagery we remember in the end, not the characters.'

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

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, imagery and dramatic action, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Bosola:</i>	All comfort to your Grace –	
<i>Duchess:</i>	I will have none.	
	Pray-thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills In gold and sugar?	
<i>Bosola:</i>	Your elder brother the Lord Ferdinard	5
	Is come to visit you: and sends you word 'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow Never to see you more; he comes i'th' night; And prays you, gently, neither torch nor taper Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand;	10
	And reconcile himself: but, for his vow, He dares not see you.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	At his pleasure. Take hence the lights: he's come.	
	[<i>Exeunt SERVANTS with lights; enter FERDINAND.</i>]	15
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	Where are you?	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Here sir.	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	This darkness suits you well.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	I would ask your pardon.	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	You have it;	20
	For I account it the honrabl'st revenge Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your cubs?	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Whom?	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	Call them your children;	25
	For though our national law distinguish bastards From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature Makes them all equal.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Do you visit me for this? You violate a sacrament o'th' Church Shall make you howl in hell for't.	30
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	It had been well, Could you have liv'd thus always: for indeed You were too much i'th' light. But no more; I come to seal my peace with you: here's a hand, [<i>He gives her a dead man's hand.</i>]	35
	To which you have vow'd much love: the ring upon't You gave.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	I affectionately kiss it.	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	Pray do: and bury the print of it in your heart. I will leave this ring with you, for a love-token:	40
	And the hand, as sure as the ring: and do not doubt But you shall have the heart too. When you need a friend Send it to him that ow'd it: you shall see Whether he can aid you.	

Duchess: You are very cold. 45
 I fear you are not well after your travel:
 Ha! Lights! O horrible!

Ferdinand: Let her have lights enough.
Exit.
 [*Enter SERVANTS with lights.*] 50

Duchess: What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
 A dead man's hand here?
*Here is discover'd, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of
 ANTONIO and his children; appearing as if they were dead.*

Bosola: Look you: here's the piece from which 'twas tane; 55
 He doth present you this sad spectacle,
 That now you know directly they are dead,
 Hereafter you may, wisely, cease to grieve
 For that which cannot be recovered.

Act 4, Scene 1

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