

English 2183 – Shakespeare – Fall 2004
Exam # 2
Wednesday, November 10

This is a three part examination. Read the requirements for each section carefully, and answer in a manner commensurate with the grade weight assigned that section.

Part 1, Short Answer: 20%

- 1) When did the conspirators kill Julius Caesar? (1%)
- 2) In *Henry V*, who is hanged for theft in France? (1%)
- 3) Who dies by stabbing while robbing a corpse? (2%)
- 4) Who does Prince Hal join to rob Falstaff at Gad's Hill? (1%)
- 5) Explain the Dauphin's confusion over "horse" and "armour" in *Henry V*. (8%)
- 6) Who is Hotspur's father? (1%)
- 7) Who is the Dauphin's father? (1%)
- 8) What town is under siege when Henry V speaks the line: "Once more vnto the Breach, / Deare friends, once more" ? (2%)
- 9) Who said "I know thee not, old man," and to whom was he speaking? (2%)
- 10) Name the French King's daughter in *Henry V*. (1%)

Part 2, Identification and Significance: 50%

For 5 of the following 7 passages, identify the play from which the passage is drawn, the speaker(s), and its significance.

- 1) In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
- 2) You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-terne it topsie-turuy downe.

- 3) Speaker #1: Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

Speaker #2: No harme: what more?

Speaker #1: And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.

Speaker #2: He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

Speaker #1: All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Speaker #2: No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?

- 4) 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes

me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme.

- 5) Let vs on:
 And publish the occasion of our Armes.
 The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
 Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
 An habitation giddy, and vn Timer
 Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
 Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,
 Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
 And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
 Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
 That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
 So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
 Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,
 And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
 And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
 They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,
 Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
 Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
 When through proud London he came sighing on,
 After th' admired heeles of Bullingbrooke,
 Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,
 And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
 " Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst."
- 6) For what in me, was purchas'd,
 Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayer sort.
 So thou, the Garland wear'st successiuelly.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
 Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
 And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
 Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
 By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
 And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
 To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
 I cut them off: and had a purpose now
 To leade out many to the Holy Land;
 Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
 Too neere vnto my State.
 Therefore (my Harrie)

Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.

7)

I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?
I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Part 3, Essay: 30%

Re-read then discuss the following lines from *Henry V*.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King him/-/
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy/-/
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur/-/
gean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them;
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any [1990]
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro/-/
portion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the im/-/
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im/-/

posed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vn/-/
 der his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo/-/
 ney, be assayed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd [2000]
 Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the
 author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
 of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
 of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when
 they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre/-/
 ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul/-/
 diers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of
 premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of begui/-/ [2010]
 ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
 making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go/-/
 red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe/-/
 rie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out/-/
 runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip
 men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
 are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
 they haue borne life away; and where they would bee [2020]
 safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be/-/
 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
 now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but
 euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to [2030]
 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out/-/
 liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 how they should prepare.

....

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French
 Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them
 on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut
 French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will
 be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
 Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, [2080]
 Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
 We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
 Subject to the breath of euery foole, whose sence
 No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
 What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,

That priuate men enioy ?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie? [2090]
What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, [2100]
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prouwd Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball, [2110]
The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high shore of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread, [2120]
Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Phebus; and all Night
Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne,
Doth rise and helpe Hiperio to his Horse,
And followes so the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King. [2130]
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.