

W. H. AUDEN

*Lectures on
Shakespeare*

RECONSTRUCTED AND

EDITED BY

Arthur Kirsch

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APPENDIX II

Fall Term Final Examination

Auden gave the following mimeographed final examination in his Saturday afternoon class for the students taking the course for credit in the fall term. Part B of the examination, which Ansen wrote in by hand with the comment "unexpected," was dictated by Auden in class.

In transcribing the excerpts from Kittredge, Auden or his typist omitted two sentences and slightly miscopied some punctuation, wording, and lineation. I have left the errors uncorrected. Auden's most notable changes are "All" for "At" in item 8, "spirit" for "sport" in item 15, "earth-braving" for "air-braving" in item 19, and "Wealth" for "breath" and "fit" for "fill" in item 22. Auden prints item 14 as verse instead of Kittredge's prose, and in item 24, after "mother," he omits the sentences, "Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so." The identifications of the excerpts, in brackets, are the editor's.

Auden told Ansen afterward that he had sent a copy of the examination to his friend Theodore Spencer, a Shakespearean, and that "Spencer missed the second one."

Ansen describes seeing the final examination for the spring term in an entry in his "Journal" dated 3 May 1947. In addition to identifications of lines and passages in the spring exam, Auden also asked the students to provide meanings of individual words in *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* and to punctuate Hamlet's speech, "What a piece of work is man!" (II.ii.316-22).

[18 January 1947?]

NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
66 West 12th St., NYC

Course #160—Shakespeare
W. H. Auden
Fall Term 1946

FINAL EXAMINATION

[A.]

Who says to Whom, When, Where?

- (1) How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here I have the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string;
[*Richard II*, V.v.42-46]
- (2) Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing.
[Sonnet 8, ll. 9-12]
- (3) Let music sound while he doth make his choice:
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.
[*The Merchant of Venice*, III.ii.43-45]
- (4) I have a reasonable good ear in music.
Let's have the tongs and the bones.
[*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV.i.30-31]
- (5) Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of
men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.
[*Much Ado About Nothing*, II.iii.61-63]
- (6) I have no brother, I am like no brother
I am myself alone.
[*3 Henry VI*, V.vi.80, 83]
- (7) By how much better than my word I am
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.
[*1 Henry IV*, I.ii.234-35]
- (8) No, I am that I am; and they that level
All my abuses reckon up their own.
[Sonnet 121, ll. 9-10]
- (9) In the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.
[*Much Ado About Nothing*, I.iii.38-39]

- (10) Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man.
[*1 Henry IV*, V.iv.115–18]
- (11) The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.
[*Richard II*, IV.i.292–93]
- (12) What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
[Sonnet 53, ll. 1–2]
- (13) For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.
[*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV.ii.124–26]
- (14) The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
Are no worse, if imagination amend them.
[*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V.i.214–16]
- (15) That spirit best pleases that doth least know how;
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.
[*Love's Labour's Lost*, V.ii.517–19]
- (16) There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer.
[*2 Henry VI*, IV.ii.70–74]
- (17) Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice.
[*2 Henry IV*, V.iii.140–44]
- (18) Here's a "Stay"
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
[*King John*, II.i.455–60]

- (19) You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and earth-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
[*1 Henry VI*, IV.ii.10-14]
- (20) O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.
[*1 Henry IV*, III.i.159-64]
- (21) What; I? I love? I sue? I seek a wife?
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right.
[*Love's Labour's Lost*, III.i.191-95]
- (22) I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heaved ahigh to be hurled down below,
A mother only mocked with two fair babes,
A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a Wealth, a bubble,
A queen in jest, only to fit the scene.
[*Richard III*, IV.iv.82-91]
- (23) Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then have I reason to be fond of grief?
[*King John*, III.iv.93-98]

- (24) This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father. No, no this left shoe is my mother. It hath the worser sole.
[*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II.iii.17-20]
- (25) The passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men.
[*Love's Labour's Lost*, I.ii.184-87]
- (26) Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but tis enough, t'will serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses!
[*Romeo and Juliet*, III.i.99-103]
- (27) For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
[*Much Ado About Nothing*, V.i.35-38]
- (28) O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast
[*Richard II*, I.iii.294-97]
- (29) All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the Prodigal doth she return.
[*The Merchant of Venice*, II.vi.12-17]
- (30) If he be not in love with some woman, there's no believing
old signs. 'A brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that
bode?
[*Much Ado About Nothing*, III.ii.40-42]
- (31) I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a
stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile.
[*As You Like It*, II.iv.44-46]

- (32) There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
[Julius Caesar, IV.iii.218-21]
- (33) There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come in life.
[2 Henry IV, III.i.80-84]
- (34) Though I speak it to you. I think the king is but a man, as I
am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element
shows to him as it does to me; all his senses have but human
conditions.
[Henry V, IV.i.105-9]
- (35) Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth,
I do now remember the poor creature small beer. But indeed
these humble considerations make me out of love with my
greatness.
[2 Henry IV, II.ii.12-16]

[B.]

Write 20 lines from memory from the material covered in this half of the course.

(Please mark every page of your paper clearly with your name. Also indicate the type of credit for which you are registered.)

Please print your name, the course number and the instructor's name on the first page of your examination also.)