

**OPTION D:**

**KING JOHN by William Shakespeare**

The wicked King has imprisoned his young nephew, ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and has sent orders to his keeper, HUBERT, that the boy's eyes are to be put out. Here, ARTHUR pleads with HUBERT.

**ARTHUR:**

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?  
And will you?  
Have you the heart? When your head did but ache  
I knit my handkercher about your brows,  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'  
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
And call it cunning: do, an if you will,  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?