

Answer the following questions in well-written and well-supported essays to show your knowledge of and insight into English literature. Manage your time well.

1. Explain the following terms and try to establish links between them to show your understanding of early English literature and culture. (25%; suggested time: 25 minutes)
(1) Heorot (2) Tabard (3) Alliterative Revival (4) William Caxton (5) King James Bible (6) the Globe
2. According to Edward Said, "Exile is strangely compelling to think about but terrible to experience. It is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home; its essential sadness can never be surmounted." Said further added that exile has been "a potent, even enriching motif." Use representative works from both the 17th and 18th centuries to discuss the problem of exile. Do not simply summarize the plot. (25%; suggested time: 25 minutes)
3. Analyse TWO of the following three poems. In your discussion, focus not only on the narrator's experience with external forces, but also on the poem's correlation with the core literary styles and concerns of its respective period (25% each).

Poem I, by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,

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In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Poem II, by Lord Alfred Tennyson

In Memoriam: 55

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings out but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And failing with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

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Poem III, by Thomas Hardy

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If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

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