

You have 100 minutes for this examination. Please read the instructions carefully and answer the following questions in a well-written and well-supported manner to show your knowledge of and insight into English literature.

Group A

1. In the following five passages, please choose **FOUR** to identify the title of the work and briefly analyze and discuss their significance in relation to the concerns of its age. (5% each)

a). Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is;

b). Experience, though noon auctoritee
Were in this world, is right ynogh for me
To speke of wo that is in mariage;

c). Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?

d). Often the lone-dweller longs for relief,
the Almighty's mercy, though melancholy,
his hands turning time and again
the ocean's currents, the ice-cold seas,
following paths of exile. Fate is firmly set.

e.) Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw...
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades...

2. Monsters, devils, and strange creatures make frequent appearances in literature. As a source of fascination and fear, monsters and the monstrous embody a paradox of otherness and intimacy that allows authors and readers to test different boundaries and identities. How do the literary works narrate the unspeakable and the unthinkable? How does the uncanny function in the texts? Discuss the significances of the monsters, devils, or strange creatures and choose **THREE** texts—one in Old English, one in Middle English, and one from the sixteenth or the seventeenth century—to support your argument. (30%)

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Group B

In the following three poems, please Identify (period, author, and title) and analyse TWO of the following three poems. If the poem is part of a larger work, please include a discussion of the importance of its role within said collection. In addition to a detailed textual analysis, an account for the poem's correlation with the core literary styles and concerns of its age is required (25% each).

Poem I

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants' cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants' tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

Poem II

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;

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I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Poem III

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

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