Avdeling for allmenne fag

EKSAMEN

2021 British Romanticism

15.12.2004

Tid:	4 hours for candidates who only sit for the final exam 6 hours for candidates who did not sit for the mid-term exam
Målform:	English
Sidetal:	9 (including front page)
Hjelpemiddel:	English-English Dictionary
Merknader:	Part I should constitute approximately 75 % Part II should constitute approximately 25 % Part III should be answered *only* by candidates who did *not* sit for the mid-term exam
Vedlegg:	pp. 3-9

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på lister med kandidatnummer, lagt i hyllene ved eksamensoppslagstavla, eller du kan gå inn på Arena høgskole – da trenger du heller ikke kandidatnummeret.

READ THIS FIRST:
Parts I and II are for all candidates
Part III is only for candidates who did not sit for the mid-term exam

PART I: Write a short paper on ONE of the following three topics (75 %)

1. Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein* is subtitled *The Modern Prometheus*. Discuss the Romantic fascination with and use of the myth of Prometheus with reference to *Frankenstein* and at least one other text from your reading list.

2. Give an analysis of John Keats' poem 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'

   Poem provided (p. 3 below)

3. Nature plays an important role in Romantic poetry. Discuss this role with reference to Percy Shelley's poem 'Ode to the West Wind' and William Wordsworth's poem 'Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.'

   Poems provided (pp. 4-5 and 6-8 below)

PART II: Answer THREE of the following questions (25%)

Keep your answers brief, but avoid fragmentary sentences

1. Outline some of Percy Shelley's main arguments in *The Necessity of Atheism* (1811)
2. What is meant by the concepts 'Apocalypse' and 'Millennium'?
3. Account for the phenomenon called the 'Luddite disturbances'?
4. Briefly describe what is meant by 'the Gothic'.
5. What is meant by John Locke's expression *tabula rasa*?

Only for candidates who did not sit for the mid-term exam (spend approximately two hours on this part):

PART III: Write a short paper on ONE of the following two topics

1. Give an analysis of Percy Shelley's poem 'England in 1819'.

   Poem provided (p. 9 below)

2. Discuss the importance of the French Revolution for the British social and cultural debates in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In your discussion you should refer to relevant texts on your reading list.

PART I, TOPIC 2 (Keats)

Ode on a Grecian Urn (composed c.May 1819)

1

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme –
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?[1]
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

(3)

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on –
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal – yet do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love, more happy, happy love!
  For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
    For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,[2]
  That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, oh mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or seashore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5

Oh Attic[3] shape! Fair attitude! With brede[4]
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
  'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'; that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

PART I, TOPIC 3 (Shelley)

From Prometheus Unbound (1820)

ODE TO THE WEST WIND (COMPOSED *C.*25 OCTOBER 1819)[1]

I

Oh wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being;
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; oh thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill –

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce maenad,[2] even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst – oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,[3]

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves[4] – oh hear!

PART I, TOPIC 3

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, oh uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee – tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

PART I, TOPIC 3 (Wordsworth)
Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

(PART I, TOPIC 3 (Wordsworth)

(1)

Ode (composed 27 March 1802–March 1804)[1]

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may

By night or day
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

(2)

The rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

(3)

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance[2] gave that thought relief
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep –
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.
Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

(4)

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal –
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm –

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

(5)

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

PART I, TOPIC 3

(6)

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

(7)

Behold the child[3] among his new-born blisses,
A four years' darling of a pigmy size!
See where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life

(7)

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art –
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'[4]
With all the persons down to palsied Age
That life brings with her in her equipage –
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

(8)

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind;
Mighty prophet! Seer blessed!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by,
To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light,
A place of thought where we in waiting lie;[5]
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of untamed pleasures, on thy being's height –
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

PART I, TOPIC 3

(9)

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions, not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blessed –
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether fluttering or at rest,
With new-born hope forever in his breast –
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,[6]
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;[7]
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish us, and make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence – truths that wake
To perish never,
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

(10)

Then sing, ye birds; sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight?
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

(11)

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

PART III , TOPIC 1

England in 1819

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying King;[1]
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring;
Rulers who neither see nor feel nor know,
But leechlike to their fainting country cling
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow.
A people starved and stabbed in th' untilled field;[2]
An army, whom liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield;
Golden and sanguine laws[3] which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A senate, Time's worst statute, unrepealed[4]—
Are graves from which a glorious Phantom[5] may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.