Høgskolen i Telemark

SLUTTEKSAMEN

2021-002: British Romanticism

13.12.05

Tid:	9-13
Målform:	Engelsk
Sidetal:	4 (inkl. denne)
Hjelpemiddel:	Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok
Merknader:	
Vedlegg:	

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Arena høgskole. I tillegg finn du eksamensresultatlister på utsida av eksamenskontoret, men da treng du kandidatnummeret ditt, så du bør notere dette på ein lapp og legge den i lommeboka.

ANSWER **ONE** OF THE QUESTIONS:

1. 'Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) is a timeless tragedy, a Gothic horror story, a wry comment on the Romantic celebration of the individual genius, a fundamental critique of both civilisation and the faith in science and progress, and much more.' Discuss this statement and explore other features of the novel that, in your opinion, make it an appealing text for present-day readers.

2. Give an interpretation of Percy B. Shelley's poem 'Ode to the West Wind' (written 1819), and discuss to what extent it can be read as a typically Romantic text (text provided pp. 3–4).

3. Give a presentation of the interest of British travellers in Norwegian nature and society in the early decades of the nineteenth century, and discuss to what extent it could be argued that this interest was connected with aspects of the Romantic movement in general.

Percy B. Shelley: 'Ode to the West Wind'

I

O 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: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd 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 aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, 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 crystàlline streams,

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

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 gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

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, O 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 skiey 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

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?