

# 淡江大學 96 學年度碩士班甄試招生考試試題

系別：英文學系 A 組

科目：英 文 (含英美文學議題)

10-1

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- I. Explicate the literary and cultural significance of the following poem by American poet Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950), including a discussion of its verse form and rhyming scheme. 40%

Sonnet xxxi

Oh, oh you will be sorry for that word!  
Give back my book and take my kiss instead.  
Was it my enemy or my friend I heard,  
"What a big book for such a little head!"  
Come, I will show you now my newest hat,  
And you may watch me purse my mouth and prink!  
Oh, I shall love you still, and all of that.  
I never again shall tell you what I think.  
I shall be sweet and crafty, soft and sly;  
You will not catch me reading any more:  
I shall be called a wife to pattern by;  
And some day when you knock and push the door,  
Some sane day, not too bright and not too stormy,  
I shall be gone, and you may whistle for me.

- II. Identify and write a coherent analytical response to THREE of the following citations. 60% (20% each).

A.

The Green Knight upon ground girds him with care:  
Bows a bit with his head, and bares his flesh:  
His long lovely locks he laid over his crown,  
Let the naked nape for the need be shown.  
Gawain grips to his ax and gathers it aloft—  
The left foot on the floor before him he set—  
Brought it down deftly upon the bare neck,  
That the shock of the sharp blow shivered the bones  
And cut the flesh cleanly and clove it in twain.  
That the blade of bright steel bit into the ground.  
The head was hewn off and fell to the floor;  
Many found it at their feet, as forth it rolled;  
The blood gushed from the body, bright on green,  
Yet fell not the fellow, nor faltered a whit,  
But stoutly he starts forth upon stiff shanks,  
And as all stood staring he stretched forth his hand,  
Laid hold of his head and heaved it aloft.

B.

FAUSTUS. Ah, Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come;  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

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A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

....

*[The clock strikes the half-hour.]*

Ah, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon  
O God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain;  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!  
O, no end is limited to damned souls!  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,  
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd  
Unto some brutish beast:  
All beasts are happy, for, when they die,  
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;  
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.  
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!  
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

*[The clock strikes twelve.]*

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,  
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

*[Thunder and lightning.]*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

*[Enter DEVILS.]*

My God, my god, look not so fierce on me!  
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!  
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!  
I'll burn my books--Ah, Mephistophilis!

*[Exeunt with him.]*

C.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals, that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought, they could never have enough of it to spend or save, as they found themselves inclined from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice. That the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former. That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully.... But what he chiefly wondered at was how

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10-3

3

such vast tracts of grounds as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of good, more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, from whence in return we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, forswearing, flattering, suborning, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, stargazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libeling, free-thinking, and the like occupations: Every one of which terms, I was at much pains to make him understand.

D.

O Rose, thou art sick!  
The invisible worm  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy,  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

E.

I  
I celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.  
I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.  
My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,  
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.  
Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

24

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,  
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,  
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,  
No more modest than immodest.

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4

Unscrew the locks from the doors!  
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!

Whoever degrades another degrades me,  
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

Through me the afflatus surging and surging, through me the current and index.

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,  
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

E.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

“And why can't you?” I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

“It's well for you,” she said.

“If I go,” I said, “I will bring you something.”