

系別：英文學系 A 組

科目：英 文 (含英美文學議題)

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Explicate FIVE of the following ten citations. 20% each.

1. No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

--John Donne, "Meditation 17"

2. Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat.
Sing Heav'nly Muse . . .

. . . I thence . . .

Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou O Spirit . . .

Instruct me . . .

. what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

--John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

3. Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

--Matthew Arnold, "Dover Beach"

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4. 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.

--William Wordsworth, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of
Early Childhood"

5. Anything approaching the change that came over his features I have never seen
before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I wasn't touched. I was fascinated. It
was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of
somber pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror—of an intense and hopeless
despair. Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and
surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a
whisper at some image, at some vision—he cried out twice, a cry that was no more
than a breath: "The horror! The horror!"

--Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

6. Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchers of the fathers. It writes
biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and
nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an
original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and
philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not
the history of theirs?

--Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature*

7. She had wandered, without rule or guidance, in a moral wilderness; as vast, as
intricate and shadowy, as the untamed forest, amid the gloom of which they were
now holding a colloquy that was to decide their fate. Her intellect and heart had
their home, as it were, in desert places, where she roamed as freely as the wild
Indian in his woods. For years past she had looked from this estranged point of
view at human institutions, and whatever priests or legislators had established;
criticizing all with hardly more reverence than the Indian would feel for the clerical
band, the judicial robe, the pillory, the gallows, the fireside, or the church.

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--Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*

8. She put it [her old bathing suit] on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

--Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*

9. And lonely as it is, that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less—
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert place.

--Robert Frost, "Desert Places"

10. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back—that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

--Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*