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淡江大學 102 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)

考試日期：12月2日(星期日)第1節

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Choose any **Five** from the following quotes to explicate and discuss. (20% each)

1. "But your girdle, God love you! I gladly shall Take care
And be pleased to possess, not for the pure gold,
Nor the bright belt itself, nor the beauteous pendants,
Nor for wealth, nor worldly state, nor workmanship fine,
But a sign of excess it shall seem oftentimes
When I ride in renown, and remember with shame
The faults and the frailty of the flesh perverse,
How its tenderness entices the foul taint of sin;
And so when praise and high prowess have pleased my heart,
A look at this love-lace will lower my pride.

--The *Gawain* poet, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

2. "And therefore," said the King, "wit you well, my heart was never so heavy as it is now. And much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company. And now I dare say," said King Arthur, "there was never Christian king that ever held such a fellowship together. And alas, that ever Sir Lancelot and I should be at debate."

--Sir Thomas Malory, *Morte Darthur*

3. LEAR

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.

--William Shakespeare, *King Lear*

4. Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

本試題雙面印刷

背面尚有試題

In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Alexander Pope, *The Rape of The Lock*

5. Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Alfred Lord Tennyson, *Ulysses*

6. Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing.
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

William Butler Yeats, *Sailing to Byzantium*

7. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild
rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be
imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in,
and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his room, in token that the
deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*

8. The murmur of a bee
A witchcraft yieldeth me.

If any ask me why,
 T'were easier to die
 Than tell.

The red upon the hill
 Taketh away my will;
 If anybody sneer,
 Take care, for God is here,
 That's all.

The breaking of the day
 Addeth to my degree;
 If any ask me how,
 Artist, who drew me so,
 Must tell!

Emily Dickinson, *The Murmur of a Bee*

9. I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, to reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

10. A child said *what is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
 How could I answer? I do not know what it is any more than he.
 I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.
 Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
 A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark,

and say *whose*?

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,

And it means, sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,

Growing among black folks as among white,

Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*