



UNIVERSITETET I OSLO

Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk

EXAM
2009/FALL
1 page + attachment

ENG2304: The Romantic Period

Attachment: 5 pages

Duration of exam: 4 hours

Thursday, 03 December 2009

You are allowed an English-English dictionary

Write an essay on *ONE* of the following topics:

- 1) As Jack Stillinger observes of Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn', 'there is considerable uncertainty about who speaks the last thirteen words of the poem, and to whom'. What are the main alternatives, and which do you favour? Your essay's argument should reflect your interpretation of the poem as a whole, and you should make frequent references to the text (**provided** here, based on the version printed in *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*, 1820).

OR

- 2) Give an analysis of Wordsworth's 'Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour. 13 July 1798' (**text provided**), tracing the poem's argument and paying special attention to Wordsworth's emphasis on the importance of revisitings, memory, and companionship.

OR

- 3) In which ways do Romantic authors find new uses for traditions of the past? Your essay should include detailed discussion of **AT LEAST** three works on the course syllabus.

Explanation: For an explanation of the mark obtained: contact the responsible teacher of the course no later than 1 week after the exam results have been published in StudentWeb. Remember to include your name and candidate number. The examiner will then decide whether to give a written explanation or call you in for an interview.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

1

Thou still unravish'd 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-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

10

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 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!

15

20

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 enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

25

30

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

35 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 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.

40

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 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.

45

50

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87 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts
 88 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 89 Abundant recompence. For I have learned
 90 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 91 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 92 The still, sad music of humanity,
 93 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 94 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 95 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 96 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 97 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 98 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 99 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 100 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
 101 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 102 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 103 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 104 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 105 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 106 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 107 Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
 108 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 109 In nature and the language of the sense,
 110 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 111 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 112 Of all my moral being.

112 Nor, perchance,
 113 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 114 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 115 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 116 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
 117 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
 118 The language of my former heart, and read
 119 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 120 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 121 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 122 My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
 123 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 124 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 125 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 126 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 127 The mind that is within us, so impress
 128 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 129 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 130 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 131 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 132 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 133 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 134 Our chearful faith that all which we behold

135 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
136 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
137 And let the misty mountain winds be free
138 To blow against thee: and in after years,
139 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
140 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
141 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
142 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
143 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then,
144 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
145 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
146 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
147 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
148 If I should be, where I no more can hear
149 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
150 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
151 That on the banks of this delightful stream
152 We stood together; and that I, so long
153 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
154 Unwearied in that service: rather say
155 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
156 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
157 That after many wanderings, many years
158 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
159 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
160 More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake.