

EVAM

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.

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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?

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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!

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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.

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Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

Ode on Melancholy

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.

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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.

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William Wordsworth:

LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, On revisiting the banks of the WYE during a tour, *July* 13, 1798.

[from Lyrical Ballads (1798)]

- 1 Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
- 2 Of five long winters! and again I hear
- 3 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
- 4 With a sweet inland murmur. ---Once again
- 5 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
- 6 Which on a wild secluded scene impress
- 7 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
- 8 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
- 9 The day is come when I again repose
- 10 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
- 11 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
- 12 Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
- 13 Among the woods and copses lose themselves,
- 14 Nor, with their green and simple hue, disturb
- 15 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
- 16 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
- 17 Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
- 18 Green to the very door; and wreathes of smoke
- 19 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
- 20 With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
- 21 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
- 22 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
- 23 The hermit sits alone.
- Though absent long,
- 24 These forms of beauty have not been to me,
- 25 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
- 26 But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
- 27 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
- 28 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
- '29 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
- 30 And passing even into my purer mind
- 31 With tranquil restoration:---feelings too
- 32 Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
- 33 As may have had no trivial influence
- 34 On that best portion of a good man's life;
- 35 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
- 36 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
- 37 To them I may have owed another gift,
- 38 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
- 39 In which the burthen of the mystery,

- 40 In which the heavy and the weary weight
- 41 Of all this unintelligible world
- 42 Is lighten'd:---that serene and blessed mood,
- 43 In which the affections gently lead us on,
- 44 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
- 45 And even the motion of our human blood
- 46 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
- 47 In body, and become a living soul:
- 48 While with an eye made quiet by the power
- 49 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
- 50 We see into the life of things.
- 50 If this
- 51 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
- 52 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
- 53 Of joyless day-light; when the fretful stir
- 54 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
- 55 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
- 56 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee
- 57 O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
- 58 How often has my spirit turned to thee!
- 59 And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
- 60 With many recognitions dim and faint,
- 61 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
- 62 The picture of the mind revives again:
- 63 While here I stand, not only with the sense
- 64 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
- 65 That in this moment there is life and food
- 66 For future years. And so I dare to hope
- 67 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first
- 68 I came among these hills; when like a roe
- 69 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
- 70 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
- 71 Wherever nature led; more like a man
- 72 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
- 73 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
- 74 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
- 75 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
- 76 To me was all in all.---I cannot paint
- 77 What then I was. The sounding cataract
- 78 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
- 79 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
- 80 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
- 81 An appetite: a feeling and a love,
- 82 That had no need of a remoter charm,
- 83 By thought supplied, or any interest
- 84 Unborrowed from the eye.---That time is past,
- 85 And all its aching joys are now no more,
- 86 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this

- 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.
- 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.