

การฝึกสอบปลายภาคต้น ปีการศึกษา 2562

ข้อสอบรายวิชา 2202234

วันที่ 20 พฤศจิกายน 2562

เวลา 13.00–16.00 น.

2202234

ข้อสอบฉบับนี้มีทั้งหมด 8 หน้า

3 hours

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

70 points

Name in Thai

Student ID Section

1.	20		
2.	25		
3.	25		
	70		

Respond to Part II and Part III in their respective designated answer sheets.

Part I: Unseen Poem (20 points)

Read the following poem carefully and answer the questions below in the space provided.

Sea-Fever

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide 5
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife; 10
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

—John Masefield (1878–1967)

trick: a continuous stretch of some activity as 1) a sailor's turn of duty at the helm usually lasting for two hours
 2) shift 3) a trip taken as part of one's employment

1. a) (1 point) Write the rhyme scheme of the poem.

b) (1 point) Scan the line below. (Indicate the stressed and unstressed syllables above the line, mark the foot divisions and name the prevailing foot and meter.)

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,

2. (3 points) Name three poetic elements that are especially significant in “Sea-Fever.” Provide examples of each.

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3. (3 points) Choose a symbol that Masefield uses and explain its function in the poem.

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4. (5 points) What elements, if any, does Masefield’s poem share with the textbook definition of allegory: “A form of extended metaphor in which objects, persons, and actions in a narrative are equated with meanings/ideas that lie outside the narrative itself. Thus it represents one thing in the guise of another—an abstraction in that of a concrete image.”? Where does he differ?

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5. (7 points) The rover prefaces his wishes with “all I ask” as if his requests are very little. The lightness of that expression is contrasted by the weight of “must” in “I must down to the seas again” that begins each stanza. How serious is his want? Discuss how Masefield conveys the speaker’s sea-fever. Refer to specific words and lines in the poem to illustrate your points.

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First Day at School

A millionbillionwillion miles from home
Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)
Why are they all so big, other children?
So noisy? So much at home they
must have been born in uniform.
Lived all their lives in playgrounds.
Spent the years inventing games
that don't let me in. Games
that are rough, that swallow you up.

And the railings.
All around, the railings.
Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?
Things that carry off and eat children?
Things you don't take sweets from?
Perhaps they're to stop us getting out
Running away from the lessins. Lessin.
What does a lessin look like?
Sounds small and slimy.
They keep them in classrooms.
Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.

I wish I could remember my name
Mummy said it would come in useful.
Like wellies. When there's puddles.
Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.
I think my name is sewn on somewhere.
Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.
Tea-cher. The one who makes the tea.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

The Walk

You did not walk with me
Of late to the hill-top tree
 By the gated ways,
 As in earlier days;
 You were weak and lame,
 So you never came,
And I went alone, and I did not mind,
Not thinking of you as left behind.

I walked up there to-day
Just in the former way:
 Surveyed around
 The familiar ground
 By myself again:
 What difference, then?
Only that underlying sense
Of the look of a room on returning thence.

Go, Lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

One Perfect Rose

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met,
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet—
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;
"My fragile leaves," it said, "his heart enclose."
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet,
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shine,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

In an Artist's Studio

One face looks out from all his canvases,
One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:
We found her hidden just behind those screens,
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
A saint, an angel—every canvas means
The same one meaning, neither more or less.
He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

The Two Ravens

As I was walking all alone
I heard two ravens making a moan;
The one unto the other did say,
“Where shall we go and dine today?”

“In behind yon old turf dike
I know there lies a new-slain knight;
And nobody knows that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

“His hound is to the hunting gone,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl home,
His lady’s taken another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet.

“You’ll sit on his white neck-bone,
And I’ll pick out his bonny blue-eyes;
With one lock of his golden hair
We’ll thatch our nest when it grows bare.

“Many a one for him makes moan,
But none shall know where he is gone;
O’er his white bones, when they are bare,
The wind shall blow forevermore.”

Ballad of Birmingham

“Mother dear, may I go downtown
Instead of out to play,
And march the streets of Birmingham
In a Freedom March today?”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails
Aren’t good for a little child.”

“But, mother, I won’t be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
To make our country free.”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For I fear those guns will fire.
But you may go to church instead
And sing in the children’s choir.”

She has combed and brushed her night-dark hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves on her small brown hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet and wild.
She raced through the streets of Birmingham
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
Then lifted out a shoe.
“O, here’s the shoe my baby wore,
But, baby, where are you?”

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

