

专业: 英语语言文学

考试科目: 英美文化知识

Entrance Exam in British and American Literature for MA**Candidates (A)****I. Match the following writers with their works. (20%)**

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne	a. The Scarlet Letter
2. William Dean Howells	b. Nature
3. Ralph Waldo Emerson	c. The Rise of Silas Lapham
4. F.Scott Fitzgerald	d. Native Son
5. Richard Wright	e. The Great Gatsby
6. George Gordon Byron	f. The History of Tom Jones
7. Lord Alfred Tennyson	g. Gulliver's Travels
8. Jonathan Swift	h. She Walks in Beauty
9. Robert Browning	i. Brdak, Break, Break
10. Henry Fielding	J. My Last Duchess

II Who Wrote the Following Lines? (20%)

1. Though she were true, when you met her, / And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she / Will be / False, ere I come, to two, or three.
2. "And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."
3. And, by the incantation of this verse, / Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! / be through my lips to unawakened earth
The Trumpet of a prophecy!
4. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the plave beneath: it is twice blest.-
It blesseth him that gives, and him that take.
5. Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rovk or hill.
6. Willy: Wonderful coffee. Meal in itself.
Linda: Can I make you some eggs?
Willy: Number Take a breath.
Linda: You look so rested, dear.
Willy: I slept like a dead one. First time in months. Imagine, sleeping till
ten on a Tuesday morning. Boys left nice and early, heh?
Linda: They were out of here by eight o'clock.
7. By the road to the contagious hospital
Under the surge of the blue
Mottled clouds driven from the
Northeast-a cold wind. Beyond, the
Waste of broad, muddy fields
Brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen
8. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing
and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to
be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the
philosophy of the street, the meaning of the household life, are the topics of the time.
It is a great stride. It is a sign-is it not?-of new vigor when the extrenities are made
active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet.

9. But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title. That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife.

10. The night was in windy November, and the blast, threatening rain, roared around the poor little shanty of Uncle Ripley, set like a chicken trap on the vast Iowa prairie. Uncle Ethan was mending his old violin, with many York State "dums!" and "I gol drans!" totally oblivious of his tireless old wife, who, having "finished the supper-dishes"

III Interpret the Following Poems:(50%)

Shall 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 day.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines
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 wander'st in this shade,
When in eternal lines to time grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing dear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.

For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

IV Comment on Two of the Following (One comment is to be written in Chinese and each task should not exceed 300 words in length): (60%)

1. The plots are often so loosely formed that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the *train* (a series of happenings ---- editor) of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting for the sake of those which are more easy. (From 'The Preface to Shakespeare [Shakespeare's Faults]' by Samuel Johnson)