



# UNIVERSITETET I OSLO

Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk

## SKOLEEKSAMEN/SKULEEKSAMEN

2010/HØST

1 side + 3 sider vedlegg

ENG2301- The English Renaissance (Texts and Context)

4 timer/timar

Fredag, 10. desember 2010

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Tillatte hjelpemidler: Engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Answer ONE question.

1. Give an analysis of George Herbert's 'The Collar'. Your analysis should include a discussion of form, structure, imagery and theme. (Text provided, no. 1.)

OR

2. Write an essay on the excerpt from act three of *King Lear*. Discuss theme(s), plot, language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole. (Text provided, no. 2; Act 3, scene 4, lines 1-46)

OR

3. Write an essay on Milton's description of Adam and Eve before and after the fall.

**Begrunnelse:** Ta kontakt med din faglærer på e-post innen 1 uke etter at sensuren er kunngjort i StudentWeb. Oppgi navn og kandidatnummer. Sensor bestemmer om begrunnelsen skal gis skriftlig eller muntlig.

**Grunngjeving:** Ta kontakt med faglæreren din på e-post innen 1 veke etter at sensuren er kunngjort i StudentWeb. Oppgi navn og kandidatnummer. Sensor avgjør om grunngjevinga skal gjevast skriftleg eller munnleg.

George Herbert, 'The Collar'

I struck the board and cried, "No more ;  
    I will abroad!  
What ? Shall I ever sigh and pine ?  
My lines and life are free, free as the road,  
Loose as the wind, as large as store.  
    Shall I be still in suit ?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me blood, and not restore  
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?  
    Sure there was wine,  
Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn  
    Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the year only lost to me ?  
    Have I no bays to crown it,  
No flowers, no garlands gay ? All blasted ?  
    All wasted ?  
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,  
    And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,  
    Thy rope of sands,  
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
    And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
    Away! Take heed;  
    I will abroad.  
Call in thy death's-head there; tie up thy fears.  
    He that forbears  
    To suit and serve his need,  
    Deserves his load."  
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild  
    At every word,  
Methoughts I heard one calling, *Child!*  
    And I replied, *My Lord.*

ENG2301 – Text No. 2

Shakespeare, *King Lear*, 3.4

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool

*Kent* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.

*Storm still*

*Lear* Let me alone.

*Kent* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

*Lear* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin. So 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fixed,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,  
The body's delicate\*. The tempest in my mind                    \**sensitive*  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as\* this mouth should tear this hand                    \**as if*  
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home\*.                    \**thoroughly*  
No, I will weep no more. In such a night  
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all –  
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.

*Kent* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear* Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.  
(*To the Fool*) In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty –  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

*Fool goes in*

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,  
That bide\* the pelting of this pitiless storm,                    \**endure*  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
Your looped and windowed\* raggedness, defend you                    \**full of holes*  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;\*                    \**Cure yourself, pompous person*  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens mor just.

*Edgar (within)* Fathom and half, fathom and half!  
Poor Tom!

*The Fool runs out from the hovel*

*Fool* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.

Help me, help me!

*Kent* Give me thy hand. Who's there?

*Fool* A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's poor Tom.

*Kent* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?  
Come forth.

*Enter Edgar disguised as a madman*

*Edgar* Away! The foul fiend follows me!