

FINAL EXAM ENGLISH 150
PROF. PETERS, SPRING, 2004

PART I – SHORT ANSWER

Answer all ten questions with a few sentences for each. For the first six, **identify and explain** the lines.

1. At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of thieves and murderers; there I him espied,
Who straight, “Your suit is granted,” said, and died.
2. Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice so in a shapeless flame
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be;
3. Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
4. Divorce me, untie or break that knot again;
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.
5. Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
6. Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that’s made
To a green thought in a green shade. (Just explain the last four lines)
7. In “Jordan (I), George Herbert claims that “There is in love a sweetness ready
penned:/Copy out only that, and save expense.” But does he write simple,
“spontaneous” poems? Refer to his poems as evidence.
8. If Robert Burton had lived long enough to read “L’ Allegro” and “Il
Penseroso,” what path might he have counseled the young Milton to take? **Why?**

9. Like her uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Wroth also wrote a Petrarchan sonnet sequence. Using the following example, #68, from that sequence, explain one or two ways in which her poetry is similar to and different from Wyatt's and Sidney's:

My pain, still smothered in my grieved breast,
Seeks for some ease, yet cannot passage find
To be discharged of this unwelcome guest:
Like to a ship on Goodwin's cast by wind,
The more she strives, more deep in sand is pressed,
Till she be lost; so am I, in this kind,
Sunk, and devoured, and swallowed by unrest,
Lost, shipwrecked, spoiled, debarred of smallest hope,
Nothing of pleasure left; save thoughts have scope,
Which wander may. Go then, my thoughts, and cry
Hope's perished, Love tempest-beaten, Joy lost:
Killing Despair hath all these blessings crossed.
Yet Faith still cried, Love will not falsify.

9. Consider the following two passages, the first from "L'Allegro" and the second from "Il Penseroso." How and why is the imagery similar?

Sometime walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state [his movement across the sky]
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight [dressed] (ll. 57-62)

And missing thee, I walk unseen [thee=chantress of the woods]
On the dry smooth-shaven green
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way: (ll. 65-70)

PART II: ESSAY: CHOOSE ONE

1. Samuel Johnson didn't like metaphysical poetry because "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." How would you defend or explain this style to Johnson? Use the above passages, or just refer to images from memory (i.e., stiff twin compasses," "like gold to airy thinness beat.") or, if you prefer, use "The Canonization" on p. 3 of this exam.
2. How do the writings of Donne, Herbert, and Marvell respond to the chaos of their time, the sense that "T'is all in pieces, all coherence gone," as Donne writes.

FOR Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which which my veines fill
Adde one more to the plaguie Bill?
Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
Call her one, mee another flye,
We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.
The Phoenix ridle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombes and hearse
Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse;
And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes.
And by these hymnes, all Shall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
Made one anothers hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole worlds soule contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of your love!

