



FINAL EXAM
ENGLISH 207: INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE II
SPRING 1999

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PART I: 30%

Choose one of the following two poems – “The Sorrow of Love” (1891) by William Butler Yeats and “My Sad Captains” (1961) by Thom Gunn – and analyze your selection in terms of technique and ideas while offering your interpretation.

PART II: 30%

Analyze the following excerpt from “The Horse-Dealer’s Daughter” (1922) by D.H. Lawrence. Pay special attention to imagery, mood, diction, sentence structure, etc., and how these relate to the story/text as a whole.

“The cold water rose over his thighs, over his loins, upon his abdomen. The lower part of his body was all sunk in the hideous cold element. And the bottom was so deeply soft and uncertain, he was afraid of pitching with his mouth underneath. He could not swim, and was afraid. He crouched a little, spreading his hands under the water and moving them round, trying to feel for her. The dead cold pond swayed upon his chest. He moved again, a little deeper, and again, with his hands underneath, he felt all around the water. And he touched her clothing. But it evaded his fingers. He made a desperate effort to grasp it.”

PART III: 40%

Write a short but informed essay in response to one of the following three comparative essay questions:

1. In what ways may the protagonist – the nameless British colonial police officer – in George Orwell’s “Shooting an Elephant” (1936) be considered an ideologically advanced version of Marlow in Joseph Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness* (1902)?
2. Compare and contrast the social gatherings in Katherine Mansfield’s “The Garden Party” (1921) and James Joyce’s *The Dead* (1914). Consider the following: menu, entertainment, setting, host-guest relationship, conversation, etc.
3. How are the men in Gunn’s poem “Black Jackets” (1954) similar in lifestyle and attitude to Ben and Gus in Harold Pinter’s play *The Dumb Waiter* (1960)?



in the warm inside
 in the hob
 o his breast,
 wn mice bob
 und the oatmeal-chest.
the human child,
and the wild
hand in hand,
more full of weeping than he can understand.
 1886, 1889

own by the Salley Gardens¹

salley gardens my love and I did meet;
 e salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
 ke love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
 ung and foolish, with her would not agree.
 re river my love and I did stand,
 aning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 ke life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
 ng and foolish, and now am full of tears.
 1889

The Rose of the World¹

eamed that beauty passes like a dream?
 e red lips, with all their mournful pride,
 ul that no new wonder may betide,
 ssed away in one high funeral gleam,
 a's children died.²

the labouring world are passing by:
 en's souls, that waver and give place
 pale waters in their wintry race,
 re passing stars, foam of the sky,
 this lonely face.

vn, archangels, in your dim abode:
 ou were, or any hearts to beat,
 nd kind one lingered by His seat;

Rerung, with Yeats's construct an old song numbered by an old allysodare, Sligo, who alley" is a variant of beauty. "I notice upon time for several years he Rose differs from y and of Spenser in that I have imagined it as suffering with man and not as something pursued and seen from afar" [Yeats, in 1925].
 2. In Old Irish legend the Ulster warrior Naoise, son of Usna or Usnach (pronounced *Ustna*), carried off the beautiful Deirdre, whom King Conchubar of Ulster had intended to marry, and with his two brothers took her to Scotland. Eventually Cochubar lured the four of them back to Ireland and killed the three brothers.

Before her wandering feet.

1892

The Lake Isle of Innisfree¹

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles² 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.
 1890

1890, 1892

The Sorrow of Love¹

The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
 The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
 And all that famous harmony of leaves,
 Had blotted out man's image and his cry.

A girl arose that had red mournful lips
 And seemed the greatness of the world in tears,
 Doomed like Odysseus and the labouring ships
 And proud as Priam murdered with his peers;²

Arose, and on the instant clamorous eaves,
 A climbing moon upon an empty sky,
 And all that lamentation of the leaves,
 Could but compose man's image and his cry.
 1891

1892, 1925

1. Island in Lough Gill, County Sligo. "My father had read to me some passage out of [Thoreau's] *Walden*, and I planned to live some day in a cottage on a little island called Innisfree." For the origin of this poem, see p. 1904.

2. Stakes interwoven with twigs or branches.
 1. For the author's revisions while composing this poem,

see "Poems in Process" (pp. 2461-63).
 2. Odysseus (whom the Romans called Ulysses), hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, which describes how, after having fought in the siege of Troy, he wandered for ten years before reaching his home, the Greek island of Ithaca. Priam was king of Troy at the time of the siege and was killed when the Greeks captured the city.

Black Jackets

silence that prolongs the span
 of music when the record ends,
 red-haired boy who drove a van
 lay overalls but, like his friends,

cycle boots and jacket here
 the Sunday hangout he was in,
 as he stretched back from his beer,
 break softly round his neck and chin.

him, on a coal-black sleeve
 exertion had lined, scratched, and burned
 a that could not revive
 ic fall or climb where they were earned.

other drinkers bent together,
 ig selves for their impervious kit,
 it as no more than leather
 ut across the shoulders grown to it,

ough the dimness of a bar
 and anonymous hints of light
 that shipping give, that are
 rs in the Bay, now lost in night.

hed out like a cat, and rolled
 h taste of beer upon his tongue,
 ned to a joke being told:
 was the things he stayed among.

nly loss he wore.
 o assert, with fierce devotion,
 ty and nothing more.
 ed his initiation,

specially of the rites.
 oulders they had put tattoos:
 's name on the left, The Knights,
 ight the slogan Born To Lose.

1954

Considering the Snail

il pushes through a green
 or the grass is heavy
 er and meets over
 it path he makes, where rain

FROM THE WAVE

2337

has darkened the earth's dark. He
 moves in a wood of desire,

pale antlers barely stirring
 as he hunts. I cannot tell
 what power is at work, drenched there
 with purpose, knowing nothing.
 What is a snail's fury? All
 I think is that if later

I parted the blades above
 the tunnel and saw the thin
 trail of broken white across
 litter, I would never have
 imagined the slow passion
 to that deliberate progress.

1956

My Sad Captains

One by one they appear in
 the darkness: a few friends, and
 a few with historical
 names. How late they start to shine!
 but before they fade they stand
 perfectly embodied, all

the past lapping them like a
 cloak of chaos. They were men
 who, I thought, lived only to
 renew the wasteful force they
 spent with each hot convulsion.
 They remind me, distant now.

True, they are not at rest yet,
 but now that they are indeed
 apart, winnowed from failures,
 they withdraw to an orbit
 and turn with disinterested
 hard energy, like the stars.

1961

From the Wave

It mounts at sea, a concave wall
 Down-ribbed with shine,
 And pushes forward, building tall
 Its steep incline.