



**Høgskolen i Telemark**

**MIDT-EKSAMEN**

**2007-001: BRITISH LITERATURE AND CULTURE 1600–1980**

**07.03.2014**

Tid: 3 timer

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 5 (inkl. denne)

Hjelpemiddel: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Merknader:

Vedlegg:

**Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Stedentweb**

Answer one of the questions.

1. “*Hamlet* is largely a play about *authority*. Hamlet is constantly forced to relate to authority as represented by his uncle, his mother and his father, in addition to the authority of traditions and expectations.” Discuss this statement and the extent to which this aspect of the play has an impact on your reading of Hamlet himself.
2. Discuss to what extent John Milton’s Satan and Lord Byron’s Prometheus figures could be seen as representatives of the Renaissance and of Romanticism respectively (texts provided pp. 3–4).

From John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, 5  
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill 10  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues 15  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That, to the highth of this great argument,  
I may assert Eternal Providence, 25  
And justify the ways of God to men.  
Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause  
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,  
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.  
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,  
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived 35  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 40  
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, 45  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
Lay vanquished, rowling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55  
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild. 60  
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
No light; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all, but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed. 70  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared  
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
As far removed from God and light of Heaven  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole. 75  
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
One next himself in power, and next in crime, 80  
Long after known in Palestine, and named  
Beëlzebub.

## Lord Byron: «Prometheus»

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
Seen in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise;  
What was thy pity's recompense?  
A silent suffering, and intense;  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show,  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot kill;  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refus'd thee even the boon to die:  
The wretched gift Eternity  
Was thine--and thou hast borne it well.  
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
Was but the menace which flung back  
On him the torments of thy rack;  
The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
But would not to appease him tell;

And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse  
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
Which Earth and Heaven could not  
convulse,

A mighty lesson we inherit:  
Thou art a symbol and a sign  
To Mortals of their fate and force;  
Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
A troubled stream from a pure source;  
And Man in portions can foresee  
His own funereal destiny;  
His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
And his sad unallied existence:  
To which his Spirit may oppose  
Itself--and equal to all woes,  
And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
Which even in torture can descry  
Its own concentr'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy,  
And making Death a Victory.

