

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

University of London

EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS

For The Following Qualification:-

M.Sci.

English B7: Introduction to Middle English

COURSE CODE : ENGLB007

UNIT VALUE : 0.50

DATE : 13-MAY-03

TIME : 10.00

TIME ALLOWED : 1 Hour 30 Minutes

Answer Question 1 and one other question.

Candidates must not present substantially the same material in any two answers, whether on this paper or in other parts of the examination.

1. Comment on the subject-matter and style of one of the following passages.

(a)

Whan that the firste cok hath crowe, anon
Up rist this joly lovere Absolon,
And hym arraieþ gay, at poynt-devys.
But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys,
To smellen sweete, er he hadde kembd his heer. 5
Under his tonge a trewe-love he beer,
For therby wende he to ben gracious.
He rometh to the carpenteres hous,
And stille he stant under the shot-wyndowe —
Unto his brest it raughte, it was so lowe — 10
And softe he cougheth with a semy soun:
“What do ye, hony-comb, sweete Alisoun,
My faire bryd, my sweete cynamome?
Awaketh, lemman myn, and speketh to mel
Wel litel thynken ye upon my wo, 15
That for youre love I swete ther I go.
No wonder is thogh that I swelte and swete;
I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete.
Ywis, lemman, I have swich love-longynge,
That lik a turtel trewe is my moornyng. 20
I may nat ete na moore than a mayde.”
“Go fro the wyndow, Jakke fool,” she sayde;
“As help me God, it wol nat be ‘com pa me.’
I love another — and elles I were to blame —
Wel bet than thee, by Jhesu, Absolon. 25
Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston,
And lat me slepe, a twenty devel wey!”
“Allas,” quod Absolon, “and weylawey,
That trewe love was evere so yvel biset!
Thanne kysse me, syn it may be no bet, 30
For Jhesus love, and for the love of me.”
“Wiltow thanne go thy wey therwith?” quod
she.
“Ye, certes, lemman,” quod this Absolon.
“Thanne make thee redy,” quod she, “I come
anon.”
And unto Nicholas she seyde stille, 35
“Now hust, and thou shalt laughen al thy fille.”

TURN OVER

(b) 'Wolde ze, worþilych lorde,' quop Wawan to þe kyng,
 'Bid me boze fro þis benche and stonde by yow þere,
 þat I wythoute vylanye myzt voyde þis table,
 And þat my legge lady lyked not ille,
 I wolde com to your counseyl bifore your cort ryche. 5
 For me þink hit not semly—as hit is soþ knawen—
 þer such an askyng is heuened so hyze in your sale,
 þaz ze zourselþ be talenttyf, to take hit to yourseluen,
 Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten 10
 þat vnder heuen I hope non hazerer of wylle
 Ne better bodyes on bent þer baret is rered.
 I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,
 And lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe.
 Bot for as much as ze ar myn em I am only to prayse;
 No bounté but your blod I in my bodé knowe. 15
 And syþen þis note is so nys þat nozt hit yow falles,
 And I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, foldez hit to me.
 And if I carp not comlyly let alle þis cort rych
 Bout blame.'
 Rychte togeder con roun; 20
 And syþen þay redder alle same
 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun
 And gif Gawan þe game.

(c) Thus leue we sir Launcelot liyng within that cave in grete payne.
 And every day there cam a lady and brought hys mete and hys drynke,
 and wowed hym every day to have layne by her, and ever sir Launcelot
 seyde her nay.
 Than seyde she, 'Sir, ye ar nat wyse, for ye may never oute of this 5
 preson but if ye have my helpe. And also youre lady, quene Gwenyver,
 shall be brente in youre defaute onles that ye be there at the day of
 batayle.'
 'God deffende,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that she shulde be brente in my
 defaught! And if hit be so,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'that I may nat be 10
 there, hit shall be well undirstonde, bothe at the kyng and the quene
 and with all men of worship, that I am dede, syke othir in preson. For
 all men that know me woll say for me that I am in som evyll case and I
 be nat that day there. And thus well I undirstonde that there ys som 15
 good knyght, othir of my blood other som other that lovys me, that
 woll take my quarell in honde. And therefore,' seyde sir Launcelot,
 'wyte you well, ye shall nat feare me, and if there were no mo women
 in all thys londe but ye, yet shall nat I have ado with you.'
 'Than ar ye shamed,' seyde the lady, 'and destroyed for ever.'
 'As for worldis shame, now Jesu deffende me! And as for my dis- 20
 tresse, hit ys welcom, whosom ever hit be that God sendys me.'
 So she cam to hym agayne the same day that the batayle shulde be
 and seyde,
 'Sir Launcelot, bethynke you, for ye ar to hard-harted. And there- 25
 fore, and ye wolde but onys kysse me, I shulde delyver you and your
 armoure, and the beste horse that was within sir Mellyagaunce stable.'
 'As for to kysse you,' seyde sir Launcelot, 'I may do that and lese no
 worship. And wyte you well, and I undirstood there were ony dis-
 worship for to kysse you, I wold nat do hit.'
 And than he kyssed hir. And anone she gate hym up untyll hys 30
 armour, and whan he was armed she brought hym tulle a stable where
 stooode twelve good coursers, and bade hym to chose of the beste.

CONTINUED

(d)

[*2 Shep.*]

But young men, of wooing, for God that you bought,
Be well ware of wedding, and think in your
thought:

'Had I wist' is a thing that serveth of nought.
Mickle still mourning has wedding home brought,
And griefs, 5
With many a sharp shower;
For thou mayst catch in an hour
That shall sow thee full sour
As long as thou lives.

For, as ever read I epistle, I have one to my fere 10
As sharp as thistle, as rough as a briar.
She is browed like a bristle, with a sour-loten cheer;
Had she once wet her whistle, she could sing full
clear

Her paternoster. 15
She is as great as a whale,
She has a gallon of gall;
By him that died for us all,
I would I had run to I had lost her!

1 Shep. God look over the raw! Full deafly ye
stand.

2 Shep. Yea, the devil in thy maw, so tariand! 20
Saw'st thou awre of Daw?

1 Shep. Yea, on a lea-land
Heard I him blow. He comes here at hand,
Not far.
Stand still.

2 Shep. Why?

1 Shep. For he comes, hope I. 25

2 Shep. He will make us both a lie,
But if we beware.

[*Enter Third Shepherd*]

3 Shep. Christ's cross me speed, and Saint Nicholas!
Thereof had I need; it is worse than it was.
Whoso could take heed and let the world pass, 30
It is ever in dread and brickle as glass,
And slithes.

This world fared never so,
With marvels mo and mo—
Now in weal, now in woe, 35
And all thing writhes.

TURN OVER

2. In *The Miller's Tale*, Chaucer 'wrote about a second Flood without invoking, to any serious religious end, the meaning of the first' (V. A. Kolve). What do you see as the function of religious allusion in this work?
3. Is *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, in your view, more about moral questions than moral certainties?
4. 'Alas, this unhappy day!' Where does the tragedy of the *Morte Darthur* reside?
5. Examine the role of humour in *The Wakefield Second Shepherds' Pageant*.
6. Examine the treatment of time in two or more of the Middle English works you have read.
7. Analyse how genre conventions are exploited in one or more works in Middle English.
8. Write on mutability in two or more works in Middle English.

END OF PAPER