

112 學年度文藻盃校內大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽辦法

- 一、主辦單位：文藻外語大學英國語文系
- 二、協辦單位：英國語文系大學部系學會
- 三、活動目的：使參賽學生透過英文朗誦中之節奏和韻律，感受詩作文字與描繪情境之細緻優美，提升對英文詩作的感知力與增強英美文化與英文語文的專業連結。
- 四、比賽時間：民國 112 年 11 月 22 日（星期三） 15:00 至 17:30
- 五、比賽地點：文園地下室 W006
- 六、參加對象：文藻外語大學專科部四、五年級；四技部一、二、三、四年級；二技部三、四年級。
- 七、報名方法：
使用 Google 表單線上報名，網址：
<https://forms.gle/4hV5efmzgrFt6hDP7>
- 八、報名時間：即日起至 10 月 31 日（星期二）17:00 止
- 九、比賽方式：
 1. 比賽細則：
 - A. 團體朗誦，每組 2~4 人。參賽人數若不符規定人數即取消比賽資格，不予計分。
 - B. 可選擇帶稿唸讀或背誦（均無額外加分）。
 - C. 參賽隊伍應由指定詩中（見附件一）任選一首朗誦。可複誦詩句，但不可增加詩句以外的內容。限時 5 分鐘，且不得少於 2 分 30 秒。
 - D. 為讓英詩朗誦回歸語言與詩作本身之連結而非戲劇表演，道具、配樂、服裝或舞台佈景與效果均不列入評分之考量，但仍請注意服裝儀容。
 - E. 選出優勝者三組，比賽結果於當天公佈。
 2. 出場順序：
 - A. 參賽順序將由協辦單位英國語文系大學部系學會以公開錄影方式抽籤決定參賽順序。11 月 3 日（星期五）下午 14:00 在英文系網頁公告比賽順序，並以簡訊通知參賽者。
 - B. 參賽者須於比賽當天 15:15 於文園地下室 W006 簽到處簽到，並出示學生證或身分證以便工作人員查驗。
 3. 評分標準：
 - A. Interpretation & Delivery 40%
Pronunciation & Intonation 40%
Team work 20%
（備註：同分時以 Interpretation & Delivery 成績決定得獎者。）
 - B. 每組須朗誦 2 分 30 秒至 5 分鐘，超過 5 分鐘之隊伍或少於 2 分 30 秒之隊伍，每超過或多 30 秒扣總成績 1 分。（未滿 10 秒以 10 秒計。）

4. 計時方法：參賽隊伍開始講話或有表演動作即開始計時，4 分 30 秒時舉黃牌提示，滿 5 分鐘時舉紅牌，同時按鈴以為警示。
5. 注意事項：
 - A. 此英詩團體朗誦參賽者必須具中華民國國籍，但是否曾在英美語系國家就讀或居住則無限制。
 - B. 前兩組得獎者將接受培訓並代表本校參加 112 學年度第 2 學期所舉辦之文藻盃全國大專組英詩團體朗誦比賽。若前兩組得獎者因故無法參加全國文藻盃，依名次遞補參賽。

十、獎勵方式：

- 第一名獎金 2,000 元，獎狀乙張
- 第二名獎金 1,600 元，獎狀乙張
- 第三名獎金 1,000 元，獎狀乙張

十一、本規則若有未盡事宜，得由主辦單位修正補充，並於賽前公告。

十二、活動負責人：

UE2A 1111200023 陳育潔

UE2A 1111200013 陳柏穎

附件一（詩歌題目）

1. 'Tell me not here, it needs not saying' (1922) By A.E. Housman

Tell me not here, it needs not saying,
What tune the enchantress plays
In aftermaths of soft September
Or under blanching mays,
For she and I were long acquainted
And I knew all her ways.

On russet floors, by waters idle,
The pine lets fall its cone;
The cuckoo shouts all day at nothing
In leafy dells alone;
And traveller's joy beguiles in autumn
Hearts that have lost their own.

On acres of the seeded grasses
The changing burnish heaves;
Or marshalled under moons of harvest
Stand still all night the sheaves;
Or beeches strip in storms for winter
And stain the wind with leaves.

Possess, as I possessed a season,
The countries I resign,
Where over elmy plains the highway
Would mount the hills and shine,
And full of shade the pillared forest
Would murmur and be mine.

For nature, heartless, witless nature,
Will neither care nor know
What stranger's feet may find the meadow
And trespass there and go,
Nor ask amid the dews of morning
If they are mine or no.

2. Song of the Shirt

By Thomas Hood 1799 – 1845

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

 “Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s O! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

 “Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

 “O, men, with sisters dear!
 O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
 But human creatures’ lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear.
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—

 With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;

For only one short hour

 To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“O! but for one short hour!

 A respite however brief!

No blessed leisure for Love or hope,

 But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,

 But in their briny bed

My tears must stop, for every drop

 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,

 With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in unwomanly rags,

 Plying her needle and thread—

 Stitch! stitch! stitch!

 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—

Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—

 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

3. Ballad of Birmingham BY DUDLEY RANDALL

(On the bombing of a church in Birmingham, Alabama, 1963)

“Mother dear, may I go downtown
Instead of out to play,
And march the streets of Birmingham
In a Freedom March today?”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails
Aren’t good for a little child.”

“But, mother, I won’t be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
To make our country free.”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For I fear those guns will fire.
But you may go to church instead
And sing in the children’s choir.”

She has combed and brushed her night-dark hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves on her small brown hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet and wild.
She raced through the streets of Birmingham
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
Then lifted out a shoe.
“O, here’s the shoe my baby wore,
But, baby, where are you?”

4. For the Fallen BY LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

5. For a Coming Extinction BY W. S. MERWIN

Gray whale
Now that we are sending you to The End
That great god
Tell him
That we who follow you invented forgiveness
And forgive nothing

I write as though you could understand
And I could say it
One must always pretend something
Among the dying
When you have left the seas nodding on their stalks
Empty of you
Tell him that we were made
On another day

The bewilderment will diminish like an echo
Winding along your inner mountains
Unheard by us
And find its way out
Leaving behind it the future
Dead
And ours

When you will not see again
The whale calves trying the light
Consider what you will find in the black garden
And its court
The sea cows the Great Auks the gorillas
The irreplaceable hosts ranged countless
And fore-ordaining as stars
Our sacrifices

Join your word to theirs
Tell him
That it is we who are important

6. Essential Beauty

By Philip Larkin

In frames as large as rooms that face all ways
And block the ends of streets with giant loaves,
Screen graves with custard, cover slums with praise
Of motor-oil and cuts of salmon, shine
Perpetually these sharply-pictured groves
Of how life should be. High above the gutter
A silver knife sinks into golden butter,
A glass of milk stands in a meadow, and
Well-balanced families, in fine
Midsummer weather, owe their smiles, their cars,
Even their youth, to that small cube each hand
Stretches towards. These, and the deep armchairs
Aligned to cups at bedtime, radiant bars
(Gas or electric), quarter-profile cats
By slippers on warm mats,
Reflect none of the rained-on streets and squares

They dominate outdoors. Rather, they rise
Serenely to proclaim pure crust, pure foam,
Pure coldness to our live imperfect eyes
That stare beyond this world, where nothing's made
As new or washed quite clean, seeking the home
All such inhabit. There, dark rafted pubs
Are filled with white-clothed ones from tennis-clubs,
And the boy puking his heart out in the Gents
Just missed them, as the pensioner paid
A halfpenny more for Granny Graveclothes' Tea
To taste old age, and dying smokers sense
Walking towards them through some dappled park
As if on water that unfocused she
No match lit up, nor drag ever brought near,
Who now stands newly clear,
Smiling, and recognising, and going dark.