

# 113 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 113 年 11 月 13 日（星期三） 15:00 至 17:30
- 五、比賽地點：文園二樓 W211
- 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/E5V4KjppqzMo6sAed8>
- 八、報名時間：即日起至 10 月 23 日（星期三）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 8 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 於文園二樓 W211 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 113 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：

- UE1A 1113200025 吳佩芹
- UE1B 1113200062 李仁仁

附件一（詩歌題目）

1. **Toads (1954)**

By Philip Larkin (1922-1985)

Why should I let the toad work  
Squat on my life?  
Can't I use my wit as a pitchfork  
And drive the brute off?

Six days of the week it soils  
With its sickening poison -  
Just for paying a few bills!  
That's out of proportion.

Lots of folk live on their wits:  
Lecturers, lispers,  
Losers, loblolly-men, louts -  
They don't end as paupers;

Lots of folk live up lanes  
With fires in a bucket,  
Eat windfalls and tinned sardines -  
They seem to like it.

Their nippers have got bare feet,  
Their unspeakable wives  
Are skinny as whippets – and yet  
No one actually starves.

Ah, were I courageous enough  
To shout, Stuff your pension!  
But I know, all too well, that's the stuff  
That dreams are made on:

For something sufficiently toad-like  
Squats in me, too;

Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,  
And cold as snow,

And will never allow me to blarney  
My way of getting  
The fame and the girl and the money  
All at one sitting.

I don't say, one bodies the other  
One's spiritual truth;  
But I do say it's hard to lose either,  
When you have both.

<https://www.thepoetryhour.com/poems/toads>

## 2. Something Nasty In The Bookshop

By Kingsley Amis

Between the Gardening and the Cookery  
Comes the brief Poetry shelf;  
By the Nonesuch Donne, a thin anthology  
Offers itself.

Critical, and with nothing else to do,  
I scan the Contents page,  
Relieved to find the names are mostly new;  
No one my age.

Like all strangers, they divide by sex:  
Landscape Near Parma  
Interests a man, so does The Double Vortex,  
So does Rilke and Buddha.

“I travel, you see”, “I think” and “I can read”  
These titles seem to say;  
But I Remember You, Love is my Creed,  
Poem for J.,

The ladies’ choice, discountenance my patter  
For several seconds;  
From somewhere in this (as in any) matter  
A moral beckons.

Should poets bicycle-pump the human heart  
Or squash it flat?  
Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart;  
Girls aren’t like that.

We men have got love well weighed up; our stuff  
Can get by without it.  
Women don’t seem to think that’s good enough;  
They write about it.

And the awful way their poems lay them open  
Just doesn't strike them.  
Women are really much nicer than men:  
No wonder we like them.

Deciding this, we can forget those times  
We stayed up half the night  
Chock-full of love, crammed with bright thoughts, names, rhymes,  
And couldn't write.

<https://allpoetry.com/Kingsley-Amis>

### 3. Hawk Roosting

By Ted Hughes

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.  
It took the whole of Creation  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -  
I kill where I please because it is all mine.  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living.  
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep things like this.

<https://allpoetry.com/hawk-roosting>

#### 4. Trees

BY MARK HADDON

They stand in parks and graveyards and gardens.  
Some of them are taller than department stores,  
yet they do not draw attention to themselves.

You will be fitting a heated towel rail one day  
and see, through the louvre window,  
a shoal of olive-green fish changing direction  
in the air that swims above the little gardens.

Or you will wake at your aunt's cottage,  
your sleep broken by a coal train on the empty hill  
as the oaks roar in the wind off the channel.

Your kindness to animals, your skill at the clarinet,  
these are accidental things.  
We lost this game a long way back.  
Look at you. You're reading poetry.  
Outside the spring air is thick  
with the seeds of their children.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/160746/trees-64baafe6b9ccd>



## 5. The Air Smelled Dirty

BY MARGE PIERCY

Everyone burned coal in our neighborhood,  
soft coal they called it from the mountains  
of western Pennsylvania where my father  
grew up and fled as soon as he could, where  
my Welsh cousins dug it down in the dark.

The furnace it fed stood in the dank  
basement, its many arms upraised  
like Godzilla or some other monster.  
It was my job to pull out clinkers  
and carry them to the alley bin.

Mornings were chilly, frost on windows  
etching magic landscapes. I liked  
to stand over the hot air registers  
the warmth blowing up my skirts.  
But the basement scared me at night.

The fire glowed like a red eye through  
the furnace door and the clinkers fell  
loud and the shadows came at me as  
mice scampered. The washing machine  
was tame but the furnace was always hungry.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/144512/the-air-smelled-dirty>

## 6. The Snow-Storm

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45872/the-snow-storm-56d22594aa595>