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A b i t u r i u m Ostern 1947

Englische schriftliche Prüfung
am 11. April 1947

Prüfende: Frau Käthe Sasse.

1. Diktat

Shakespeare

Of no other writer has so much been written, and a whole literature has arisen round his works as of Shakespeare. This is due to the splendour and universality of his genius. He is esteemed as much abroad as at home, for his genius and his work belong to man. When we think of the environment of the stage of his day, of the character of so many of his fellow-dramatists, of the temptation to give way to the passion of the moment, and the varied enticements of the hour, we cannot but admire his purity of aim, the morality of his genius, and his noble appreciation of the purity, truth, and heroism of womanhood—transcending in these all the play-writers of his time, and never excelled, even if equalled, in the annals of any stage. He ranged over the whole domain of human feeling and human emotion; he penetrated into the inmost recesses of the human mind; and under all the varieties and all the play of human passion, he gave utterance to the truest and profoundest thought. Never were human motives for good or bad analysed with such enerring instinct, or the searchlight of a penetrating intellect brought to play in disclosing the forms that haunt the imagination, or shadow and terrorise over the human soul. "To Shakespeare," as his latest biographer has said, "the intellect of the work, speaking in divers accents, applies with one accord his own words: How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension how like a god."

2. Nacherzählung

Lost and Found

Anthony Hunt, living miles and miles away upon the Western prairie in North-America, relates a thrilling story from his life.

There wasn't a house in sight when we first moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbours, but those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle. I was to buy some groceries before I came back; and, above all, a doll for our youngest daughter, Mary.

She talked of nothing else, and went down to the gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy. When the cattle were sold, the first thing I

hurried off to buy was Mary's doll. I found a beautiful one, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning.

Night set in before I was a mile from town. When the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain came down in torrents, I was about five miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing, all was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass - called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to rob and murder me. I am not superstitious, not very, but how could a child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, but once more I heard the cry, and I said: "if any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I recollected a clump of trees about fifty yards to the left of the road. In the stillness of the night I prayed to the Lord that he might guide me to the right path and lead me through the darkness of the stormy night to the spot where I thought the little child was in sore need of help. The Lord heard my prayer. Cuddled up under one of the trees, I found a little dripping thing that groaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got to the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Don't tell him", she said; "it will kill him." "What is it, neighbours?" I cried, and one of the neighbours inquired: "What's that you have in your arms?" "A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you?" And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Mary.


It was my own darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead.

I often think of this story in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Reinschrift.

Reifeprüfung 1947

Englisch: Nachschrift


Shakespeare.

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6 1/2 Fehler 3 (genügend) Ja Stolle

Reinschrift.

Reifeprüfung 1947.

Englisch: Wäckerzählung

Lost and Found.

Far away upon the western prairie there lived Anthony Hunt with his dear wife. No house had stood there, when they had arrived, and to-day, too, there only lived a few neighbours round them. About ten years ago the following story might happened, which Anthony Hunt has related to himself.

"One day I had to settle a business in the town lying some ten miles away. Before I started broken up, I promised my little daughter to buy her a nice doll. "A very large one!" she begged me smiling, when I left her on the gate.

I had become worried, before I had finished my business in the town. Nevertheless I went home, the promised doll digged under my arm. I rode so fast as I could, and I might have been about five miles away from my house, when I heard the voice of a little child. I attentively listened to ~~this new appearance~~, and again I could hear the call. I answered and wondered ~~me~~ how a little child could cry there. Was it a case, having been laid by some robbers to plunder me? I was a drover and so I could be thought a man carrying ready money in his pockets. But as I could not allow a child to die there, I answered again and left my horse to seek for the child. Soon I found it lying under a tree. I called my horse and mounted it. The child seemed very weary, because it began to sleep,

as soon as I had digged it under my coat.

Then I ~~was~~ rode home through the dark night. When I saw that the lights had been lit, I thought my wife had done it so in order to show me my better way. But when I came near, I saw many people who were assembled in my house. Trembling with fear I went in. My wife had digged her head in her hands. When I asked them for the reason of their terror, they told me that my little daughter Mary had gone away and had ~~never~~ ^{not yet} been found. Now I took the little child into the light and it was no other child as my daughter herself. The joy now was very great and we thanked Heaven for having protected us so well."

Beginn 9.53

Ende 10.45.

2 (gut)

La
Stohle

Germ.

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Schwarzenberg