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(July)

ENGLISH

(Honours)

(Literary Criticism)

Marks : 75

Time : 3 hours

*The figures in the margin indicate full marks
for the questions*

1. Answer any *three* of the following questions :

5×3=15

- (a) What does Wordsworth say about the distinction between the language of prose and poetry?
- (b) How does Aristotle define tragedy?
- (c) Why does Arnold feel that 'Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it and Goethe's so much'?

(d) Highlight at least two arguments in favour of the ancients as postulated in Dryden's 'Essay'.

(e) What, according to Eliot, is historical sense?

2. Answer any *three* of the following questions :

15×3=45

(a) "Ancients were more hearty' in their love scene but Moderns are more talkative."

In the light of the above statement, comment on Dryden's views on drama.

(b) Give a critical commentary on the components of tragedy as described in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

(c) What does Wordsworth have to say about subject matters of poetry in the *Lyrical Ballads*?

(d) How does Eliot establish the link between tradition and individuality? Write a detailed answer.

(e) What, according to Arnold, is the function of criticism 'at the present time'?

3. Define any *four* of the following terms with examples : 2×4=8

Simile ; fable ; allegory ; euphemism ;
oxymoron ; epigraph ; hyperbole ; elegy.

4. Scan any *one* of the following verses and indicate the metrical scheme with variations, if any : 7

(a) My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts
 are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on
 her head.

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my
 mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My Mistress, when she walks, treads on
 the ground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

(b) For the moon never beams, without
 bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
 the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and
 my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.
