

**6/H-1 (vii) Syllabus-2015**

**2025**

**( May-June )**

**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) Elaborate upon the concept of Hamartia as outlined by Aristotle in *Poetics*.
- (b) How does Dryden define drama in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*?
- (c) Briefly comment on Wordsworth's views on poetic diction as expressed in the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*.
- (d) Why does Matthew Arnold consider it important for a critic to be 'disinterested'?

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**( Turn Over )**

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- (e) In what way does Eliot compare the mind of the poet to the shred of platinum?

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

15×3=45

- (a) According to Aristotle, plot is the soul of tragedy. Do you agree? Give a reasoned answer with suitable textual references.
- (b) Elaborate on the nature of the argument between Eugenics and Critics in Dryden's *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.
- (c) What, according to Wordsworth, is the proper subject matter of poetry? Discuss.
- (d) What, in Arnold's views, are the conditions necessary for great literature to come into being? What does he mean when he states, "the man is not enough without the moment"? 10+5=15
- (e) According to T. S. Eliot, poetry is organization rather than inspiration. Critically analyse this statement in the context of his essay, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*.

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( Continued )

( 3 )

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

- (a) Elegy  
(b) Hyperbole  
(c) Alliteration  
(d) Irony  
(e) Parable  
(f) Simile  
(g) Soliloquy  
(h) Oxymoron

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

- (a) It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!  
  
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.  
  
Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

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( Turn Over )

(b) To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Nought man could do, have I left undone :  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—  
Just a palsied few at the windows set :  
For the best of the sight is all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate... or, better yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot I trow.

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