

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 :

$5 \times 3 = 15$

- (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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(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 :  $15 \times 3 = 45$

(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 :  $2 \times 4 = 8$

(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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