

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

(2)

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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.

(3)

- (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.

(4)

- (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.

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