



AC-11012

Seat No. _____

Third Year B. A. (Non CBCS) Examination

February – 2016

English : Paper - VII

(Criticism & Appreciation of A Poem)

(Old Course)

Time : 3 Hours]

[Total Marks : 100

Instruction : All questions carry equal marks.

1 Write a detailed note on Aristotle's concept of Mimesis. **20**

OR

1 Explain Plato's views on imitation and significance of his objection to poetry.

2 "Painting is a mute poetry and poetry is a speaking picture." Elaborate. **20**

OR

2 Appreciate Sidney's defense of poetry against the Puritan attack.

3 Discuss Allen Tate's views on Tension in Poetry. **20**

OR

3 "It is necessary to understand the author in order to understand his literary work." Discuss Sainte Beuve with reference to the statement.

4 Explain the theory of Objective Correlative. **20**

OR

4 Explain Northrop Fry's views on 'The Archetypes of Literature'.

- 5 (a) Write a short note on any ONE of the following : 10
(i) Dante's Illustrious Vernacular
(ii) Primary and Secondary Imagination.

- (b) Critically appreciate ONE of the following poems. 10

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er the sickle bending;-
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

(William Wordsworth)

OR

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no, it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

(William Shakespeare)