

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2011 – 2012 and thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/MC/LC34

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2015
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : LITERARY CRITICISM – I
TIME : 3 HOURS **MAX. MARKS: 100**

I. Answer the following in about 200 words each: (3x15=45)

- a. Explain the terms 'reversal' and 'recognition' in relation to Aristotelian tragedy.
- b. The Romans used the word 'Vates' for poet and the Greeks 'poetes'. Which term does Sidney prefer and why?
- c. How does Samuel Johnson defend his view that Shakespeare is "above all writers ...the poet of nature..... that holds up for his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life"?

II. Answer any TWO of the following in about 600 words each: (2x20=40)

- a. How does Aristotle's discussion on the 'elements' of tragedy underscore his dictum that the subject of tragedy should be "serious" and "of a certain magnitude"?
- b. Elucidate the distinction made by Coleridge between 'Fancy' and 'Imagination'.
- c. Explain T.S. Eliot's view on "historical sense."
- d. Do you think that Matthew Arnold's concept of the "touchstone" and T.S. Eliot's concept of "tradition and the individual talent" have a point/s of intersection? Explain your stance.

III. Choose any one of the following and write your comments following the instructions given: (1x15= 15)

A. Analyse this poem with reference to tenets outlined in the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads

We Are Seven (William Wordsworth)

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little Maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that dies was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!”
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

(or)

**B. Analyse the poem with reference to the T.S. Eliot’s discussion in “The Metaphysical Poets”
A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning (John Donne)**

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, No:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
’Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th’ earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
 That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.
