

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2015

BRANCH XII - ENGLISH

FIRST SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR CORE

PAPER : POETRY

TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION - A

Write short notes in about 75 words on the poetic devices used in any three of the following excerpts. (3 x 5 = 15 marks)

1. Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people living life in peace, you

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will be as one.
2. The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
3. O my Luv is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luv is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv am I;
And I will luv thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
4. I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

5. The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed

At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

SECTION – B

Write a short essay in about 200 words on the poetic form and its characteristic features of any four of the following. (4 x 10 =40 marks)

1. The World Is Too Much with Us

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. --Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth

2. Ode to the West Wind

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being—
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes!—O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill

(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill—
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere—
 Destroyer and Preserver—hear, O hear!.....

Percy Bysshe Shelley

3. I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
 And Mourners to and fro
 Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
 That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
 A Service, like a Drum –
 Kept beating – beating – till I thought
 My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
 And creak across my Soul
 With those same Boots of Lead, again,
 Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
 And Being, but an Ear,
 And I, and Silence, some strange Race
 Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
 And I dropped down, and down –
 And hit a World, at every plunge,
 And Finished knowing – then –

Emily Dickinson

4. Sonnet - I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripener should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding:
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

William Shakespeare

5. **Song**

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

Christina Rossetti

6. **Those Winter Sundays**

Sundays too my father got up early
 and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
 then with cracked hands that ached
 from labor in the weekday weather made
 banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.
 I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
 When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
 and slowly I would rise and dress,
 fearing the chronic angers of that house,
 Speaking indifferently to him,
 who had driven out the cold
 and polished my good shoes as well.
 What did I know, what did I know
 of love's austere and lonely offices?

Robert Hayden

SECTION – C

Write an essay in about 350 words each on any three of the following. (3 x 15 = 45 marks)

1. Comment on the celebration of African-American womanhood in Maya Angelou's "Phenomenal Woman".
2. Analyse critically Allen Curnow's "House and Land" from a postcolonial perspective.
3. Discuss the significance of the theme, symbols and imagery of William Carlos Williams' "The Red Wheel Barrow".
4. Critically analyse Seamus Heaney's "Digging".
5. Justify John Donne's "A Valediction of Weeping" as a typical Metaphysical poem.
