

**B.A. (Honours) Examination, 2014**

**Semester - I**

**English**

**Course : H-2 (Core)**

**(Rhetoric & Prosody, Critical Terms, Critical Comments)**

**Time: Three Hours**

**Full Marks: 40**

*Questions are of value as indicated in the margin.*

Answer **all** questions.

1. Scan the following and add a prosodic note:

12

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And for the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

2. Identify and define **any four** figures of speech in the following extract

4×2=8

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

P.T.O.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

3. Define and give instances, where necessary, of any two of the following critical terms:

5×2=10

Representation, Canon, Narrative, Author, Imagination, Class, Realism, The Unconscious, Text.

4. Read the following poem and add a critical note:

10

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
 Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain  
 —‘ Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! To sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.