

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

2 0 2 3

(May/June)

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) Discuss Aristotle's Concept of Hamartia.
- (b) How does Wordsworth define 'poetry' in *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*?
- (c) According to Arnold, what is the three-fold task of a critic?
- (d) What is Dryden's definition of Drama in *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*?
- (e) What does Eliot mean by 'the historical sense' in *Tradition and the Individual Talent*?

2. Answer any *three* of the following questions :
15×3=45

- (a) "Plot is the soul of tragedy"—says Aristotle. Do you agree? Discuss.
- (b) Discuss the arguments put forward by Eugenius and Crites in defence of the moderns and ancients respectively.
- (c) Examine Wordsworth's views on the nature and function of a poet in *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*.
- (d) What are the functions and qualifications of a critic according to Arnold in 'Function of Criticism'?
- (e) Examine the relation between tradition and individual talent as presented by T. S. Eliot in his essay.

3. Define any *four* of the following terms with examples :
2×4=8

- (a) Simile
- (b) Metaphor
- (c) Euphemism
- (d) Hyperbole
- (e) Onomatopoeia
- (f) Antithesis
- (g) Alliteration
- (h) Irony

4. Scan any *one* of the following verses and indicate the metrical scheme with variations, if any :

7

- (a) "With sleeping eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child."
- (b) "There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen,
And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been,
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye."

★ ★ ★