

**MASTER'S DEGREE PROGRAMME IN
ENGLISH**

Term-End Examination

June, 2013

MEG-1 : BRITISH POETRY

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks : 100

Note : *Explain ten passages given below with reference to their contexts supplying brief critical comments where necessary.*

1. (a) But for to tellen yow of his array, 10
His hors were gode, but he was not gay.
Of fustian he weved a gipoun,
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

OR

- (b) Madame, the sentence of this Latin is - 10
Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.
For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,
Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,
For that our perche is maad no narwe, alas !

2. (a) So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this 10
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo
ring.

OR

- (b) Against the Brydale day, 10
 which is not long :
 Sweet *Themmes* runne softly,
 till I end my song.
3. (a) But O alas, so long, so farre 10
 Our bodies why do wee forbear ?
 They are ours, though they are not wee,
 Wee are
 The intelligences, they the Spheare
- OR**
- (b) When God at first made man, 10
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.
4. (a) Hence loathed Melancholy 10
 Of cereberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and
 sights unholy,
 Find out som uncouth cell,
- OR**
- (b) For we were nursed upon the self same hill, 10
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
 rill,

5. (a) Sh - alone my perfect image bears, 10
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Sh - alone of all my sons is he
who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

OR

- (b) Like cato, give his little senate laws, 10
And sit attentive to his own applause ;

6. (a) Tyger ! Tyger ! burning bright, 10
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

OR

- (b) No familiar shapes 10
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms that do not live,
Like living men moved slowly through the
mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

7. (a) 'Whence I am, I partly seem to know, 10
And how and by what paths
I have been brought
To this dread pass, methink
even thou mayst guess;
Why this should be, my mind
can compass not;

OR

- (b) Instead of sweets, his ample palate took 10
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick :

8. (a) Central peace, mother of strength, 10
Ask those calm - hearted doers what they
do
when they have got their calm ! And is it
true,
Fire rankles at the heart of every globe ?

OR

(b) I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave ! 10
You need not clap your torches to my face.

9. (a) Why, what could she have done, being what 10
she is ?
Was there another Troy for her to burn ?

OR

(b) Gang was sunken, and the limp leaves 10
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.

10. (a) I never ran to when I got depressed. 10
The boys all biceps and the girls all chest,
Their comic Ford, their farm where I could
be
'Really myself'.

OR

(b) You do not do, you do not do 10
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years.