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MEG-1

**MASTER'S DEGREE PROGRAMME IN
ENGLISH**

Term-End Examination

December, 2018

21656

MEG-1 : BRITISH POETRY

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks : 100

***Note :** Attempt all the questions below. Each question carries 10 marks. Explain the passages with reference to their contexts, supplying brief critical comments where necessary.*

1. (a) He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees
Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees,

OR

- (b) Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde;
Wommennes conseil broghte us first to wo,
And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther-as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.

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P.T.O.

2. (a) So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer
and my Eccho ring,

OR

- (b) Nor *Jove* himselfe, when he a
Swan would be
For love of *Leda*, whiter did appeare :
Yet *Leda* was as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,

3. (a) But O, self traytor, I do bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be
thought
Tru Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

OR

- (b) The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

6. (a) Ye Presences of Nature, in the sky
And on the earth ! Ye Visions of the hills !
And Souls of lonely places ! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry,

OR

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

7. (a) All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conqueror — but as soon
As they had touched the world with
living flame,
Fled back like eagles to their native noon,

OR

(b) tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn.

8. (a) My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the workings of his lie

OR

- (b) When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;

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

OR

- (b) By the waters of Lemn I sat down
and wept ...
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not
loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of bones, and chuckle spread
from ear to ear.

