

No. of Printed Pages : 7

MEG-1

**MASTER'S DEGREE PROGRAMME IN  
ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2019**

10790

**MEG-1 : BRITISH POETRY**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

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

- Answer
1. (a) His hors were gode, but he was nat gay,  
Of fustian he wered a gipoun;  
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;  
For he was late y-come from his viage,  
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

**OR**

MEG-1

1

P.T.O.

(b) Lo, swich it is for to be reccheles,  
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.  
But ye that holden this tale a folye,  
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,  
Taketh the moralitee, good men.

2. (a) Ah my deere love why doe ye sleepe thus  
long,  
When meeter were that ye should now  
awake,  
Tawayt the comming of your joyous make,  
And hearken to the birds' lovelearned song,  
The deawy leaves among.

OR

(b) Against the brydale day, which is not long :  
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my  
song.

3. (a) If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two;  
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

OR

- (b) Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restlessness;  
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.

4. (a) For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual  
peace.

OR

- (b) Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.



5. (a) Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through and make a lucid interval;  
But Sh \_\_\_\_\_'s genuine night admits no ray,  
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

OR

- (b) As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came.  
I left no calling for this idle trade,  
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

6. (a) Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend ! so prompt  
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out  
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.

OR

- (b) Weave a circle round him thrice.  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

7. (a) 'First, who art thou ?' .... Before thy memory,  
I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did, and died,  
And if the spark with which Heaven lit my  
spirit  
Had been with purer nutriment supplied,  
Corruption would not now thus much inherit  
Of what was once Rousseau,

OR

(b) Upon the sodden ground  
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,  
dead,  
Unscathed, and his realmless eyes were  
closed;

8. (a) Go dig  
The white-grape vineyard  
where the oil-press stood,  
Drop water gently till the surface sink,  
And if ye find ... Ah God, I know not, I !

OR

(b) Yet each man kills the thing he loves  
By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword !

9. (a) Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages,  
And all the drop-scenes drop at once.  
Upon a hundred thousand stages,  
It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.

OR

(b) The hot water at ten.  
And if it rains, a closed car at four.  
And we shall play a game of chess,  
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting  
for a knock upon the door.

10. (a) The force that through the green fuse  
  drives the flower  
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots  
  of trees  
Is my destroyer.  
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose  
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

**OR**

(b) Ah were I courageous enough  
To shout *Stuff your pension!*  
But I know, all too well, that's the stuff  
That dreams are made on :

---