

(A-27)

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SARDAR PATEL UNIVERSITY
B.A. (SEMESTER V) EXAMINATION (REGULAR)

2014

Wednesday, 19th November

10.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

ENGLISH LITERATURE PAPER-XVI (UA05CELT16)

[Phonetics, Phonology and Practical Criticism]

Maximum Marks: 70

Note: Figures to the right indicate full marks.

Mention clearly the option you attempt.

Q. 1 What is 'Stress'? Discuss the types of Stress and comment on its significance in speech.

[17]

OR

Q. 1 Write a detailed note on Organs of Speech and explain any two of them.

Q. 2 Explain, comment and illustrate ANY THREE of the following literary terms:

[18]

- | | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| 1. Burlesque | 2. Didactic Literature |
| 3. Haiku | 4. Dramatic Monologue |
| 5. Feminism | 6. Anti-hero |

Q. 3 (A) Write notes on ANY TWO of the following:

[12]

1. Antithesis
2. Onomatopoeia
3. Personification
4. Simile

Q. 3 (B) Transcribe ANY TEN of the following words in IPAs:

[10]

- | | |
|---------|-----------|
| Roof | Lover |
| Thief | Though |
| Clothe | Price |
| Short | Explosion |
| Flat | Apply |
| Bought | Labour |
| Side | Late |
| Market | Glass |
| Kitchen | Watch |
| Eager | Hospital |

Q.4 Appreciate the following poem and give a suitable title to it:

[13]

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,-
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds.

OR

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing.
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing.
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The show hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping-anon-anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There is life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!
