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SEAT No. _____

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[149/A-387]

SARDAR PATEL UNIVERSITY
T.Y.B.A (Semester V) Examination

Monday, 29 October 2018

02.00 pm to 05:00 pm

UA05CELT16 – Phonetics, Phonology and Practical Criticism

Total Marks: 70

Note: Figures to the right indicate full marks.

Mention clearly the option you attempt.

Q.1 Write a detailed note on Organs of Speech and explain any two of them. (17)

OR

Q.1 What is Stress? What is its importance in speech? (17)

Q.2 Explain, comment and illustrate ANY THREE of the following literary terms. (18)

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

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)

- | | |
|----------|---------|
| Bath | Mission |
| Honey | Nothing |
| Treasure | Sniff |
| Water | Very |
| People | Music |
| Fight | Could |
| Tour | About |
| Judge | Coin |
| Fate | Beer |
| Never | Chain |

(P.T.O)

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

(13)

Mild the mist upon the hill
Telling not of storms tomorrow;
No, the day has wept its fill,
Spent its store of silent sorrow.

O, I'm gone back to the days of youth,
I am a child once more,
And 'neath my father's sheltering roof
And near the old hall door

I watch this cloudy evening fall
After a day of rain;
Blue mists, sweet mists of summer pall
The horizon's mountain chain.

The damp stands on the long green grass
As thick as morning's tears,
And dreamy scents of fragrance pass
That breathe of other years.

OR

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!