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B.A. Honours 4th Semester-2020

ENGACOR09T-ENGLISH (CC9)

BRITISH ROMANTIC LITERATURE

Suggestive Questions

SECTION-I

1. Write any *two* of the following in not more than **500 words** each. 15x2=30
- What is the role of memory in Wordsworth's poems? Write with special reference to 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Ode on Intimations and Immortality'./ **Or**, Analyse as a nature poet with special reference to 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Ode on Intimations and Immortality'./ **Or**, How the growth of the poet is depicted in 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Ode on Intimations and Immortality'.
 - Analyse 'Kubla Khan' as a romantic poem./ **Or**, Is 'Kubla Khan' a fragment and an incoherent dream? Analyse./ **Or**, Write a note on the use of supernatural imagery in 'Kubla Khan'./ **Or**, Write a short essay on the use of Supernaturalism in 'Christabel' by Coleridge./ **Or**, Write an essay on the use of symbolism in 'Christabel' by Coleridge./ Compare and Contrast the character of Christabel and Geraldine in Coleridge's 'Christabel'.
 - Write a note on the use of imagery in 'Ode to the West Wind'./ **Or**, How Shelley uses the West Wind as a vehicle of his revolutionary ideals? Discuss with special reference to 'Ode to the West Wind'.
 - Write a critical note on 'Ozymandias'./ **Or**, Discuss the conflict between transience and permanence as portrayed in 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'./ **Or**, Critically analyse the central theme of 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'.
 - Write a critical note on the sensuous imagery of 'To Autumn'./ **Or**, Write a critical appreciation of the poem 'To Autumn'.
2. Explain with reference to the context, any *one* of the following, in not more than **200 words**. 5x1=5

- There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,/The earth, and every common sight,/ To me did seem/ Apparell'd in celestial light,/ The glory and the freshness of a dream. **Or**, The Rainbow comes and goes,/And lovely is the Rose, **Or**, The sunshine is a glorious birth;/ But yet I know, where'er I go,/That there hath past away a glory from the earth. **Or**, Whither is fled the visionary gleam?/Where is it now, the glory and the dream? **Or**, Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:/The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,/ Hath had elsewhere its setting,/ And cometh from afar:/ Not in entire forgetfulness,/ And not in utter nakedness,/ But trailing clouds of glory do we come/ From God, who is our home:/ Heaven lies about us in our infancy!/Shades of the prison-house begin to close/ Upon the growing Boy, **Or**, O joy! that in our embers/ Is something that doth live,/ That Nature yet remembers/ What was so fugitive! **Or**, Silence: truths that wake,/To perish never;/ Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,/ Nor Man nor Boy,/ Nor all that is at enmity with joy,/ Can utterly abolish or destroy! **Or**, What though the radiance which was once so bright

- Be now for ever taken from my sight,/ Though nothing can bring back the hour/ Of splendour
in the grass, of glory in the flower;/ We will grieve not, rather find/ Strength in what remains
behind;/ In the primal sympathy/ Which having been must ever be; **Or**, I love the Brooks
which down their channels fret,/ Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;/ The innocent
brightness of a new-born Day/ Is lovely yet;/ The Clouds that gather round the setting sun/ Do
take a sober colouring from an eye/ That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; **Or**, Thanks to
the human heart by which we live,/ Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,/ To me the
meanest flower that blows can give/ Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
- b) In Xanadu did Kubla Khan/ A stately pleasure-dome decree:/ Where Alph, the sacred river,
ran/ Through caverns measureless to man/ Down to a sunless sea. **Or**, A savage place! as
holy and enchanted/ As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted/ By woman wailing for her
demon-lover! **Or**, And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,/ As if this earth in
fast thick pants were breathing,/ A mighty fountain momently was forced: **Or**, The shadow of
the dome of pleasure/ Floated midway on the waves;/ Where was heard the mingled measure/
From the fountain and the caves./ It was a miracle of rare device,/ A sunny pleasure-dome
with caves of ice! **Or**, A damsel with a dulcimer/ In a vision once I saw:/ It was an Abyssinian
maid/ And on her dulcimer she played,/ Singing of Mount Abora. **Or**, And all should cry,
Beware! Beware!/ His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
- c) O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,/ Thou, from whose unseen presence the
leaves dead/ Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, **Or**, Wild Spirit, which art
moving everywhere;/ Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear! **Or**, Make me thy lyre, even as
the forest is:/ What if my leaves are falling like its own! **Or**, Be thou, Spirit fierce,/ My spirit!
Be thou me, impetuous one! **Or**, Drive my dead thoughts over the universe/ Likewither'd
leaves to quicken a new birth! **Or**, The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,/ If Winter comes, can
Spring be far behind?
- d) Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,/ Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,/ Sylvan
historian, who canst thus express/ A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme: **Or**, Heard
melodies are sweet, but those unheard/ Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;/ Not to
the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,/ Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone: **Or**, Bold Lover,
never, never canst thou kiss,/ Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;/ She cannot
fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,/ For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! **Or**, More happy
love! more happy, happy love!/ For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,/ For ever panting, and
for ever young; **Or**, And, little town, thy streets for evermore/ Will silent be; and not a soul to
tell/ Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. **Or**, Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought/ As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! **Or**, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all/ Ye
know on earth, and all ye need to know."
- e) Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,/ Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;/
Conspiring with him how to load and bless/ With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eve
run;/ To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,/ And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
Or, Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?/ Think not of them, thou hast thy
music too,—

SECTION- II

3. Write any *one* of the following in not more than **500 words**. 10x1=10
- a) Comment on Lamb's prose style as seen either in Dream Children: A Reverie or, The Superannuated Man. **Or**, Discuss the theme of Charles Lamb's Essay either Dream Children or The Superannuated Man. **Or**, What romantic element do you find either in Dream Children **Or**, The Superannuated Man. **Or**, Write about the significance of the title 'Dream Children: A Reverie.
- b) Write a short essay either on the theme or on the style of writing in 'On the Love of the Country'. **Or**, How according to Hazlitt Nature affects the human life? Discuss with reference to Hazlitt's 'On the Love of the Country'.
4. Explain with reference to the context, any *one* of the following, in not more than **200 words**. 5x1=5
- a) "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams./ **Or**, Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. **Or**, Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave./ **Or**, Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous./ **Or**, Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice./ **Or**, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L.
- b) *Sera tamen respexit Libertas. VIRGIL.*
A Clerk I was in London gay. O'KEEFE./ **Or**, I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages./ **Or**, I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity./ **Or**, From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions;/ I had left below in the state militia.../ **Or**, I was poor Carthusian from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world./ **Or**, My mantle I bequeqthed qmong ye./ **Or**, What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday?'/ **Or**, I had grown to my desk, as it were, and the wood had entered into my soul. **Or**, It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges.../ **Or**, Had I a little son, I would christian him Nothing-To-Do.
- c) It is not, however, the beautiful and magnificent alone that we admire in Nature.../ **Or**, It is because natural objects have been associated with the sports of our childhood./ **Or**, Each individual is a world to himself, governed by a thousand contradictory and wayward impulses./ **Or**, Hence, when I imagine these objects, I can easily form a mystic personification of the friendly power that inhabits them, Dryad or Naiad, offering its cool fountain or its tempting shade./