



LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

B.A.DEGREE EXAMINATION –ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIFTH SEMESTER – APRIL 2019

16UEL5MC02 / EL 5504 – LITERARY CRITICISM:CLASSICAL TO MODERN

Date: 16-04-2019
Time: 09:00-12:00

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

Part A

Answer any **FIVE** of the following in about 150 words each. Choose at least **TWO** from each section:
(5 x 8 = 40)

Section – A

1. What are the functions of poetry according to Horace?
2. How does Cleanth Brook use paradox as a method of critical interpretation?
3. Explain BenJonson’s theory of comedy.
4. Sketch the ideal character of a critic as identified by Pope.

Section – B

5. How does Philip Sydney defend poetry?
6. Explain the significance of ‘three unities’ in a tragedy.
7. The highest wisdom lies in sensing and feeling rather than in explaining – Explain the statement with reference to Walter Pater’s view of art.
8. Write a note on New Criticism as a text oriented approach to literary criticism.

Part B

Answer the following in about 400 words each;

(2 x 20 = 40)

9. A. Write an essay on how the critical tradition formulated by the classicists influenced the literary critics of England.

Or

B. What, according to Dr. Johnson, are the merits of Shakespeare?

10. A. Write an essay on the critics of the Romantic tradition and their approach to Literature.

Or

B. Discuss T.S.Eliot’s views on writers and critics.

11. Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem.

(20 marks)

The Sun Rising -

By John Donne

Busy old fool, unruly sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

Late school boys and sour prentices,

Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices,

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong

Why shouldst thou think?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long;

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,

Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes, I,

Nothing else is.

Princes do but play us; compared to this,

All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus.

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.
