

LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIRST SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2007

AP20

EL 1501 - LITERARY FORMS AND LITERARY APPRECIATION

Date : 03/11/2007 Dept. No.
Time : 1:00 - 4:00

Max. : 100 Marks

PART – A

Answer ALL the questions in about 25 words on each: (10 x 3 = 30)

01. The Shakespearean sonnet
02. Denouement
03. Comedy of Manners
04. Stream of Conscious Novel
05. Subject matter of an epic
06. Pindaric Ode
07. Aphoristic Essay
08. Melodrama
09. The qualities of a lyric
10. Romantic tragedy.

PART – B

Answer any FIVE of the following in not less than 100 words on each:

(5 x 8 = 40)

11. Write briefly about the miracle plays and mystery plays during the medieval period.
12. Discuss the origin of ballad in English Literature.
13. Bring out the versatility of the essay as a form of literary expression.
14. Would it be correct to describe a short story as a shortened novel?
15. How did Puritanism affect the social life in England
16. Write a paragraph about the historical novels in England
17. Give an account of the School of Modernism in British Literature.
18. Write briefly about the Oxford movement with special reference to Cardinal Newman.

PART – C

Answer any ONE of the following in not less than 250 words: (1 x 15 = 15)

19. Discuss the impact of Renaissance and Reformation on England.

20. What are the salient features of the 17th Century Metaphysical school of poetry and what was the special recognition accorded to it by T.S. Eliot?

PART – D

21. **Attempt an appreciation of the following poem in 200 – 250 words:**

(1 x 15 = 15)

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
