

## English General Part I, Paper I

### Details of Course

- Poems:
- Wordsworth- Education of Nature; The World is too much with Us
- Shelley- Ode to the West Wind
- Keats- Ode to Nightingale
- Tennyson-Ulysses
- Browning—Porphyria's Lover
- Hardy- In Time of Breaking of the Nations
- Arnold- Dover Beach
- Owen- Strange Meeting
- Yeats- Lake Isle of Innisfree
- Auden - Musee de Beaux Arts
- Figures of Speech

### Questions to be Answered

- This paper comprises 2 groups: A, B,

#### Group A

- Q 1] Essay type questions (4x15=60)
- Q 2] Short questions (3x5=15)

#### Group B

- Identifying figures of speech (5x2=10)
  - Unseen: Formal/Official Letter (15)
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## **Appendix- English General**

### **The World Is Too Much With Us**

**William Wordsworth**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Francis T. Palgrave, ed. (1824-1897). The Golden Treasury. 1875.

W. Wordsworth

CLXXIX. **The Education of Nature**

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown:

This child I to myself will take;

She shall be mine, and I will make

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A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be

Both law and impulse; and with me

The girl, in rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10

Shall feel an overseeing power

To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn

That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs; 15

And hers shall be the breathing balm,

And hers the silence and the calm

Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend

To her; for her the willow bend; 20

Nor shall she fail to see

Ev'n in the motions of the storm

Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear                    25  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
     In many a secret place,  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
     Shall pass into her face.                                 30

"And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
     Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,  
 While she and I together live                                 35  
     Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
     She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;                         40  
 The memory of what has been,  
     And never more will be.

**In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations**  
 Thomas Hardy

Only a man harrowing clods  
 In a slow silent walk  
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame  
 From the heaps of couch-grass;  
 Yet this will go onward the same  
 Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight  
 Come whispering by:  
 War's annals will cloud into night  
 Ere their story die.

### **The Lake Isle Of Innisfree**

William Butler Yeats

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,  
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.  
 And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
 slow,  
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
 sings;  
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.  
 I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

### **Musee des Beaux Arts**

W. H. Auden

About suffering they were never wrong,  
 The old Masters: how well they understood  
 Its human position: how it takes place  
 While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully  
 along;  
 How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting  
 For the miraculous birth, there always must be

Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating  
On a pond at the edge of the wood:  
They never forgot  
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course  
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot  
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse  
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away  
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may  
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone  
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green  
Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen  
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,  
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

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