

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND

MAIN

TITLE OF COURSE: A STUDY OF POETRY

COURSE CODE: ENG 206/ IDE-ENG206

TIME ALLOWED: TWO HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Answer TWO questions.
2. Do not repeat material or write about the same text more than once.
3. Correct use of English and literary conventions will be rewarded and the contrary will be penalised.

THIS PAPER IS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL PERMISSION HAS BEEN
GRANTED BY THE INVIGILATOR

1. Compare and contrast the following sonnets in terms of TYPE, STRUCTURE, THEME and RHYME.

Sonnet: Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

moderate

own

Sonnet 64 by Spenser

Coming to kisse her lyps (such grace I found)
Me seemed I smelt a gardin of sweet flowers
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damsels fit to decke their lovers bowres,
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks lyke unto Roses red;
Her snowy bowes lyke budded Bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like Pincks but newly spred,
Her goodly bossome lyke a Srawberry bed,
Her neck lyke to a bounch of Callambynes;
Her breast likes lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed,
Her nipples lyke yong blossomd Jessemynes.
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them excel.

2. (a) Identify the poem's subgenre (5)
(b) Autumn is personified in this poem. How is the personification projected? (25)

TO AUTUMN

1

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-eaves run:
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees, 5
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells,
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

2

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

3. "The force of this elegy comes from the honesty with which the poet writes about his own desperate situation." Discuss this statement in relation to the poem below.

'Tichborne's elegy' (c. 1568-1586)

My prime of my youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but a vain hope of gain;
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
My fruit is fall'n, and yet my leaves are green,
My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb,
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I was but made;
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

4. What features of a ballad are reflected in the following extract? (30)

'O where have you been, my dear, dear love,
This long seven years and more?'
'O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.'

'O hold your tongue of your former vows.
For they breed sad strife:
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'

'I have seven ships upon the sea.
The eighth brought me to land:
With four and twenty bold mariners.
And music on every hand.'

She has taken up two little babes,
Kissed them both cheek and chin;
'O fare ye well, my own two babes,
For I'll never see you again.'

She had sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cleven foot,
And she wept right bitterly.

'O whaten a mountain is that,' she said,
So dreary with frost and snow?'
'O that is the mountain of Hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I must go.'

He struck the top-mast with his hand,
The fore-mast with his knee:
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

5. What tragic flaw does the persona display in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock?"
(30)