INTERMEDIATE LITERATURE

There are 7 pages including the cover page.

INTERNAL EXAMINERS:
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EXTERNAL EXAMINERS
None

Instructions
There are SIX Questions available.
ANSWER ONE QUESTION FROM SECTION A AND ONE QUESTION FROM SECTION B. Use a different answering book for each section.
SECTION 1: ROMANTIC POETRY (50)

THERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS IN SECTION 1: ONLY SELECT ONE QUESTION:

QUESTION 1:

Write a critical analysis of Wordsworth's *Composed on Westminster Bridge*. Pay particular attention to the poet's use of the sonnet form as a means of structuring the poem's content, theme and subject-matter.

*Composed upon Westminster Bridge*
*September 3, 1802*

- Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
- Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
- A sight so touching in its majesty:  
- This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
- The beauty of the morning; silent, bare  
- Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
- Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
- All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
- Never did sun more beautifully steep  
- In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
- Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
- The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
- Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
- And all that mighty heart is lying still.

OR
QUESTION 2:

In a critical discussion of Shelley's sonnet, "Ozymandias", pay particular attention to the ways in which it represents the precepts of Romanticism. Give examples from the text.

_Ozymandias_

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
and wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

OR
QUESTION 3:

Write an essay in which you discuss the autobiographical elements of Keats's "When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be". In writing the essay you should make use of quotations from the poem to support your argument and line of thought.

SONNET.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piled books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the sacry power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

A A
SECTION B: LITERARY THEORY (50)

THERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS IN SECTION B: ONLY SELECT ONE QUESTION:

QUESTION 1:

Write a coherent essay which analyses the poem ‘The Song of the Classes’ by Ernest Jones using the Marxist literary theory. In your essay be sure to define Marxism and provide a thorough discussion on whether the text follows a Marxist or Capitalist agenda.

The Song of the Classes
-- Ernest Jones
We plough and sow, we are so low, that we delve in the dirty clay,
'Til we bless the plain with golden grain and the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know we are so low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet.
We're not too low the bread to grow
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go—we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
Where the crown of a despot shines.
And whenever he lacks,—upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay:
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low—we're low—mere rabble, we know,
But at our plastic power
The mould at the lordlings' feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower—
Then prostrate fall—in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door:
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low—we're low—we're very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow—and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get—and what we give—
We know, and we know our share:
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low—we're low—we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low—we're low—our place we know
We're only the rank and file,
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

We are so low but soon we know that the low folk will arise,
And the tyrants in their towers of gold shall hear the people's cries!
No more shall they hold us in thrall; their lies we will not heed.
But every heart shall hear the call, and the people will be free!

OR

QUESTION 2:

Write a coherent essay which discusses the Feminist literary theory. Ensure that you include a discussion of prominent Feminist theorists and their theories, also discuss how this literary theory can be used to analyse a text.

OR

QUESTION 3:

Provide a thorough analysis of the following poem 'Anguish Longer than Sorrow' by Keorapetse William Kgositsile using the Postcolonial literary theory. Your essay should include a discussion of whether the poem encourages colonialist ideologies, or not.
Anguish Longer than Sorrow
-- Keorapetse William Kgotsile

If destroying all the maps known
would erase all the boundaries
from the face of this earth
I would say let us
make a bonfire
to reclaim and sing
the human person

Refugee is an ominous load
even for a child to carry
for some children
words like home
could not carry any possible meaning
but
displaced
border
refugee
must carry dimensions of brutality and
terror
past the most hideous nightmare
anyone could experience or imagine

Empty their young bellies
extended and rounded by malnutrition
and growling like the well-fed dogs of some
with pretensions to concerns about human rights
violations
Can you see them now
stumble from nowhere
to no
where
between
nothing
and
nothing

Consider
the premature daily death of their young dreams
what staggering memories frighten and abort
the hope that should have been
an indelible inscription in their young eyes

Perhaps
I should just borrow
the rememberer’s voice again
while I can and say:
to have a home is not a favour

END OF EXAM