1. Appreciate any one of the following poems with special focus on its phonological, structural and semantic aspects.

(a) Happy the man, whose wish and care
   A few paternal acres bound
   content to breathe his native air,
   In his own ground

   whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
   whose flocks supply him with attire
   whose trees in summer yield him shade,
   In winter fire,

   Blest!, who can unconcern’dly find
   Hours, days and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
with meditation.

Thus, let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lye.

**OR**

(b) When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.
2. Appreciate any one of the following prose passage with special reference to its theme, style and discourse pattern.

a) By this time the spider was adventured out, when beholding the chasms and ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight). 'A plague split you', said he, 'for a giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could you not look before you, and be d--d? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repiar after your arse ?' - 'Good words, friend', said the bee (having now pruned himself and being disposed to droll_ I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel or more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born'. Sirrah', replied the spider, 'if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners'. - I pray have patience, said the bee, 'or you will spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house. - Rogue, rogue', replied the spider, 'yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.' - 'By my troth', said the bee, 'the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute.' At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction. 'Not to disparage myself, said he, 'by the comparison with
such a rascal, what are thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? Born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a free-booter over fields and gardens; and for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person'.

OR

(b) Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? What is population but machinery? What is coal but machinery? What are railroads but machinery? What is wealth but machinery? What are, even, religious organisations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they are precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. 'May not every man in England say what he likes?' - Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may
say what they like, is worth saying. - has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the Times, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like, the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw even nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousandeds of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness? - culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest and admiration of mankind. - would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness, - the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!
3. (a) "Translator is a performer and creator". Justify the statement.

OR

(b) Discuss the types of translation.

4. (a) Define the following literary terms. (any two)

(i) Ballad
(ii) Conceit
(iii) End-stopped lines
(iv) Essay

(b) Translate the following passage into English protecting the main idea of it.

अंकितने क्या राजवाल मात्रों चरों ? सुजाता अंकितने जोवा मात्रे अपार बनी गई. अनेक आंगाणांच्या विशिष्ट विधी गर्दी गर्ने साव. तंबूनी छत काढी गर्ने. अनेक आंगणांच्या अंक टूकून रेपाम ठाणे अंके तर अंक जेती रही. कमारे सरार पण आले ? कमारे सुरु विशेष ? तंबूनी अभार कोई परराजक छोरे वयू तीव्रताची कुद्रणे ने तंबूनी तरपावारीची तात्त्विक आवाज करे छाने.

सरार थिंगऱे.

सुजाताने अंक परिशिष्टांनेप्राप्तसमे नाहीत. संघर्ष शरीर

कलावती, अश्लेष जेवा शास्त्र रंगणी अंक रिचर्ड पर अपारांमो वाजी सुजाताने पाले गरी: ""शुं छे?

"भारो डीकरो..." सुजाताने अवाजं खप्पी गेथे. अंनाची आणण

बोकी शकल्य नाहीतँ.

OR

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यह पहला दिन था, जब बारिश थी। बादल अब भी थे, कुछ टपू पर, कुछ हटकर शहर की पहाड़ी पर, किन्तु अब वे खाली और हलके थे और हवा में उड़ते-से जान पड़ते थे। मैं ठीक देर तक वहाँ बैठा रहा। इस दौरान में बूढ़े ने एक भी मछली नहीं पकड़ी। एक बार कॉटा हिला था – उसने लपककर डंडी खींची। मैंने सीधा, अब एक तड़पता हुआ मांस का लोध ऊपर आएगा। मैं खुद शायद काफ़ी उलटजित हो गया था और पानी के पास सरक आया था। किन्तु कुछ भी नहीं हुआ। उसने नदी से कॉटा बाहर निकाला, फिर मेरी और देखकर हमसे लगा।