

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION – JULY, 2016

COURSE CODE: ENG206 / IDE-ENG206
COURSE NAME: A STUDY OF POETRY
TIME ALLOWED: 2 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Read the instructions carefully before answering the questions.
2. Answer **Question 1** plus one other question.
3. Each question is worth 30 marks.
4. Make sure you adhere to literary conventions to avoid loss of marks.
5. Make sure you proofread your work to eliminate grammatical and other errors.
6. The paper is 4 pages long, cover page included.

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

“Sonnet 138” Shakespeare

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply* I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore* says she not she is unjust?*
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
Oh, love’s best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.*
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

like a simpleton/ fool

why unfaithful

counted

“God’s Grandeur” Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs –
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! Bright wings.

Question 3

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow it:

“I Met a Thief” Austin Bukenya

On the beach, on the Coast,
Under the idle, whispering coconut towers,
Before the growling, foaming waves,

I met a thief, who guessed I had
An innocent heart for her to steal

She took my hand and led me under
The intimate cashew boughs which shaded
The downy grass and peeping weeds
She jumped and plucked the nuts for me to suck;
She sang and laughed and pressed close

I gazed: her hair was like the wool of a mountain sheep,
Her eyes, a pair of brown-black beans floating in milk.
Juicy and round as plantain shoots
Her legs, arms and neck,
And like wine-gourds her pillowy breasts;
Her throat uttered fresh banana juice
Matching her face – smooth and banana ripe

I touched – but not long before I even tasted
My heart had flowed from me into her breast;
And then she went – High and South –
And left my carcass roasting in the fire she'd lit

- a) In about a page, give an in-depth discussion of the sense and theme of the poem. [12]
- b) Discuss the poet's diction and how it serves to enhance his thematic intentions. [10]
- c) Discuss the poem's obvious aspects of form. [8]