### **ENGLISH (GENERAL)-SEMESTER 4**

### SERAMPORE COLLEGE.

(FOR STUDENTS' STUDY DURING THE CRISIS OF COVID-19 PANDEMIC)

### Exercise 1

## Write a summary of the following:

1. There is one more consideration – a most important one. If the English nature is cold, how is it that it has produced a great literature and a literature that is particularly great in poetry? Judged by its prose, English literature would not stand in the first rank. It is its poetry that raises it to the level of Greek, Persian, or French. And yet the English are supposed to be so unpoetical. How is this? The nation that produced the Elizabethan drama and the Lake Poets cannot be a cold, unpoetical nation. We can't get fire out of ice. Since literature always rests upon national character, there must be in the English nature hidden springs of fire to produce the fire we see. The warm sympathy, the romance, the imagination, that we look for in Englishmen whom we meet, and too often vainly look for, must exist in the nation as a whole, or we could not have this outburst of national song.

----- E.M. Forster

### Exercise 2

# Paraphrase the following:

1. What is a perfectly free person? Evidently, a person who can do what he likes, when he likes, and where he likes, or do nothing at all if he prefers it. Well, there is no such person, and there never can be any

such person. Whether we like it or not, we must all sleep for one third of our lifetime – wash and dress and undress – we must spend a couple of hours eating and drinking – we must spend nearly as much in getting about from place to place. For half the day we are slaves to necessities which we cannot shirk, whether we are monarchs with a thousand slaves or humble laborers with no servants but their wives.

----- G.B. Shaw

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove;
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone Half-hidden from the eye!

-- Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and O! The difference to me!

----- W. Wordsworth

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---- DR SWATI DATTA
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22-05-2020.