

CA

[64]

No. of printed pages: 2

**SARDAR PATEL UNIVERSITY**  
**BA (V Semester) Examination**  
**Wednesday, 27 November 2013**  
**2.30 - 5.30 pm**  
**UA05CELT16 - Phonetics, Phonology and**  
**Practical Criticism Paper XVI**

Total Marks : 70

- Notes : (1) Figures to the right indicate full marks.  
(2) Mention clearly the option you attempt.

Q.1 State the Organs of Speech and discuss, in detail, the (17)  
tongue and the palate.

**OR**

Q.1 What is 'Stress' ? Comment on its significance in speech.

Q.2 Write short note on **Any Three** of the following : (18)

- |               |                        |
|---------------|------------------------|
| (1) Burlesque | (2) Dramatic Monologue |
| (3) Haiku     | (4) Anti-hero          |
| (5) Feminism  | (6) Genre              |

Q.3 (a) Write short notes on **Any Two** of the following. (12)

- |                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
| (1) Antithesis | (2) Personification |
| (3) Metaphor   | (4) Irony           |

(b) Transcribe **Any Ten** of the following words into IPAS : (10)

- |         |          |
|---------|----------|
| Fast    | Lover    |
| Rough   | Thank    |
| Brother | Price    |
| Lazy    | Relation |
| Harsh   | Measure  |
| Heart   | Honey    |
| Back    | Water    |
| Late    | Down     |
| Market  | Chain    |
| Kitchen | Hospital |

Q.4 Appreciate the following Poem and give a suitable title to it : (13)

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight to keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroken;  
And the song, from beginning to end;  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

OR

Are shadows, not substantial things,  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays her icy hands on kings,  
Sceptre and Crown must tumble down;  
And in the dust be equal made.  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.  
The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor - victims bleeds,  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb.  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

###