

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE- 27  
I BA/BSc/BSW - MID-SEMESTER TEST- AUGUST 2019  
GENERAL ENGLISH – GE-113

TIME: 1 HOUR

MAX MARKS: 30

**INSTRUCTIONS**

1. This paper contains **THREE** printed pages and **TWO** sections.
2. Please indicate your stream clearly on the front page of your answer booklet.
3. You will lose marks for exceeding word limits.
4. You are allowed to use a dictionary, during the examination.

I. Read this poem by Edward Lear:

**The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo**

On the Coast of Coromandel  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
In the middle of the woods  
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
Two old chairs, and half a candle,  
One old jug without a handle--  
These were all his worldly  
goods,  
In the middle of the woods,  
These were all his worldly  
goods,  
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy Bo.

Once, among the Bong-trees  
walking  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
To a little heap of stones  
Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
There he heard a Lady talking,  
To some milk-white Hens of  
Dorking--  
"Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!  
On that little heap of stones  
Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

"Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!  
Sitting where the pumpkins blow,  
Will you come and be my wife?"  
Said the Yongby-Bonghy-Bo.  
"I am tired of living singly--  
On this coast so wild and shingly--  
I'm a-weary of my life;  
If you'll come and be my wife,  
Quite serene would be my life!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

"On this Coast of Coromandel  
Shrimps and watercresses grow,  
Prawns are plentiful and cheap,"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
"You shall have my chairs and  
candle,  
And my jug without a handle!  
Gaze upon the rolling deep  
(Fish is plentiful and cheap);  
As the sea, my love is deep!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,  
And her tears began to flow--  
"Your proposal comes too late,

Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
I would be your wife most gladly!"  
(Here she twirled her fingers madly)  
"But in England I've a mate!  
Yes! you've asked me far too  
late,  
For in England I've a mate,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
Mr. Yongby-Bonghy-Bo!

"Mr. Jones (his name is Handel--  
Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)  
Dorking fowls delights to send  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
Keep, oh, keep your chairs and  
candle,  
And your jug without a handle--  
I can merely be your friend!  
Should my Jones more Dorkings  
send,  
I will give you three, my friend!  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!

"Though you've such a tiny body,  
And your head so large doth  
grow--  
Though your hat may blow away  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
Though you're such a Hoddy  
Doddy,  
Yet I wish that I could modi-  
fy the words I needs must say!  
will you please to go away  
That is all I have to say,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!"

I.A. Answer ANY THREE of the following in not more than five sentences each:  
(3x5=15)

1. If you owned only two old chairs, half a candle, and one old jug without a handle and nothing else, would you be able to earn money or make a living using these resources? How?

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
To the calm and silent sea  
Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,  
Lay a large and lively Turtle.  
"You're the Cove," he said, "for  
me;  
On your back beyond the sea,  
Turtle, you shall carry me!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Through the silent-roaring ocean  
Did the Turtle swiftly go;  
Holding fast upon his shell  
Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
With a sad primeval motion  
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen  
Still the Turtle bore him well.  
Holding fast upon his shell,  
"Lady Jingly Jones, farewell!"  
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

From the Coast of Coromandel  
Did that Lady never go;  
On that heap of stones she  
mourns  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.  
On that Coast of Coromandel,  
In his jug without a handle  
Still she weeps, and daily  
moans;  
On that little heap of stones  
To her Dorking Hens she moans,  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-B

2. Why, according to you, does the lady call the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo a 'Hoddy-doddy'? Since the poet doesn't define the word, how would you explain what it means?
3. Do you think the Bo made a good proposal? Should he have said anything more?
4. Why do you think the Lady Jingly asks the hero to go away? Give reasons for your answer.

II. If you had to freeze the whole poem into one picture, what would you draw? **Explain your choice in about ten sentences. You may use a pen or a pencil to make your drawing. Remember to give your drawing a title. (15 marks)**

OR

**If you don't enjoy drawing, you may answer this alternative question in about 200 words:**

Would you describe this poem as a sad one, or a happy one? Why?