

The tree beyond my window is my friend ;
 When little light winds ruffle it,
 Or snow-storms come and muffle it,
 It brings me wealth of beauty without end !

5 Though over it in waves the years have rolled,
 Yet April so bewitches it,
 And sunshine so enriches it,
 It blossoms in a foam of fairy gold !

10 It knows the beating of the Autumn rain ;
 Mad storms have rent and riven it,
 Wild winds have bent and driven it,
 Still in the Spring-time it is young again.

15 Its leaves are patterned like an ancient lace ;
 In truth it gives such dreams to me,
 On moon-light nights it seems to me,
 Through silver boughs I glimpse a dryad's face !

I would I knew the tales that it could tell ;—
 But while the robins nest in it,
 And folded wings find rest in it,
 20 It is content,—and keeps its secrets well.

—Virna Sheard in *Candle Flame*.

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4. Suggest a suitable title for the above poem.

3 × 8 =
 24

5. Explain :—

- (a) snow-storms come and muffle it (line 3);
 (b) April so bewitches it (line 6);
 (c) sunshine so enriches it (line 7);
 (d) It blossoms in a foam of fairy gold (line 8);
 (e) Mad storms have rent and riven it (line 10);
 (f) in the Spring-time it is young again (line 12);
 (g) Its leaves are patterned like an ancient lace
 (line 13);
 (h) silver boughs (line 16).

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6. Quote :—

- (a) the first two stanzas of *The Burial of Moses* ;
 OR
 (b) the first three stanzas of *Daffodils* ;
 OR
 (c) the first four stanzas of *The Water-Fowl*.