

GURUDAS COLLEGE  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
Internal Assessment- 2020  
Paper- SEC A1(Hons.)  
Translation Studies

*[Instructions: Your answer must be handwritten, covering not more than 2-3 A4 size papers. Do not forget to number your pages chronologically. Use only BLACK/BLUE ink. The cover page must include i) Candidate Name ii) University Roll No. iii) University Registration Number iv) Paper v) Semester vi) Contact No. vii) Email ID (if possible). Clearly scanned copy of the answer in PDF format shall only be acceptable. The subject of the email and pdf file name should be paper-Candidate name-semester, for example: SEC(H)-AtabiSaha-sem3. Send answer scripts to the following email id: [bhawana.english@gurudas.education](mailto:bhawana.english@gurudas.education) ]*

Attempt **any two** of the following (Within 200 words each): 5X2

1. What is technical translation?
2. How is transcreation different from literal translation?
3. Translate a short poem or song of your choice into English/Bengali
4. Translate the following poem into Hindi/Bengali:

**The Solitary Reaper**  
BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.