

Most expected 4 marks questions and answers for SSLC part 5

Grandma Climbs a Tree

Grandma climbs a tree is written by Ruskin Bond. The poet's grandmother learned to climb trees from her brother when she was six. Even in her old age, she used to climb trees. People advised her to stop climbing trees and to grow old gracefully. But she just laughed and said that she would grow old disgracefully. One day, she climbed a tree and could not come down. She was rescued with great difficulty. The doctor strictly advised her to stay in bed for a week. The moment she felt stronger she demanded a house on a tree top. She got it and lived like a queen in her house on the tree.

Jazz Poem Two

An old jazz musician is standing like a Black Ancient mariner. His old face is wrinkled and weary. His faded blue shirt has turned dark with sweat. His stomach is hanging loosely. His jacket is worn out and his necktie is undone and dropping loosely over the jacket. His shoes are torn and are stuffed with paper to cover the holes. His rough unshaven face shows pain. He stands alone head down, eyes closed and ears perked. An old saxophone hangs across his chest supported from his neck by a wire coat hanger. He gently lifts the saxophone to his parted lips. But once he starts playing music he is no longer a black man but a bird which gathers his wings and flies high and higher. He seems to be spreading the message of god through his music.

Quality of Mercy

OR

The Blind Boy

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the heart of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

O say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy.
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
When'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.