



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

TINTERN ABBEY



LIVE

17-05-2024 07:00 PM



Tintern Abbey

Five years have past; five summers, with the
length Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.-Once again Do I
behold these steep and lofty cliffs, That on a wild
secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep
seclusion; and connect The landscape with the
quiet of the sky.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



चिन्तक
The day is come when I again repose Here, under
this dark sycamore, and view These plots of
cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts, Which at
this season, with their unripe fruits, Are clad in
one green hue, and lose themselves 'Mid groves
and copses. Once again I see These hedge-rows,
hardly hedge-rows, little lines Of sportive wood
run wild:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



These pastoral farms, ^{→ ००००} Green to the very door;
and wreaths of smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees! With
some uncertain notice, as might seem Of vagrant
dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some
Hermit's cave, where by his fire The Hermit sits
alone.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



श्री

These beauteous forms,

(Through a long absence, have not been to me As)
(is a landscape to a blind man's eye) But oft, in
lonely rooms, and 'mid the din Of towns and
cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness,
sensations sweet, (Felt in the blood, and felt along
the heart;



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



आता
And passing even into my purer mind With
tranquil restoration: feelings too Of
unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, As have
no slight or trivial influence On that best portion
of a good man's life, His little, nameless,
unremembered, acts Of kindness and of love.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Nor less, I trust,

To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect
more sublime; that blessed mood, In which the
burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and
the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; - that serene and blessed mood,

like



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



नन्वा / चर्चा

In which the affections gently lead us on,- Until,
the breath of this corporeal frame And even the
motion of our human blood Almost suspended,
we are laid asleep In body, and become a living
soul: While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see
into the life of things.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



If this →

day.

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft ~~In~~ darkness
and amid the many shapes Of joyless daylight; when
the fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the
world, Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye!
thou wanderer thro' the woods, How often has my
spirit turned to thee!



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity The picture of the mind revives again: While here I stand, not only with the sense. Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope, Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills;



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



when like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides of the deep
rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led:

more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads, than one who
sought the thing he loved. For nature then (The coarser
pleasures of my boyish days And their glad animal
movements all gone by) To me was all in all. - I cannot
paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted
me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,