

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

TINTERN ABBEY









Five years have past; five summers, with the length Of five long winters! and again (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



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:



These pastoral farms, 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.



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;



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



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, Wunder



ENGLISH (Lit.) anno/cuic

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.)



If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft-In darkness and amid the many shapes Of joyless daylight when he 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!



And now, with gleams of half-extinguished har be 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:





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

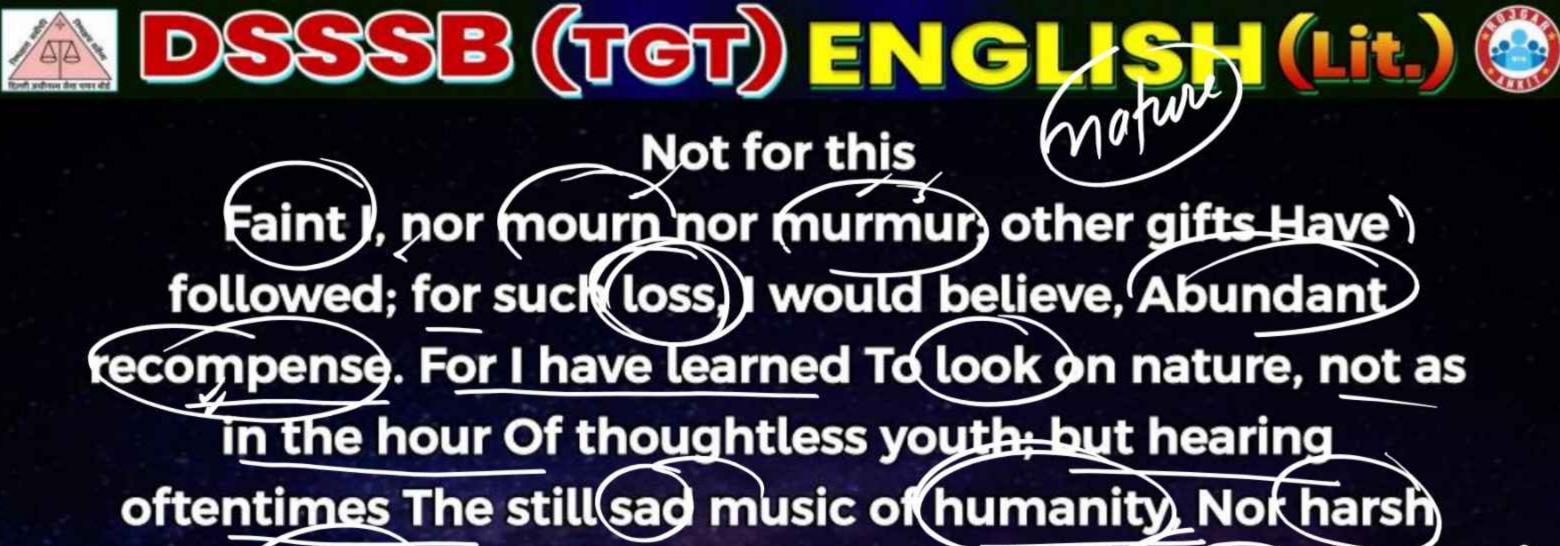
me like a passion the tall rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,



Their colours and their forms, were then to me An appetite a feeling and a love That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied not any interest Unborrowed from the eye.--That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures.

(Inseen)



nor/grating, though of ample newer To chasten and

subdue -- And I have felt A presence that disturbs me

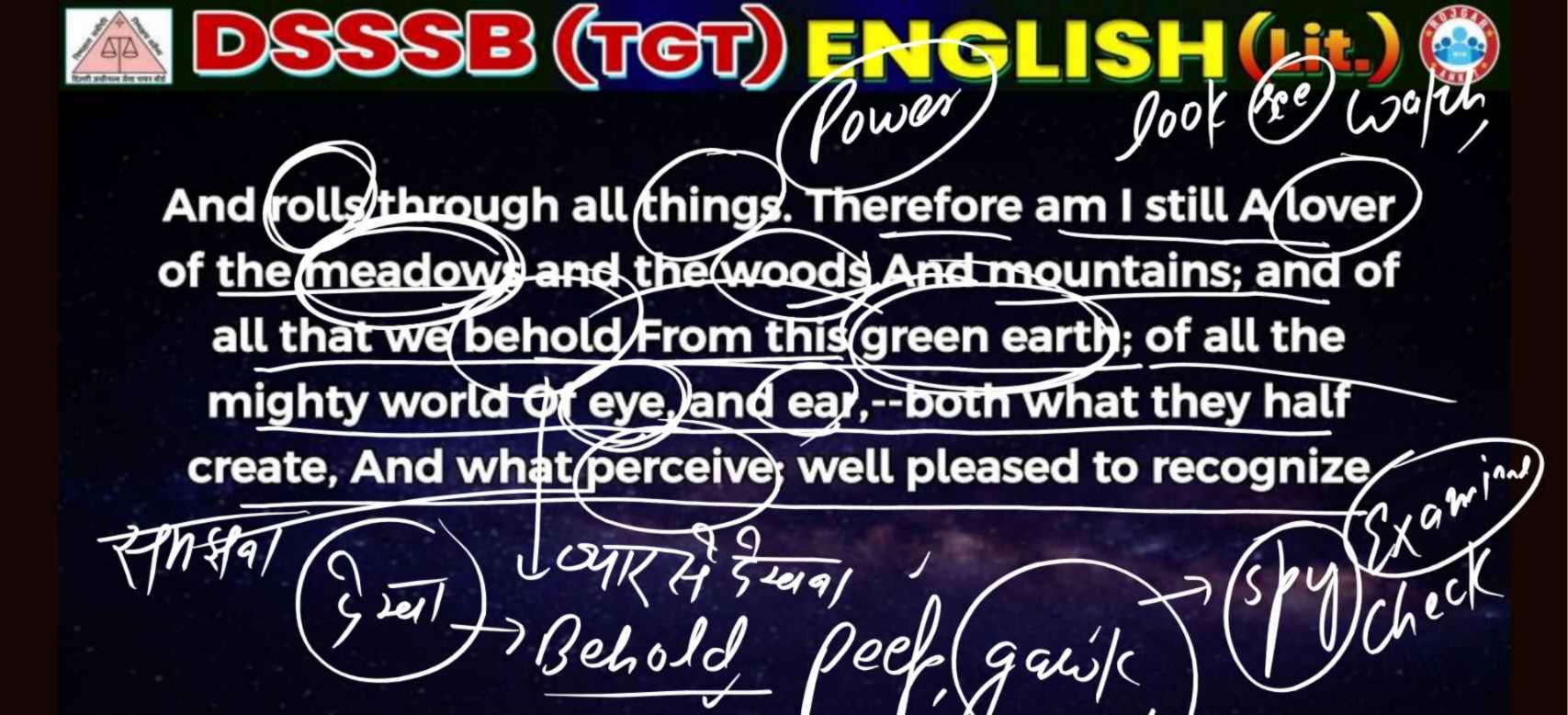


DSSSE (TOT)





Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought,





In nature and the language of the sense The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse The guide the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being.

