



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

ROBERT FROST



LIVE

01-07-2024 07:00 PM



✓ Robert Frost

Birth - 26 March 1874

Death - 24 January 1963

Won Pulitzer Prize for Poetry four times

• Poet Laureate of Vernot

Famous Works – Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening,

The Road Not Taken,

Nothing Gold Can Stay



Poem

R/N

Repair

Theme

Mending Wall

दीवार

story



- Robert Frost

force
निराकरण
(वे)

सीमा



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



- published in 1914 in North of Boston
- Theme Borders, Value of Work

fence Theme



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



stanzas

गिरा

Something there is that doesn't love a wall
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:

गिरा

swell

□

R.f

|| ||
~~~~~  
|| ||

R N





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



hunters

✓ I have come after them and made repair

BB

Where they have left not one stone on a stone

But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,

→ सीतार

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,

No one has seen them made or heard them made,

Barking

But at spring mending-time we find them there.

BB

Repair

gaps

HV





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Right

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill

And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.

To each the boulders that have fallen to each.

And some are loaves and some so nearly balls

gaps

l (4/9)





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Oh just another kind of out-door game,

One on a side. It comes to little more.

There where it is we do not need the wall.

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.

value

N R

R N

→ 4/5

(N)

49





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:

4/2/19

thought

R / N





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



1 R  
mature creator of magi  
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know

What I was walling in or walling out,

And to whom I was like to give offense.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall

That wants it down. I could say 'Elves' to him,

criticize

Elves





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



gaps  
gaps

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.





# **DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)**



He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



*nap* → short  
→ long term

Tired ✓  
weary ✓

## After Apple Picking

- Robert Frost

Apple  
picker

अप्पल  
पिकर

greed





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree

Toward heaven still

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill

Beside it and there may be two or three

~~Apples~~ I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.

STV  
canister  
Big -v.







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



fragrance.

शिशु (बच्चा)

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,

The scent of apples: I am drowsing off

I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight

I got from looking through a pane of glass

I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough

And held against the world of hoary grass.

It melted, and I let it fall and break.

यह  
शीशी

पानी

Snow

lift

White

घास

White







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Winter

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell,

→ And I could tell

What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples appear and disappear,

Stem end and blossom end

And every fleck of russet showing clear.

apple

Reddish part.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.  
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And I keep hearing from the cellar bin

The rumbling sound

Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much

Of apple-picking: I am overtired

Of the great harvest I myself desired.

Bin

greed





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,

Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall

For all

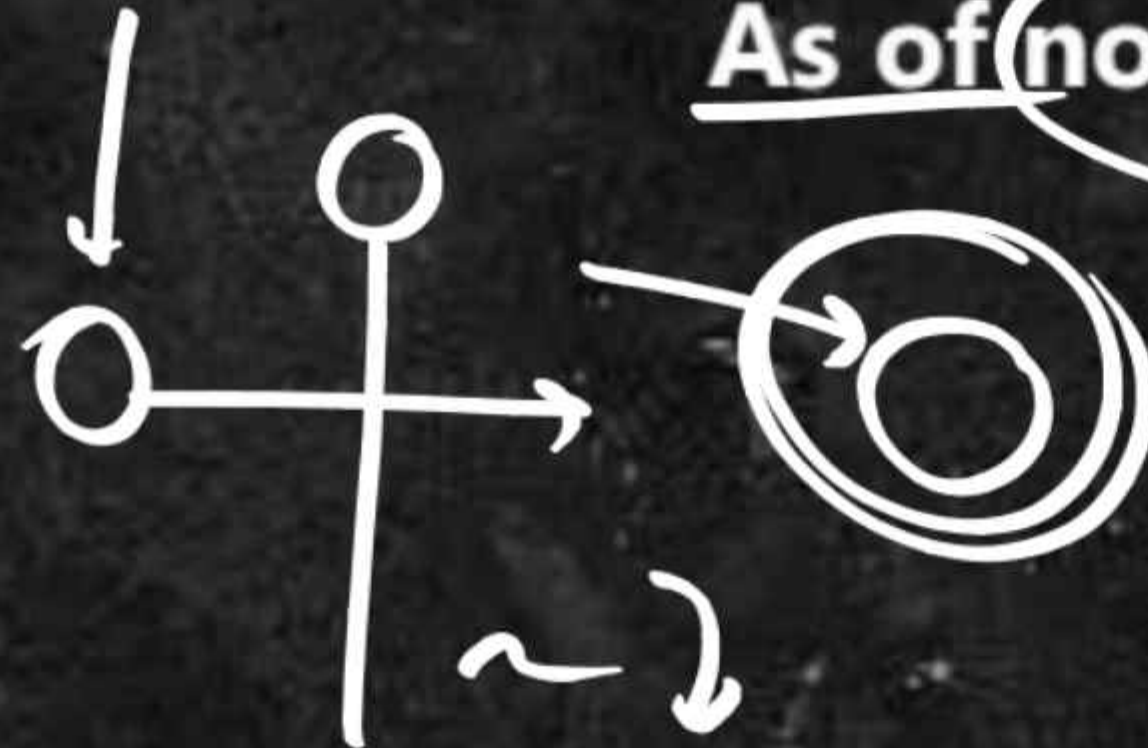
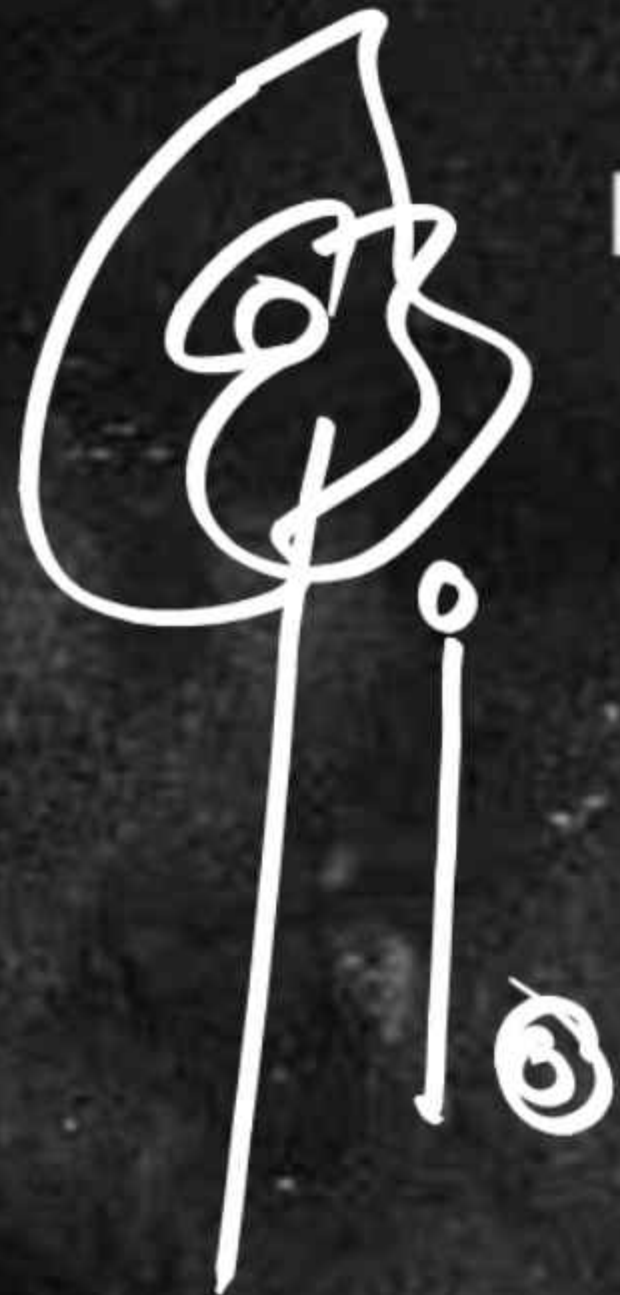
That struck the earth,

No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,

Went surely to the cider-apple heap

As of no worth.

raise







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



श्री ५

One can see what will trouble  
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone,

The woodchuck could say whether it's like his

Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,

Or just some human sleep.

५५॥