

## DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

# ENGLISH

AMERICAN LITERATURE (EMILY DICKINSON)



08-07-2024 07:00 PM





- Birth December 10, 1830
- Death May 15, 1886
- · An American poet.
- Her poems deal with themes of death and immortality
  - · Wrote almost 1775 poems
  - Famous Poems Because I Could Not Stop For Death, I Measure Every Grief I Meet, Success is counted sweetest





- written in 1861
- 20 lines poem divided into five quatrains Themes (Madness) (Despain and (Irrational Nature) of
  - Universe

5×4=20 line

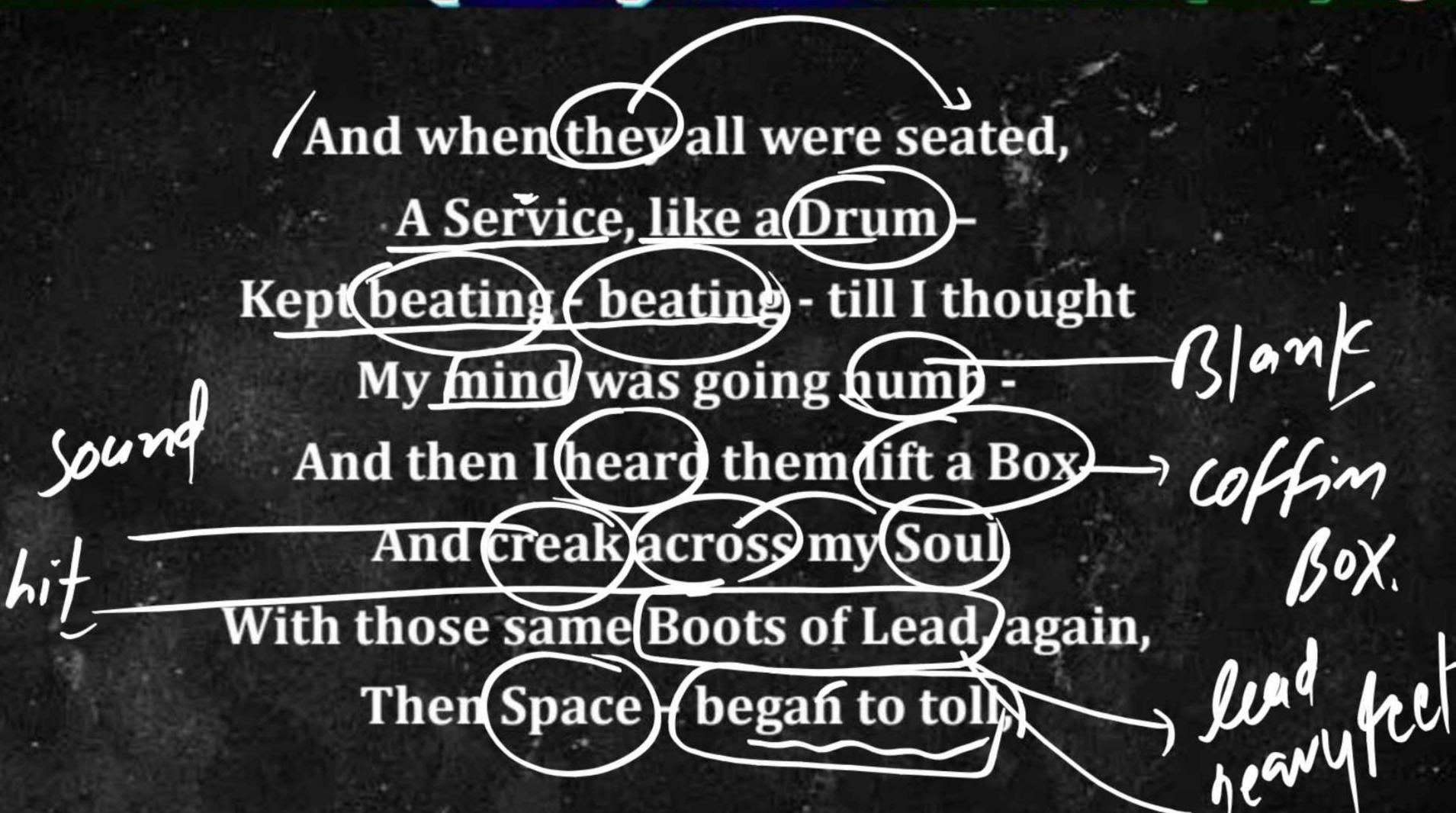
- Emily Dickinson





I felt a Funeral in my Brain, And Mourners to and fro Kept treading - till it seemed That Sense was breaking through







NACH

### DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



As all the Heavens were a Bell,

And Being, but an Ear

And I) and Silence, some strange Race,

Wrecked, solitary here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke

And I dropped down, and down -

And hit a World, at every plunge,

And Finished knowing - then -





#### Because I Could Not Stop For Death



- Emily Dickinson

- ♦ 24 lines poem divided into six quatrains
- **♦** Theme- Death, Immortality and Eternity





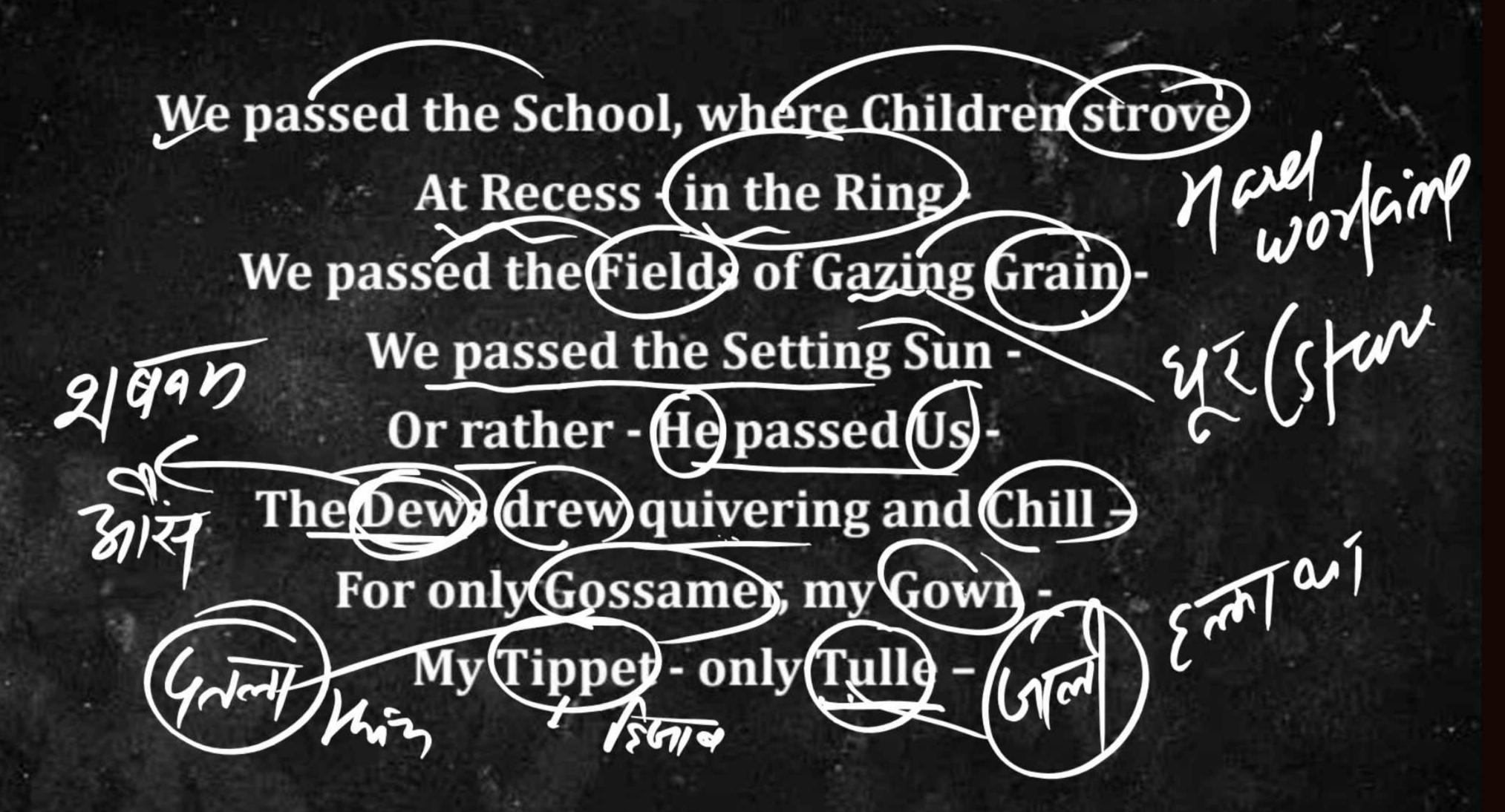
Because I could not stop for Death He)kindly stopped for me -We slowly drove - He knew no haste of Myllabon

Myllabon

Myllabon The Carriage held but just Ourselves -My labor and my leisure too, For His Civility













We paused before a House that seemed

A (Swelling) of the Ground -

The Roof was scarcely visible-

The Cornice - in the Ground -

Since then - 'tis Centuries' - and yet

- Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses Heads

Were toward Eternity -







- Emily Dickinson

written in 1859

- published in 1864
- ♦ 12 lines poem divided into three quatrains
- Rhyming Scheme for each quatrain ABCB
- **♦** Theme Success Lack and Desire







Success is counted sweetest

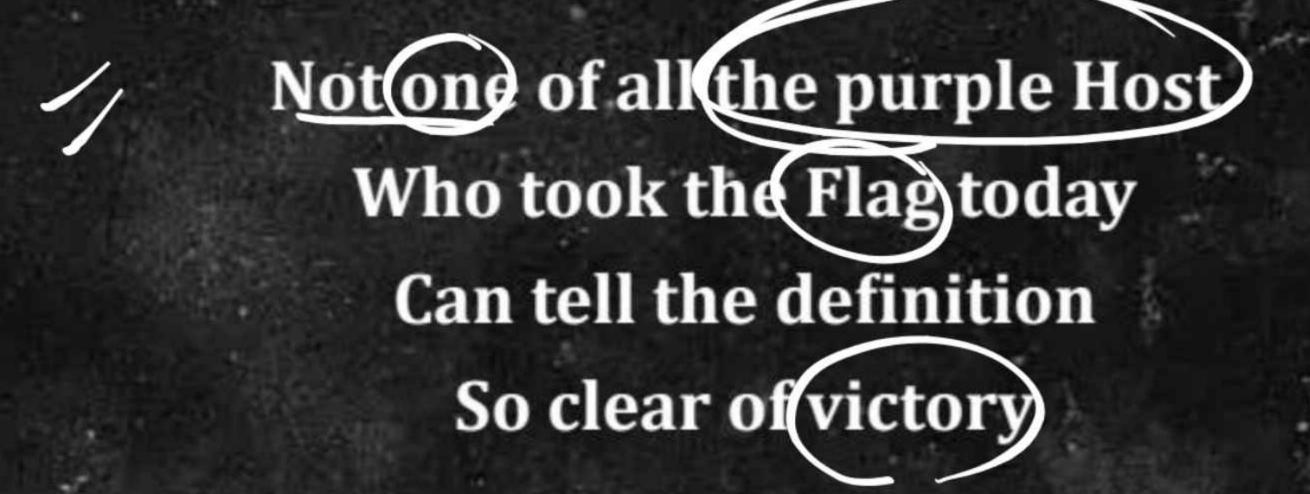
By those who ne'er succeed

To comprehend)a(nectar

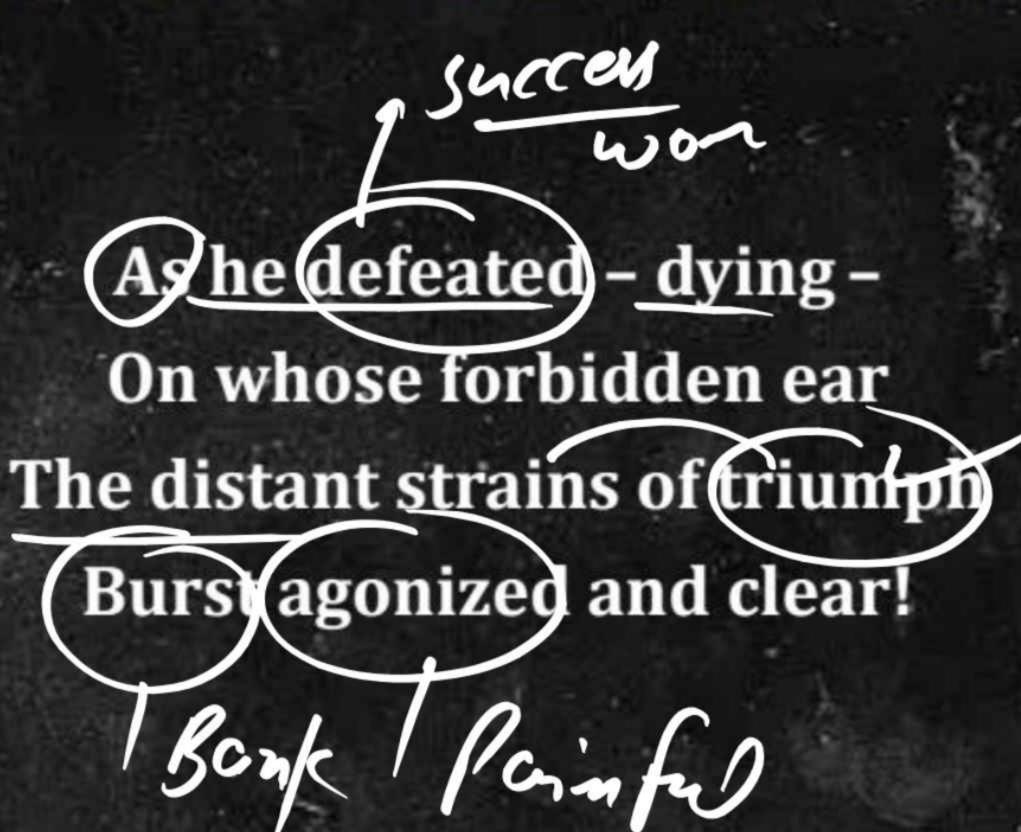
Requires sorest need.











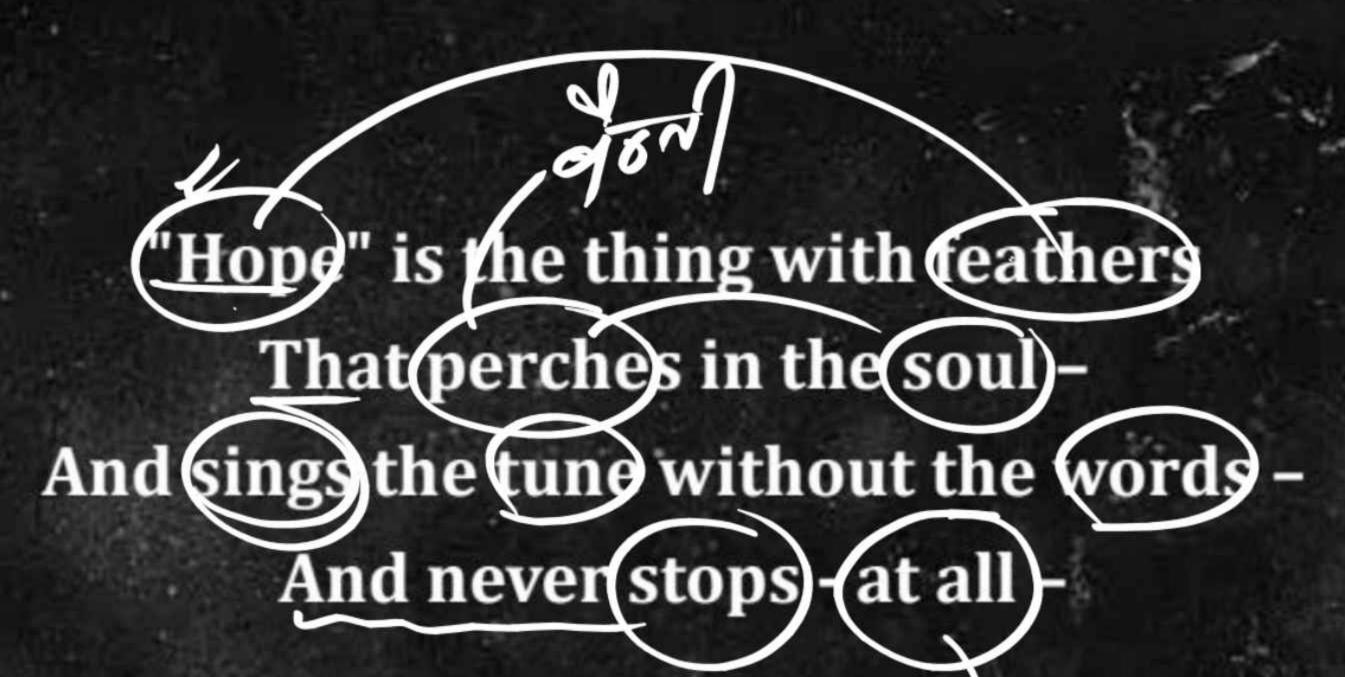




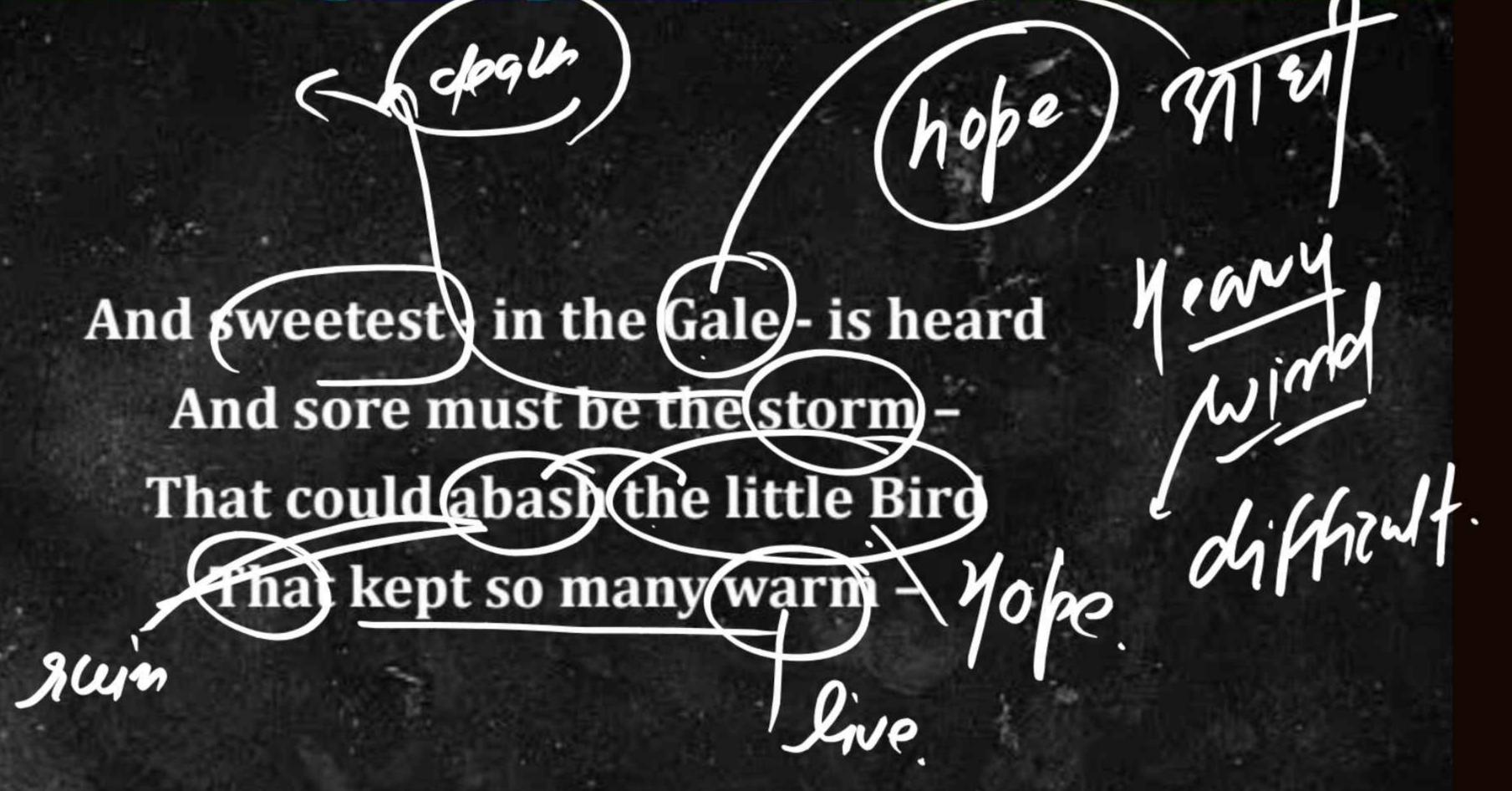














I've heard it in the chillest land.

And on the strangest Sea

Yet- never - in Extremity

It asked a crumb - of me.

Meal.