

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

R.W Emerson



EIVE 17-07-2024 07:00 PM





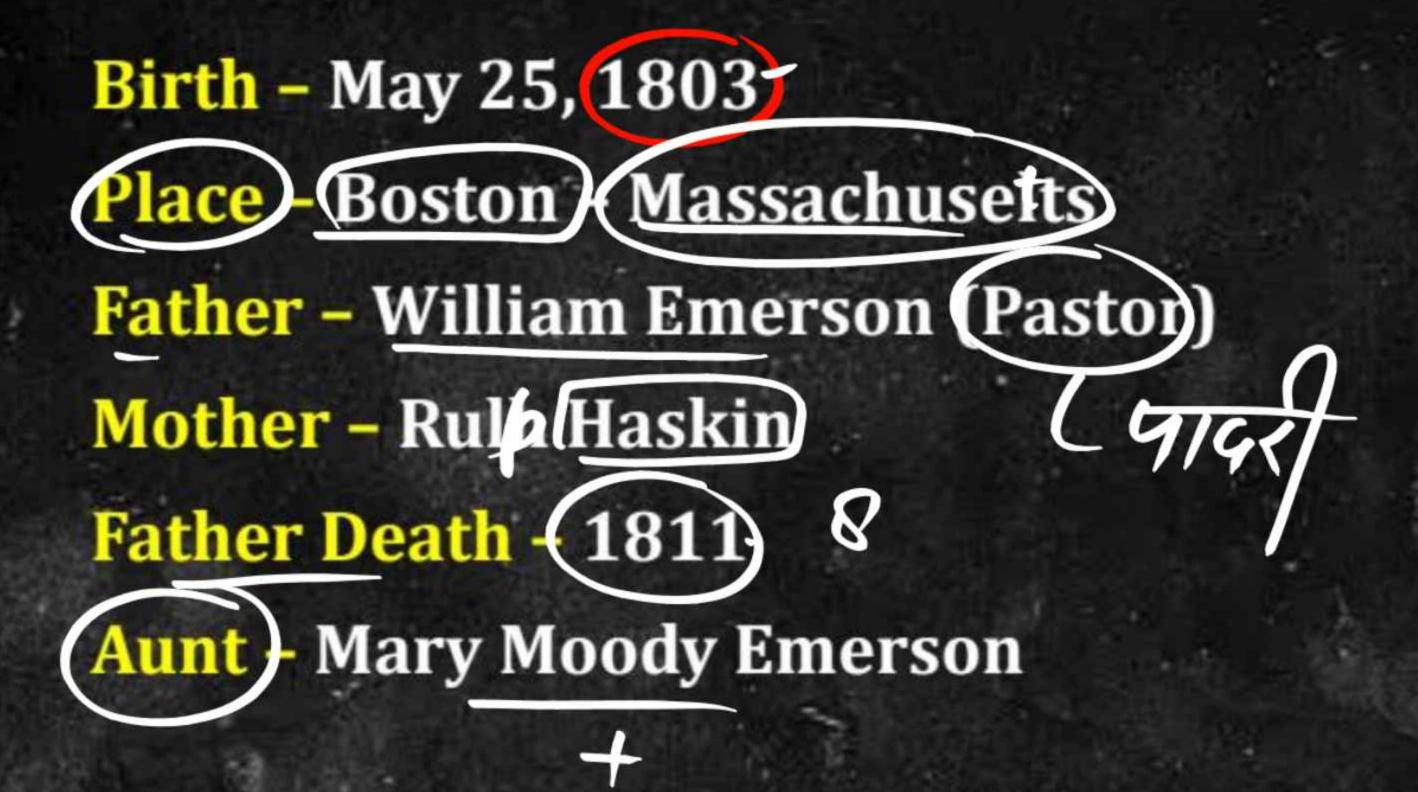


















School - Boston Latin School

College - Harvard college

(1817) - Graduated

Work - As a teacher in a girl's school Boston

1825 - Gave up teaching







1826 - Licensed for the Ministry (पादरी)

1829 - became pastor in Henry were church.

Married Life - Married - (1829- wife died + 1831)

2nd marriage – (1835) – Miss Lydia Jackson

1st Book Published - (Nature) - (1836

Essay First Series - 1841





Essay Second Series - 1844

1st Collection of Poem - 1847

1866 - He was awarded L.L.D)from Harvard College

1822 - April 27, 1822 (concord) (massachusetts) U.S







- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- written in 1856 as 'Song of the Soul'
- published in Atlantic in 1857
- ◆ 16 line poem divided into four quatrains

vishnu Triming





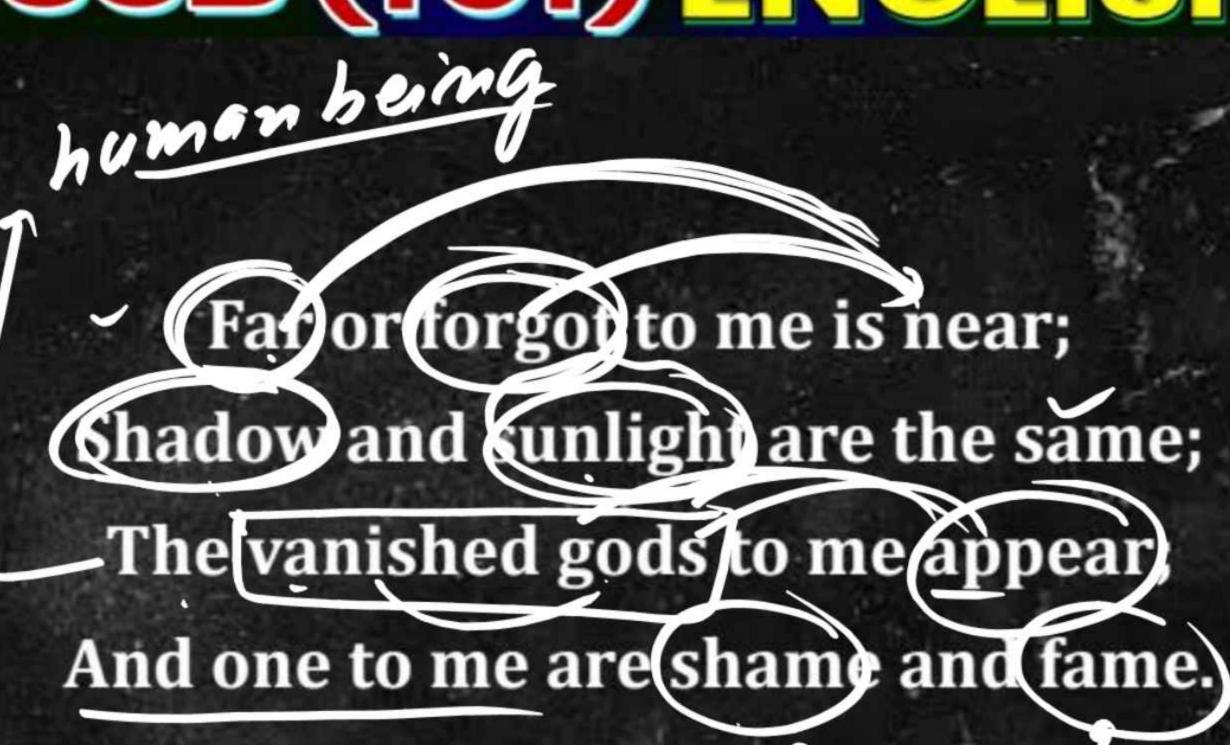
God of death. (Istam 29)

> If the red slayer think he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain They know not well the subtle ways (I keep) and pass, and turn again.

















They reckon ill who leave me out;

When me they fly I am the wings

I am the doubter and the doubt,

I am the hymn the Brahmin sings.







The strong gods pine for my abode And pine in vain the sacred Seven; But thou, meek lover of the good! Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.





Umity Each and All

Little thinks, in the field you red-cloaked clown Of thee from the hill-top looking down; The heifer that lows in the upland farm, Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm; The sexton tolling his bell at hoon, Deems not that great Napoleon



Stops his horse and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round you Alpine height

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.



All are needed by each one, Nothing is fair or good alone. I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough; I brought him home, in his nest, at even; He sings the song, but it pleases not now,







For I did not bring home the river and sky He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye The delicate shells lay on the shore; The bubbles of the latest wave Fresh pearls to their enamel gave; And the bellowing of the savage sea









Greeted their safe escape to me

I wiped away the weeds and foam

I fetched my sea-born treasures home

But the poor unsightly noisome things

Had left their beauty on the shore

With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.



The lover watched his graceful maid As 'mid the virgin train she stayed, Nor knew her beauty's best attire Was woven still by the snow-white choir At last she came to his hermitage, Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;



The gay enchantment was undone A gentle wife, but fairy none. Then I said, "I covet truth; Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat? I leave it behind with the games of youth: '-As I spoke beneath my feet





Tree

The ground-pine curled its prétty wreath,

Running over the club-moss burrs;

I inhaled the violet's breath;

Around me stood the oaks and firs

Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,





