



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

R.W Emerson



LIVE 17-07-2024 07:00 PM



Biography of R.W. Emerson



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Birth – May 25, 1803

Place – Boston Massachusetts

Father – William Emerson (Pastor)

Mother – Ralph Haskin

Father Death – 1811 8

Aunt – Mary Moody Emerson

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पादरी



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1814 – Family moved-concerned (city)

School – Boston Latin School

College – Harvard college

1817 – Graduated

Work – As a teacher in a girl's school, Boston

1825 – Gave up teaching



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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



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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



Brahma

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

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

Brahma
vishnu
mahesh
Shiva
Trinity
Trimurti



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1 stanza

God of death.

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.

diff.



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human being

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.



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People

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.



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The strong gods pine ^{4H} 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.



Unity

Each and All

Little thinks, in the field yon 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 noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon



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Stops his horse and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height,
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.



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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,



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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



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Shells
wave/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.



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lover

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;



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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



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Tree

The ground-pine curled its pretty 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,



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Full of light and of deity.
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole. -

water → Thirst!
↓
Summer
winter

