



# DSSSB TGT & PGT



**Part-B**

**SCHOLAR BATCH**

# ENGLISH

**WILLIAM BLAKE**

**Part -2**



**LIVE**

**01-08-2024 07:00 PM**



## **William Blake**





# **The Divine Image**

**- William Blake**

- **published in his collection Songs of Innocence in 1789**
- **A Divine Image in Songs of Experience**
- **20 lines poem divided into five quatrains**



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



To Mercy Pity, Peace, and Love  
All pray in their distress;  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love  
Is God, our father dear,  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love  
Is Man, his child and care.



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



For Mercy has a human heart,  
Pity a human face,  
And Love, the human form divine,  
And Peace, the human dress.





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



Then every man, of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine,  
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;  
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell  
There God is dwelling too.





## **London**

**- William Blake**

- **published in his collection Songs of Experience in 1794**
- **16 lines poem divided into four quatrains**
- **Rhyming Scheme for each quatrain ABAB -**
- **Themes Lack of Freedom; Oppression of Urban Life**





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



*wonder-  
→ Roaming*

" I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe."

*→ hardship*





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice in every ban,  
The (mind-forg'd manacles) I hear

मन की जंजीर



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear death  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse  
waste Love Hate  
↓ शत्रु/शत्रु



स्वतंत्रता  
freedom  
→ cage ✓

## The School Boy





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



winter

30-35  
Age → ⑥

child

I love to rise in a summer morn,  
When the birds sing on every tree;  
The distant huntsman winds his horn,  
And the skylark sings with me,  
O! what sweet company.



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



But to go to school in a summer morn,

O! it drives all joy away,

Under a cruel eye outworn.

The little ones spend the day,

In sighing and dismay.

Teacher

'gloom





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Ah! then at times I drooping sit,  
And spend many an anxious hour.  
Nor in my book can I take delight,  
Nor sit in learning's bower,  
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

dull







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



श्रुति

child

How can the bird that is born for joy,

Sit in a cage and sing.

How can a child when fears annoy

But droop his tender wing,

And forget his youthful spring.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



O! Father and Mother, if buds are nip'd,

And blossoms blown away,

And if the tender plants are strip'd

Of their joy in the springing day,

By sorrow and cares dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,

Or the summer fruits appear?

Child  
↑  
scape





## **A Poison Tree**

**- William Blake**

- **published in his collection Songs of Experience in 1794**
- **16 lines poem divided into four quatrains**
- **Rhyming Scheme for each quatrain AABB -**
- **Theme Anger and Emotions**





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



ज्ञान की  
Anger = Emotions

I was angry with my friend;

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

foe

I was angry with my foe:

I told it not, my wrath did grow.



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



plant

And I waterd it in fears.

Night & morning with my tears:

And I sunned it with smiles

And with soft deceitful wiles.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ And it grew both day and night.  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



→ foe.

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veild the pole;  
In the morning glad I see;  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

cover