





# DSSSB TGT & PGT



**Part-B**

**SCHOLAR BATCH**

# ENGLISH

**WILLIAM BLAKE**

**Part -3**



**LIVE**

**02-08-2024 07:00 PM**



## **William Blake**





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



# The Human Abstract

- William Blake



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



~~Pity~~ would be no more,

If we did not make somebody Poor:

And ~~Mercy~~ no more could be,

If all were as happy as we;



happy





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And mutual fear brings peace;

Till the selfish loves increase.

Then Cruelty knits a snare,

And spreads his baits with care.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears.  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

विनयनी





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Red

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat:  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

Bird

Evil  
Bad-omen





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



seek  
search

god  
love

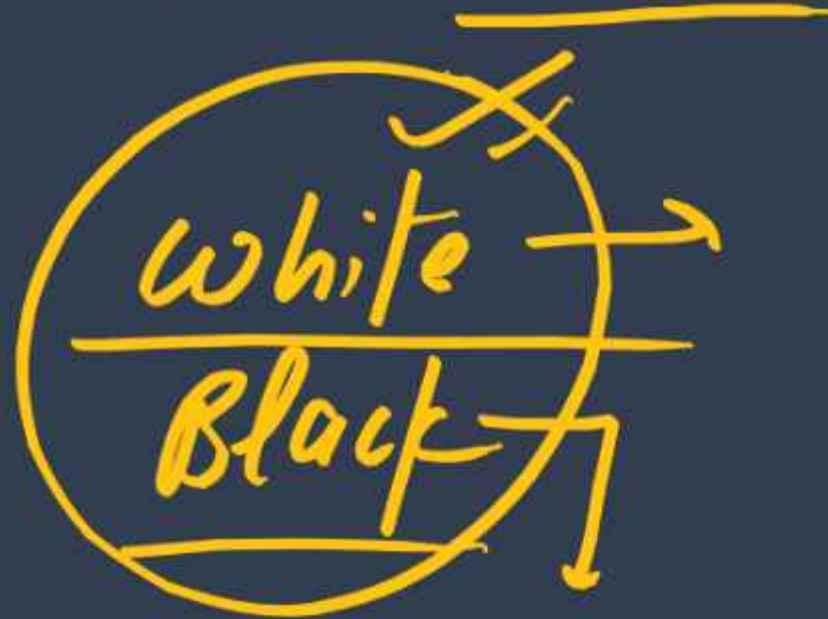
The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain





## The Little Black Boy

- William Blake







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Racial  
Equality

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;  
White as an angel is the English child:  
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

→ mother

lack of light.

forat





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Black child

Q Q Q

My mother taught me underneath a tree

And sitting down before the heat of day,

She took me on her lap and kissed me,

And pointing to the east began to say.

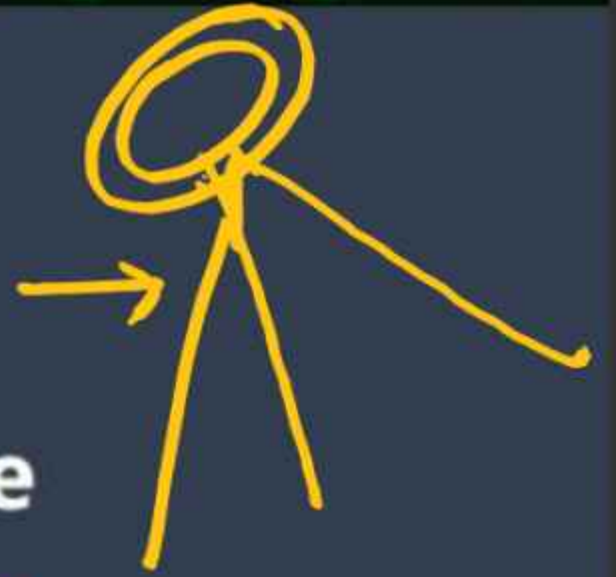




# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Look on the rising sun, there God does live  
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning joy in the noonday.







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And we are put on earth a little space  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,  
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear  
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.  
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

God

souls





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Black cloud → white cloud →

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,

And thus I say to little English boy.

When I from black and he from white cloud free,

And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,  
To lean in joy upon our father's knee.  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him and he will then love me.







# Holy Thursday

- by William Blake







# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



→ Love the children  
can them.



cathedral  
big church

It was on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean

The children walking two & two in red & blue & green

Grey-headed beadle walked before with wands as white as snow

Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow

church (cathedral)  
officer

stick

city





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ O what a <sup>crowd</sup> multitude they seemd these  
flowers of London town

Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own

The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs

Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Now like a mighty wind they raise to  
heaven the voice of song

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among

Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.





*life- death*

*The Fly*

## The Fly

- By William Blake



# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Little Fly

Thy summers play,

My thoughtless hand

Has brush'd away.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



fly - human  
human - fly

Am not I

A fly like thee?

Or art not thou

A man like me?





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



H. - F  
F - H

→ fly  
↓  
H.B  
↘

For I dance  
And drink & sing:  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

death.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ If thought is life  
And strength & breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death;





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

