



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

WILLIAM BLAKE

Part -4



LIVE

05-08-2024 07:00 PM



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



William Blake



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The Sick Rose

- William Blake



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Rose - 12th
worm - experience

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:

And his dark secret love

Does thy life destroy.

flower
worm



Nurse's Song

- William Blake

Children

Happy →



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



When voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.'



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



derive

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,

And we cannot go to sleep;

Besides in the sky the little birds fly,

And the hills are all covered with sheep.'



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Nurse

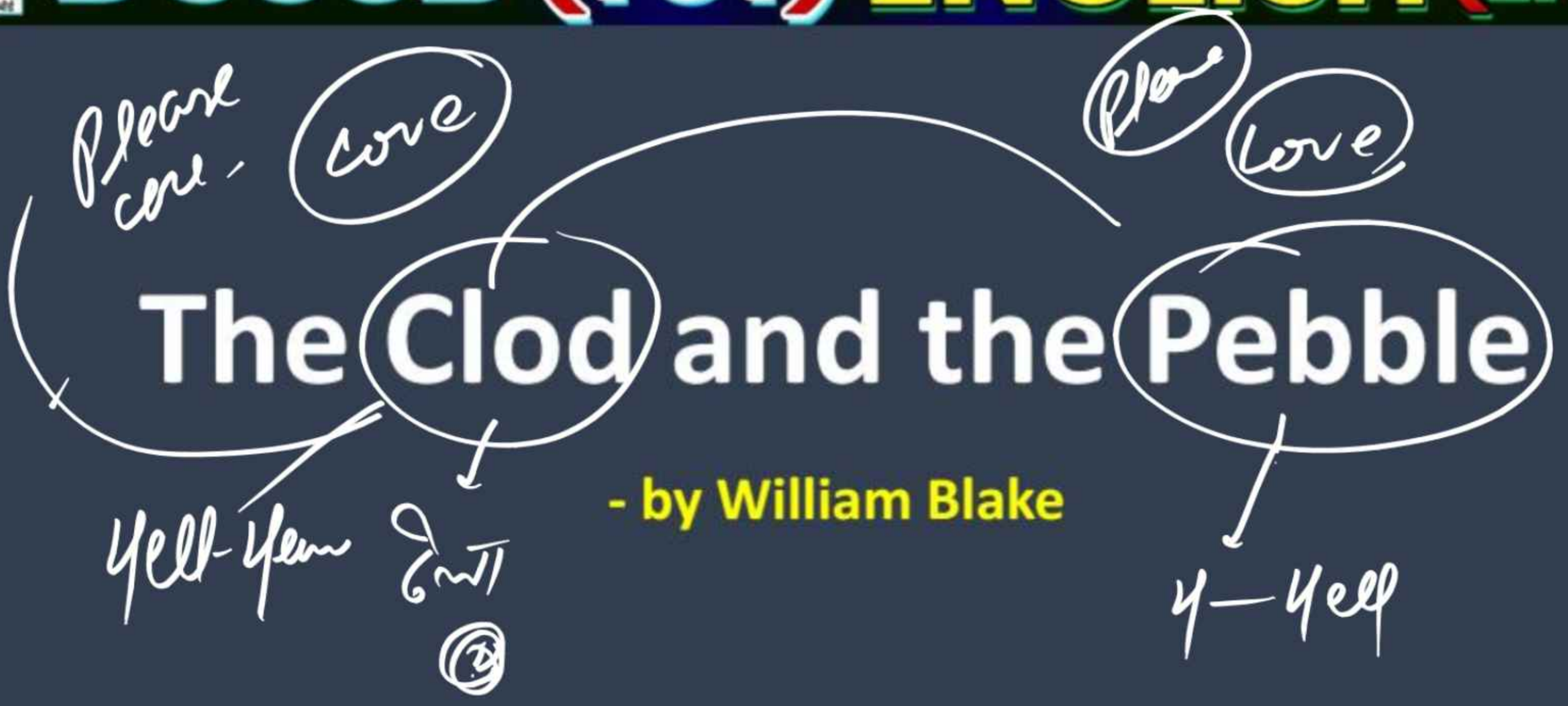
✓ 'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'

The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ "Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

१/१/

Love
Heaven
Hell



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle's feet
But a Pebble of the brook *Kills*
Warbled out these metres meet:

destroy (arrow from Clod to Trodden)
small stone (arrow from Pebble to Warbled)
stream (arrow from brook to Kills)
that song-sung (arrow from Warbled to the wavy line)
song (arrow from metres to the wavy line)

Wavy line representing a song or melody.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



clod →

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

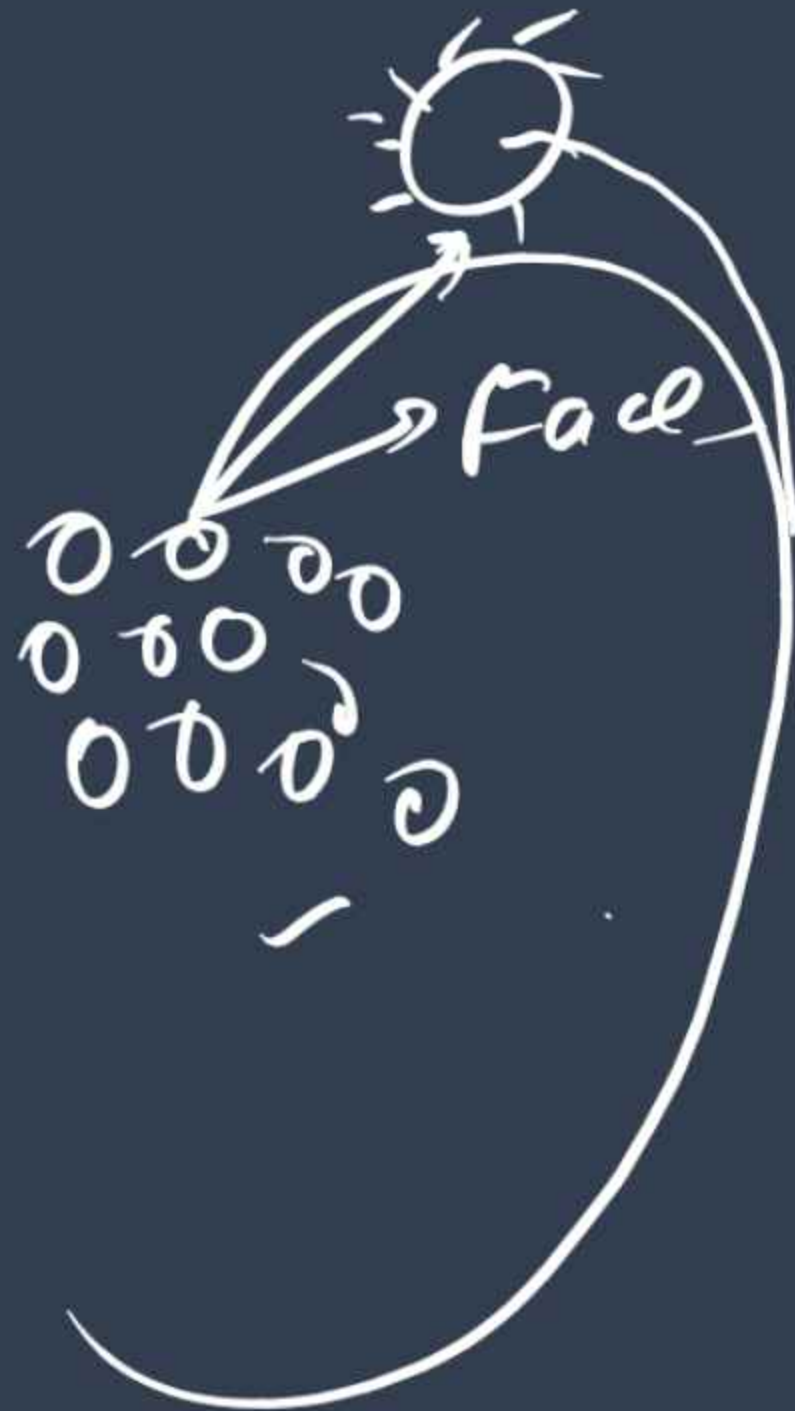


Ah! Sun-flower

- by William Blake



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



destination

Tired

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun:
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the travellers journey is done.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Soul

Where the Youth pined away with desire
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:
Arise from their graves and aspire, *desire*
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.
count
step



Cycle of life

death

The Echoing Green

- by William Blake

Children Happiness

Reflexion of Happiness



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies.

The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ The sky-lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around,
To the bells' cheerful sound.
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



• children



Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Such such were the joys.
When we all --girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen,
On the Echoing Green.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



lap

Round the laps of their mothers,

Many sisters and brothers,

Like birds in their nest,

Are ready for rest:

And sport no more seen,

On the darkening Green



Love theme

✓ The Garden of Love

- by William Blake

Garden

↓ Religious



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Do not
of them

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,

And Thou shalt not writ over the door;

So I turn'd to the Garden of Love,

That so many sweet flowers bore



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.

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