



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

BRITISH LITERATURE 18TH CENTURY

S.T COLERIDGE

Part -3



LIVE

14-08-2024 07:00 PM



Frost at Midnight

- by Samuel Taylor Coleridge



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest

work

Sleeping



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



difficult
Thoughts.

Have left me to that solitude which suits
Abstruse musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

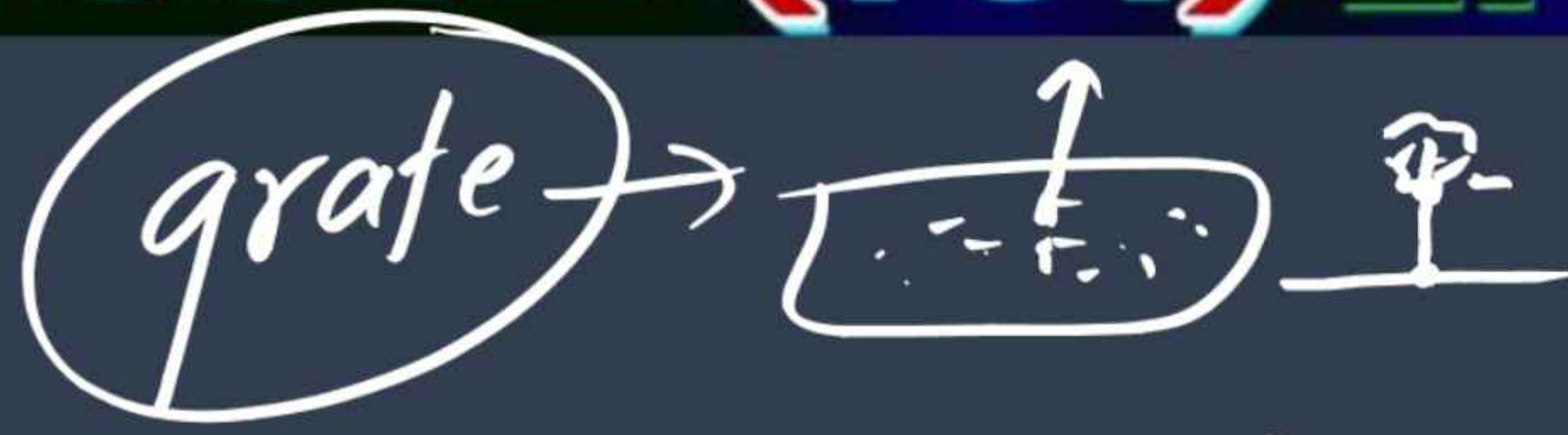


Meditation

And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village, Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Quiet Soot

Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.

Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature

Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,

Making it a companionable form,

Soot → सूर्य-
Soot



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



pale
wan
weak

flates

lary

Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets every where

Echo or mirror seeking of itself,

And makes a toy of Thought.

→ Toy-thought.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



school

But O! how oft,

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,

Presageful have I gazed upon the bars,

To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft

→ पाँदा से नर
Toy



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



*school
dream*

With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day.





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



excited

So sweetly that they stirred and haunted me

clear With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear

Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



मोरी-

Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn,

Awed by the stern(preceptor's face) mine eye

Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



31/11



✓ Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!





Dear Babe that sleepst cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!

+++++
Track

Empty



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee.
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared

na pure



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze

Roaming

हवा



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crag
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit and by giving make it ask.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



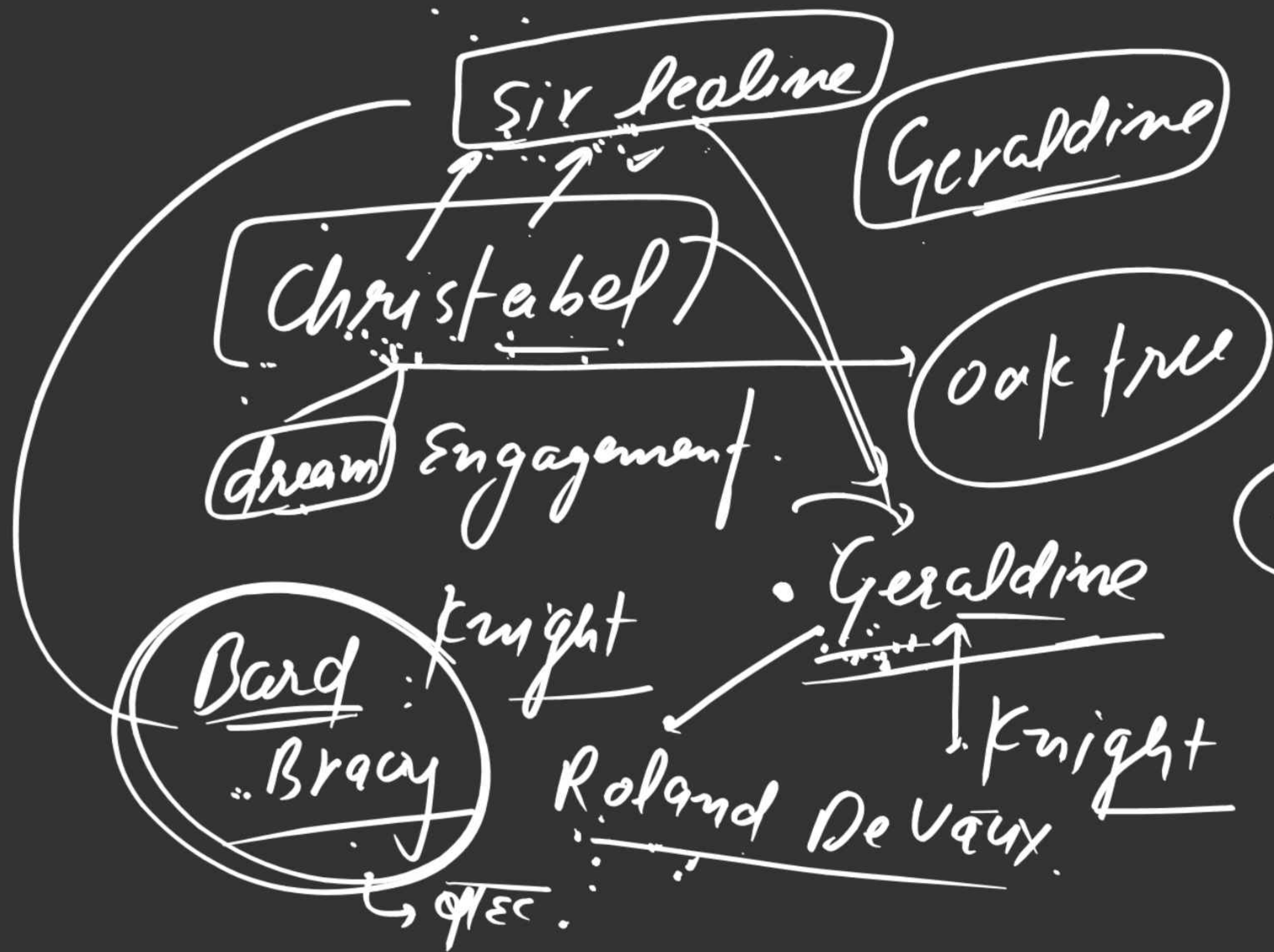
(गीतग = श्रुत)

Of mossy apple-tree, while the night-thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

thatch
hut



hail
snow
ice balls



Grammar - (1st)^{2nd}
weeping sound

