

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

BRITISH 19TH CENTURY PART-03



23-08-2024 07:00 PM



To a Skylark

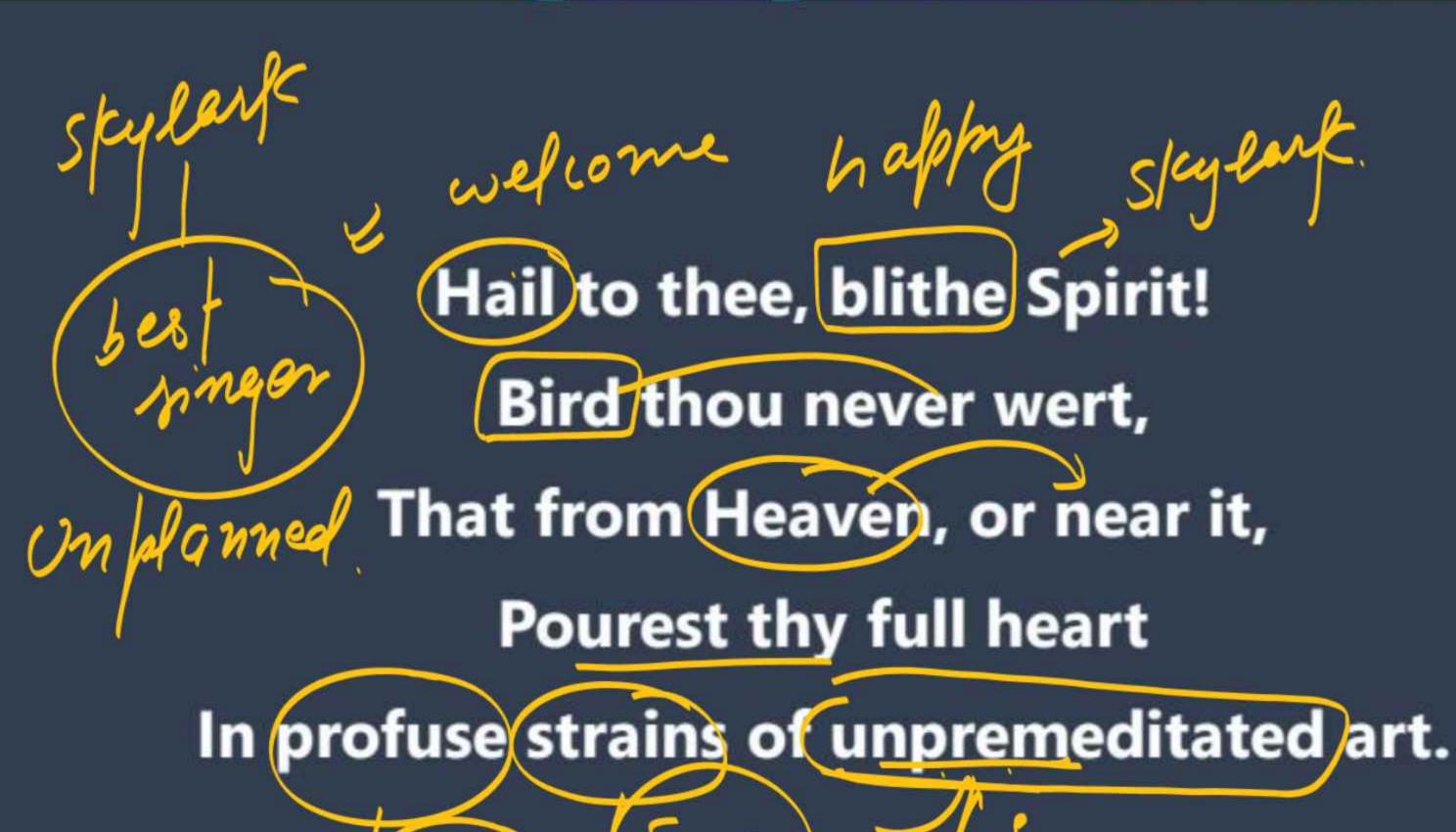
P.B.Shelley





SSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)







DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Smo (ca)

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

high fely







In the golden lightning

Shirify Of the sunken sun

Ser which clouds are bridged float

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,

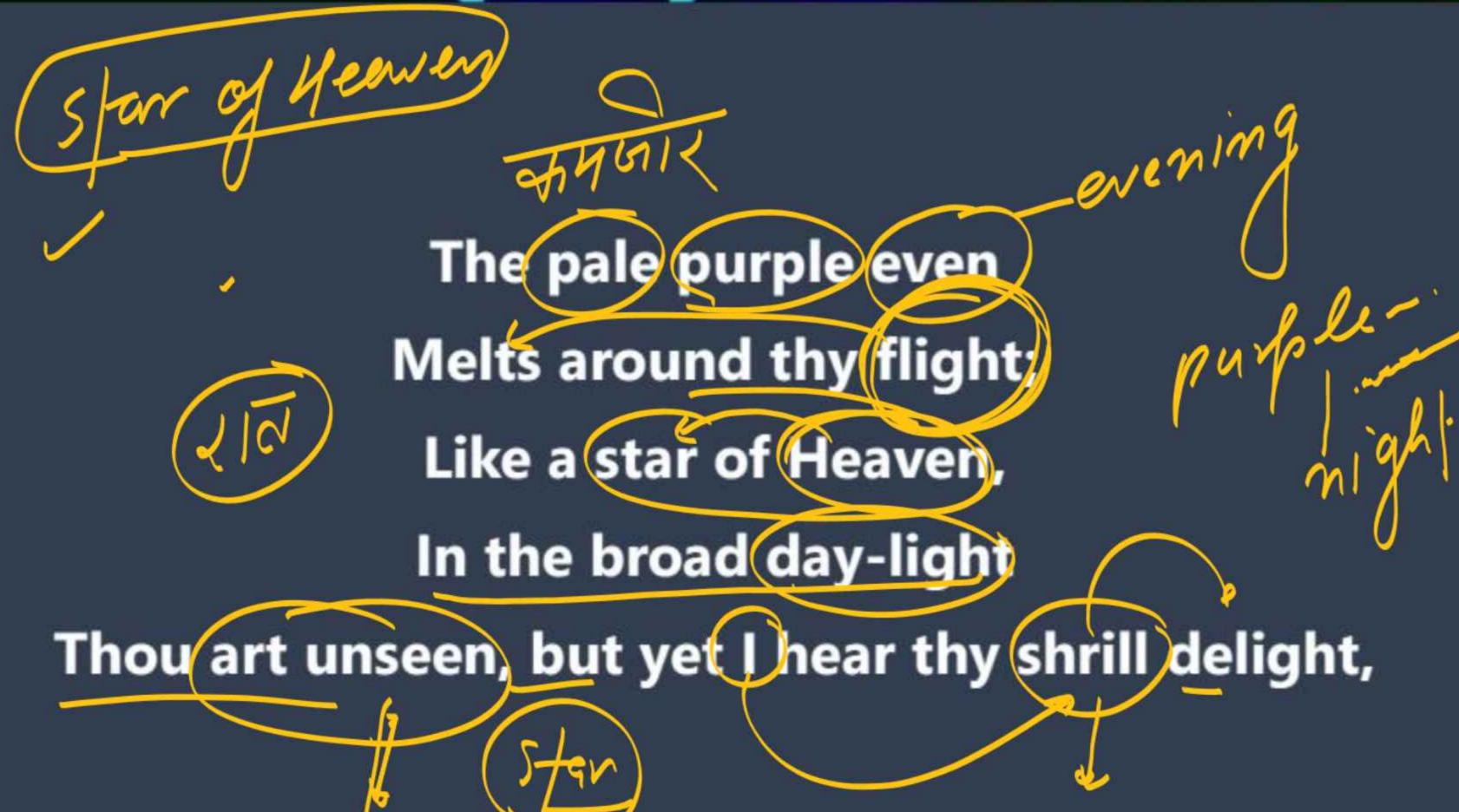
Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

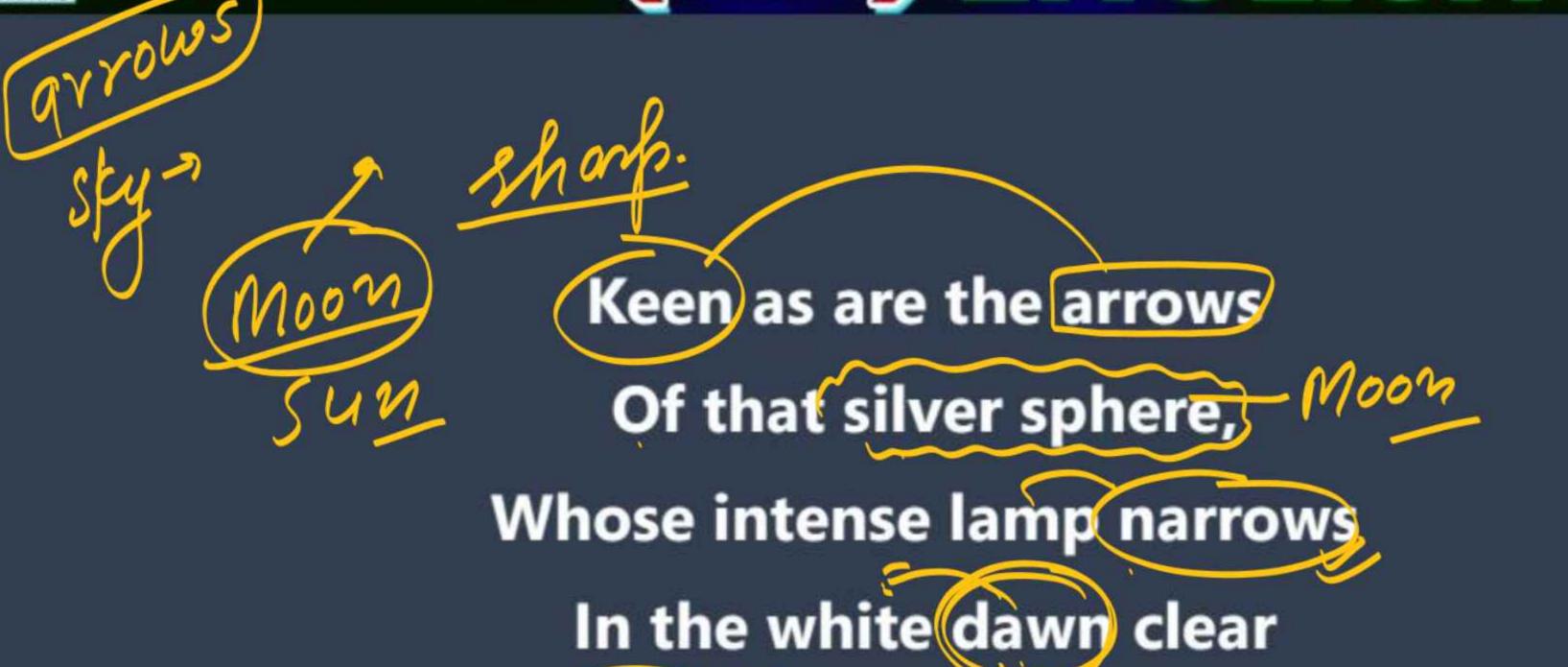


DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)









Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.









All the earth and air

With thy voice is loud,

_As, when night is bare,

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams

and Heaven is overflow'd.







Rainbow Shower of bound

What thou art we know not:

What is most like thee?

From rainbow clouds there flow not

Drops so bright to see

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.



(TENGLISH (Lit.)



Like a Poet hidden

In the light of thought

Singing hymns unbidden, 2144 15

Till the world is wrought 97/1/(create)

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:





Painces Like a high-born maiden In a palace-tower, Soothing her love-laden Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower?



Like a glow-worm golden In a dell of dew, Scattering unbeholden Its a{:e}real hue Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:







Like a rose embower'd

In its own green leaves

By warm winds deflower'd,

Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet

those heavy-winged thieves:



Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.



Teach us, Sprite or Bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.



SB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Chorus Hymeneal,

Or triumphal chant,

Match'd with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.







What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain?

What fields or waves or mountains?

What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?



With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be:

Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee:

Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.











Waking or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?







We look before and after,

And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.







Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride and fear;

If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.





Better than all measures

Of delightful sound

Better than all treasures

That in books are found,

Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



प्यारी (श)

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,

Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow

The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Bord Stips Half Soll