



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

BRITISH 19TH CENTURY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PART-03

LIVE

23-08-2024 07:00 PM





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



To a Skylark

P.B.Shelley



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



To a
skylark
poem. P.B.

praise
(21) → stanza

comparison





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



skylark
= welcome happy skylark.
best singer
unplanned.
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
very songs singer.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



smoke
a cloud of fire

smoke

**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 fly



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Unbodied

Bird X
soul ✓
spirit ✓

~यथा

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,

Thou dost float and run;

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

spirit

यथा



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Star of Heaven

कमलार

evening

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad day-light

purple-
night

२।८

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Star



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



arrows
sky →

Moon
Sun

sharp.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere, Moon
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

↑



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Song

Moon

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 pain

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.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Poet

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

अनपेक्षित गीत

बनाना (create)



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Princes royal

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:

1921



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Like a glow-worm golden

In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden

Its a real hue

Among the flowers and grass,

which screen it from the view:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Rose

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.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



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.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Chorus Hymeneal,

Or triumphal chant,

Match'd with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt, → *अतिरकीफ* fake

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.



thing
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
शुका १७ ← Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.



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death

मृत्ति

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?



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



past

We look before and after,

future

And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

full

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.



feel

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.

Exp.



Poet

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!



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



secret
source

चारी

(21)

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.

Bird lips
Half →
मुँह