

•

•



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH



JOHN KEATS

PART-02

LIVE

04-09-2024 07:00 PM



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Ode to a Nightingale

by John Keats

(Part-1)



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



- ❖ **Birth** - 31 October 1795
- ❖ **Death** - 23 February 1821
- ❖ **An English Romantic poet.**
- ❖ **Died at a very young age due to tuberculosis**
- ❖ **Famous Works** - Ode to a Nightingale, Sleep and Poetry, On First Looking into Chapman's Homer



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,-
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



'O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been

Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth

fasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!



Poet





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

*spring
waiting.*



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
★ Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

god of wine → **Bacchus**
intoxication → **Bacchus**
Poesy → **Poesy**
confused → **dull brain**
speed → **retards**



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Already with thee! tender is the night
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

शैली.
शायर

fairy.

stars.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



second part light

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

देख नहीं

soft flowers
scent

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet

covered

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

provide

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

month
spring



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

spring-May.



और

शराब



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ *serious*
✓ Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;

easy sign
poetry
easeful Death



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Now more than ever seems ^{Time} it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While ^{you} thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain- ^{waste}
To thy high requiem become a sod. ^{Homeland}

^{sad song (मरने) शोकगीत}



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

गिरफ्तार
Song

or
crown.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

निराशा
→ Disappointing
ment



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Imagination

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Imagination.
असंगत-



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



SS

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive ^{Song.} anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: Do I wake or sleep?

J.K

Last