

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

JOHN KEATS

PART-03











Season of mists and mellow f<u>ruitfuln</u>ess,

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun

1A-3 Sum

Egylc dim

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;



DSSB (TGT) ENGLISH





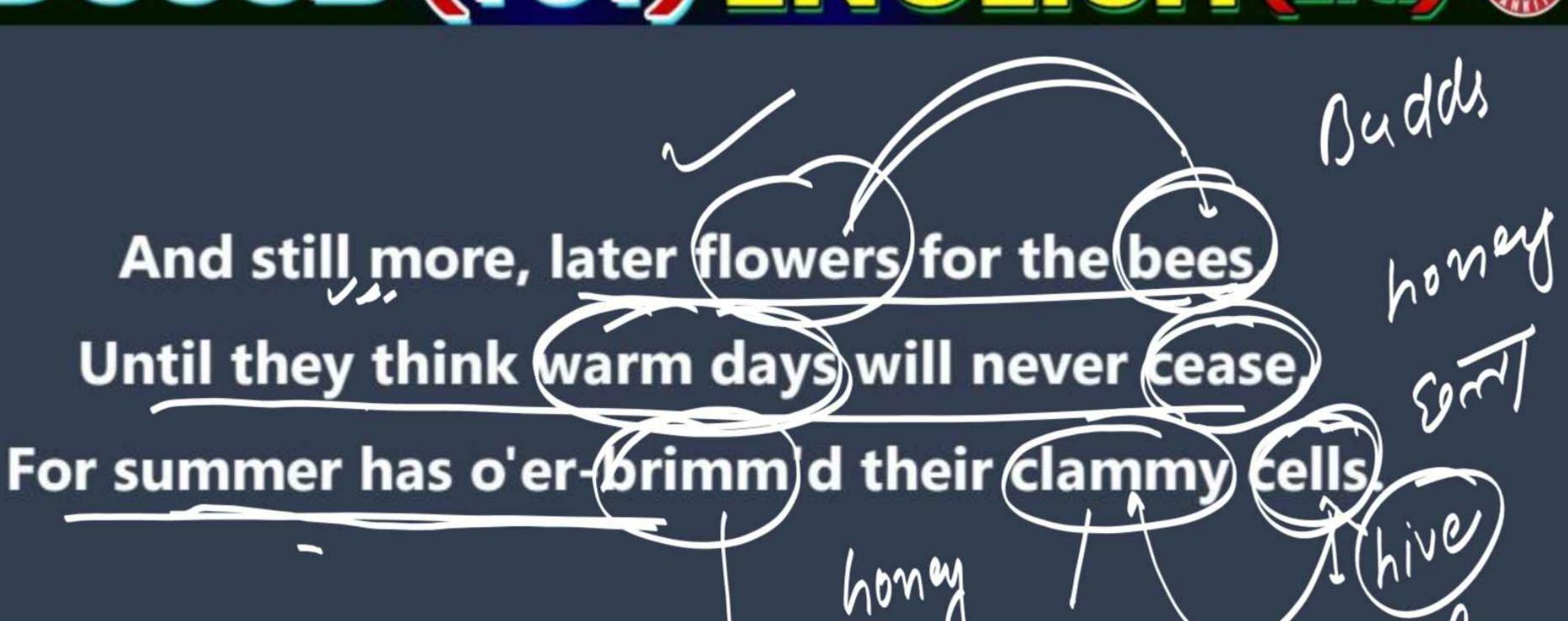
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells nu

With a sweet kernel to set budding more,



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





SE (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.)







Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find Thee sitting careless on a granary floor

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;



Dromer

DSSSB (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.)



all

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep

Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

500000 TS +10







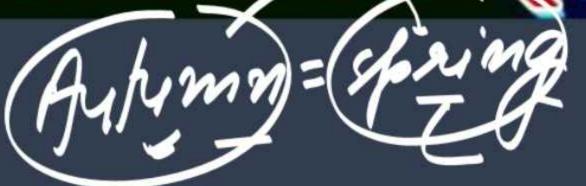
Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cyder press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.



DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

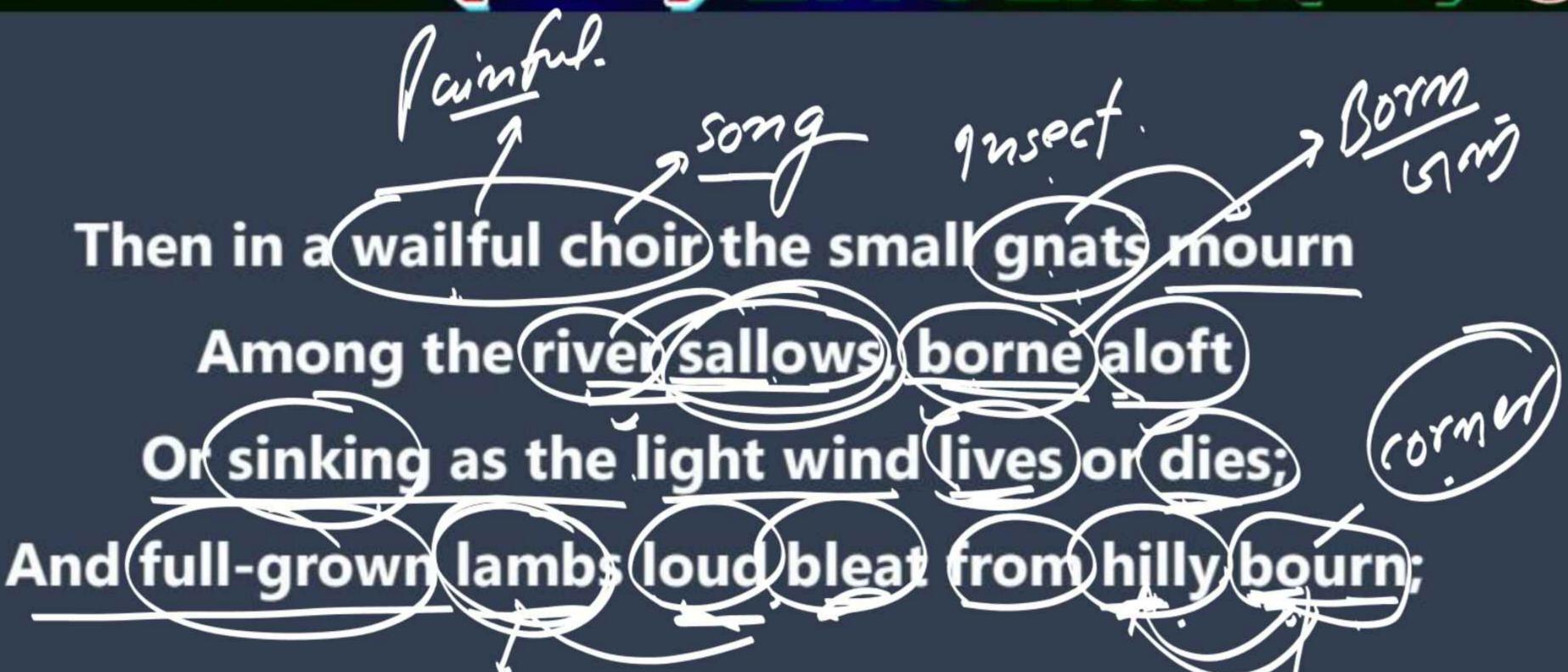
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;

Elst- plains



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)











Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;)

And gathering swallows twitten in the skies.



A Thing of Beauty

- By John Keats



SSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:

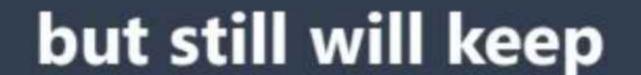
Its (oveliness)increases; it will never

Pass into nothingness;

ED CM 18



SENGIISH



A(bower) quiet for us, and a(sleep)

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing Mala

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,



SSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)













(TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Wonld=4311941

जार्ज द्वा (जिस्सी)

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days

Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkn'd ways

Made for our searching:

Crifways



DSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)









SSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall

From our dark spirits





Such the sun, the moon,

flowers yellow. Trees old and young sprouting a shady boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils

With the green world they live in; and clear rills



DSSB (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.)











That for themselves a cooling covert make 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake, Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms: