



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

JOHN KEATS

PART-04



LIVE

09-09-2024 07:00 PM



A Thing of Beauty

- By John Keats



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness;

Handwritten notes:
- A vertical line above "A thing of beauty"
- "Happiness always" with an arrow pointing to "joy"
- "waste" written below "nothingness"
- "ode" circled in the top right corner



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Positive.

but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,



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DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





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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:



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yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

फर्क

cover





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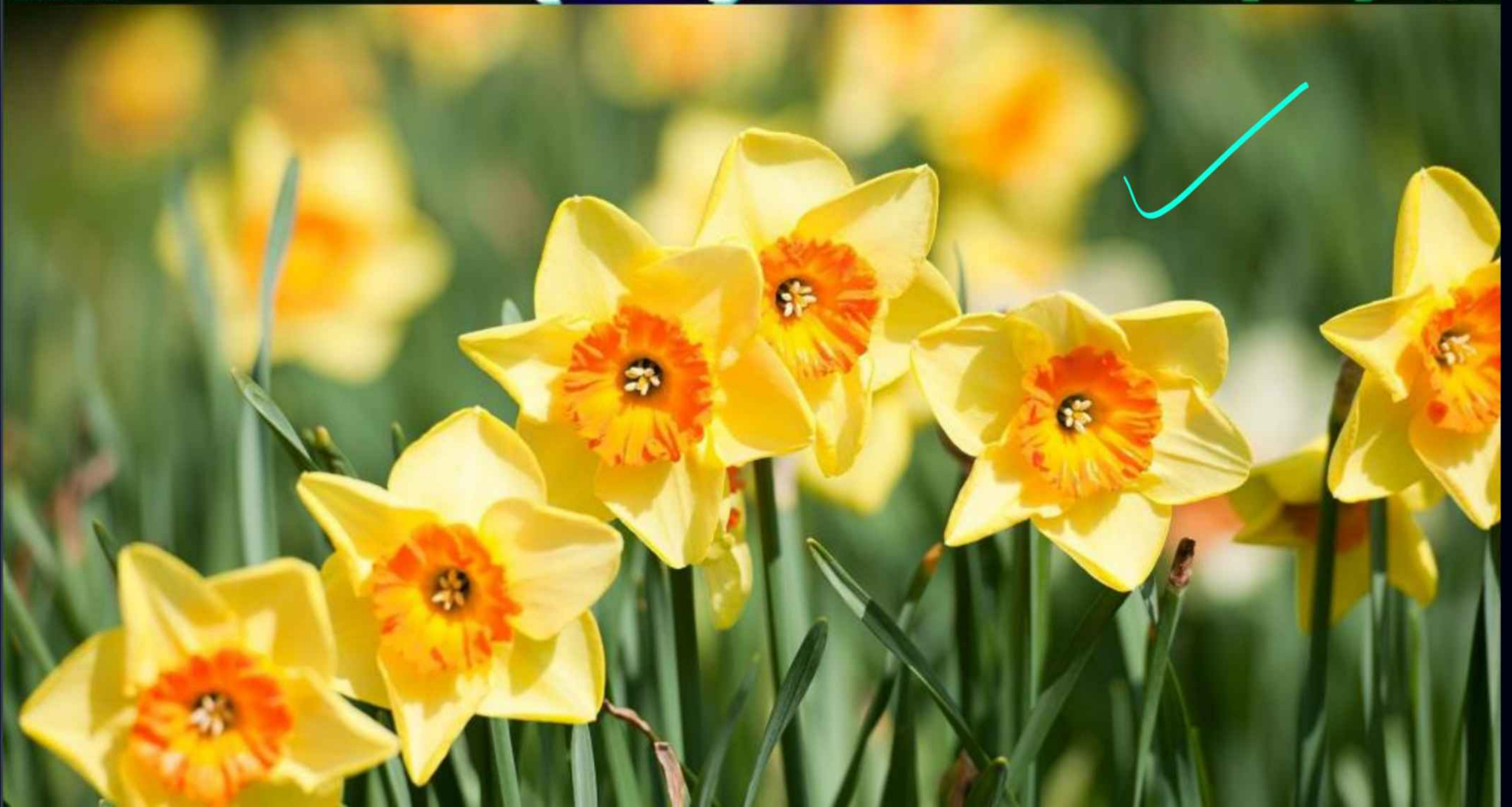


Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills

Kills



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fills

cooling

space between trees

That for themselves a cooling covert make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake;

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:

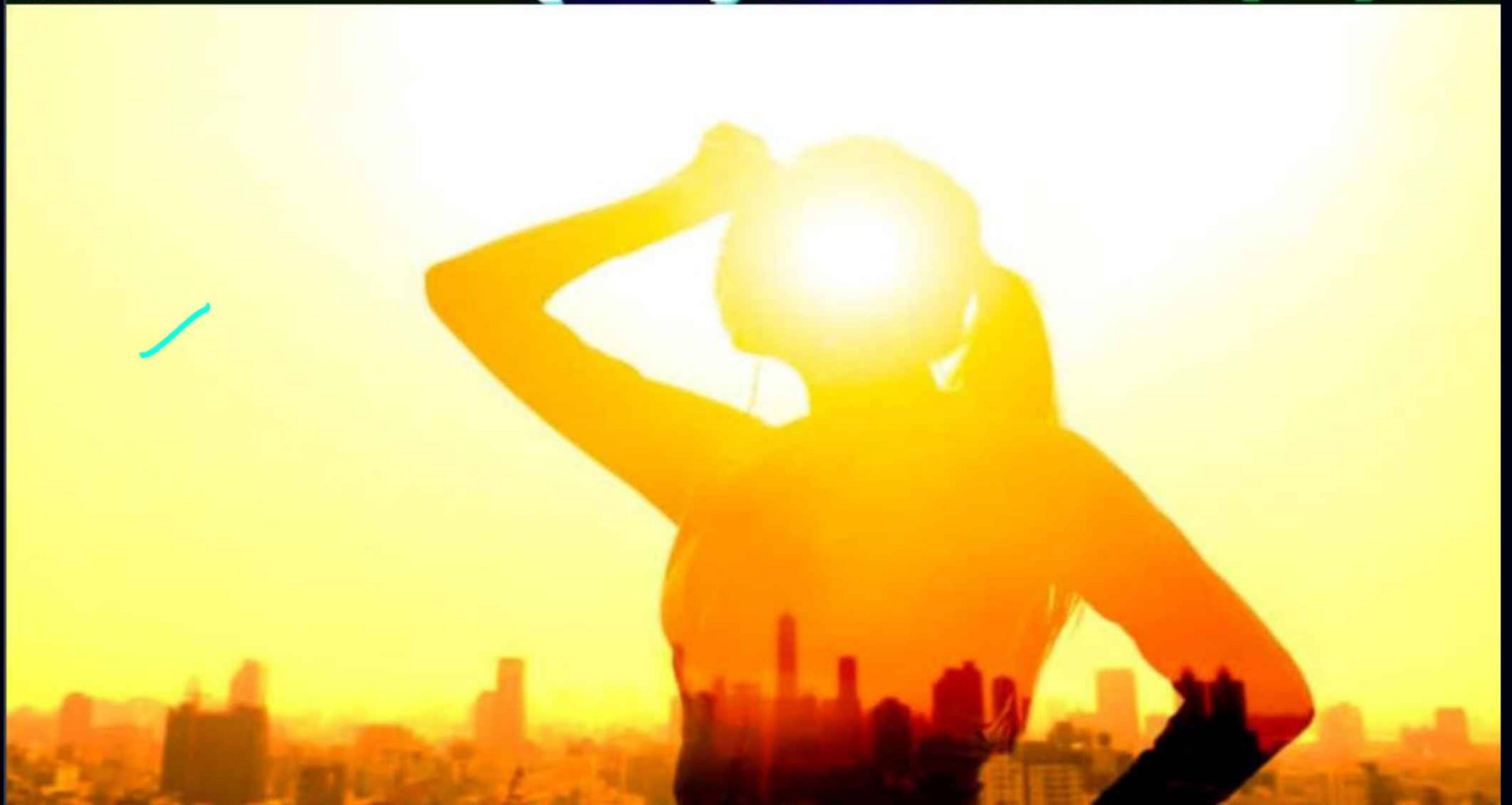
full of

1854/9 shower

girdling



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Rich
full

fragrance

Musk/Rose

sprinkling

brake





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mighty
शक्ति

A thing of Beauty
शक्ति

destruction
हानि

overlapping

books
corner

spring

pure water

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or read,

An endless fountain of immortal drink,

Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink

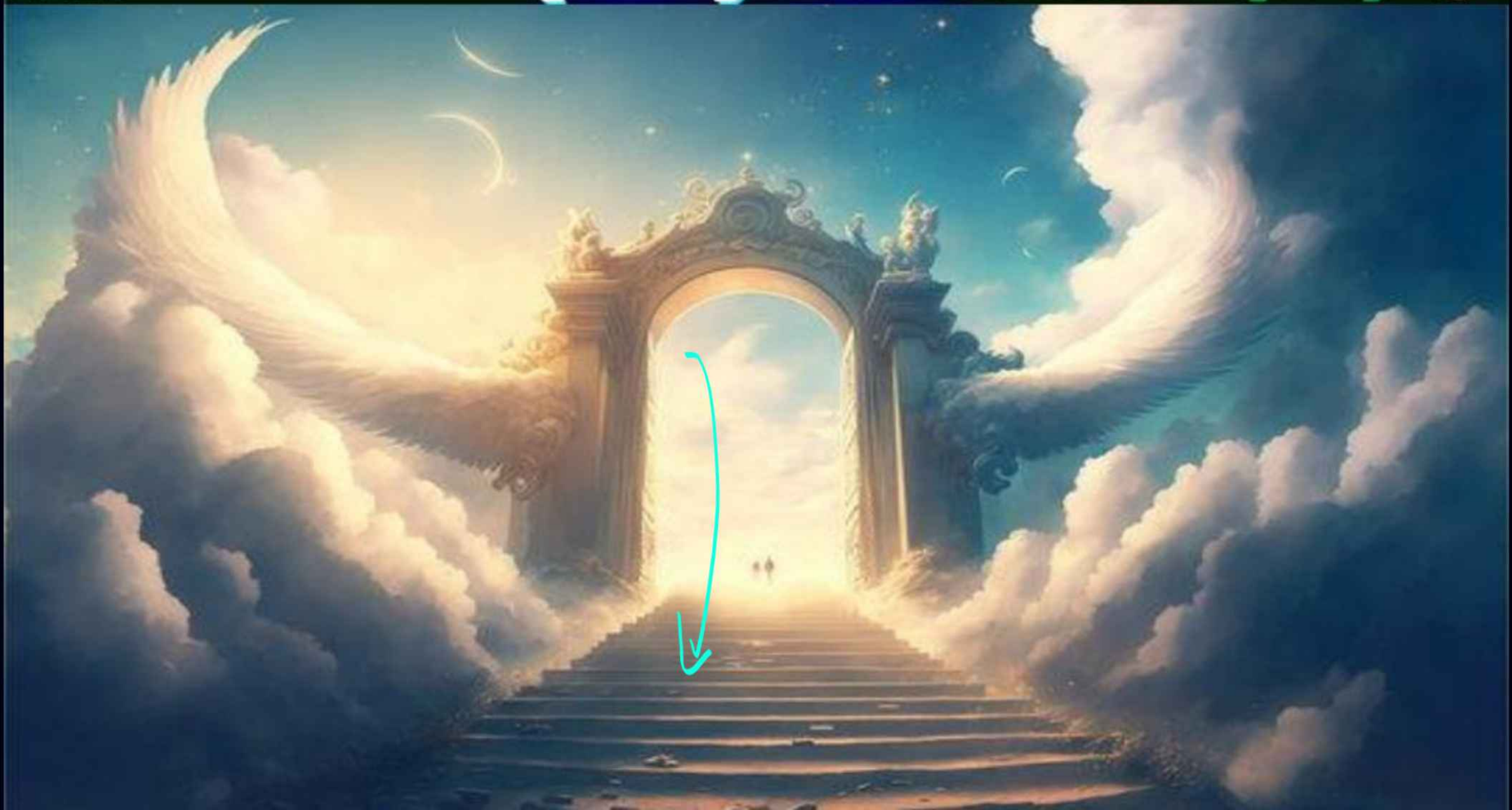


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truth
beauty

History

non living

वर्तन

Ode on a Grecian Urn

by John Keats

mortality
immortality

chape-



सुखादि



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Urm

Adopted.

झाँझ

युध

Urm

शान्ति

= Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.



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Urrn

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

Valley



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What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

woman.

desire
madness

exciting incident.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



urm

1 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

pipe

Silence → music

Quietness



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

→ *जिस्ट
without
leaves.*





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Ye
Ye/shu

Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Sadness



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Ta-fa-Bye

✓ Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;



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✓ More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Orn
Earth → mortal.
Immortal

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

उत्सर्ग
सूखी गला.



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Urmi

युज/Emor

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?



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What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

दार्शनिक

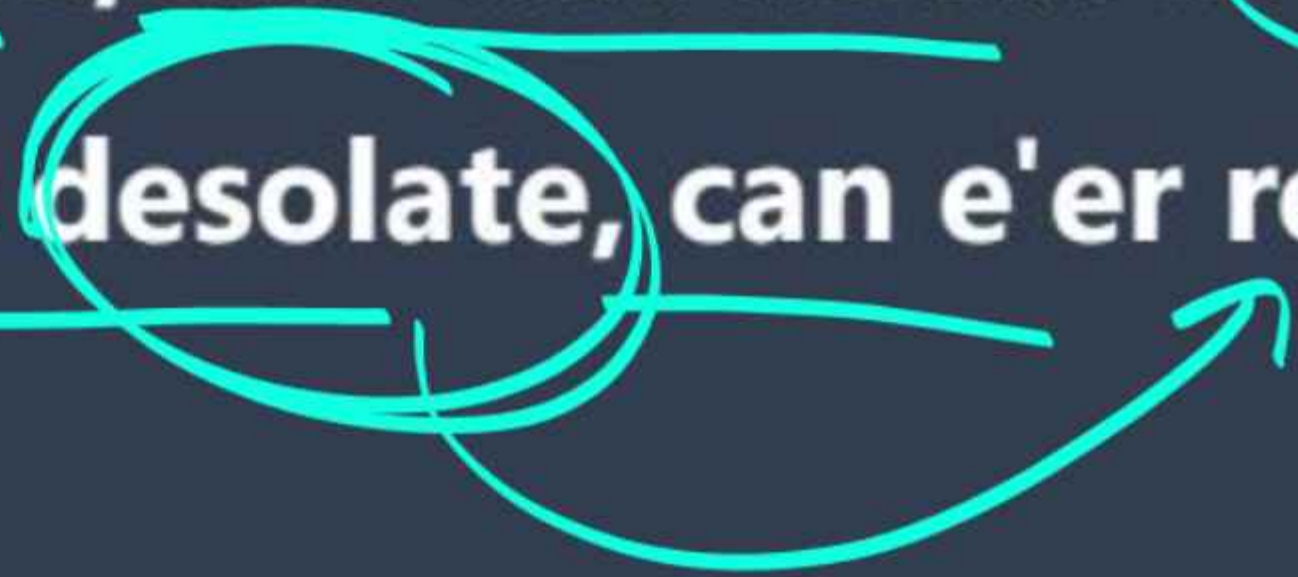
Pure.



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✓ And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.





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✓ ^{खंड} O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with ^{wide} brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought



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✓ As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

इतनी

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe



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accept → ✨

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, —that is all
Ye know' on earth, and all ye need to know."





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THANK
YOU