

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

JOHN KEATS

PART-05



10-09-2024 07:00 PM







John Keats

By John Keats



aibra?



Whom I have feared -

When I have fears that I may cease to be

Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain

Before high-pilèd books, in charactery

Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;

farmors



DSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

- When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
- Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And think that I may never live to trace

Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;



DSSE (TOT)







And when I feel fair creature of an hour,

That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the faery power

Yappines



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH





Of the wide world I stand alone and think

Till love and fame to nothingness do sink









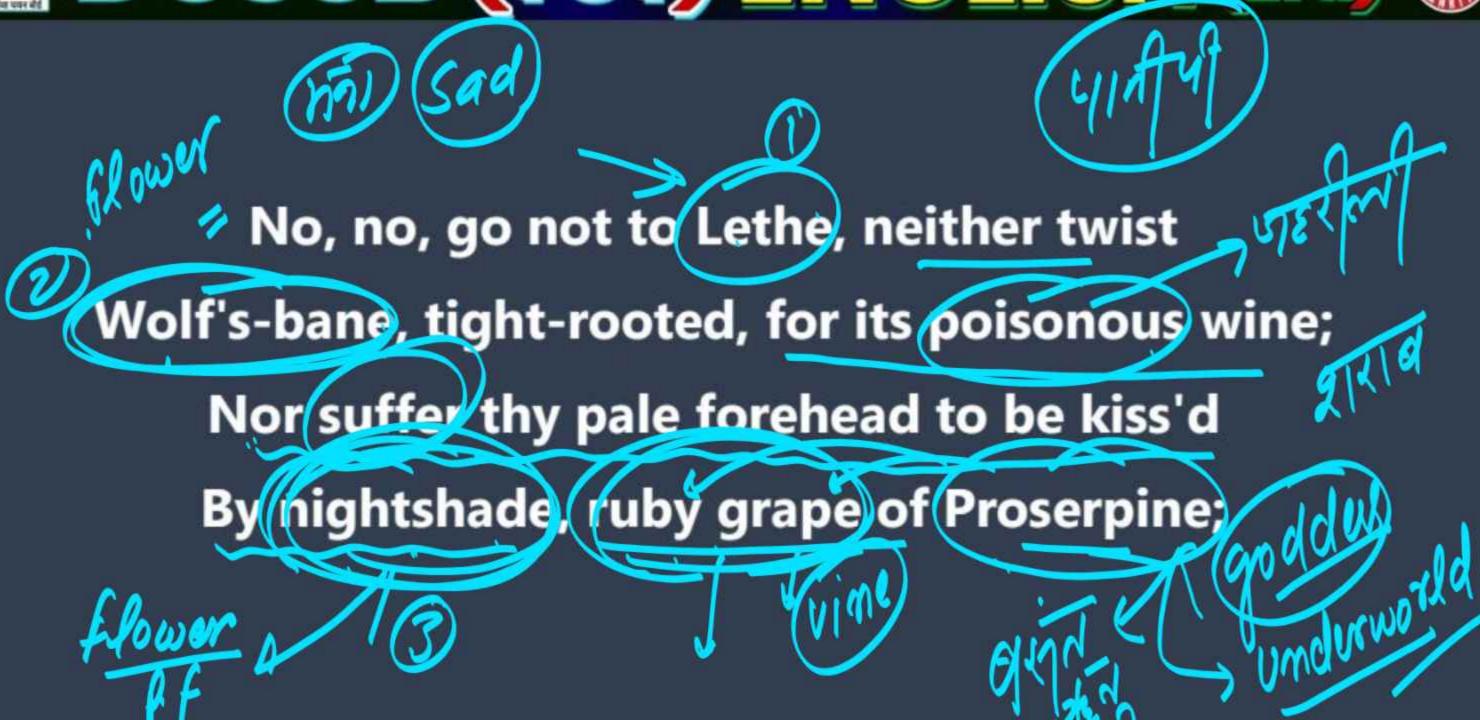
Ode on Melancholy

(atminstant) by John Keats
what todo

77/12/19 conclude)









DSSE (Tet)







Make not your rosary of yew-berries

Nor let the beetle nor the death-moth be

Your mournful Psyche, nor the dowry owl

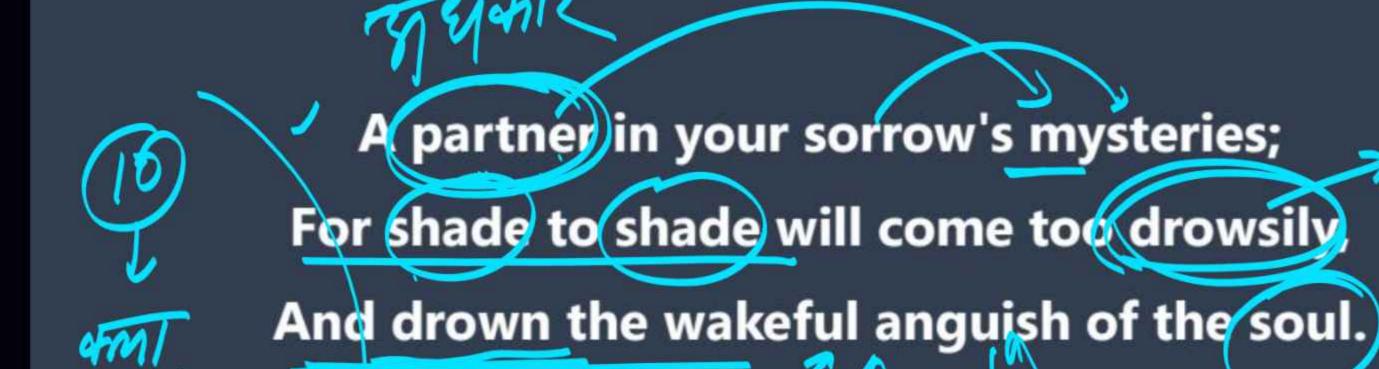
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3B (TGT)) ENGLISH (Lit.)

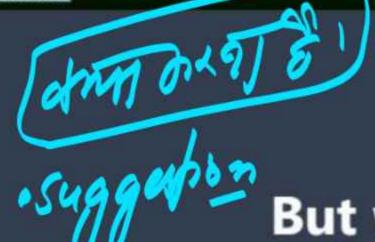






DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





But when the melancholy fit shall fall

Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,

That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,

And hides the green hill in an April shroud

Mappinen

A Kning B







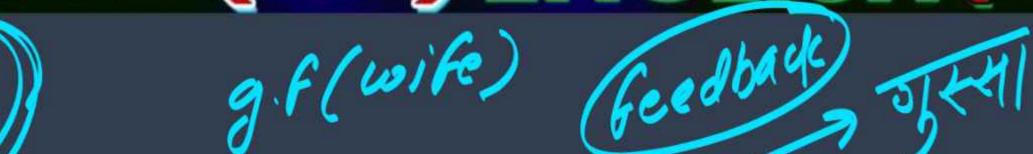
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,

Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave

Or on the wealth of globed peonies



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,

And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

गुहराई

Unique)



47.

DSSE (Tet)





(live metanchily

She dwells with Beauty-Beauty that must die

And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,

Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:







Melancholy

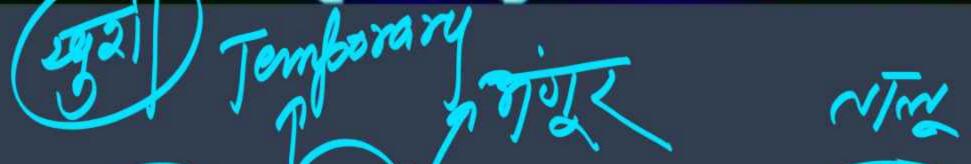
Ay, in the very temple of Delight

Veil'd Melancholy has her sovrag shrine,

Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue



DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



/ Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shalt taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.





