

DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

JOHN KEATS

PART-08









Death Beautiful lady without Morcy.
Norror.

Belle Dame sans Merci

- JOHN KEATS









- wandening. O what can ail thee, knight at-arms,

Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge has withered from the lake,

And no birds sing.



SSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

So haggard and so woe-begone?

The squirrel's granary is full

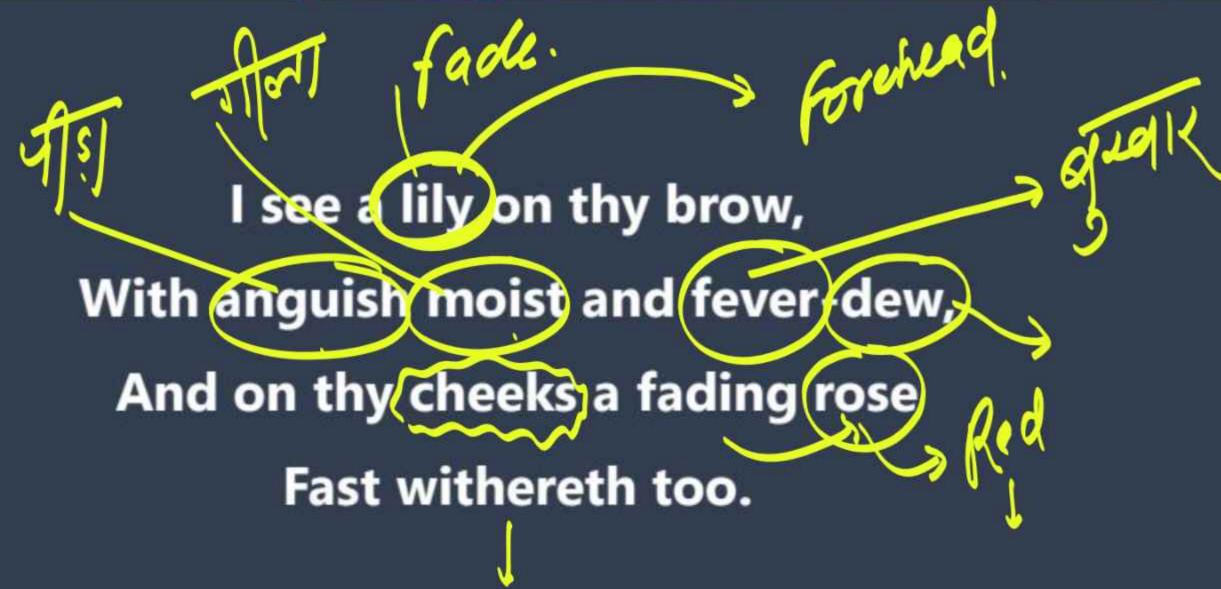
And the harvest's done.

attordated adment



DSSB (TOT) ENGL

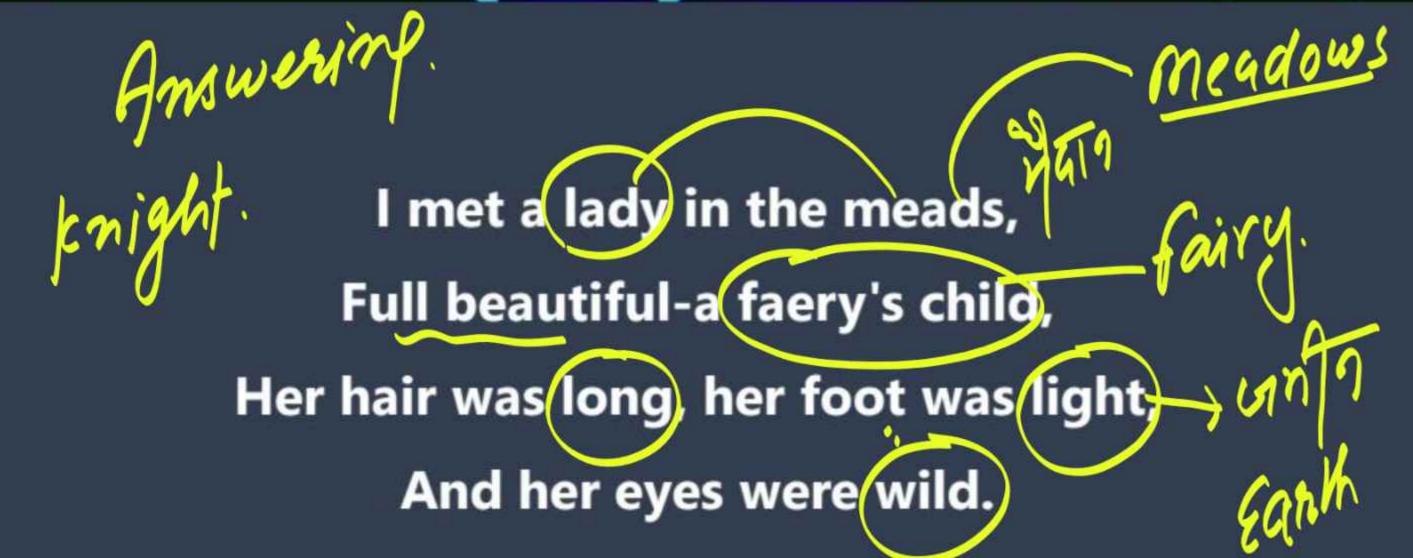






DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit











Rosery

I) made a garland for her head,

And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;

She looked at me as she did love,

And made sweet moan



ENGLISH (Lit.)



l set her on my pacing steed) And nothing else saw all day long, For sidelong would she bend, and sing A faery's song



DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,

And sure in language strange she said-

"I love thee true'.

you 4241



3B (TGT)) ENGLISH (Lit



She took me to her Elfin grot And there she wept and sighed full sore, And there I shut her wild wild eyes With kisses four.



B(TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And there she ulled me asleep,

And there I dreamed-Ah! woe betide!-

The latest dream I ever dreamt

On the cold hill side.

Jardumbs. Mardumbs.







I saw pale kings and princes too,

Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;

They cried 'La Belle Dame sans Merci

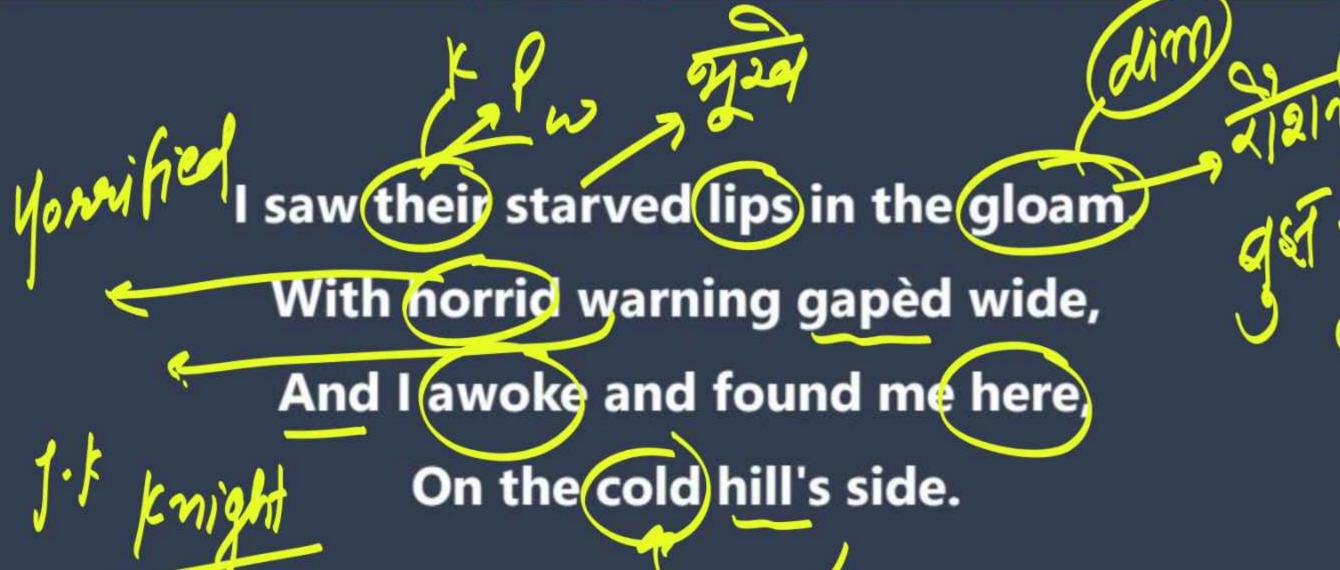
Thee hath in thrall!')

She you





DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)









J.F.(G) > 5+0

And this is why I sojourn here,

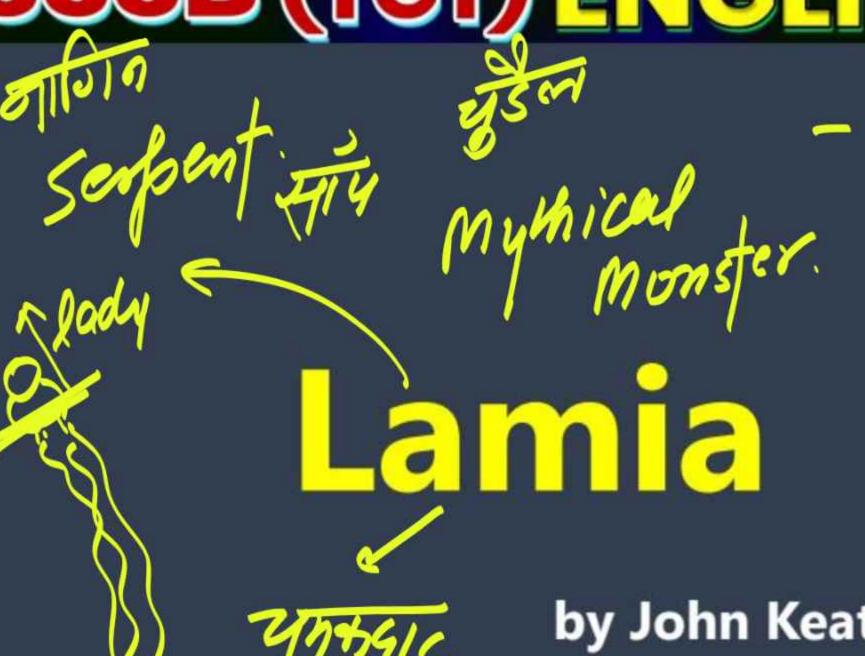
Alone and palely loitering,

Though the sedge is withered from the lake,

And no birds sing.



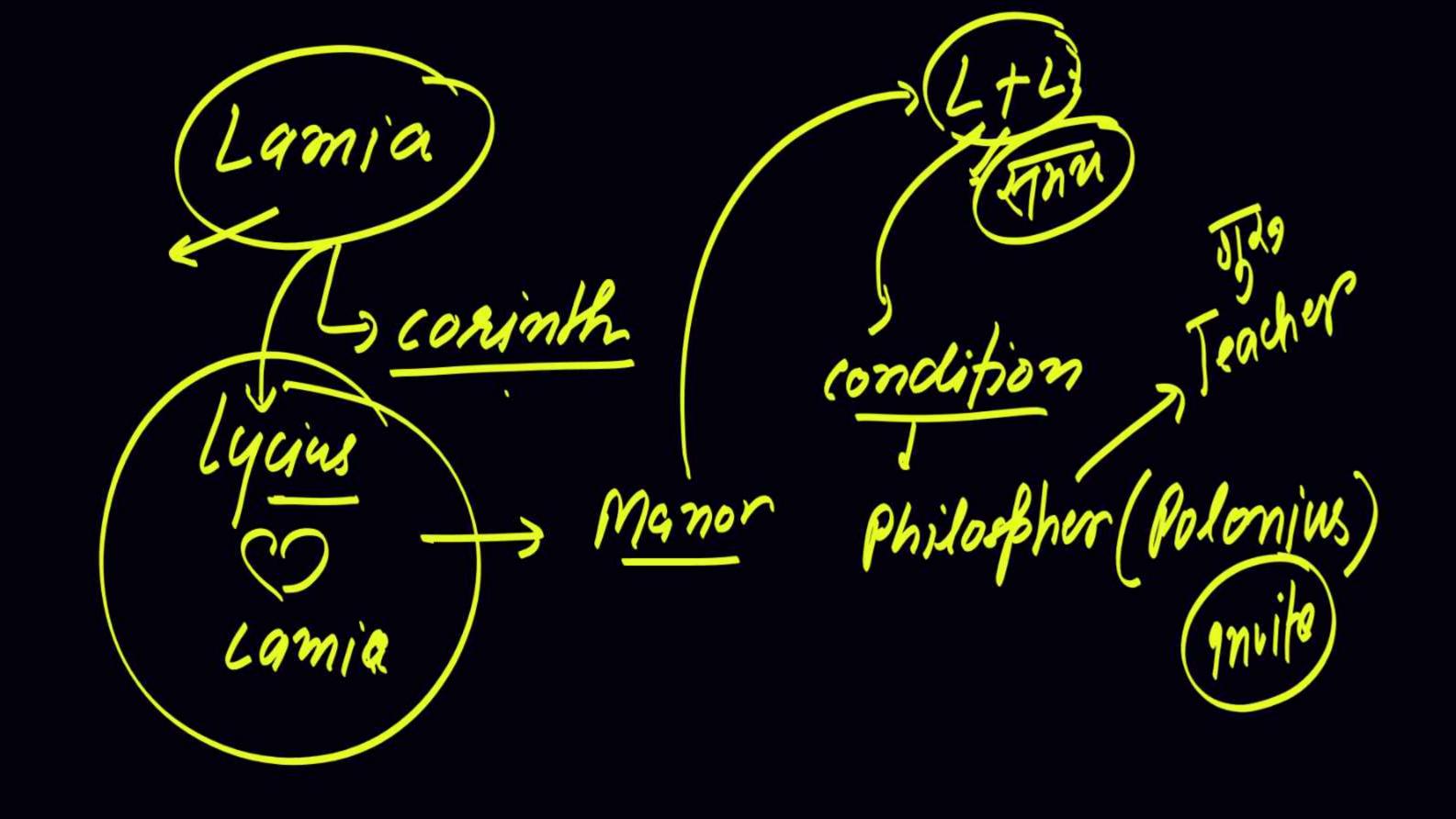




baby. Chidren

by John Keats

(MOL Greck. yermes 3 Body gnvisible Nymph. Beaut. · Jady. Sound - Ramia forest-



sompont. 1 manor Loperorated 1/547 pariseo Twist Lamia-Relativer Tragnic Ema Paloniw



She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;



And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed, Dissolv'd or brighter shone, or interwreathed Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries.







Fool... from every ill

Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day,

And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?