



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

T.S ELIOT

PART-02



LIVE

20-09-2024 07:00 PM



propose

Song

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

by T. S. Eliot





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



- **Birth** - 26 September 1888
- **Death** - 4 January 1965
- **An American**- born British poet, essayist, publisher, playwright, literary critic
- Awarded Nobel Prize in Literature and Order of Merit in 1948.
- **Famous Works** - The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, The Waste Land, Four Quartets, Murder in the Cathedral



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Let us go then you and I Lazy
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, Silent



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propose.

concrete

The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent

construction

Tired

घाना



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hangover

Old man
→ young

To lead you to an overwhelming question...

Oh, do not ask "What is it?"

Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo.

Painter.

Painter.



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The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,

यहूनी



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Smoke
fog.

hung

at / through

Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains.

Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys.

Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,

And seeing that it was a soft October night,

Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.



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Smoke

October
winter

Summer

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;



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propose

There will be time to murder and create
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,





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” And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.



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In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.



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Late

young



old age



And indeed there will be time

To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"

Time to turn back and descend the stair,

With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —

(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")



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My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")

propose. weak / old / thin / pale / procreant



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Same
Age

young-propose

Do I dare

Go

Disturb the universe?

In a minute there is time

~~For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.~~



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Ex →

woman

For I have known them all already, known them all:

Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

spend

चय
coffee



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✓ I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

५३५११

Believe



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✓ And I have known the eyes already, known them all—

The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,

And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,

When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,



Insect

stare

crawl
silently.



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Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?
कमल



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✓ And I have known the arms already, known them all—

Arms that are braceleted and white and bare

(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)

Is it perfume from a dress



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✓
That makes me so digress?

Arms that lie along a table or wrap about a shawl.

And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?



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9. 10

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...



Scuttling across the floors of silent seas

I move



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✓ And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!

Smoothed by long fingers,

Asleep... tired .. or it malingers,

मलिंगर

Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me



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Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,

Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?

But though I have wept and fasted wept and prayed



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Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in
upon a platter,

I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,

And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,

And in short, I was afraid.



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And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,



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To have bitten off the matter with a smile,

To have squeezed the universe into a ball

To roll it towards some overwhelming question,

To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,



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Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all” —

If one, settling a pillow by her head

Should say: “That is not what I meant at all;

That is not it, at all.”

—



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And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,



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After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail
along the floor—

And this, and so much more?—



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It is impossible to say just what I mean!

But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:

Would it have been worth while

If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,



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hair
weak
him

propose

And turning toward the window, should say:

“That is not it at all,

That is not what I meant, at all.”

leg -
arms