

## DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

# ENGLISH

TSELIOT PART-02





### ENGLISH (Lit.)





The Lave Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

by T. S. Eliot



- 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



### SE)(TEN) ENGLISH (Lit

Lazy



Let us go then you and L

When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherized upon a table;

Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,







### DSSE (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



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.

Jaim M.



### SB(TGT) ENGLISH (Lit





The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes

Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,







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.



### ENGLISH (Lit.)



And indeed there will be time

For the vellow 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;









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,



And time yet for a hundred indecisions,

And for a hundred visions and revisions.

Before the taking of a toast and tea.



In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo









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!")









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 bale procra





In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.









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,









I know the voices dying with a dying fall

Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

そろから

Believe



### ENGLISH (Lit.)



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

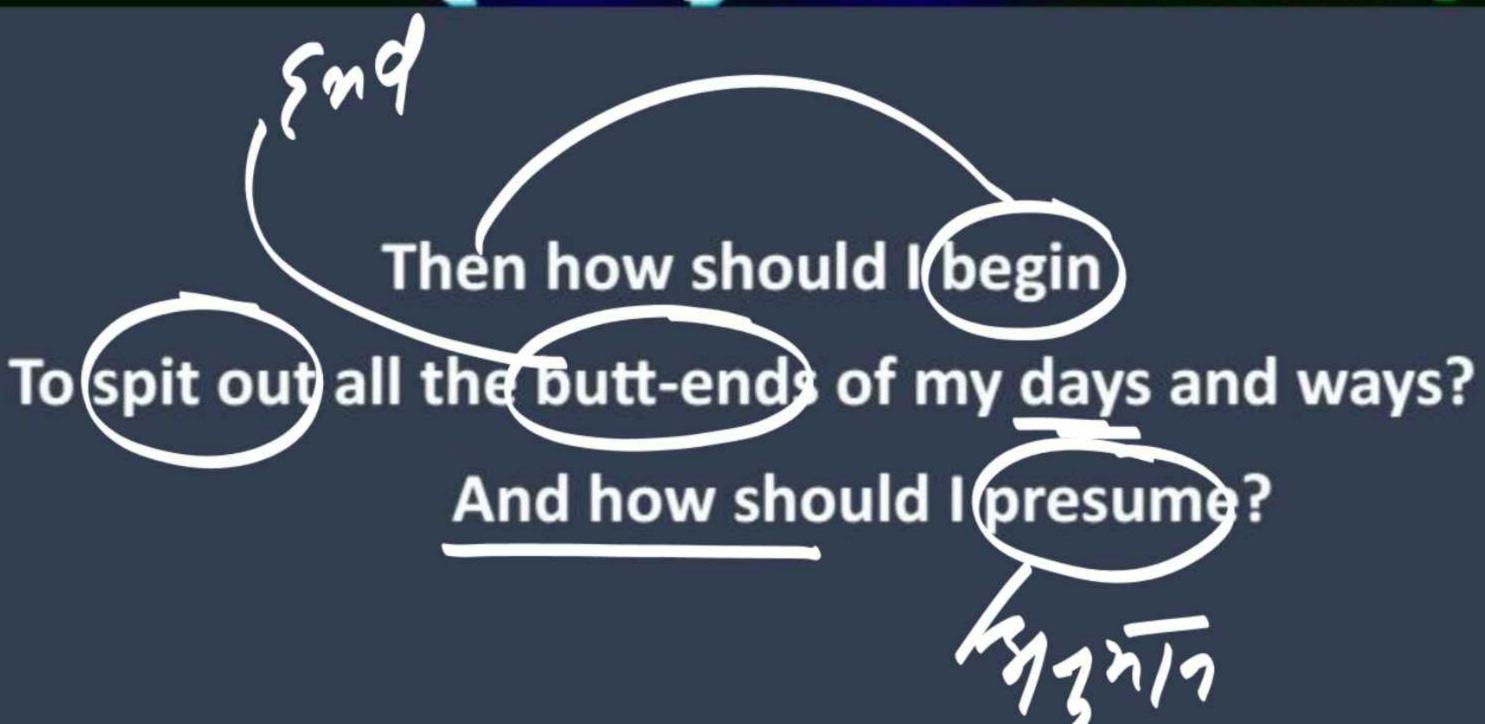
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,

And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin

When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,



### B(TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)









Arms that are braceleted and white and bare

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

Is it perfume from a dress





That makes me so digress?

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

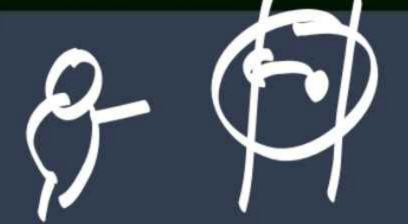
And should I then presume?

And how should (begin?









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? ...



### SSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

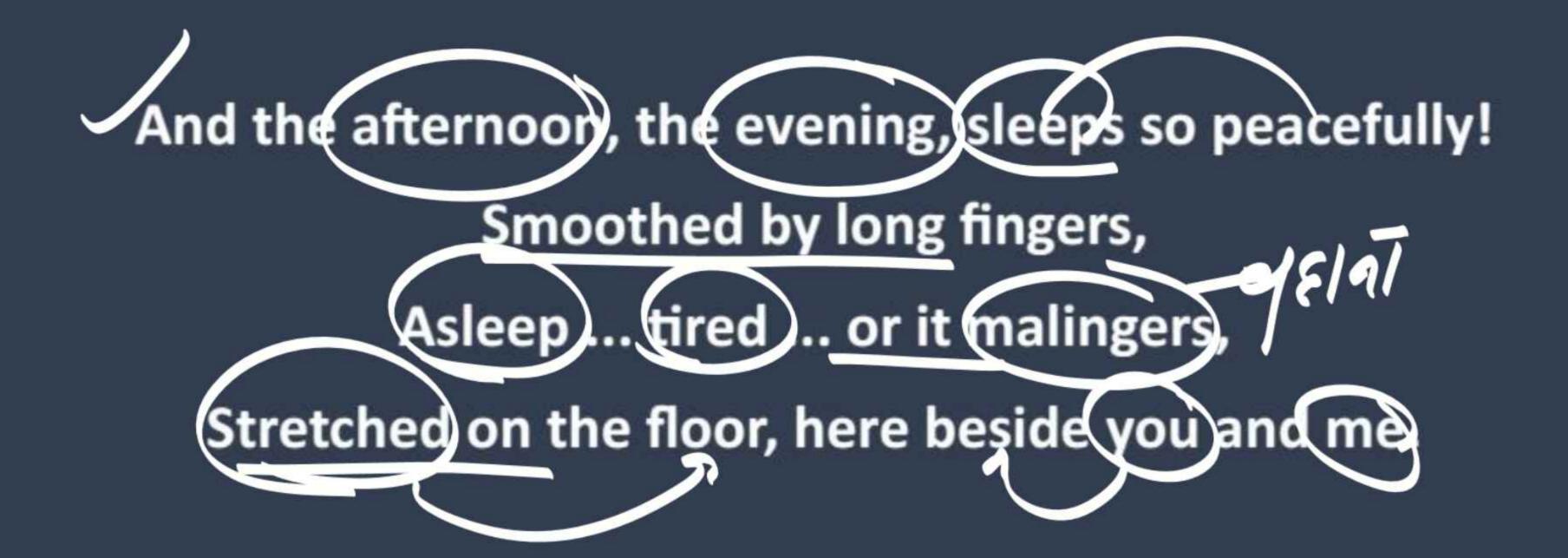




I should have been a pair of ragged claws Scuttling across the floors of silent seas



### SSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)











Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?

But though I have wept and fasted wept and prayed



### DSSE (TET) ENGLISH (Lit.)

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.



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,







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,







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."



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,



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

And this, and so much more?—







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 shaw,







And turning toward the window, should say:

"That is not it at all,

That is not what I meant, at all."