



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

SAROJINI NAIDU



LIVE

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Tribute Publication 1915 world-war ①
समर्पण 1914-1917

The Gift of india

Nightingale
of India
Poetess

death

thankful Indian soldiers
even-India

Britishers



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



1st धरती माँ something clothing
Is there aught you need that my hands withhold, give

comment Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?

Lo! I have flung to the East and West

कीमती Priceless treasures torn from my breast दात

And yielded the sons of my stricken womb गर्भ

To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

6 सestet ३१ war beginning

6x4=24 lines

big teeth destruction



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Gathered like pearls in their alien graves
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands,
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

(strange)

(India)

Ganges

River

शरीर

scatter

मिटाना

cut down



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



सवाल

Can ye measure the ^{ग्रीफ}grief of the ^{आँसू}tears I weep

Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?

Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair

And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?

And the far sad glorious vision I see

Of the torn red banners of Victory?

1914

समय

आँसू

future

529



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✓ When the ^{डर}terror and ^{चौक}tumult of ^{बंद}hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks, ^{निहाई}
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones, ^{मूर्ख}
Remember the blood of my martyred sons! ^{Base peace}
^{साथी} ^{सम्मान} ^{काम} ^{चादगा}
^{अमर}



The Bird of Time

-Sarojini Naidu

passing of time

effect.

1912 still

nature
Nov
Oct

nature



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



O Bird of Time on your fruitful bough

What are the songs you sing?...

Songs of the glory and gladness of life,

Of poignant sorrow and passionate strife,

And the lilting joy of the spring;

Bird

गाने

फलदायक डाली

सुख

कड़वी-मधुरता

Severe (बहुत ज्यादा)

आनन्द



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विश्वास झाशा (अभीष्ट)

(future)

upcoming

Of hope that sows for the years unborn,
And faith that dreams of a tarrying morn
The fragrant peace of the twilight's breath,
And the mystic silence that men call death.

morning

रात

शान्ति

मृत्यु

Sun

9 lines stanzas
 $9 \times 2 = 18$ lines.



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श्री १११

O Bird of Time, say where did you learn

The changing measures you sing?...

७१११

In blowing forests and breaking tides,

In the happy laughter of new-made brides,

And the nests of the new-born spring;



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Rest

सुबह

सुझना

In the dawn that thrills to a mother's prayer,
And the night that shelters a heart's despair,
In the sigh of pity, the sob of hate,
And the pride of a soul that has conquered fate.

गर्व

जितना

दर्द

जिती