



# DSSSB TGT & PGT



**Part-B**

**SCHOLAR BATCH**

# ENGLISH



**SAROJINI NAIDU**

**Part -2**

**LIVE**

**14-11-2024 07:00 PM**



**DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)**



1971 life-stage  
**Indian Weavers** Time-stage  
गान्ध





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



WEAVERS, weaving at break of day,  
What do you weave a garment so gay?...  
Blue as the wing of a halcyon wild,  
We weave the robes of a new-born child.

Handwritten notes in yellow ink:

- under "weaving": तुल
- under "break of day": dawn morning
- under "garment": Bright
- under "Blue": Blue
- under "wing": Kingfisher
- under "robes": robes (clothing)
- under "new-born": Initial Beginning

Ans.





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Weavers, weaving at fall of night,  
What do you weave a garment so bright? ...  
Like the plumes of a peacock, purple and green,  
We weave the marriage-veils of a queen.

wings

शूय  
शाल

रानी





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Weavers, weaving solemn and still <sup>serious</sup> <sup>move</sup>  
What do you weave in the moonlight chill?.. <sup>pall</sup>  
White as a feather and white as a cloud,  
We weave a dead man's funeral shroud. <sup>फन १</sup>

मृति शिखर





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



curd → market

## Milkmaid

publication

surety

Malhura → Radha → Shri Krishna  
Gopi ♡





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Rachna

I carried my curds to the Mathura fair.

How softly the heifers were lowing...

I wanted to cry, "Who will buy

The curds that is white as the clouds in the sky

गुहरी-गुहरी from mandir

मैथिली

moving

गुहरी-गुहरी  
गुहरी-गुहरी





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



When the breezes of Shravan are blowing?"  
But my heart was so full of your beauty, Beloved,  
They laughed as I cried without knowing:  
Govinda! Govinda! ———?  
Govinda! Govinda!  
How softly the river was flowing!

श्रवण

नहीं August last  
September

श्री  
कृष्णा

↓

↓



shri krishna  
kanha  
Govinda  
hari  
Gopal

Bihari  
murari  
Bright hari  
Damodar.  
Murlidhar Yasodha Nanda  
Nanda





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



I carried the pots to the Mathura tide...

How gaily the rowers were rowing!

My comrades called, "Ho! Let us dance, let us sing  
And wear saffron garments to welcome the spring.

Radha

वसंत

Tide

गाव-यन्त्र

गाव

राधा





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



And pluck the new buds that are blowing."

But my heart was so full of your music, Beloved

They mocked when I cried without knowing:

Govinda! Govinda!

Govinda! Govinda!

How gaily the river was flowing!

नील

कलिया

move

murlihar

35/2





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



postcards

मंदिर

I carried my gifts to the Mathura shrine...

How brightly the torches were glowing!

I folded my hands at the altars to pray

देवी

"O shining ones guard us by night and by day" -

Book

hallowed place





# DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Gopiyo  
लोरे  
शंख  
पूजा  
आदि  
And loudly the conch shells were blowing.

But my heart was so lost in your worship, Beloved.

They were wroth when I cried without knowing:

Govinda! Govinda!  
Govinda! Govinda!

How bright the river was flowing!

Radhha  
ledivine  
shrikrishna