



DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B

SCHOLAR BATCH

ENGLISH

T.S ELIOT

PART-06



LIVE

26-09-2024 07:00 PM



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



①. The burial of the dead → episode

②. A game of chess

③ **The Fire Sermon** →

③
④
④

by T. S. Eliot

④ Death by water

⑤ what the thunder said.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept...

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,

Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



**But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.**



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



**A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse**



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.
White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



**Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.**



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter

And on her daughter

They wash their feet in soda water

Et, O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!



Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc'd.
Tereu



Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

C.i.f. London: documents at sight,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Asked me in demotic French

To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel

Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



3 episode

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights

Her stove, and lays out food in tins.

Out of the window perilously spread

Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,

1/45



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



✓ On the divan are piled (at night her bed)

Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs

Perceived the scene and foretold the rest –



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



I too awaited the expected guest.

He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,

A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,

One of the low on whom assurance sits

As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Try

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;

Exploring hands encounter no defence;

His vanity requires no response,

And makes a welcome of indifference.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Typhist clerk

(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



*Relationship
→ fake.*

Bestows on final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit...
She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;



✓ Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:

'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over.'

When lovely woman stoops to folly and

Paces about her room again, alone,



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,

And puts a record on the gramophone.

'This music crept by me upon the waters'

And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



“O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Thames

गङ्गा

The river sweats

Oil and tar

The barges drift

With the turning tide

Red sails

Wide



✓ To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.

The barges wash

Drifting logs

Down Greenwich reach

Past the Isle of Dogs.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Weialala leia

Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester

Beating oars

The stern was formed

A gilded shell

Red and gold



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



समुद्र

The brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind

Carried down stream

The peal of bells

White towers

Weialala leia

Wallala leialala



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



असह्य

Vehicle

Scene

'Trams and dusty trees..

Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew

Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees

Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.'



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



आइकी २२२२

'My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart

Under my feet. After the event

He wept. He promised "a new start".

I made no comment. What should I resent?

उत्तरा।



3rd

'On Margate Sands.

I can connect

Nothing with nothing.

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



My people humble people who expect
Nothing.'

la la

To Carthage then I came

Ancient-
city.

-lusty
Environment



Burning burning burning burning

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest

3rd
section

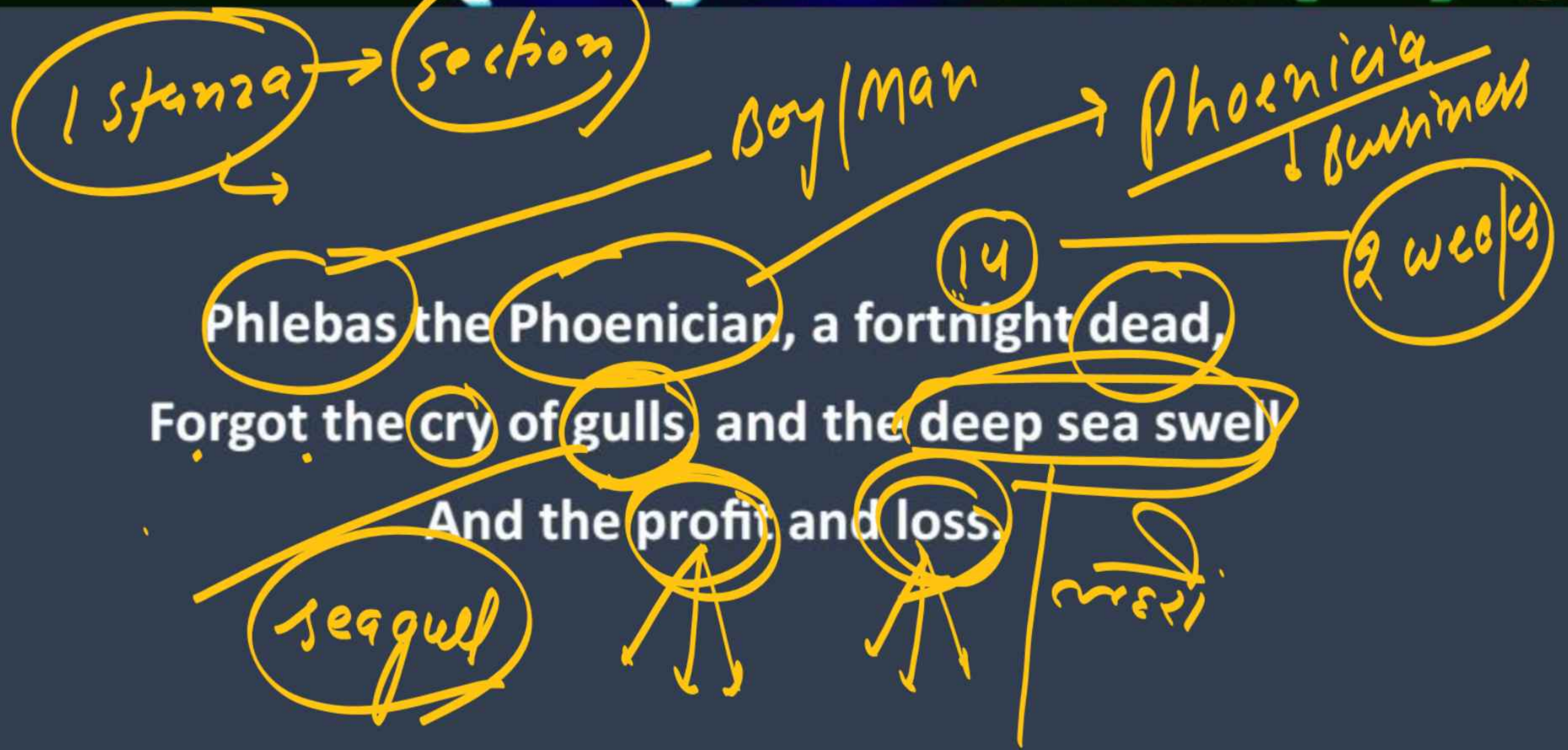
The Fire Sermon Burning



Death By Water



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



A current under sea

Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

He passed the stages of his age and youth

Entering the whirlpool



DSSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



① संदेश

अहंकार

पहूँ

my life my rules

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward

Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

Death by water

10 lines

गतावा

What the thunder
said

130 about