

# DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

# ENGLISH

TS ELI OT PART-07





### What the Thunder Said

by T. S. Eliot



Tired



Jenus Christ

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces

After the frosty silence in the gardens

After the agony in stony places

The shouting and the crying







echo.

Prison and palace and reverberation

Of thunder of spring over distant mountains

He who was living is now dead

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience



Here is no water but only rock

Rock and no water and the sandy road

The road winding above among the mountains

Which are mountains of rock without water

If there were water we should stop and drink



### 3B(TGT)) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand

If there were only water amongst the rock

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit

Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit



Solihous Total

There is not even silence in the mountains

But dry sterile thunder without rain

There is not even solitude in the mountains

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl)

From doors of mudcracked houses



If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water





A spring

A pool among the rock

If there were the sound of water only





Not the cicada

And dry grass singing

But sound of water over a rock

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

Bird American













Drip drop drip drop drop drop

But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?

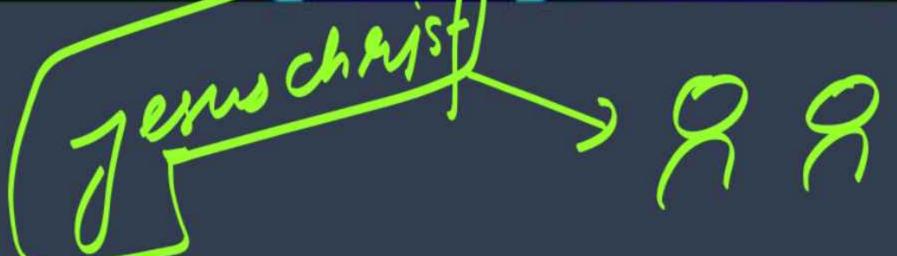


When I count there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded

More







I do not know whether a man or a woman

—But who is that on the other side of you?







What is that sound high in the air

Murmur of maternal lamentation

Who are those hooded hordes swarming

Over endless plains stumbling in cracked earth







Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air

Falling towers



Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London



create

Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight

And fiddled whisper music on those strings

And bats with baby faces in the violet light

Whistled and beat their wings







And crawled head downward down a blackened wall

And upside down in air were towers

Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours

And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.







fisher king + land

In this decayed hole among the mountains

In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

Over the tumbled graves about the chapel

There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

holy grail cup Jenschrist



It has no windows, and the door swings,

Dry bones can harm no one.

Only a cock stood on the rooftree

Co co rico co co rico



### 33 (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit

Soft



In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust

**Bringing rain** 

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves

Waited for rain, while the black clouds

Gathered far distant, over Himavant



### B(TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



The jungle crouched, humped in silence.

Then spoke the thunder

Datta: what have we given?

(PPD) pamyata Dayadhavan Damyatta selfcontraf Lord Brahma) Datta Ocmi Gods Dayadhavan



My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender

Which an age of prudence can never retract

By this and this only, we have existed

knowledge







Which is not to be found in our obituaries

Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider

Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor

In our empty rooms









Dayadhvam: I have heard the key

Turn in the door once and turn once only

We think of the key, each in his prison

Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

Only at nightfall aetherial rumours

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus







Sell control (sea) DA

Damyata: The boat responded

Gaily to the hand expert with sail and oar

The sea was calm, your heart would have responded

Gaily when invited, beating obedient

To controlling hands



### TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



fisher king

入时还

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

Pain and suffering - salvation







effrocne)

Quando fiam ceu chelidon - O swallow swallow Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then lle fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

Datta Dayadhvam Damyata.

Shantih shantih Sey coutre

Mercy

gin