

NEW SYLLABUS

PG TRB ENGLISH

**(A) INDIAN WRITING
IN ENGLISH
(B) COMMONWEALTH
LITERATURE**



Professor Academy

Tamil Nadu Post-Graduate Assistant Recruitment

PG TRB ENGLISH

UNIT – VII

- A. INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH**
- B. COMMONWEALTH LITERATURE**



Professor Academy

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UNIT – VII

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Rabindranath Tagore: *Gitanjali*

Introduction:

Rabindranath Tagore, Bengali **Rabīndranāth Thākur**, (born May 7, 1861, Calcutta [now Kolkata], India—died August 7, 1941, Calcutta), Bengali poet, short-story writer, song composer, playwright, essayist, and painter who introduced new prose and verse forms and the use of colloquial language into **Bengali literature**, thereby freeing it from traditional models based on classical Sanskrit. He was highly influential in introducing Indian culture to the West and vice versa, and he is generally regarded as the outstanding creative artist of early 20th-century India. **In 1913 he became the first non-European to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature.**

The son of the religious reformer Debendranath Tagore, he early began to write verses, and, after incomplete studies in England in the late 1870s, he returned to India. There he published several books of poetry in the 1880s and completed *Manasi* (1890), a collection that marks the maturing of his genius. It contains some of his best-known poems, including many in verse forms new to Bengali, as well as some social and political satire that was critical of his fellow Bengalis. He published several poetry collections, notably *Sonar Tari* (1894; *The Golden Boat*), and plays, notably *Chitrangada* (1892; *Chitra*). Tagore's poems are virtually untranslatable, as are his more than 2,000 songs, which achieved considerable popularity among all classes of Bengali society.

In 1901 Tagore founded an experimental school in rural West Bengal at **Shantiniketan** ("Abode of Peace"), where he sought to blend the best in the Indian and Western traditions. He settled permanently at the school, which became **Visva-Bharati University** in 1921. Years of sadness arising from the deaths of his wife and two children between 1902 and 1907 are reflected in his later poetry, which was introduced to the West in ***Gitanjali (Song Offerings)*** (1912). This book, containing Tagore's English prose translations of religious poems from several of his Bengali verse collections, including *Gitanjali* (1910), was hailed by W.B. Yeats and André Gide and won him the Nobel Prize in 1913. Tagore was awarded a knighthood in 1915, but he repudiated it in 1919 as a protest against the Amritsar (Jallianwalla Bagh) Massacre.

The publication of *Gitanjali* was followed by five major poetical works in English translation: ***The Gardener*** (1913), ***The Crescent Moon*** (1913), ***Fruit-Gathering*** (1916), ***Lover's Gift and Crossing*** (1918), and ***The Fugitive and Other Poems*** (1919). Tagore's novels in Bengali are less well known than his poems and short stories; they include ***Gora*** (1910) and ***Ghare-Baire*** (1916), translated into English as *Gora* and ***The Home and the World***, respectively.

Key Points

- 
1. **Birth and Early Life**
 - Born on May 7, 1861, in Calcutta (now Kolkata), India.
 - Son of Debendranath Tagore, a religious reformer.
 2. **Contributions to Bengali Literature**
 - Revolutionized Bengali literature by introducing new prose and verse forms and colloquial language.
 - Freed Bengali literature from classical Sanskrit models.
 3. **Nobel Prize and Recognition**
 - First non-European to win the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913.
 - Won for *Gitanjali (Song Offerings)*, a collection of translated religious poems.
 4. **Literary Achievements**
 - Published early works in the 1880s, achieving maturity with *Manasi* (1890).
 - Notable poetry collections include *Sonar Tari* (*The Golden Boat*) and *Gitanjali*.
 - Plays include *Chitrangada* (*Chitra*).
 - Composed over 2,000 songs, which became widely popular in Bengali society.
 5. **Cultural Influence**
 - Bridged Indian and Western cultures, becoming a key figure in introducing Indian culture to the West.
 - W.B. Yeats and André Gide praised his works.
 6. **Experimental Education**
 - Founded Shantiniketan, an experimental school in rural West Bengal, in 1901.
 - Blended Indian and Western educational traditions.
 - Shantiniketan later became Visva-Bharati University in 1921.
 7. **Personal Tragedies**
 - Suffered the loss of his wife and two children between 1902 and 1907.
 - Reflected his grief in his later poetry.
 8. **Political Stance**
 - Knighted in 1915 but renounced the title in 1919 to protest the Jallianwalla Bagh Massacre.
 9. **Works in English Translation**
 - Major English-translated poetry collections include ***The Gardener*** (1913), ***The Crescent Moon*** (1913), ***Fruit-Gathering*** (1916), ***Lover's Gift and Crossing*** (1918), and ***The Fugitive and Other Poems*** (1919).
 10. **Novels and Fiction**
 - Renowned novels include ***Gora*** (1910) and ***Ghare-Baire*** (*The Home and the World*, 1916).
 - Known for his short stories alongside poetry and essays.
 11. **Death**
 - Passed away on August 7, 1941, in Calcutta, leaving a legacy as one of India's greatest creative minds.

The Gist of the Text: *Gitanjali*

Tagore envisions **God as a father or lover**, portraying the divine in human terms, which becomes central to his songs. In these compositions, God is depicted as dwelling among the simple, the poor, and the humble. The essence of *Gitanjali* lies in the poet's spiritual journey toward God. Tagore also presents the concept of life's renewal: though human life may culminate in emptiness, if it pleases God, He will breathe new life into it, renewing its essence. God's blessings are abundant and inexhaustible, continually bestowed upon humanity.

The original **Bengali** collection of **157 poems** was published on August 14, 1910. The **English *Gitanjali* or Song Offerings** is a collection of **103 English poems** of Tagore's own English translations of his Bengali poems first published in November 1912 by the India Society of London. It contained translations of 53 poems from the original Bengali *Gitanjali*, as well as 50 other poems which were from his drama *Achalayatan* and eight other books of poetry, mainly *Gitimalya* (17 poems), *Naivedya* (15 poems) and *Kheya* (11 poems).

Gitanjali is dedicated to the English painter **William Rothenstein**, who had visited India in 1910 and had shown interest in the poet's work. American poet **Ezra Pound**, who was at that time the foreign editor of *Poetry*, wanted *Poetry* to be the first American magazine to print Tagore, and in a letter of December 24, 1912, he wrote to Harriet Monroe that Tagore's poems "are going to be THE sensation of the winter." In November 1912, the India Society of London published a limited edition of 750 copies of *Gitanjali*, with **an introduction by W. B. Yeats** and a pencil-sketch of the author by Rothenstein as frontispiece. In his introduction, Yeats wrote: "I have carried the manuscript of these translations about me for days, reading it in railway trains, or on the tops of omnibuses and in restaurants. . . . These lyrics display in their thought a world I have dreamed of all my life long."

Learning Check



Ans: 1-b, 2-c, 3-b, 4-b, 5-c

The Text: *Gitanjali*

Song 1: [The poet marvels at God's infinite generosity, portraying life as a vessel continually renewed by divine grace. Like a reed flute, the poet becomes an instrument for God's eternal melodies. The heart expands with boundless joy under His immortal touch, finding expression beyond words.]

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel
thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.
This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales,
and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits
in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

- Song 2:** [The poet feels profound joy and pride in singing for God, as discord in life transforms into harmony. Through song, the poet reaches towards the divine, finding solace in the act of worship. Lost in the ecstasy of singing, the poet dares to call God a friend, though He remains the eternal Lord.]

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart
would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.
All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet
harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.
I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a
singer I come before thy presence.
I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet
which I could never aspire to reach.
Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.

- Song 3:** [The poet stands in awe of God's divine music, which illuminates the world and overcomes all barriers. Captivated and overwhelmed, the poet longs to join the song but struggles, feeling bound by the divine melody.]

I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.
The light of thy music illuminates the world. The life breath of thy
music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks
through all stony obstacles and rushes on.
My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a
voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled.
Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

- Song 4:** [The poet vows to remain pure in body, mind, and heart, knowing God's presence resides within and inspires truth, love, and strength. Life becomes a dedication to reflecting the divine through thoughts and actions.]

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that
thy living touch is upon all my limbs.
I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts,
knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.
I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my
love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.
And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions,
knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

- Song 5:** [The poet yearns to pause and sit in God's presence, finding solace away from life's relentless toil. In the quiet beauty of the moment, the poet seeks to dedicate life through silent communion and song.]

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that
I have in hand I will finish afterwards.
Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor
respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.
Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and
murmurs; and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.
Now it is time to sit quite, face to face with thee, and to sing
dedication of live in this silent and overflowing leisure.

- Song 6:** [The poet humbly offers a simple flower, fearing it may wither before being accepted. Despite its flaws, the poet longs for it to be used in God's service, valuing the honor of divine touch.]

Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

I may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch
of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day end before I am
aware, and the time of offering go by.

Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this
flower in thy service and pluck it while there is time.

- Song 7:** [The poet discards all adornments, seeking simplicity to connect with God without distraction. Surrendering vanity, the poet aspires to be a humble flute, ready to be filled with the divine melody.]

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress
and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come
between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I
have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and
straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

- Song 8:** [The poet laments the burden of excessive adornment, which isolates and hinders the joy of life's simple freedoms. True fulfillment lies in embracing the shared experiences of humanity, unencumbered by superficial constraints.]

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled
chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.
In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps
himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keep one shut off
from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of
entrance to the great fair of common human life.

- Song 9:** [The poet urges surrender to God's care, abandoning self-reliance and burdens of desire. True fulfillment comes from accepting gifts given through pure, sacred love, free of selfish intent.]

O Fool, try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come beg at thy own door!
Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all, and never look behind in regret.
Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches
with its breath. It is unholy—take not thy gifts through its unclean
hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

- Song 10:** [The poet acknowledges God's presence among the humble, poor, and lost, a place unreachable by pride. True devotion lies in shedding ego to connect with God's grace in the company of the most downtrodden.]

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to
the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of
the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company
with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

Song 11: [The poet urges leaving behind rituals and secluded worship, as God resides among those laboring in the world. True devotion lies in joining Him in toil, embracing the shared bonds of creation with humility and action.]

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever. Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Song 12: [The poet reflects on a long, wandering journey through distant realms, only to discover that true fulfillment lies within. The quest for the divine ends in the realization that God has always been present, waiting to be recognized.]

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.
I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet. It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune. The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end. My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said 'Here art thou!' The question and the cry 'Oh, where?' melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance 'I am!'

Song 13: [The poet expresses a longing for divine connection, feeling unprepared despite constant effort. The song remains unsung, and the awaited union with the divine is yet to come, leaving only hope and yearning.]

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.
I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.
The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set;
only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.
The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.
I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.
The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor;
but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house.
I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not yet.

Song 14: [The poet acknowledges God's mercy in denying selfish desires, shaping them to appreciate life's simple, profound gifts. Through refusals and hiddenness, God prepares the poet for deeper worthiness and unwavering devotion.]

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou
save me by hard refusals; and this strong mercy has been wrought
into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts
that thou gavest to me unasked—this sky and the light, this body and
the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

There are times when I languidly linger and times when I awaken
and hurry in search of my goal; but cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by
refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

Song 15: [The poet embraces their purpose as a singer of devotion, finding meaning in offering melodies to God. In moments of silent worship or vibrant dawn, the poet yearns to honor the divine with song.]

I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.

In thy world I have no work to do; my useless life can only break
out in tunes without a purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple
of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence.

Song 16: [The poet feels blessed to partake in life's festival, fulfilling their role with devotion. Now, they yearn for the ultimate moment of meeting the divine and offering a silent, heartfelt salutation.]

I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life
has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could.

Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may go in and see
thy face and offer thee my silent salutation?

Song 17: [The poet waits patiently for love, resisting worldly constraints and judgments. Despite blame and missed opportunities, they long solely to surrender completely to love's embrace.]

I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

That is why it is so late and why I have been guilty of such omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast; but I

evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless; I doubt not they are right in their blame.

The market day is over and work is all done for the busy. Those

who came to call me in vain have gone back in anger. I am only

waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

Song 18: [The poet, longing for the divine, feels abandoned amidst dark, lonely hours. Their heart aches in restless yearning, hoping for a glimpse of love to dispel the gloom.]

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love, why dost thou
let me wait outside at the door all alone?

In the busy moments of the noontide work I am with the crowd,
but on this dark lonely day it is only for thee that I hope.

If thou shonest me not thy face, if thou leavest me wholly aside,

I know not how I am to pass these long, rainy hours.

I keep gazing on the far-away gloom of the sky, and my heart
wanders wailing with the restless wind.

- Song 19:** [The poet patiently embraces God's silence, trusting that dawn will bring divine revelation. When the moment comes, God's voice will inspire songs and beauty throughout the poet's world.]

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.
The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.
Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

- Song 20:** [The poet laments being unaware of the blossoming beauty within, distracted by worldly pursuits. Only later do they realize the source of their longing was the fragrance of their own heart's fulfillment.]

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded. Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind. That vague sweetness made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion. I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.

- Song 21:** [The poet feels the urgency to set sail, lamenting wasted time and missed opportunities. Amid fading beauty and restless waves, they long for the distant call of a song from the far shore, urging action.]

I must launch out my boat. The languid hours pass by on the shore—Alas for me! The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger. The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall. What emptiness do you gaze upon! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far-away song floating from the other shore?

- Song 22:** [In the quiet, shadowy stillness of a rainy day, the poet senses God's silent presence as the world withdraws into solitude. With open doors and a yearning heart, the poet pleads for God to enter and not fade away like a fleeting dream.]

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers. Today the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky. The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream.

Song 23: [On a stormy night, the poet stays awake, yearning for their beloved amidst the darkness. They wonder with anxious devotion about the arduous, unseen path their friend must navigate to reach them.]

Art thou abroad on this stormy night on thy journey of love, my friend? The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight. Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend!

I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path!

By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to come to me, my friend?

Song 24: [As the day ends and weariness sets in, the poet seeks rest and renewal under the tender embrace of night. They pray for God's grace to restore the weary traveler, reviving them with new strength and dignity.]

If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveller, whose sack of provisions is empty before the voyage is ended, whose garment is torn and dustladen, whose strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty, and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly night.

Song 25: [The poet surrenders to rest, trusting in God's care to renew their spirit. They embrace the night as a divine gift, bringing rejuvenation and preparing for a brighter awakening.]

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening.

Learning Check



1. What central idea is explored in Tagore's *Gitanjali*?

- a) Political freedom
- b) The poet's journey toward God
- c) Love for nature
- d) The philosophy of education

c) A blooming flower

d) A candle constantly lit

4. How does the poet describe the effect of God's music on the world?

- a) It creates a somber tone.
- b) It breaks barriers and illuminates life.
- c) It instills fear and awe.
- d) It silences all other sounds.

5, The poet aims to keep their body and thoughts pure by ____

- a) retreating to a secluded life.
- b) rejecting earthly pleasures.
- c) recognizing God's presence within.
- d) adhering to strict rituals.

2. In *Gitanjali*, how does Tagore envision God?

- a) As an almighty ruler
- b) As a father or lover, dwelling among the humble
- c) As an abstract cosmic force
- d) As a philosophical ideal

3. The metaphor used to describe life's renewal by divine grace:

- a) A flowing river
- b) A vessel emptied and refilled

6. How does the poet intend to reveal God in their actions?

- a) By imitating divine power.
- b) By performing acts of worship.
- c) Through truth, love, and strength.
- d) By singing divine songs.

7. The poet view their offering despite its imperfections as _____

- a) a burden.
- b) a symbol of devotion.
- c) an act of defiance.
- d) a sign of regret.

8. What metaphor does the poet use for their life in service to God?

- a) A reed flute.
- b) A flowing river.
- c) A burning flame.
- d) A blooming flower.

9. Where does the poet believe God resides, contrasting with secluded worship?

- a) In the company of scholars and priests.
- b) Among laborers and workers.
- c) In the serene mountains.
- d) Within the sacred temple.

10. What does the poet suggest true devotion requires?

- a) Chanting and rituals.
- b) Solitude and meditation.
- c) Joining God in the toil of creation.
- d) Adorning oneself in holy garments.

11. What realization does the poet reach after their long wandering journey?

- a) God resides within.
- b) The journey is more important than the destination.
- c) True fulfillment lies in external exploration.
- d) Time and space are illusions.

12. What phrase captures the poet's moment of divine realization?

- a) "Where art thou?"
- b) "Here art thou!"
- c) "I am lost!"
- d) "Behold, thy light!"

13. What are the "simple, great gifts" the poet acknowledges receiving unasked?

- a) Strength, wisdom, and courage.

- b) The sky, the light, the body, and the mind.
- c) Wealth, power, and fame.
- d) Guidance, love, and freedom.

14. What ultimate request does the poet make after fulfilling his role?

- a) To see God's face and offer silent salutation.
- b) To rest in divine comfort.
- c) To be rewarded with eternal peace.
- d) To continue the celebration in heaven.

15. The imagery used to describe their longing for the divine:

- a) Clouds and the restless wind.
- b) Stars and the vast ocean.
- c) A blooming flower in a field.
- d) A river flowing endlessly.

16. What transformation does the poet anticipate at dawn?

- a) Divine inspiration.
- b) The vanishing of all worldly concerns.
- c) A union with other worshippers.
- d) A complete cessation of longing.

17. What do the fluttering yellow leaves symbolize?

- a) The poet's restlessness.
- b) The cycle of life and death.
- c) The fleeting nature of time and opportunities.
- d) The beauty of change in the seasons.

18. The poet's emotional state on the stormy night:

- a) Indifferent.
- b) Restless and anxious.
- c) Joyful and expectant.
- d) Calm and peaceful.

19. The poet request at the end of the day to _____

- a) guide for the next journey.
- b) restore the weary traveller with strength
- c) prepare for worship.
- d) protect from darkness.

20. What does the poet seek during the night of weariness?

- a) Rest without struggle.
- b) Strength to continue worship.
- c) A sign of divine presence.
- d) Freedom from dreams.

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- Song 26:** [The poet laments missing the divine presence, lost in a sleep that dulled their awareness. They grieve over nights wasted, yearning for the moment to awaken and behold the one who softly calls through their dreams.]

He came and sat by my side but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me!
He came when the night was still; he had his harp in his hands,
and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.
Alas, why are my nights all thus lost? Ah, why do I ever miss his
sight whose breath touches my sleep?

- Song 27:** [The poet yearns for the light of divine love, urging their heart to awaken with the fire of desire. Amid the darkness and storms of life, they seek to kindle the lamp of love, guided by the call of the divine.]

Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!
There is the lamp but never a flicker of a flame—is such thy fate,
my heart? Ah, death were better by far for thee!
Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy lord is
wakeful, and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.
The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know
not what this is that stirs in me—I know not its meaning.
A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my
sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of the night calls me.
Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with the burning fire of
desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void.
The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the
dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

- Song 28:** [The poet longs for freedom but feels bound by attachments and shame, unable to let go of worldly illusions. They fearfully hesitate, torn between seeking liberation and clinging to the familiar burdens of their flawed existence.]

Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them.
Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel ashamed.
I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my
best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room
The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love.
My debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and
heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.

- Song 29:** [The poet laments enclosing their true self within a wall of ego and pride, losing sight of their essence. While obsessively maintaining this facade, they remain blind to the light of their authentic being hidden within.]

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I
am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up
into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.
I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand
lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take
I lose sight of my true being.

Song 30: [The poet feels burdened by their ego, which persistently follows and amplifies their actions. They are ashamed of this selfish companion, fearing it tarnishes their approach to the divine.]

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.

Song 31: [The poet reveals that the pursuit of wealth and power, meant to bring freedom, instead created their own captivity. In forging unbreakable chains of ambition, they became a prisoner of their own desires and actions.]

“Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you?”

“It was my master,” said the prisoner. “I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house.”

“Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?”

“It was I,” said the prisoner, “who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip.”

Song 32: [The poet contrasts the possessive love of the world with God's liberating love. Despite the poet's neglect, God's love remains patient and ever-present, awaiting their return.]

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me free.

Lest I forget them they never venture to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love.

Song 33: [The poet reflects on how worldly desires appear humble and harmless by day but reveal their true nature by night, invading sacred spaces and greedily disrupting devotion to God.]

When it was day they came into my house and said, 'We shall only take the smallest room here.'

They said, 'We shall help you in the worship of your God and humbly accept only our own share in his grace'; and then they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek.

But in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from God's altar.

Song 34: [The poet seeks to shed all but the essence that connects them to God, desiring to feel, love, and reveal the divine in every moment. They embrace the binding of God's love as their sole purpose and freedom.]

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all.

Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee in everything, and offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may never hide thee.

Let only that little of my fetters be left whereby I am bound with thy will, and thy purpose is carried out in my life—and that is the fetter of thy love.

Song 35: [The poet envisions a free and enlightened world, unshackled by fear, divisions, or stagnation, where truth, reason, and tireless striving lead humanity toward progress. They pray for their country to awaken into this ideal of freedom under divine guidance.]

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; Where knowledge is free;
 Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
 Where words come out from the depth of truth;
 Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
 Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into
 the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
 Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Song 36: [The poet prays for strength to overcome inner poverty, serve with love, uphold dignity, rise above trivialities, and surrender to God's will.]

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.
 Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.
 Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.
 Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.
 Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.
 And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

Song 37: [The poet realizes that what seemed like an end is a new beginning, as God's will brings endless renewal. When the old fades, fresh inspiration and uncharted paths emerge, revealing new wonders.]

I thought that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of
 my power,—that the path before me was closed, that provisions
 were exhausted and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.
 But I find that thy will knows no end in me. And when old words
 die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart; and
 where the old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

Song 38: [The poet's heart yearns solely for God, recognizing all other desires as hollow distractions.
 Even in unconscious longing and inner turmoil, the soul's deepest cry remains unwavering: "I
 want thee, only thee."]

That I want thee, only thee—let my heart repeat without end. All
 desires that distract me, day and night, are false and empty to the core.
 As the night keeps hidden in its gloom the petition for light, even
 thus in the depth of my unconsciousness rings the cry—"I want thee, only thee".
 As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against
 peace with all its might, even thus my rebellion strikes against thy
 love and still its cry is—"I want thee, only thee".

Song 39: [The poet pleads for God's mercy, peace, and light to rejuvenate their weary, distracted heart.
 They seek divine intervention to break through despair, delusion, and chaos, bringing renewal
 and grace.]

When the heart is hard and parched up, come upon me with a shower of mercy.
 When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song.
 When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out
 from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.
 When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break
 open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.
 When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy
 one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder.

Song 40: [The poet pleads for relief from the relentless despair of their arid heart, even if it comes through a storm of divine wrath. They long for the grace of God's compassion to soothe their anguish like a mother's tearful gaze.]

The rain has held back for days and days, my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is fiercely naked—not the thinnest cover of a soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant cool shower.
Send thy angry storm, dark with death, if it is thy wish, and with lashes of lightning startle the sky from end to end.
But call back, my lord, call back this pervading silent heat, still and keen and cruel, burning the heart with dire despair.
Let the cloud of grace bend low from above like the tearful look of the mother on the day of the father's wrath.

Song 41: [The poet waits patiently for their divine lover, unseen and overlooked by others, as worldly distractions deplete their offerings. Despite humiliation and longing, they dream of a glorious reunion, yet endure the silence and absence, holding onto faith in the promise of the divine arrival.]

Where dost thou stand behind them all, my lover, hiding thyself in the shadows? They push thee and pass thee by on the dusty road, taking thee for naught. I wait here weary hours spreading my offerings for thee, while passers-by come and take my flowers, one by one, and my basket is nearly empty.

The morning time is past, and the noon. In the shade of evening my eyes are drowsy with sleep. Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggar maid, drawing my skirt over my face, and when they ask me, what it is I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not.

Oh, how, indeed, could I tell them that for thee I wait, and that thou hast promised to come. How could I utter for shame that I keep for my dowry this poverty. Ah, I hug this pride in the secret of my heart.

I sit on the grass and gaze upon the sky and dream of the sudden splendour of thy coming—all the lights ablaze, golden pennons flying over thy car, and they at the roadside standing agape, when they see thee come down from thy seat to raise me from the dust, and set at thy side this ragged beggar girl a-tremble with shame and pride, like a creeper in a summer breeze.

But time glides on and still no sound of the wheels of thy chariot. Many a procession passes by with noise and shouts and glamour of glory. Is it only thou who wouldst stand in the shadow silent and behind them all? And only I who would wait and weep and wear out my heart in vain longing?

Song 42: [The poet dreams of a solitary, boundless journey with the divine, free from worldly ties and words. They long for liberation, questioning if the moment has arrived, as the day fades into night and freedom remains elusive.]

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset, vanish into the night?

Song 43: [The poet reflects on unrecognized moments of divine presence in their past, marked by God's touch amid life's trivialities. They now realize that even in their childish pursuits, God's steps resonated with cosmic significance.]

The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee;
and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd,
unknown to me, my king, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon
many a fleeting moment of my life.

And today when by chance I light upon them and see thy
signature, I find they have lain scattered in the dust mixed with the
memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten.

Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among
dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are
echoing from star to star.

Song 44: [The poet finds joy in patiently waiting, observing life's fleeting moments and cherishing the anticipation of a divine encounter. They celebrate the promise of that arrival with songs and smiles, savoring the sweet, hopeful atmosphere.]

This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where
shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.
Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and
speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.
From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of
a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.
In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile
the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

Song 45: [The poet celebrates the constant, silent presence of the divine, arriving in every moment and season, through joy and sorrow alike. God's eternal footsteps bring both solace and radiance to the poet's life.]

Have you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.
Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.
Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their
notes have always proclaimed, 'He comes, comes, ever comes.'
In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.
In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of
clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.
In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart,
and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

Song 46: [The poet senses the divine approaching, having felt its presence through time and nature's whispers. A joyous anticipation stirs within, as if the moment of ultimate union with the divine is near.]

I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer
to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.
In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard and
thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.
I know not only why today my life is all astir, and a feeling of
tremulous joy is passing through my heart.
It is as if the time were come to wind up my work, and I feel in
the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.

Important Quotes

1. "Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure." (Song 1)
 - Highlights God's infinite generosity and renewal of life.
2. "All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony." (Song 2)
 - Portrays the transformative power of worship and divine connection.
3. "I know not how thou singest, my master!" (Song 3)
 - Expresses awe at the divine's eternal melody transcending human comprehension.
4. "I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth." (Song 4)
 - Reflects a vow to remain truthful and pure in devotion to God.
5. "I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side." (Song 5)
 - A yearning to pause and find solace in the presence of the divine.
6. "Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not!" (Song 6)
 - A plea for God's acceptance of humble offerings.
7. "Let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music." (Song 7)
 - Aspires for simplicity to become an instrument for divine melodies.
8. "Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?" (Song 11)
 - Emphasizes finding God in action and shared humanity.
9. "The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own." (Song 12)
 - Signifies a spiritual journey culminating in self-realization.
10. "The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day." (Song 13)
 - Expresses the agony of unrealized potential and longing for divine connection.

Song 47: [The poet longs for the divine arrival, hoping to awaken naturally at His touch and presence. They wish for their first conscious joy and light to come directly from the divine, uniting fully upon waking.]

The night is nearly spent waiting for him in vain. I fear lest in the morning he suddenly come to my door when I have fallen asleep wearied out. Oh friends, leave the way open to him—forbid him not. If the sounds of his steps does not wake me, do not try to rouse me, I pray. I wish not to be called from my sleep by the clamorous choir of birds, by the riot of wind at the festival of morning light. Let me sleep undisturbed even if my lord comes of a sudden to my door. Ah, my sleep, precious sleep, which only waits for his touch to vanish. Ah, my closed eyes that would open their lids only to the light of his smile when he stands before me like a dream emerging from darkness of sleep. Let him appear before my sight as the first of all lights and all forms. The first thrill of joy to my awakened soul let it come from his glance. And let my return to myself be immediate return to him.

Song 48: [The poet reflects on a journey where they rushed forward, ignoring nature's beauty and moments of rest. While others pursued tirelessly, the poet paused in exhaustion and surrender, only to awaken and find the divine already present, dispelling fears of the arduous path.]

The morning sea of silence broke into ripples of bird songs; and the flowers were all merry by the roadside; and the wealth of gold was scattered through the rift of the clouds while we busily went on our way and paid no heed. We sang no glad songs nor played; we went not to the village for

barter; we spoke not a word nor smiled; we lingered not on the way.
 We quickened our pace more and more as the time sped by.
 The sun rose to the mid sky and doves cooed in the shade.
 Withered leaves danced and whirled in the hot air of noon. The
 shepherd boy drowsed and dreamed in the shadow of the banyan
 tree, and I laid myself down by the water and stretched my tired limbs on the grass.
 My companions laughed at me in scorn; they held their heads
 high and hurried on; they never looked back nor rested; they
 vanished in the distant blue haze. They crossed many meadows and
 hills, and passed through strange, far-away countries. All honour to
 you, heroic host of the interminable path! Mockery and reproach
 pricked me to rise, but found no response in me. I gave myself up for
 lost in the depth of a glad humiliation—in the shadow of a dim delight.
 The repose of the sun-embroidered green gloom slowly spread
 over my heart. I forgot for what I had travelled, and I surrendered my
 mind without struggle to the maze of shadows and songs.
 At last, when I woke from my slumber and opened my eyes, I saw
 thee standing by me, flooding my sleep with thy smile. How I had
 feared that the path was long and wearisome, and the struggle to
 reach thee was hard!

Song 49: [The poet marvels at the divine descending to their humble abode, drawn by their simple song.]

You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.
 I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your
 ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.
 Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all
 hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One
 plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and
 with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Song 50: [The poet recounts a humbling encounter with the divine, who unexpectedly asked for an offering. Reluctantly giving a small part, the poet later realizes the transformative power of true generosity and laments not having given everything.]

I had gone a-begging from door to door in the village path, when
 thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream
 and I wondered who was this King of all kings!
 My hopes rose high and methought my evil days were at an end,
 and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and for wealth
 scattered on all sides in the dust.
 The chariot stopped where I stood. Thy glance fell on me and
 thou camest down with a smile. I felt that the luck of my life had
 come at last. Then of a sudden thou didst hold out thy right hand and
 say 'What hast thou to give to me?'

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg!
 I was confused and stood undecided, and then from my wallet I
 slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee.
 But how great my surprise when at the day's end I emptied my
 bag on the floor to find a least little gram of gold among the poor
 heap. I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my all.

Learning Check



1. What does the poet regret most?

- a) Missing the divine presence due to sleep.
- b) Failing to hear the harp's melody.
- c) Losing their connection with the world.
- d) Ignoring the call of nature.

2. What prevents the poet from achieving freedom?

- a) Fear of change.
- b) Attachments to worldly illusions.
- c) Lack of divine guidance.
- d) Physical limitations.

3. The line "the shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death" signifies?

- a) The poet's spiritual awakening.
- b) The burden of worldly sins and mortality.
- c) The poet's rejection of material wealth.
- d) The inevitability of life's challenges.

4. "I take pride in this great wall". In this line, the "wall" symbolizes:

- a) The poet's pride and ego.
- b) The divine's protection.
- c) The separation of the self from others.
- d) The foundation of faith.

5. What led the prisoner to captivity?

- a) Betrayal by others.
- b) The pursuit of wealth and power.
- c) A lack of spiritual guidance.
- d) Harsh circumstances beyond their control.

6. How does God's love differ from worldly love?

- a) It binds the poet with strict rules.
- b) It liberates and patiently waits.
- c) It demands constant devotion.
- d) It is conditional and elusive.

7. What do the worldly desires symbolize?

- a) Innocent companions.
- b) Thieves disrupting devotion.
- c) Guides to spiritual awakening.
- d) Shadows of divine grace.

8. Which ideal is central to the poet's prayer for their country?

- a) A country led by wealth and ambition.
- b) A society unshackled by fear and division.
- c) A kingdom rooted in religious orthodoxy.
- d) A nation guided by traditional practices.

9, "Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all.

Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on"

The poetic device is used in these lines:

- a) Hyperbole
- b) Repetition
- c) Anaphora
- d) Simile

10. What is the poet's deepest cry?

- a) "I seek freedom in peace."
- b) "I want thee, only thee."
- c) "Guide me to the light."
- d) "Liberate me from desire."

11. "As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might." In the line, the storm symbolizes:

- a) The destruction of ego.
- b) The poet's inner turmoil.
- c) The power of divine wrath.
- d) The transition to peace.

12. What does the poet seek when "the heart is hard and parched up"?

- a) Divine mercy.
- b) Inner strength.
- c) Solace in nature.
- d) Freedom from life's burdens.

13. What does the poet experience while waiting for their divine lover?

- a) Humiliation and faith.
- b) Joy and fulfillment.
- c) Fear and despair.
- d) Satisfaction and pride.

14. The poet's realization about divine presence in their past:

- a) It was disguised in ordinary moments.
- b) It was always absent.
- c) It was a punishment for their flaws.
- d) It was a reward for their devotion.

15. The poetic device prominent in "In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes":

- a) Repetition
- b) Symbolism
- c) Alliteration
- d) Apostrophe

16. What does the poet desire upon awakening?

- a) To be greeted by nature's beauty.
- b) To awaken naturally at the divine's touch.
- c) To be surrounded by companions.
- d) To hear the morning choir of birds.

17. _____ brought the divine to the poet's humble cottage.

- a) The poet's wealth and offerings.
- b) The poet's simple song.
- c) The grandeur of the poet's prayers.
- d) The poet's deep suffering.

18. The poet's realization after waking:

- a) The struggle to find the divine was unnecessary.
- b) Their journey was incomplete.
- c) Their companions were correct to move quickly.
- d) Nature was the ultimate source of enlightenment.

19. The poet wants the first conscious moment to be filled with _____

- a) The divine's smile and light.
- b) The music of nature.
- c) The sunrise over the horizon.
- d) The song of a morning bird.

20. The poet's description of divine's arrival in life:

- a) As a golden chariot appearing like a dream.
- b) As a storm breaking through despair.
- c) As a gentle breeze soothing their heart.
- d) As a thunderous voice awakening their soul

Ans: 1-a, 2-b, 3-b, 4-a, 5-b, 6-b, 7-b, 8-c, 10-b, 11-a, 12-a, 13-a, 14-a, 15-a, 16-b, 17-b, 18-a, 19-a, 20-a

Song 51: [The poet narrates the unprepared arrival of the divine King in the dead of night, amidst doubt, disbelief, and neglect. Overwhelmed with shame for their lack of readiness, they ultimately embrace the King with humility, offering even their bare and humble dwelling as a place of welcome.]

The night darkened. Our day's works had been done. We thought that the last guest had arrived for the night and the doors in the village were all shut. Only some said the king was to come. We laughed and said 'No, it cannot be!'

It seemed there were knocks at the door and we said it was nothing but the wind. We put out the lamps and lay down to sleep.

Only some said, 'It is the messenger!' We laughed and said 'No, it must be the wind!'

There came a sound in the dead of the night. We sleepily thought it was the distant thunder. The earth shook, the walls rocked, and it troubled us in our sleep. Only some said it was the sound of wheels.

We said in a drowsy murmur, 'No, it must be the rumbling of clouds!'

The night was still dark when the drum sounded. The voice came

'Wake up! delay not!' We pressed our hands on our hearts and shuddered with fear. Some said, 'Lo, there is the king's flag!' We stood up on our feet and cried 'There is no time for delay!'

The king has come—but where are lights, where are wreaths?

Where is the throne to seat him? Oh, shame! Oh utter shame! Where is the hall, the decorations? Someone has said, 'Vain is this cry! Greet him with empty hands, lead him into thy rooms all bare!'

Open the doors, let the conch-shells be sounded! in the depth of the night has come the king of our dark, dreary house. The thunder roars in the sky. The darkness shudders with lightning. Bring out thy tattered piece of mat and spread it in the courtyard. With the storm has come of a sudden our king of the fearful night.

Song 52: [The poet initially seeks a delicate token of love but is instead gifted with God's mighty sword—a symbol of strength and liberation. Though heavy and painful, it becomes a profound honor, transforming the poet's life from fear and frailty to courage and purpose, forsaking trivialities for divine empowerment.]

I thought I should ask of thee—but I dared not—the rose wreath thou hadst on thy neck. Thus I waited for the morning, when thou didst depart, to find a few fragments on the bed. And like a beggar I searched in the dawn only for a stray petal or two.

Ah me, what is it I find? What token left of thy love? It is no flower, no spices, no vase of perfumed water. It is thy mighty sword, flashing as a flame, heavy as a bolt of thunder. The young light of morning comes through the window and spread itself upon thy bed. The morning bird twitters and asks, 'Woman, what hast thou got?' No, it is no flower, nor spices, nor vase of perfumed water—it is thy dreadful sword. I sit and muse in wonder, what gift is this of thine. I can find no place to hide it. I am ashamed to wear it, frail as I am, and it hurts me when press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this gift of thine.

From now there shall be no fear left for me in this world, and thou shalt be victorious in all my strife. Thou hast left death for my companion and I shall crown him with my life. Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds, and there shall be no fear left for me in the world.

From now I leave off all petty decorations. Lord of my heart, no more shall there be for me waiting and weeping in corners, no more coyness and sweetness of demeanour. Thou hast given me thy sword for adornment. No more doll's decorations for me!

Song 53: [The poet admires the beauty of God's jeweled wristlet but finds the sword, with its fierce power and divine brilliance, even more captivating. The sword symbolizes ultimate beauty—terrifying yet pure, embodying the essence of transformation and liberation.]

Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with stars and cunningly wrought in myriad-coloured jewels. But more beautiful to me thy sword with its curve of lightning like the outspread wings of the divine bird of Vishnu, perfectly poised in the angry red light of the sunset.

It quivers like the one last response of life in ecstasy of pain at the final stroke of death; it shines like the pure flame of being burning up earthly sense with one fierce flash.

Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with starry gems; but thy sword, O lord of thunder, is wrought with uttermost beauty, terrible to behold or think of.

Song 54: [The poet recalls a fleeting encounter with the divine, offering water to quench His thirst and feeling unworthy of remembrance. Yet, the sweetness of that humble act lingers in their heart as a cherished, eternal memory.]

I asked nothing from thee; I uttered not my name to thine ear.

When thou took'st thy leave I stood silent. I was alone by the well where the shadow of the tree fell aslant, and the women had gone home with their brown earthen pitchers full to the brim. They called me and shouted, 'Come with us, the morning is wearing on to noon.'

But I languidly lingered awhile lost in the midst of vague musings.

I heard not thy steps as thou camest. Thine eyes were sad when they fell on me; thy voice was tired as thou spakest low—'Ah, I am a thirsty traveller.'

I started up from my day-dreams and poured water from my jar on thy joined palms.

The leaves rustled overhead; the cuckoo sang from the unseen dark, and perfume of babla flowers came from the bend of the road.

I stood speechless with shame when my name thou didst ask.

Indeed, what had I done for thee to keep me in remembrance? But the memory that I could give water to thee to allay thy thirst will cling to my heart and enfold it in sweetness. The morning hour is late, the bird sings in weary notes, neem leaves rustle overhead and I sit and think and think.

Song 55: [The poet urges awakening and action, reminding of the beauty and joy awaiting beyond hardship and solitude. They call for a journey of purpose, where even pain transforms into the music of fulfillment.]

Languor is upon your heart and the slumber is still on your eyes.
 Has not the word come to you that the flower is reigning in
 splendour among thorns? Wake, oh awaken! let not the time pass in vain!
 At the end of the stony path, in the country of virgin solitude, my
 friend is sitting all alone. Deceive him not. Wake, oh awaken!
 What if the sky pants and trembles with the heat of the midday
 sun—what if the burning sand spreads its mantle of thirst—
 Is there no joy in the deep of your heart? At every footfall of
 yours, will not the harp of the road break out in sweet music of pain?

Song 56: [The poet marvels at God's boundless joy and love, finding purpose in being the divine's partner in creation. God's love takes form through their union, blending majesty and intimacy in a perfect harmony of delight and devotion.]

Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full. Thus it is that thou hast
 come down to me. O thou lord of all heavens, where would be thy love if I were not?
 Thou hast taken me as thy partner of all this wealth. In my heart
 is the endless play of thy delight. In my life thy will is ever taking shape.
 And for this, thou who art the King of kings hast decked thyself in
 beauty to captivate my heart. And for this thy love loses itself in the
 love of thy lover, and there art thou seen in the perfect union of two.

Song 57: [The poet celebrates the divine light that fills the world, igniting joy, love, and beauty in all creation. This light transforms life into a radiant dance of mirth and abundance, overflowing with boundless delight.]

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heartsweetening light!
 Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light
 strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind
 runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.
 The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and
 jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.
 The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.
 Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without
 measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

Song 58: [The poet seeks to unite all forms of joy— tempestuous, sorrowful, and selfless—in their final song. They embrace the beauty of life's dualities, where joy transcends words and flows through both laughter and pain.]

Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song—the joy that
 makes the earth flow over in the riotous excess of the grass, the joy
 that sets the twin brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide
 world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest, shaking and waking
 all life with laughter, the joy that sits still with its tears on the open
 red lotus of pain, and the joy that throws everything it has upon
 the dust, and knows not a word.

- Song 59:** [The poet recognizes the beauty of nature as an expression of divine love, conveyed through light, breeze, and sky. In this serene moment, they feel a profound connection with God, touching His presence with their heart.]

Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my heart—
this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these idle clouds sailing
across the sky, this passing breeze leaving its coolness upon my forehead.
The morning light has flooded my eyes—this is thy message to
my heart. Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes look down on my
eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet.

- Song 60:** [The poet portrays the seashore as a timeless meeting place where children play, untouched by the complexities of life. Amid the vastness of the infinite sky and restless sea, their innocence and joy contrast with the weighty pursuits and perils of the adult world.]

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky
is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the
seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.
They build their houses with sand and they play with empty
shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly
float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.
They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets.
Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while
children gather pebbles and scatter them again. they seek not for
hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.
The sea surges up with laughter and pale gleams the smile of the
sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the
children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea
plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.
On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams
in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is
abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the
great meeting of children.

- Song 61:** [The poet beautifully imagines the origins of a baby's sleep, smile, and freshness as mystical and tender gifts from nature and love. These precious qualities are born of moonlight, dreams, and a mother's youthful heart, embodying the magic of life's beginnings.]

The sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from
where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where,
in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glowworms, there hang two timid buds of enchantment.
From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.
The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does
anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a
young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing
autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a
dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.
The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs—does
anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes, when the mother
was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent
mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.

Song 62: [The poet discovers the deeper meaning behind nature's beauty and joy through their child's delight. In sharing colors, music, sweetness, and love, they see life's wonders mirrored in the simple, pure happiness of their child.]

When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why
there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers
are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I truly now why there is music in
leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the
listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands I know why
there is honey in the cup of the flowers and why fruits are secretly
filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely
understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light, and
what delight that is that is which the summer breeze brings to my
body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

Song 63: [The poet expresses gratitude for divine guidance in forming connections with strangers and unfamiliar places, transforming them into bonds of joy. They pray to always feel God's presence in every new experience, recognizing unity in diversity.]

Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou
hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the
distant near and made a brother of the stranger.

I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed
shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest.

Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever
thou leadest me it is thou, the same, the one companion of my
endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.

When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is
shut. Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the
touch of the one in the play of many.

Song 64: [The poet encounters a maiden carrying her lamp, each time seeking its light to dispel the darkness of their lonely home. Yet, her lamp is always destined for higher purposes—dedication to the river, sky, or the grand carnival of lamps—leaving the poet to reflect on its seemingly futile journey, lost in the vastness.]

On the slope of the desolate river among tall grasses I asked her,
'Maiden, where do you go shading your lamp with your mantle? My
house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light!' she raised her
dark eyes for a moment and looked at my face through the dusk. 'I
have come to the river,' she said, 'to float my lamp on the stream
when the daylight wanes in the west.' I stood alone among tall
grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the tide.

In the silence of gathering night I asked her, 'Maiden, your lights
are all lit—then where do you go with your lamp? My house is all
dark and lonesome—lend me your light.' She raised her dark eyes on
my face and stood for a moment doubtful. 'I have come,' she said at
last, 'to dedicate my lamp to the sky.' I stood and watched her light
uselessly burning in the void.

In the moonless gloom of midnight I ask her, 'Maiden, what is

your quest, holding the lamp near your heart? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light.' She stopped for a minute and thought and gazed at my face in the dark. 'I have brought my light,' she said, 'to join the carnival of lamps.' I stood and watched her little lamp uselessly lost among lights.

Song 65: [The poet marvels at being a vessel for divine expression, where God experiences His creation through their senses. This intimate exchange of love allows God to revel in His own beauty and joy within the poet's being.]

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?
My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and
to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?
Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy joy is adding
music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelest
thine own entire sweetness in me.

Song 66: [The poet speaks of an innermost, mysterious essence of their being, hidden and untouched by the world, reserved only for God. This veiled presence, untouched by words or worldly desires, will be their final, sacred offering to the divine, enfolded in their ultimate song.]

She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the
twilight of gleams and of glimpses; she who never opened her veils in
the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song.
Words have wooed yet failed to win her; persuasion has
stretched to her its eager arms in vain.
I have roamed from country to country keeping her in the core of
my heart, and around her have risen and fallen the growth and decay of my life.
Over my thoughts and actions, my slumbers and dreams, she
reigned yet dwelled alone and apart.
many a man knocked at my door and asked for her and turned away in despair.
There was none in the world who ever saw her face to face, and
she remained in her loneliness waiting for thy recognition.

Song 67: [The poet celebrates the divine as both the nurturing nest of earthly beauty and the infinite sky of spiritual freedom. While the world offers vibrant moments of love, peace, and joy, the boundless divine realm transcends all form, color, and words in eternal purity.]

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.
O thou beautiful, there in the nest is thy love that encloses the
soul with colours and sounds and odours.
There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right
hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.
And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted
by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in
her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.
But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her
flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor
night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word.

Song 68: [The poet marvels at how God's radiant light tenderly embraces their fleeting emotions—tears, sighs, and songs—transforming them into beautiful, ever-changing clouds. In their transient fragility, these shadows bring a tender, human touch to the divine's serene and unchanging brilliance.]

Thy sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine with arms
outstretched and stands at my door the livelong day to carry back to
thy feet clouds made of my tears and sighs and songs.
With fond delight thou wrappest about thy starry breast that
mantle of misty cloud, turning it into numberless shapes and folds
and colouring it with hues everchanging.
It is so light and so fleeting, tender and tearful and dark, that is
why thou lovest it, O thou spotless and serene. And that is why it
may cover thy awful white light with its pathetic shadows.

Song 69: [The poet celebrates the universal stream of life flowing through all existence, connecting their being to the rhythm of nature and the cycle of birth and death. They feel glorified and proud, alive with the eternal pulse of creation coursing through them.]

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day
runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.
It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth
in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.
It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and
of death, in ebb and in flow.
I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of
life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

Song 70: [The poet urges surrender to the boundless, dynamic rhythm of life, embracing its fleeting, tumultuous joy. They celebrate the unstoppable flow of seasons, colors, and sensations, all dissolving in the ceaseless dance of creation.]

Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this rhythm? to
be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy?
All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power
can hold them back, they rush on.
Keeping steps with that restless, rapid music, seasons come
dancing and pass away—colours, tunes, and perfumes pour in
endless cascades in the abounding joy that scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

Song 71: [The poet reflects on the divine's self-expression through creation, where God's separation from Himself takes form in the poet's existence. This cosmic play of "thee and me," filled with joy, sorrow, and mystery, vibrantly weaves the universe in an eternal dance of union and separation.]

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus
casting coloured shadows on thy radiance—such is thy maya.
Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy
severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.
The poignant song is echoed through all the sky in manycoloured tears and smiles, alarms and hopes; waves rise up and
sink again, dreams break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.
This screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumerable
figures with the brush of the night and the day. Behind it thy seat is

woven in wondrous mysteries of curves, casting away all barren lines of straightness.

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With
the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with
the hiding and seeking of thee and me.

Song 72: [The poet acknowledges the divine presence within, stirring their being through joy, pain, and the illusions of life. Across time and forms, it is always God who touches their heart, weaving the threads of existence with love.]

He it is, the innermost one, who awakens my being with his deep hidden touches.

He it is who puts his enchantment upon these eyes and joyfully
plays on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain.

He it is who weaves the web of this maya in evanescent hues of
gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through the folds
his feet, at whose touch I forget myself.

Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart
in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

Song 73: [The poet recognizes the divine as the innermost presence, stirring their heart with hidden touches of joy and sorrow. Through the ever-changing illusions of life, it is always God who moves them in countless forms and guises.]

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of
freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of
various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame
and place them before the altar of thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight
and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my
desires ripen into fruits of love.

Song 74: [As night falls, the poet feels drawn to the river, captivated by its melancholic call. Venturing into the unknown, they surrender to the mystery of who or what awaits at the crossing, where an unseen musician plays a haunting tune.]

The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth. It is time that I
go to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it
calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passer-by,
the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not if I shall come back home. I know not whom I shall
chance to meet. There at the fording in the little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute.

Song 75: [The poet marvels at how God's gifts fulfill worldly needs yet ultimately return to Him.
Whether rivers, flowers, or poetry, all creations serve their purpose while pointing back to the
divine as their ultimate destination.]

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our needs and yet run back to thee undiminished.

The river has its everyday work to do and hastens through fields
and hamlets; yet its incessant stream winds towards the washing of thy feet.

The flower sweetens the air with its perfume; yet its last service is to offer itself to thee.

Thy worship does not impoverish the world.

From the words of the poet men take what meanings please
them; yet their last meaning points to thee.

Learning Check



1. What gift does the poet receive instead of the delicate wreath?

- a) A sword symbolizing strength
- b) A jeweled crown
- c) A fragrant rose
- d) A golden chalice

2. How does the poet describe the divine sword?

- a) Gentle and delicate
- b) Terrifying yet beautiful
- c) Unbearable and overwhelming
- d) Heavy and burdensome

3. What is the poet's call to action?

- a) To seek solitude
- b) To awaken and embark on a purposeful journey
- c) To accept suffering as inevitable
- d) To rest and reflect

4. The poetic device in the line "the joy that sets the twin brothers, life and death, dancing":

- a) Symbolism
- b) Hyperbole
- c) Personification
- d) Alliteration

5. What does the poet recognize as an expression of divine love?

- a) The vastness of the sea
- b) The beauty of nature
- c) The laughter of children
- d) The strength of storms

6. What does the poet learn from the child's happiness?

- a) The meaning of nature's beauty
- b) The futility of material desires
- c) The importance of discipline
- d) The depth of parental love

7. What does the maiden's lamp symbolize?

- a) Hope and purpose
- b) Futility and neglect
- c) Dedication and higher aspirations
- d) Solitude and despair

8. What does the "nest" symbolize in this song?

- a) Earthly beauty and nurturing love
- b) The fleeting nature of life

- c) A sanctuary from sorrow
- d) A barrier to freedom

9. The poetic device in "The morning with the golden basket in her right hand":

- a) Simile
- b) Metaphor
- c) Personification
- d) Alliteration

10. What does the poet describe as "pathetic shadows"?

- a) Human emotions transformed into fleeting clouds
- b) The struggles of the divine against darkness
- c) The burden of unfulfilled desires
- d) The imperfections of the natural world

11. How does the poet describe the cosmic play of "thee and me"?

- a) As a dance of union and separation
- b) As a solitary pursuit of divine knowledge
- c) As an eternal battle between light and dark
- d) As a reflection of human suffering

12. What does "all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy" signify?

- a) Spiritual transformation
- b) The loss of worldly desires
- c) The rejection of divine love
- d) The inevitability of death

13. What draws the poet to the river at night?

- a) The melancholic call of the water
- b) The promise of meeting the divine
- c) The need to find solitude
- d) The desire to escape suffering

14. The poetic device in the line "The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water."

- a) Metaphor
- b) Personification
- c) Alliteration
- d) Hyperbole

15. What is the ultimate purpose of God's gifts, according to the poet?

- a) To fulfill worldly needs and return to the divine
- b) To teach humanity the value of sacrifice
- c) To bring happiness to the poet alone
- d) To create separation from the divine

Ans: 1-a, 2-b, 3-b, 4-c, 5-b, 6-a, 7-c, 8-a, 9-c, 10-a, 11-a, 12-a, 13-a, 14-b&c, 15-a

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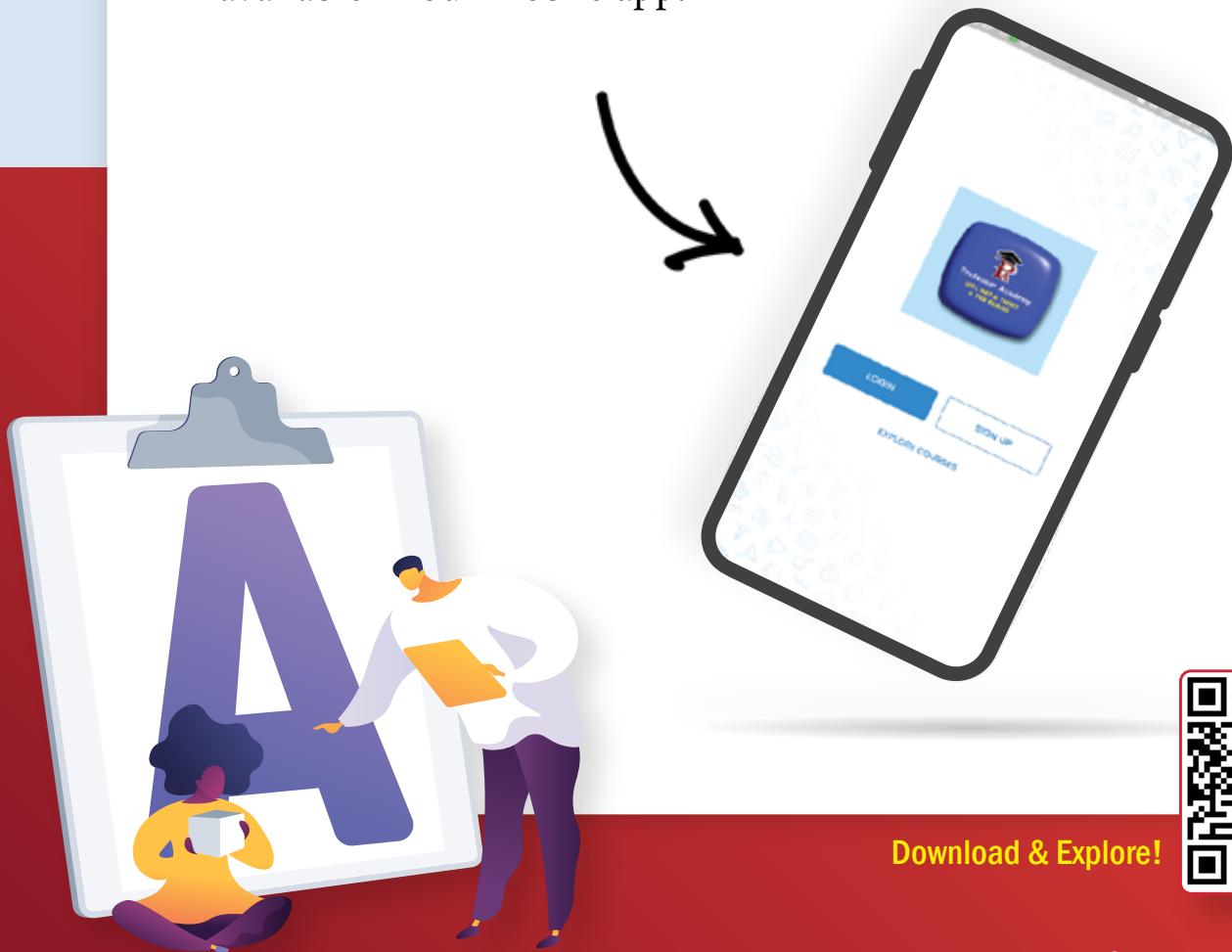
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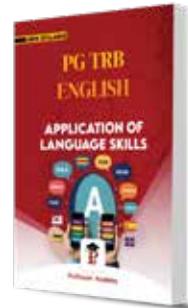
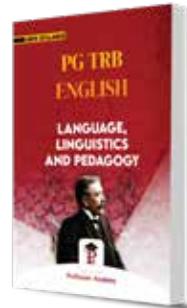
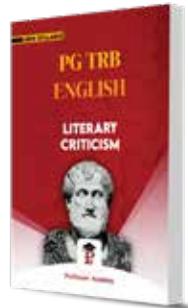
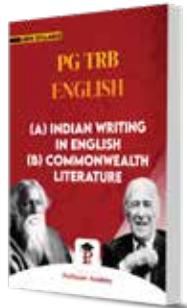
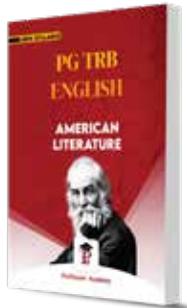
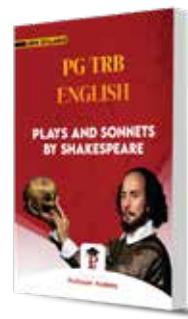
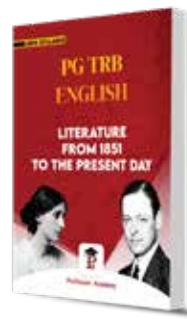
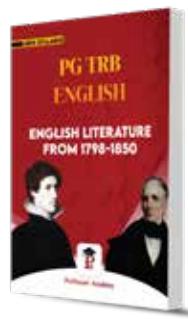
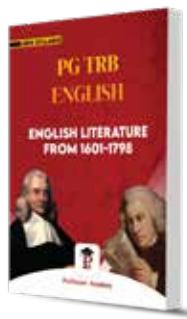
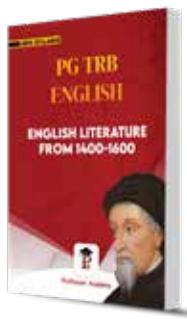


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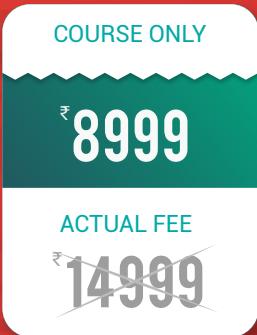
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- Song 76:** [The poet expresses a deep yearning to stand before God in devotion, whether in solitude, amidst worldly struggles, or at life's end. They long for a continuous, humble connection with the divine, culminating in a silent, ultimate union.]

Day after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face. With folded hands, O lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face. Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face. In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face. And when my work shall be done in this world, O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face.

- Song 77:** [The poet reflects on their distant reverence for God, realizing they fail to embrace Him intimately as a friend or comrade. By withholding love and unity with others, they miss the deeper connection with the divine in shared humanity.]

I know thee as my God and stand apart—I do not know thee as my own and come closer. I know thee as my father and bow before thy feet—I do not grasp thy hand as my friend's. I stand not where thou comest down and ownest thyself as mine, there to clasp thee to my heart and take thee as my comrade. Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers, but I heed them not, I divide not my earnings with them, thus sharing my all with thee. In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the side of men, and thus stand by thee. I shrink to give up my life, and thus do not plunge into the great waters of life.

- Song 78:** [The poet tells of a mythical moment when the gods lamented a lost star, believing it broke the chain of perfection. Yet, in the quiet of night, the stars affirm that true perfection remains whole and undiminished, beyond human perception.]

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang 'Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!' But one cried of a sudden—'It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost.' The golden string of their harp snapped, their song stopped, and they cried in dismay—'Yes, that lost star was the best, she was the glory of all heavens!' From that day the search is unceasing for her, and the cry goes on from one to the other that in her the world has lost its one joy! Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—'Vain is this seeking! unbroken perfection is over all!'

- Song 79:** [The poem expresses a longing for a divine or unattainable presence, with the speaker choosing to carry the sorrow of separation as a constant reminder, amidst life's distractions and fleeting pleasures.]

If it is not my portion to meet thee in this life then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours. As my days pass in the crowded market of this world and my hands grow full with the daily profits, let me ever feel that I have gained nothing—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours. When I sit by the roadside, tired and panting, when I spread my

bed low in the dust, let me ever feel that the long journey is still before me—let me not forget a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When my rooms have been decked out and the flutes sound and the laughter there is loud, let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

Song 80: [The poem portrays the speaker as a drifting autumn cloud, yearning to unite with the divine light, embracing life's fleeting beauty and surrendering to its eventual dissolution in harmony with the divine will.]

I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent.

Song 81: [The poem reflects the realization that no time is truly wasted, as the divine silently nurtures life's growth and beauty even during moments of idleness.]

On many an idle day have I grieved over lost time. But it is never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all work had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

Song 82: [The poem contrasts the divine's infinite patience with human urgency, showing how we often waste time on trivialities, yet the divine's grace always allows room for redemption.]

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord. There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers. Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and having no time we must scramble for a chances. We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by while I give it to every querulous man who claims it, and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate to be shut; but I find that yet there is time.

Song 83: [The poem conveys a deep, personal devotion, where the speaker offers their sorrow to the divine mother, finding solace and grace in this intimate act of surrender.]

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own, and when I bring it to thee as my offering thou rewardest me with thy grace.

- Song 84:** [The poem reflects on the universal pain of separation, which inspires creation, love, and longing, transforming sorrow into the beauty of nature, human emotions, and poetic expression.]

It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world
and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.
It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all nights from
star to star and becomes lyric among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.
It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires,
into sufferings and joy in human homes; and this it is that ever melts
and flows in songs through my poet's heart.

- Song 85:** [The poem depicts the journey of warriors, symbolizing life's trials and achievements, highlighting how true strength lies in surrendering to peace and leaving worldly pursuits behind in the end.]

When the warriors came out first from their master's hall, where
had they hid their power? Where were their armour and their arms?
They looked poor and helpless, and the arrows were showered
upon them on the day they came out from their master's hall.
When the warriors marched back again to their master's hall
where did they hide their power?
They had dropped the sword and dropped the bow and the
arrow; peace was on their foreheads, and they had left the fruits of
their life behind them on the day they marched back again to their master's hall.

- Song 86:** [The poem portrays death as a divine messenger, welcomed with reverence despite fear, symbolizing acceptance of mortality as the ultimate offering to the divine.]

Death, thy servant, is at my door. He has crossed the unknown
sea and brought thy call to my home.
The night is dark and my heart is fearful—yet I will take up the
lamp, open my gates and bow to him my welcome. It is thy
messenger who stands at my door.
I will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of my heart.
He will go back with his errand done, leaving a dark shadow on
my morning; and in my desolate home only my forlorn self will
remain as my last offering to thee.

- Song 87:** [The poem captures a yearning for reunion with the lost, expressing the transition from earthly limitations to the divine's infinite embrace, where all losses are redeemed in universal wholeness.]

In desperate hope I go and search for her in all the corners of my room; I find her not.
My house is small and what once has gone from it can never be regained.
But infinite is thy mansion, my lord, and seeking her I have to come to thy door.
I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.
I have come to the brink of eternity from which nothing can
vanish—no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.
Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the
deepest fullness. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the allness of the universe.

Song 88: [The poem laments the forgotten deity of a ruined temple, symbolizing neglected devotion and enduring spiritual hunger amidst the transient nature of human worship and creations.]

Deity of the ruined temple! The broken strings of Vina sing no more your praise. The bells in the evening proclaim not your time of worship. The air is still and silent about you.
 In your desolate dwelling comes the vagrant spring breeze. It brings the tidings of flowers—the flowers that for your worship are offered no more. Your worshipper of old wanders ever longing for favour still refused. In the eventide, when fires and shadows mingle with the gloom of dust, he wearily comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in his heart. Many a festival day comes to you in silence, deity of the ruined temple. Many a night of worship goes away with lamp unlit. Many new images are built by masters of cunning art and carried to the holy stream of oblivion when their time is come. Only the deity of the ruined temple remains unworshipped in deathless neglect.

Song 89: [The poem reflects a shift from worldly clamor to quiet introspection, embracing an untimely but irresistible call to surrender life's busyness for the simple joy of communion with the divine.]

No more noisy, loud words from me—such is my master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song.
 Men hasten to the King's market. All the buyers and sellers are there. But I have my untimely leave in the middle of the day, in the thick of work. Let then the flowers come out in my garden, though it is not their time; and let the midday bees strike up their lazy hum.
 Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him; and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless in consequence!

Song 90: [The poem envisions death as a welcomed guest, with the speaker offering the fullness of their life's experiences and achievements as a final act of gratitude and completeness.]

On the day when death will knock at thy door what wilt thou offer to him? Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life—I will never let him go with empty hands.
 All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

Song 91: [The poem portrays death as the ultimate fulfillment and union, likened to a bride meeting her groom, symbolizing a lifelong yearning for transcendence and complete surrender in the solitude of eternity.]

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death, come and whisper to me!
 Day after day I have kept watch for thee; for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.
 All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy. One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own.
 The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.



Important Quotes

11. **"Thy love for me still waits for my love."**
(Song 32)
 - Depicts God's patient and ever-present love.
12. **"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high."**
(Song 35)
 - Envisions an ideal world of freedom, truth, and unity.
13. **"Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles."**
(Song 36)
 - A prayer for inner strength and dignity.
14. **"Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!"**
(Song 27)
 - Urges the awakening of divine illumination within.
15. **"In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and caught sight of him that is formless."**
(Song 96)
 - Acknowledges life as a divine stage revealing eternal truths.
16. **"When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable."**
(Song 96)
 - Celebrates the beauty and fulfillment of life's journey.
17. **"In one salutation to thee, my God, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at thy feet."**
(Song 103)
 - Surrenders every aspect of existence in a unified act of devotion.=

Song 92: [The poem contemplates the inevitability of death, embracing it as a revelation that unveils the enduring beauty of the world and the true value of overlooked, humble treasures of life.]

I know that the day will come when my sight of this earth shall be lost, and life will take its leave in silence, drawing the last curtain over my eyes. Yet stars will watch at night, and morning rise as before, and hours heave like sea waves casting up pleasures and pains. When I think of this end of my moments, the barrier of the moments breaks and I see by the light of death thy world with its careless treasures. Rare is its lowliest seat, rare is its meanest of lives. Things that I longed for in vain and things that I got—let them pass. Let me but truly possess the things that I ever spurned and overlooked.

Song 93: [The poem expresses a serene farewell, acknowledging gratitude for shared moments and readiness to embrace the inevitable journey beyond life's bounds.]

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers! I bow to you all and take my departure. Here I give back the keys of my door—and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you. We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

Song 94: [The poem celebrates a hopeful departure, embracing the journey with an open heart and fearless spirit, anticipating a divine union and the serenity of fulfillment at its end.]

At this time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends! The sky is flushed with the dawn and my path lies beautiful. Ask not what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart. I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown dress of the traveller, and though there are dangers on the way I have no fear in mind. The evening star will come out when my voyage is done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies be struck up from the King's gateway.

Song 95: [The poem reflects on life's mysterious beginning and end, embracing both birth and death as intimate, loving transitions guided by the eternal, much like a mother's comforting care.]

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.
 What was the power that made me open out into this vast
 mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!
 When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment
 that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without
 name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.
 Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known
 to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.
 The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it
 away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.

Song 96: [The poem celebrates life's profound beauty and spiritual encounters, expressing gratitude for the divine presence experienced in fleeting forms and readiness to embrace the end with contentment.]

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.
 I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on
 the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word.
 In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here
 have I caught sight of him that is formless.
 My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is
 beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word.

Song 97: [The poem reminisces about carefree communion with the divine in youth, contrasting it with a mature, awe-filled awareness of the divine's grandeur as playtime gives way to reverence.]

When my play was with thee I never questioned who thou wert. I
 knew nor shyness nor fear, my life was boisterous.
 In the early morning thou wouldest call me from my sleep like my
 own comrade and lead me running from glade to glade.
 On those days I never cared to know the meaning of songs thou
 sangest to me. Only my voice took up the tunes, and my heart danced in their cadence.
 Now, when the playtime is over, what is this sudden sight that is
 come upon me? The world with eyes bent upon thy feet stands in
 awe with all its silent stars.

Song 98: [The poem surrenders to the inevitability of divine conquest, embracing the pain, loss, and transformation that lead to ultimate union and self-dissolution at the divine's feet.]

I will deck thee with trophies, garlands of my defeat. It is never in
 my power to escape unconquered.
 I surely know my pride will go to the wall, my life will burst its
 bonds in exceeding pain, and my empty heart will sob out in music
 like a hollow reed, and the stone will melt in tears.
 I surely know the hundred petals of a lotus will not remain closed
 for ever and the secret recess of its honey will be bared.
 From the blue sky an eye shall gaze upon me and summon me in
 silence. Nothing will be left for me, nothing whatever, and utter
 death shall I receive at thy feet.

Song 99: [The poem conveys a surrender to divine will, recognizing the futility of personal struggle and choosing patience and quiet readiness to welcome the divine presence at its chosen time.]

When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee
to take it. What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle.
Then take away your hands and silently put up with your defeat,
my heart, and think it your good fortune to sit perfectly still where you are placed.
These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of wind, and
trying to light them I forget all else again and again.
But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my
mat on the floor; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come
silently and take thy seat here.

Song 100: [The poem expresses a longing to transcend the transient forms of existence, seeking unity with the eternal, where life's journey ends in surrender and harmony with the infinite.]

I dive down into the depth of the ocean of forms, hoping to gain
the perfect pearl of the formless.

No more sailing from harbour to harbour with this my weatherbeaten boat. The days are long passed when my sport
was to be tossed on waves.

And now I am eager to die into the deathless.

Into the audience hall by the fathomless abyss where swells up
the music of toneless strings I shall take this harp of my life.

I shall tune it to the notes of forever, and when it has sobbed out
its last utterance, lay down my silent harp at the feet of the silent.

Song 101: [The poem reflects on a life guided by songs as a means of seeking the divine, uncovering life's
mysteries, and ultimately arriving at the threshold of eternal fulfillment.]

Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who
led me from door to door, and with them have I felt about me,
searching and touching my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt; they
showed me secret paths, they brought before my sight many a star
on the horizon of my heart.

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country
of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have the
brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?

Song 102: [The poem reflects the ineffable nature of the divine, as the poet struggles to articulate its
essence, facing misunderstanding and scorn, while the divine remains amused and serene in
silent understanding.]

I boasted among men that I had known you. They see your
pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, 'Who is he?' I
know not how to answer them. I say, 'Indeed, I cannot tell.' They
blame me and they go away in scorn. And you sit there smiling.

I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes out
from my heart. They come and ask me, 'Tell me all your meanings.' I
know not how to answer them. I say, 'Ah, who knows what they
mean!' They smile and go away in utter scorn. And you sit there smiling.

Song 103: [The poem expresses a profound yearning for unity with the divine, offering all senses,
thoughts, songs, and life itself in a singular, heartfelt salutation to return to the eternal source.]

In one salutation to thee, my God, let all my senses spread out
and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain-cloud of July hung low with its burden of unshed
showers let all my mind bend down at thy door in one salutation to thee.

Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to thee.
Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day back to their mountain nests let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to thee.

Learning Check



1. What message do the stars convey?

- a) Perfection is fragile and fleeting.
- b) True perfection is being whole and eternal.
- c) Lost beauty cannot be recovered.
- d) The divine must be sought endlessly.

2. What does the poet choose to carry throughout life?

- a) The joy of worldly success
- b) The sorrow of divine separation
- c) The weight of unfulfilled ambitions
- d) The struggles of human suffering

3. What realization does the poet come to about idle time?

- a) It is wasted unless used for devotion.
- b) It is silently nurtured by the divine into growth.
- c) It leads to spiritual emptiness.
- d) It reflects human frailty.

4. What is contrasted with human urgency?

- a) The divine's infinite patience
- b) The futility of ambition
- c) The struggle for worldly gains
- d) The timeless beauty of nature

5. What does the poet offer to the divine mother?

- a) worldly achievements
- b) tears of sorrow
- c) material wealth
- d) joyful memories

6. What inspires the beauty of nature and poetic expression, according to the poet?

- a) The joy of divine love
- b) The pain of separation
- c) The harmony of life and death
- d) The pursuit of perfection

7. How does the poet view death?

- a) As a feared enemy
- b) As a divine messenger
- c) As a punishment for sin
- d) As an unexpected guest

8. What does the deity of the ruined temple symbolize?

- a) Neglected devotion

- b) The impermanence of life
- c) The strength of human will
- d) The beauty of faith

9. What will the poet offer to death as a final act?

- a) A full vessel of their life's experiences
- b) Their sorrow and regrets
- c) Their unfulfilled dreams
- d) Their material possessions

10. What metaphor does the poet use to describe death?

- a) A fierce storm
- b) A bride meeting her groom
- c) A distant traveller
- d) A relentless warrior

11. What analogy does the poet use to describe birth and death?

- a) A seed growing and withering
- b) A mother's comforting care
- c) A river's journey to the sea
- d) A star fading from the sky

12. How does the poet contrast their youth with maturity?

- a) Youth was carefree, but maturity is filled with reverence.
- b) Youth was lonely, but maturity brings companionship.
- c) Youth was idle, but maturity is industrious.
- d) Youth was painful, but maturity brings joy.

13. The poetic device in the line "I dive down into the depth of the ocean of forms."

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| a) Simile | b) Metaphor |
| c) Personification | d) Hyperbole |

14. What has guided the poet throughout life?

- a) Divine visions
- b) Songs
- c) The love of companions
- d) Struggles

15. What imagery does the poet use to describe their offering to the divine?

- a) A rain-cloud releasing its showers
- b) A river flowing into the sea
- c) A flower blooming in the sun
- d) A tree shedding its leaves

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Snega. A	117.50	58
Habeeba P	117	64
Rajapriya. R	113	84
Vasanthi U	113	85
Kanimozhi G	115	94
Yamuna	115	96
K.C.Anitha Priyadharshini	115	99
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L. Selvakumari	114	114
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Bhuvaneshwari S	114	121
K. Latha Selvi	114	131
Rangeela	114	132
S.Sivarajanji	113.5	134
K.Tamilarasi	113	152
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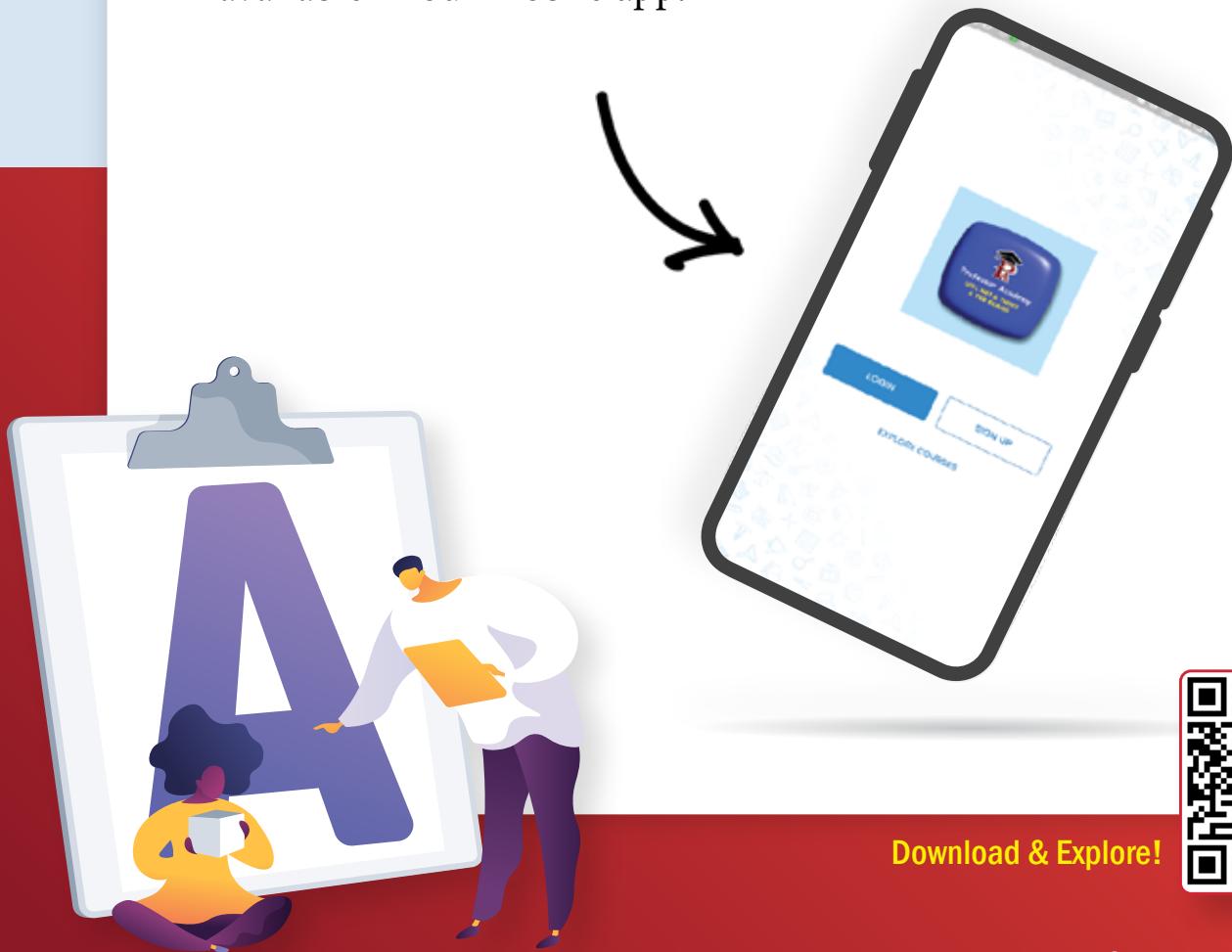
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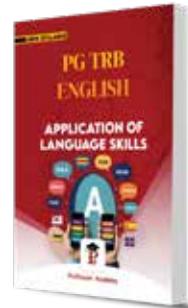
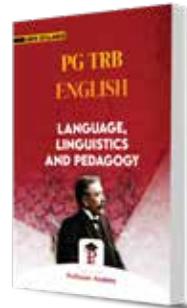
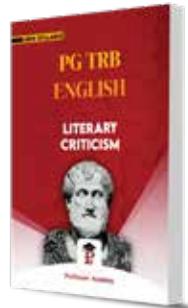
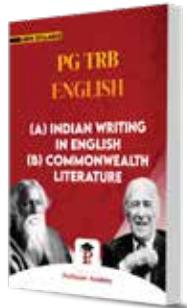
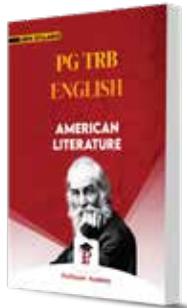
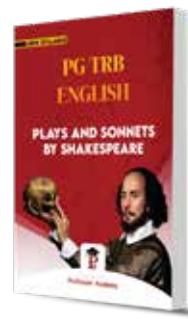
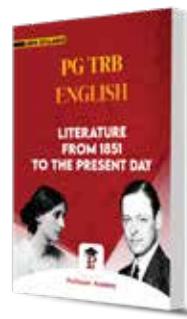
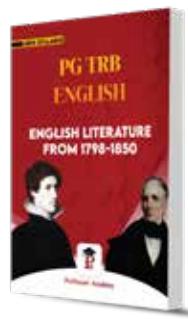
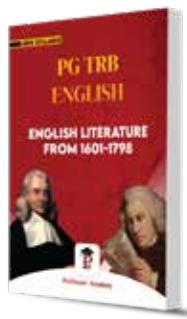
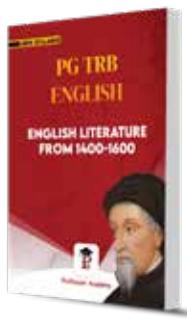


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