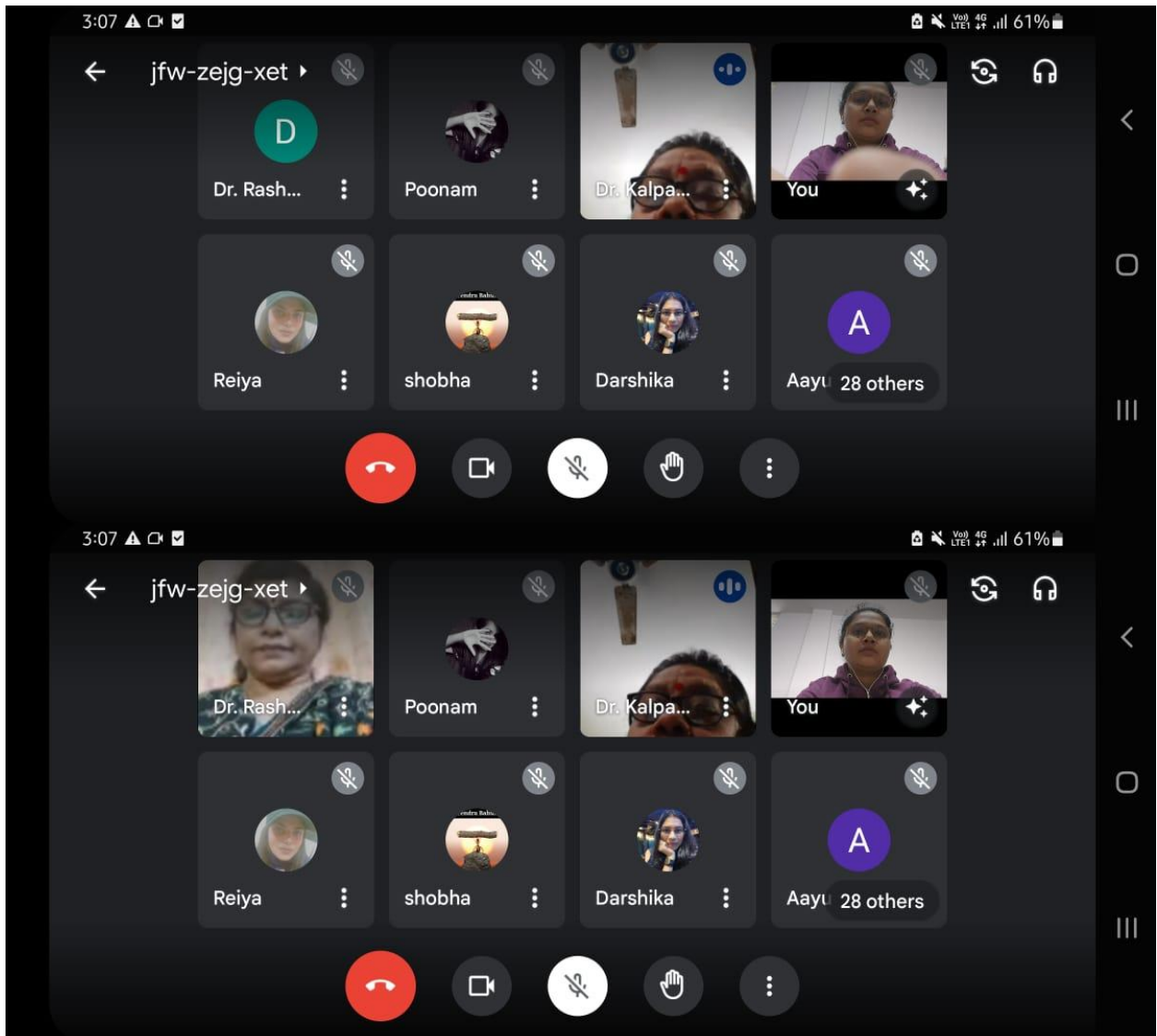
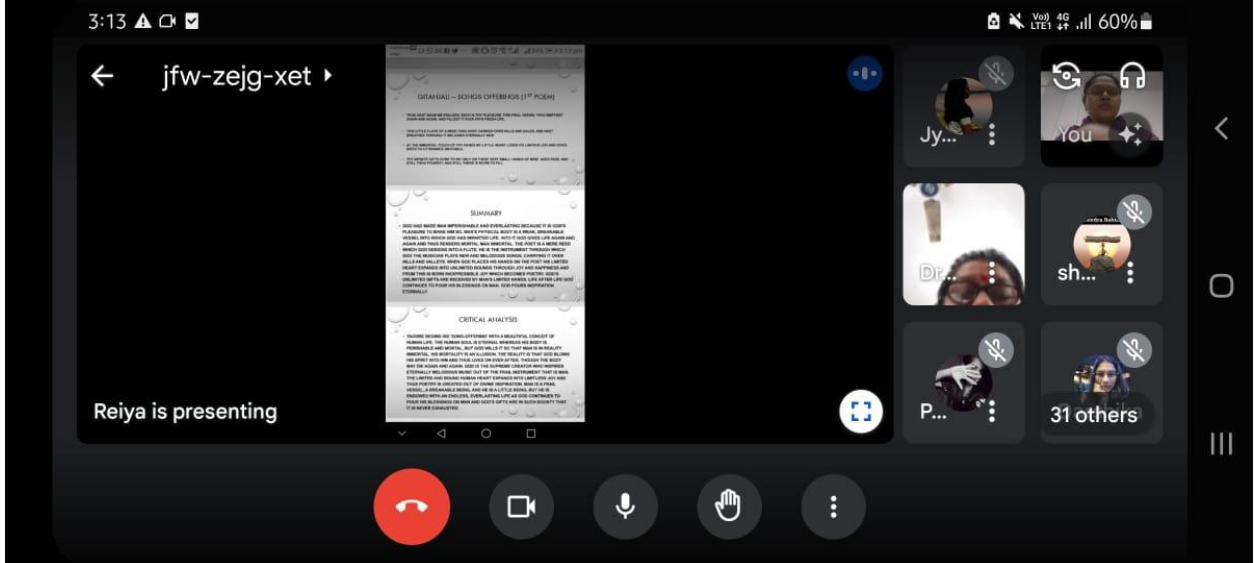
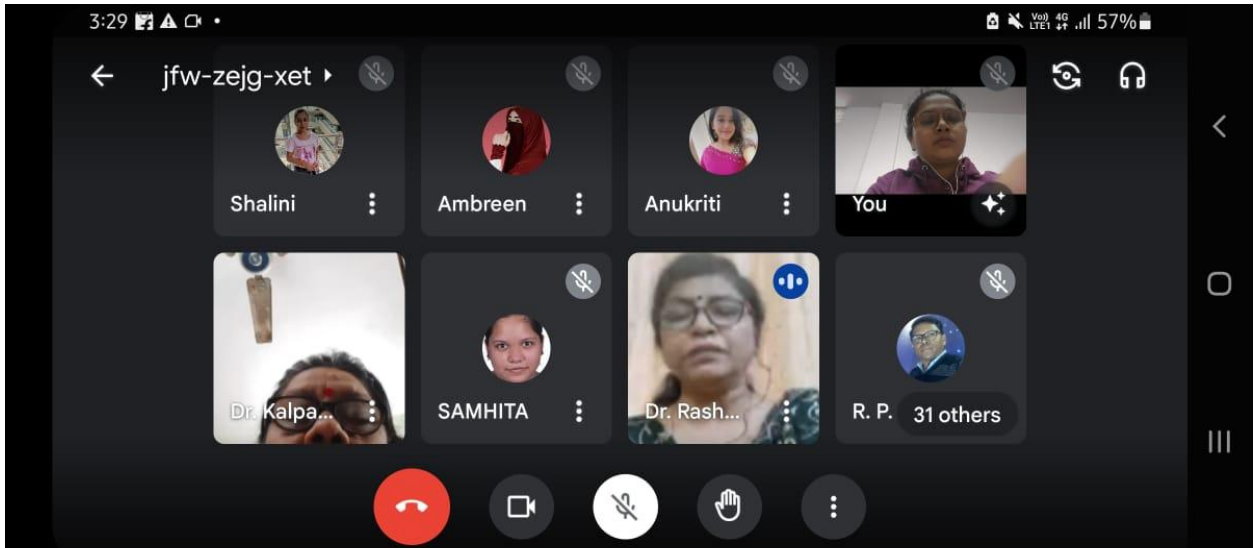


Book discussion by English Department and Library





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Reiya Dewani is presenting

CRITICAL ANALYSIS

- TAGORE BEGINS HIS 'SONG-OFFERING' WITH A BEAUTIFUL CONCEIT OF HUMAN LIFE. THE HUMAN SOUL IS ETERNAL WHEREAS HIS BODY IS PERISHABLE AND MORTAL, BUT GOD WILLS IT SO THAT MAN IS IN REALITY IMMORTAL. HIS MORTALITY IS AN ILLUSION. THE REALITY IS THAT GOD BLOWS HIS SPIRIT INTO HIM AND THUS LIVES ON EVER AFTER, THOUGH THE BODY MAY DIE AGAIN AND AGAIN. GOD IS THE SUPREME CREATOR WHO INSPIRES ETERNALLY MELODIOUS MUSIC OUT OF THE FRAIL INSTRUMENT THAT IS MAN. THE LIMITED AND BOUND HUMAN HEART EXPANDS INTO LIMITLESS JOY AND THUS POETRY IS CREATED OUT OF DIVINE INSPIRATION. MAN IS A FRAIL VESSEL, A BREAKABLE BEING, AND HE IS A LITTLE BEING, BUT HE IS ENDOWED WITH AN ENDLESS, EVERLASTING LIFE AS GOD CONTINUES TO POUR HIS BLESSINGS ON MAN AND GOD'S GIFTS ARE IN SUCH BOUNTY THAT IT IS NEVER EXHAUSTED.

Reiya Dewani

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Anukriti Lepcha is presenting

Document1 - Microsoft Word

Thou Hast Made Me Endless – Archaic English (Original)

*Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure.
This frail vessel thou emptyest 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 though 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.*

The transcribed adaptation of it in modern English:

Thou Hast Made Me Endless – Modern English (Transcribed)

*You have made me endless, such is your pleasure.
This frail vessel you empty again and again,
and fill it ever with fresh life.
This little flute of a reed
you have carried over hills and dales,
and has breathed though it melodies eternally new.
At the immortal touch of your hands
my little heart loses its limits in joy and
gives birth
to utterance ineffable.
Your infinite gifts come to me only
on these very small hands of mine.
Ages pass, and still you pour
and still there is room to fill.*

Anukriti Lepcha

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Darshika Choudhary

Dimpy Shrivastava

Anukriti Lepcha

Dr. Kalpana Pillai

Dr. Rashmi Dubey English

Reiya Dowani

Ambreen Fatima

30 others

You

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