## **To Some Ladies by : John Keats**

1.	Noun
	Animal
3.	Adjective
4.	Noun
5.	Noun
6.	Noun
	Noun
	Adverb
	Color
	Noun
	Adjective
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IJ.	Adjective

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What though while the wonders of exploring,
I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend;
Nor listen to, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:
Yet the steep, whence the mountain stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove;
Mark the clear crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray that the wild flower kindly bedews.
Why linger you so, the labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's condoling,
Responsive to sylphs, in the moon air.
'Tis morn, and the flowers with are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea:
And now! ah, I see ityou just now are stooping

If a cherub, on pinions of descending,	
Had brought me a from the fret-work of heaven;	
And smiles, with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,	
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;	
It had not created a warmer emotion	
Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you	
Than the, from the bright sands of the ocean	
Which the emerald waves at your gladly threw.	
For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and pleasure,	
(And blissful is he who such finds,)	
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure,	
In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.	

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pick up the keep-sake intended for me.