

# DSSSB TGT & PGT



Part-B SCHOLAR BATCH

# ENGLISH

JOHN KEATS

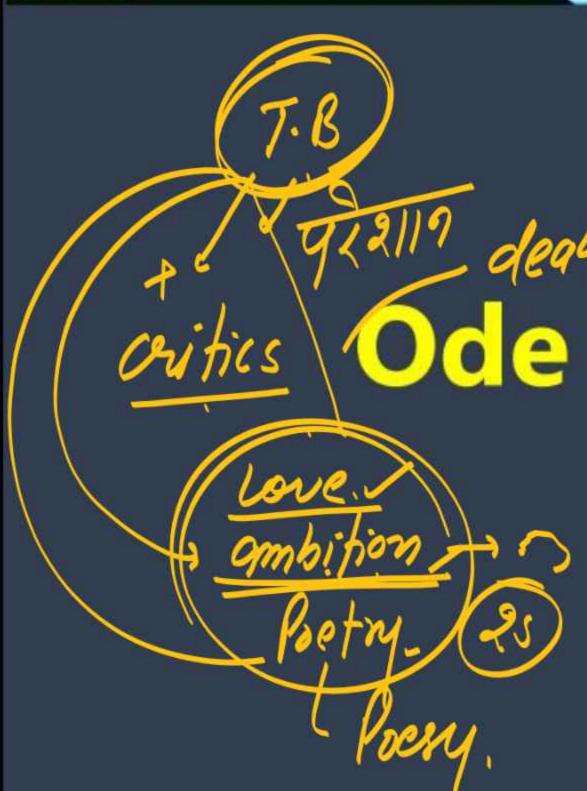
PART-06



11-09-2024 07:00 PM







Vlaziness.

Ode on Indolence

**By John Keats** 



### DSSE (TOT)

### (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)



One morn before me were three figures seen,
With bowed necks, and joined hands, side-faced;
And one behind the other stepp'd serene,

In placid sandals and in white robes graced:

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# SB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)





They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn, When shifted round to see the other side;

They came again; as when the urn once more

Is shifted round, the first seen shades return;

And they were strange to me, as may betide in 49 Mith vases to one deep in Phidian lore.



# SB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

A third time pass'd they by, and, passing, turn'd Each one the face a moment whiles to me; Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd And ached for wings, because I knew the three;







The first was a fair Maid and Love her name; The second was Ambition pale of cheek,

And ever watchful with fatigued eye;

The last, whom I love more, the more of blame

Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek,-

I knew to be my demon Poesy







They faded, and, forsooth I wanted wings:

O folly! What is Love? and where is it?

And for that poor Ambition! it springs

From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;





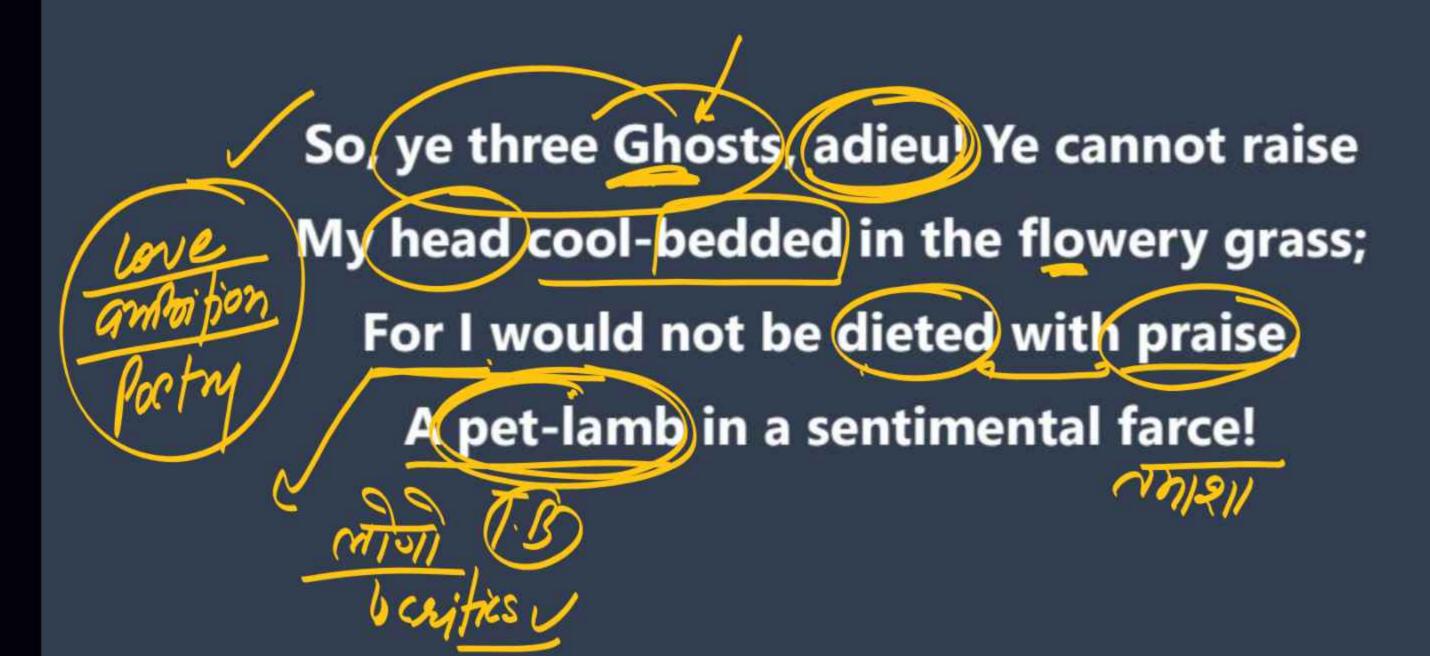


For Poesy!-no,—she has not a joy, At least for me, so sweet as drowsy noons, And evenings steep'd in honied indolence; O, for an age so shelter'd from annoy That I may never know how change the moons, Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!











## DSSE (Tet)

### 西(Lit.) ENGLISH (Lit.)



Fade softly from my eyes, and be once more

In masque-like figures on the dreary urn

Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,

And for the day faint visions there is store;

Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright (fairy),

Into the clouds, and never more return!

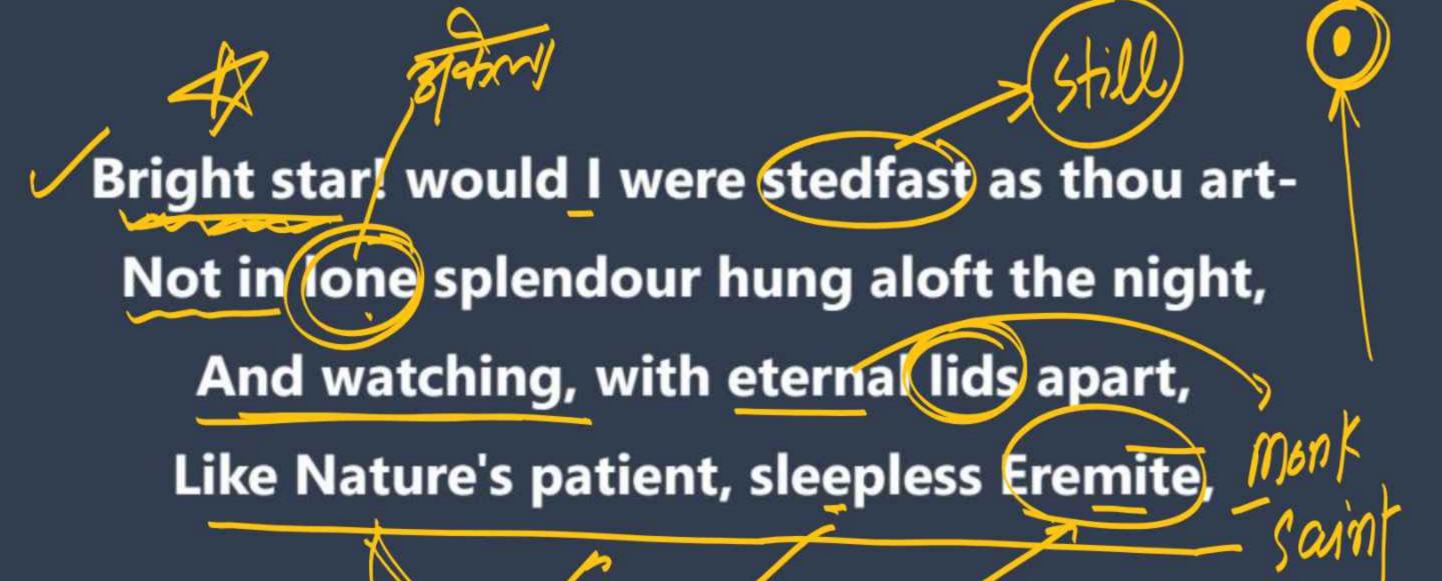








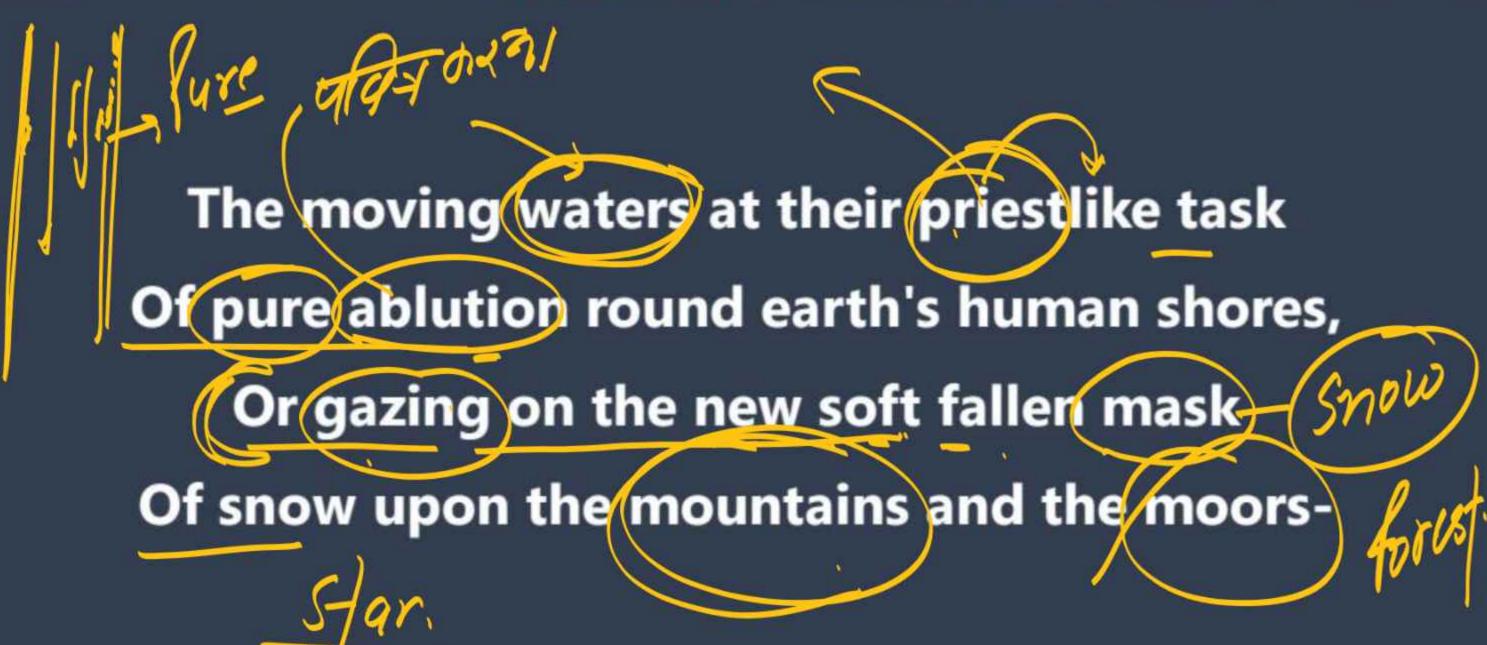




















No-yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,

Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,

Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,



# SB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, And so live ever-or else swoon to death.

















### ODE TO PSYCHE

- JOHN KEATS