Fill in the gaps with the suffixes *-ness, -less*, or *-ing*.

Ode To A Nightingale - Poem by John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy (**numb)**_____ pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy (**happy)**_____,---
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows (**number)**_____,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

(...)

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The (**weary)**_____, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not chariot by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the **(view)**_____ wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry days;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and **(wind)**_____ mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed (**dark)**_____, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
(Fast-fade)_____ violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

(...)

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my soul self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, **(deceive)**_____ elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a **(wake)**_____ dream?
Fled is that music:---do I wake or sleep?