

# A Dirge

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1822

Rough wind, that moanest loud  
Grief too sad for song;  
Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
Knells all the night long;  
Sad storm whose tears are vain,  
Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
Deep caves and dreary main,—  
Wail, for the world's wrong!

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