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A Lament

(O world! O life! O time!)

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1821

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more — Oh, never more!

Percy Bysshe Shelley
A Lament
(O world! O life! O time!)
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