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A Roman's Chamber

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1819

I

In the cave which wild weeds cover
Wait for thine aethereal lover;
For the pallid moon is waning,
O'er the spiral cypress hanging
And the moon no cloud is staining.

II

It was once a Roman's chamber,
Where he kept his darkest revels.
And the wild weeds twine and clamber;
It was then a chasm for devils.

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