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Percy Bysshe Shelley  
From the Arabic  
An Imitation  
1824

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# From the Arabic

An Imitation

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1824

My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
Of thy looks, my love;  
It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
For the brooks, my love.  
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
Bore thee far from me;  
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
With the wings of care;  
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee.

