

# Lines

"Far, far away, O ye"

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1824

1.

Far, far away, O ye  
Halcyons of Memory,  
Seek some far calmer nest  
Than this abandoned breast!  
No news of your false spring  
To my heart's winter bring,  
Once having gone, in vain  
Ye come again.

2.

Vultures, who build your bowers  
High in the Future's towers,  
Withered hopes on hopes are spread!  
Dying joys, choked by the dead,  
Will serve your beaks for prey  
Many a day.

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