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Percy Bysshe Shelley A Dirge 1822

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## 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!