

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!

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Percy Bysshe Shelley
A Dirge
1822

Retrieved on 2020-03-14 from en.wikisource.org

theanarchistlibrary.org