

The Anarchist Library  
Anti-Copyright



# 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 outsped 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.

Percy Bysshe Shelley  
From the Arabic  
An Imitation  
1824

[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/  
From\\_the\\_Arabic:\\_An\\_Imitation](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/From_the_Arabic:_An_Imitation)

**[theanarchistlibrary.org](http://theanarchistlibrary.org)**

