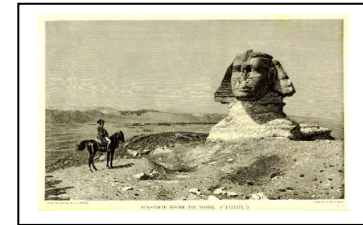
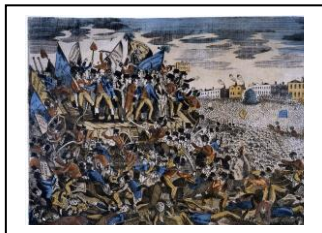


## Percy Bysshe Shelley: Two Sonnets.

### “England, 1819”

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying King;  
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring;  
Rulers who neither see nor feel nor know,  
But leechlike to their fainting country cling  
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow.  
A people starved and stabbed in th’ untilled field;  
An army, whom liberticide and prey  
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield;  
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;  
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;  
A senate, Time’s worst statute, unrepealed—  
Are graves from which a glorious Phantom may  
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.



### “Ozymandias”

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. ... Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
‘My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!’  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

Shelley’s command of the sonnet in varied forms shows itself in two very different poems, one a polemic on the corrupt politics of the Regency period in England and the second a famous vision of the destruction of ancient empires—and, by implication, the brevity of modern ones. “Ozymandias” embodies the common theme of the modern explorer glimpsing the fate of ancient civilisations amid their ruins between than any other romantic poem.