

## OZYMANDIAS – PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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 those pedestals these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias King of Kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty and despair!  
Nothing besides remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck boundless and bare  
That lone and level sands stretch far away."