

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ode to the West Wind

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being—
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead □
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, □
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, □
Pestilence-stricken multitudes!—O thou □
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed □
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low, □
Each like a corpse within its grave, until □
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow □
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill □
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) □
With living hues and odours plain and hill— □
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere— □
Destroyer and Preserver—hear, O hear! □

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□□ Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed, □
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! they are spread □
On the blue surface of thine airy surge, □
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head □
Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge □
Of the horizon to the zenith's height— □
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge □
Of the dying year, to which this closing night □
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, □
Vaulted with all thy congregated might □
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere □
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:—O hear! □

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□□ Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams □
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, □
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams, □
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay, □
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers □
Quivering within the wave's intenser day, □
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers □
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou □
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers □
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below □
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear □
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know □
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear □

And tremble and despoil themselves:—O hear! □
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 ■■■ If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear; □
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee; □
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share ■■■
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free □
 Than thou, O uncontrollable!—if even □
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be □
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven, □
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed ■■■
 Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven □
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need. □
 O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! □
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed! □
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd ■■■
 One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud. □
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 ■■■ Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:□
 What if my leaves are falling like its own! □
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies □
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone, ■■■
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce, □
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one! □
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe, □
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth; □
 And, by the incantation of this verse, ■■■
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth □
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! □
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth□
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind, □
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?