

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

O World, O Life, O Time

O World, O Life, O Time,
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more, O never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight—
Fresh spring and summer [] and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more, O never more!

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