

19.—AFTER SUNSET.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—W. C. Bryant.

18.—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, 5
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 : 10
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.

19.—AFTER SUNSET.

The vast and solemn company of clouds
Around the Sun's death, lit, incarnadined,
Cool into ashy wan ; as Night enshrouds
The level pasture, creeping up behind
Through voiceless vales, o'er lawn and purpled hill 5
And hazel mead, her mystery to fulfill.
Cows low from far-off farms ; the loitering wind
Sighs in the hedge, you hear it if you will,—
Tho' all the wood, alive atop with wings
Lifting and sinking through the leafy nooks, 10
Seethes with the clamour of a thousand rooks.
Now every sound at length is hush'd away.
These few are sacred moments. One more Day
Drops in the shadowy gulf of bygone things.

—William Allingham.