

Ozymandias

by 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 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."

The Destruction of Sennacherib

by Lord Byron

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of the spears was like stars on

the sea,

When the blue wave rolls mightily on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when the Summer is
green.

That host with their banners at sunset were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown.

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed:

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
still!

And there lay the steem with his nostril all wide,

But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf.

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

The there lay the rider distorted and pale,

With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail,

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,

The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,

And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;

And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!