“Ode to the West Wind” (1819)
Percy Bysshe Shelley

I.
1 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,
5 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
   Who chariost to their dark wintry bed
   The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
   Each like a corpse within its grave, until
   Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
10 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, oh hear!

II.
15 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: there are spread
   On the blue surface of thine aëry surge
20 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
   Of some fierce Maenad, even 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
25 Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
   Vaulted with all thy congregated might
   Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
   Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III.
   Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
30 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
   Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
   Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
   And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
   Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
35 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
40 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
   Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
   And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

“Ode to the West Wind” can be found on pages 783-785 in The Language of Literature: British Literature.
“Ode to the West Wind” (1819) - continued
Percy Bysshe Shelley

IV.
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
45 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,
50 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would never have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

55 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: timeless, and swift, and proud.

V.
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

60 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 withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
65 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
70 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Helpful Information:
50 thy skyey speed: the swiftness of clouds moving quickly across the sky
51 vision: an impossibility
52 sore: desperate, extreme

57 lyre: a reference to the Aeolian harp, an instrument whose strings make music when the wind blows over them
59 tumult: uproar, commotion
62 impetuous: violently forceful; impulsive
65 incantation: recitation (like a spell)
EXEMPLARY FROM “Dejection: An Ode”
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

(Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence)

I.

1 Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
   The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
   This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
   Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
5 Than those which mold yonder cloud in lazy flakes,
   Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and moves
   Upon the strings of this Aeolian lute,
   Which better far were mute.
   For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
10 And overspread with phantom light,
   (With swimming phantom light overspread
   But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
   I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
   The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
15 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
   And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
   Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
   And sent my soul abroad,
   Might now perhaps their wanted impulse give,
20 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—

25 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
   To other thoughts by yonder thistle wood,
   All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
   Have I been gazing on the western sky,
   And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
30 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
   And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
   That give away their motion to the stars;
   Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
   Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
35 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
   In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
   I see them all so excellently fair,
   I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

“To a Skylark” (1820)
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pour'est thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Untill we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeliehnden
Its real hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Helpful Information:

1  blithe: carefree
2  wert: were
5  unpremeditated: natural; not planned out ahead of time
16  even: evening
22  silver sphere: the planet Venus, often called the morning star because it is visible in the east just before daybreak
45  bower: private room; boudoir

“To a Skylark” can be found on pages 786-9 in The Language of Literature: British Literature.