

# 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  
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.

- Percy Bysshe Shelley

## Ozymandias Questions

1. What is/are the setting(s) of the poem?
2. What form of poem has Shelley used?
3. what is the rhyme scheme of the poem?
4. How has the sculptor chosen to represent the pharaoh?
5. What does the crumbling statue represent?
6. How does the pharaoh's quote contrast with the landscape that surrounds his statue?
7. What is the theme of this poem?

**Ozymandias:** another name for the famous Egyptian Pharaoh during the time of Moses, Ramses II.

**antique:** ancient

**visage:** face

**well . . . read:** the sculptor skillfully interpreted the king's feelings.

**survive, stamped:** the pharaoh's passions survive in the sculpture

**hand . . . them:** the sculptor mimicked and mocked the passions

**heart . . . fed:** the pharaoh's passions, which

**The quotation:** His works are so magnificent that no one can hope to top them.



## **Kubla Khan**

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers was girdled round,  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And there were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! That deep romantic chasm that slanted  
Down a green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! As holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced,  
Amidst whose swift half-intermitted burst,  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,  
And 'midst this tumult, at once and ever,  
It flung up momently the sacred river;  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
And 'midst this tumult Kubla heard from afar,  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves,  
Where was heard the mingled measure,  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device;  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Abasynnian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me,  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that pleasure-dome.  
That sunny dome! Those caves of ice!  
And all who heard would see them there  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread;  
For he on honeydew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

By: Samuel Taylor Coleridge