***Ozymandias Of Egypt***

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**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.”**