ANSWERS

I met a traveler from an antique land,

Who said—"Two vast and trunk less 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."

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