



ANSWERS

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, A
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead B
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, A

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, B
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou, C
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed B

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low, C
Each like a corpse within its grave, until D
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow C

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill D
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) E
With living hues and odours plain and hill: D

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; E
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear! F