

Percy Bysshe Shelley

"Song"

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Fierce roars the midnight storm
O'er the wild mountain,
Dark clouds the night deform,
Swift rolls the fountain--

See! o'er yon rocky height,
Dim mists are flying--
See by the moon's pale light,
Poor Laura's dying!

Shame and remorse shall howl,
By her false pillow--
Fiercer than storms that roll,
O'er the white billow;

No hand her eyes to close,
When life is flying,
But she will find repose,
For Laura's dying!

Then will I seek my love,
Then will I cheer her,
Then my esteem will prove,
When no friend is near her.

On her grave I will lie,
When life is parted,
On her grave I will die,
For the false hearted.

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