



Selected Poems

Percy Bysshe Shelley , Stanley Appelbaum (Editor)

Download now

Read Online ➔

Selected Poems

Percy Bysshe Shelley , Stanley Appelbaum (Editor)

Selected Poems Percy Bysshe Shelley , Stanley Appelbaum (Editor)

This selection of many of Shelley's best-known and most representative poems will give readers an exciting encounter with one of the most original and stimulating figures in English poetry. Thirty-seven poems of varying lengths are included, among them such well-known verses as "Adonais," "Ode to the West Wind," "Ozymandias," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark" "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and "Arethusa."

Reprint of poems from Shelley: Poetical Works, Oxford University Press, 1905.

Selected Poems Details

Date : Published March 30th 1993 by Dover Publications Inc.

ISBN : 9780486275581

Author : Percy Bysshe Shelley , Stanley Appelbaum (Editor)

Format : Paperback 123 pages

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Medievalism, Romanticism, Fiction

 [Download Selected Poems ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Selected Poems ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Selected Poems Percy Bysshe Shelley , Stanley Appelbaum (Editor)

From Reader Review Selected Poems for online ebook

Anie says

Shelley is not my cup of tea. He might have been when I was 16; now, I find him to be rather on the melodramatic side. Things are transcendently beautiful or heart wrenchingly terrible, and there are no in-betweens. There were certainly good lines in his poems, and entire poems I enjoyed, but there are enough overly loquacious and mediocre 12 page poems in here that my overwhelming feelings on the volume were on the "please shut up" side.

So, not my cup of tea. If he's yours, I'm happy for you; I'm just not that into it.

Dave H says

Melodrama-rama aside, it's nice.

Suzy says

I loved this book, glad I have it in my personal library, I shall be reading it again.

Leni Iversen says

I can't really rate this work, as it can be briefly summarised as "not my cup of tea, but I found the odd biscuit crumb that my taste buds enjoyed".

It contains Percy Shelleys best known poems, political as well as love poems and exultation about nature, arranged by the year they were written. There is no commentary on the poems, this really is a light pocket edition for those who want the poems themselves and nothing more. There's also an alphabetical list at the end with the first line of each poem, to help you find the poem you're looking for even if the title escapes you.

Now for the personal anecdote and the biscuit crumbs I enjoyed:

I couldn't understand why we have a book of poems. It's been there for as long as I can recall, but I was sure I didn't buy it, not even for uni. Did we find it somewhere, abandoned? Why do we have it? Did we get it out of curiosity because we like Mary Shelly and are intrigued by the whole circle surrounding Lord Byron? So I asked my partner, and he admitted to actually buying it because of a woman he was pursuing before he met me. She was heavily left-wing and had been raving about Percy Shelley's political poems. So he bought the book, but found he was utterly unable to get through it. He was amazed that I had the fortitude to read every single poem in it just for a bingo square (yes, I read it for "Classics Bingo").

Turns out I did enjoy the political poems. Mainly because they address historical events, like the Manchester

strike where a lot of workers were killed when the military was called in. In "The Mask of Anarchy" Shelley urges the people to never give up but to offer peaceful resistance:

LXXXV

'With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear, and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away.

...

LXXXVIII

'And the bold, true warriors
Who have hugged Danger in wars
Will turn to those who will be free,
Ashamed of such base company.

I googled and read, and came to appreciate the skill with which Shelley did things like create a deliberately flawed sonnet, "England in 1819" to mirror the flaws he saw in England. I enjoyed his defence of polyamory in "Epipsychidion",

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

...

"If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:"

and how he managed to basically write highbrow erotica in that same poem
(no, I'm not giving you the sublime and dirty talk. you'll have to struggle through the 600+ lines long poem yourself to get to the good stuff)

There's also a poem he writes to a friend, "Letter to Maria Gisborne", reminiscing about when they last saw each other, describing his surroundings, wondering what she sees out her window in London, and concluding with the promises of what they will do and talk about if she comes to visit again. How much better isn't a letter like that compared to getting an SMS saying, "Hi, how's London? Miss U. Come see us again in the autumn?"

But the nature poetry killed me. My mind glazed over. Same with his eulogy for Keats. I read and googled, and have come to understand that this was masterfully done, but it still gave me nothing but intense boredom and a headache. It's a personal flaw, I know. But there you have it.

joey says

A nice, slim introduction to Shelley and, by extension, to Romanticism. I would recommend it--Oh! to whom?

Scott says

Shelley is a master of imagery and reinterpreting classical mythology and Shakespeare (toward the end there is a poem inspired by *The Tempest*) although sometimes his simple rhythm and rhyme schemes seem forced, especially using words that end in y to sound any way a y might sound, even if it's not standard pronunciation. I think this was considered "poetic" in the 1810s-20s, but it just sounds forced. Some of the poems are long, impassioned narratives, but nothing as memorable as his wife's novels. Still, a work I'll return to and get more out of. The works here deserve more than the cursory reading and review I've given or will be giving them here, and I'm glad to have a copy for further reference.

Marjorie Jensen says

I've read a lot of Shelley's work over the years, in course readers, anthologies, and online. (I especially enjoyed his "Defence of Poetry.") While course readers are good for professors creating a survey of Romantic poets, they make cataloguing which poems I've read difficult. So, I'm adding this little volume from the poetry section of my bookcase (instead of trying to find a collection that includes all of the Shelley I've read). How much do I love Percy? Enough to name my orange cat after him.

Hannah says

What much is there to say than the poems are amazing I love Shelly so I love this collection of his poems , and that's it really . The long thing that let it down was the cover but it was only 99p so I don't mind .

Rachel Tiebauer says

Occasionally verbose but ultimately coherent, beautiful, and deep. Disagree with his politics, but like his writing.

Though Mary trumps every time.

Epiphany of the most minor sort: Reading philosophy, I've realized I'm a Rationalist; reading poetry, I've realized I'm a Romantic.

? percy ✎ says

if i had but a hundredth of shelley's talent, i would consider myself blessed beyond measure.

Joseph says

Shelley nails it with his lyrical poems

Richard Smith says

Primarily a young man's poet, but he works for old men as well. And I deliberately, not intending an sexism, wrote man rather than person.

I gathered some fragments:

Whether the Lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love—as stars do light
Found sadness where it left delight,
I dare not guess, but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife--
Where nothing is—but all things seem.
And we the shadows of the dream

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?

No more let life divide what death can join together.

Away, away from men and towns
To the wild wood and the downs,
To silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music

I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless. As we wish our souls to be.

On Venice
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,

Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven
