



Endymion: A Poetic Romance

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Endymion: A Poetic Romance Details

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From Reader Review Endymion: A Poetic Romance for online ebook

Sarah says

"Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about the clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half-finished: but let autumn bold,
With universal image of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily through flowers and weed."

Oh sure, of course a thing of beauty is a joy forever, such is the thoughtful invocation which I have provided above. Unfortunately, I feel that the rest of this romance doesn't quite match up. While Keats' poetry is beautiful in every single way, I just can't get into this story.

Sometimes, a story can just be *too* "wow! classical allusions!", and this is unfortunately one of those cases. Although it is dull in story, I actually enjoyed seeing Keats' marvelous rhyming ability. Sometimes, I would find a rhyme which was so delectable that I would have to stop and savor it for a while, then wonder whether Keats was really human or a literal Muse. Yeah, I adore this poetry, but of course, I will elaborate on this love in another review at another time. As far as this work is concerned, I couldn't care less about the story but I enjoyed myself nonetheless.

Abrar Alnaseri says

Hard to be read, but amusing enough to spend time with.
Keats! Mortal and immortal love again.
Heroic pictures and sacrifices but none sacrifices love..
Only god-human relation meant to be a true love forever! Even in myths that picture can be found.

Jen says

I decided to compromise and give this 4 stars. There are parts of it I would give 5 that are exquisite and delicious. They are scattered throughout a really lengthy poem that I just couldn't mentally engage with for so long. I really enjoy Keats shorter poems, where I can take my time and read thoughtfully. At the same time, there are some beautiful passages in Endymion that I am so happy to have read.

Javillicitano says

It was an interesting reading but it's a shame the book is missing so many parts.

Brooke Judson says

Obviously, I didn't get through this as fast as *Lamia*. I didn't find it all that gripping, although the third book was thoroughly enjoyable (with the story of Glaucus and Circe) the rest was a bit tedious and confusing. I think it would be better appreciated by someone with more knowledge of Greek mythology.

Ming Ke says

Endymion is a poem by John Keats. It is based on the Greek mythology of Endymion, the shepherd beloved by the moon goddess Selene. The poem is divided into four books. It starts with beautiful descriptions of the woods and the merry gathering of shepherds in honor of Pen. However, readers will soon learn that Endymion heeded nothing, being terribly lovesick after his encounter with the moon goddess. He set out in search of his loved one. The journey and adventures he undertook was described in colorful details. The hero's dreams and his fantastical encounters were hard to distinguish, one as wondrous as the other. As readers follow Endymion's footsteps, they will be kept curious of what the next page brings. Be it sorrow, joy, wonder, or pain?

Sidenote: As one unfamiliar with poetry, reading *Endymion* has been quite a challenge. Reading out loud helped me stay focus on the meaning of each sentence (which usually takes several lines). It was a tremendous joy to listen to the words rolling off the tongue. I strongly recommend readers to try.

Nate Garvison says

I read this because I was very curious about where Dan Simmons found his inspiration for the *Hyperion* cantos. The poem is interesting to a point, but the poetics and such kind of get in the way of telling a good story. I love Keats's shorter works, and there he truly shines. The epic, which was reviled by most critics in Keats's day, deserved the negative attention it received, but that's not to say the work is terrible. It is beautiful and lyrical, if a bit long. Reading over 4,000 lines of heroic couplets (iambic pentameter rhyming couplets) is a difficult task for anyone. Try though he might, Keats was not the next Homer, albeit a brilliant poet in his own right.

Gracchus Babeuf says

This book is my namesake on many online forums. It's not perfect by any means but some passages are so exquisite they raise the whole work up with them. Definitely essential Keats.

MJD says

A nice book to read in the spring.

Prakash Bisht says

A thing of beauty is joy forever and beauty is what it exudes. Every time I read John Keats the thing comes in my mind that this man died at 25 years. Not that his age gives immaturish beauty. He is just inexplicable class and beauty.

Christopher Rush says

I never thought I'd say this about Keats, but this thing of beauty is not as big a joy as I wished it was. At times it feels almost cumbersome, which is a painful thing to say about one of my favorite poets (definitely top five). It's somewhat comforting, in a bizarre way, that Keats himself recognized its shortcomings, but I also agree with him (not too surprising) that it was a good thing for him to write, especially in his maturation as a poet. More poets would be better served by imitating not only the classical styles but also the classical contents. Though it is hard to follow at times, it is not completely opaque: it is a good story, even in its simplicity. Beyond the first memorable line, the disinterested poetry dilettante would not find many famous or memorable lines, though some are moving in context. It would likely grow on me with repeated readings, though that will have to wait for another season of life (if such is allowed me). In any event, I'm glad to have finally read it.

Jan says

I challenged (read: forced) myself to read this entire poem, 100+ pages of it. After reading some notes and critiques on it, it became much more interesting. I really appreciate people who spend their life analyzing -- to death -- something, so others can appreciate it better.

The entire poem is an attempt at writing beautiful poetry. John Keats was an orphan, who apprenticed to become an apothecary/surgeon. Feeling there was more to life, he left his work as a surgeon to become a poet. He wanted, more than anything, to leave his mark in the world, and write beautiful poetry. He died at the age of twenty-five.

The analysis of Endymion is what has fascinated me. Using "An Interpretation of Keats's Endymion" by Lement Notcutt, Professor of English in the University of Stellenbosch South Africa, I write this up so I can come back and appreciate it again and again.

Book I focuses on a celebration of Pan, but is really about the hopes and aspirations of Keats becoming a great poet.

Book II uses many quotes of other great authors of the time. It shows more confidence and offers advanced

training in reaching Keats' goal of achieving fame.

Book III takes a famous, but ancient, story, told by various past poets, and uses it to show how old poetry has been lost, but the new poetry (Keats who refreshes it in Endymion) will snatch it (save it) and bring it back alive.

Book IV rehearses a new story where the divine speaks for humanity through heavenly words; poetry can be that beautiful. But Keats, himself, feels that he falls short and can never reach that height, so he falls into a depression. Then, he realizes that all is not lost. His poetry can still touch souls and uplift mankind.

It is presumed that his desire to leave the world with something beautiful comes from his feelings as a doctor to save others.

Three famous lines from Endymion:

- * "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
- * "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."
- * "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!"

A. C. Bradley said that reading poetry you don't understand might bear some pleasure, but when truly understood "by some mystery the music is then the music of the meaning, and the two are one."

I've always liked poetry. There is something very musical about it.

Atul Patare says

Really great poetry, I always loved classic poetry.
One of my favs...

ZaRi says

BOOK I

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast;
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now, at once adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed....

Sharon says

Endymion is an amazing accomplishment. It is incoherent though. At times, this irritated me, but it is also the charm of the poem.
