

## Adonais

Shelley

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*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

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## Adonais Percy Bysshe Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets and is widely considered to be among the finest lyric poets of the English language. He received his early education at home, tutored by Reverend Evan Edwards of Warnham. In 1802, he entered the Syon House Academy of Brentford. He was routinely bullied while he was there, both because of his "girlish" appearance and his family's aristocratic ties. Shelley's unconventional life and uncompromising idealism, combined with his strong skeptical voice, made him a notorious and much denigrated figure during his life. Distracted by political events, he visited Ireland in order to engage in radical pamphleteering where he wrote the Address to the Irish People. His activities earned him the unfavourable attention of the British government. His first publication was a Gothic novel, Zastrozzi (1810). He is most famous for such anthology pieces as Ozymandias, Ode to the West Wind (1819) and To a Skylark (1820). His major works were long visionary poems including Alastor (1815), The Revolt of Islam (1817) and Adonais (1821).

## Adonais Details

Date : Published by IndyPublish.com (first published 1971)

ISBN : 9781435316782

Author : Percy Bysshe Shelley

Format : Hardcover 144 pages

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Literature, 19th Century, Medievalism, Romanticism, European Literature, British Literature

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## From Reader Review Adonais for online ebook

### Imran says

It was Shelley's misfortune that he was born before Rilke; so he hadn't experienced Duino Elegies. Otherwise these poems would not appear like this.

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### Bear says

XIII

109 And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
110 Winged Persuasions and veil'd Destinies,  
111 Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
112 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;  
113 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
114 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
115 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
116 Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem  
117 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

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### Eadweard says

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
  
Heaven's light forever shines,  
  
Earth's shadows fly;  
  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
  
Until Death tramples it to fragments. - Die, I  
  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
  
Follow where all is fled! - Rome's azure sky,  
  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

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### John Yelverton says

It's a beautiful poem, albeit a bit long and a bit rambling in places. It's easy to see why Shelley is considered a master of the craft of poetry.

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### **Aneece says**

Shelley sentences the critics whom he believed harried Keats to death:

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!  
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
Thou noteless blot on a remember'd name!  
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!  
And ever at thy season be thou free  
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;  
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;  
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

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### **Issa says**

????? ????? ? ? ?????? ?????????? ??? ???? .. ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? :

XXVI

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;  
And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art!  
But I am chain'd to Time, and cannot thence depart!"

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### **Kevin says**

Finally managed to read through it. I don't know why I had such a hard time getting to it. Lots of hard-to-follow sentences and plenty of gorgeous verse music--so, standard Shelleyan fare.

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### **Lnaz IZd says**

"Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
When thy Son lay, pierc'd by the shaft which flies  
In darkness?"

" He will awake no more, oh, never more!  
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;  
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law  
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw."

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### **Claire Orion says**

La más profunda tristeza es capaz de convertirse en una influyente Musa. Y la muerte de su querido amigo, también poeta, John Keats inspiró los más íntimos y preciosos versos. El amor, la melancolía, la desdicha... Protagonistas de esta inmortal elegía. Más de un suspiro me ha arrancado... <3

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### **Jackson Cyril says**

"As long as skies are blue, and fields are green/Evening must usher night,night urge the morrow/Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow". This is Shelley's Eulogy to John Keats. He attacks the critics whom he holds accountable for Keats's death, but also mourns the loss of so great a mind at so young an age.

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### **Jared Shearer says**

Surprising not too entrenched in oblique references for a person to be able to read and take something away from it. Takes on the concept of death from a romantic notion and then kinda deals with the inter-being of all things for a bit. Is inspiring.

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### **Yagami Shinto says**

"no more let life divide what death can join together"

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### **D says**

The elegy compensates for the underwhelming and overshadowed life of Keats. Almost two centuries later one can still feel the loss and pain that Keat's death caused Shelley.

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## Bookdragon Sean says

Keats died. Shelley wrote this poem as recognition of the man's talent. But the poem transcends the simple surfaces of its creation. Keats is the poet in question, though Shelley addresses a sense of universality in the term poet. It is not just about Keats: it is about the way the poetic "mind strips the veil of familiarity from the world and lays bare the naked beauty."

This is a celebration of all poetry. Poets are the harbingers of history; they tell a story by capturing a moment, or several moments, forever fixed in time: they offer a lens to see the world through. And Shelley recognised this as a form of divinity. Shelly was an atheist. For him the existence of God (or Gods) couldn't be proven. So he looked elsewhere. He followed in the footsteps of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and saw the poetic imagination as the highest potential for the human mind. For Shelley this was a thing born of divinity.

He saw it in Keats. He felt it in Keats's death, and he knew that he'd have to die young to achieve the same renown. When Byron, and a few friends, burnt the body of Shelley, they plucked his heart from the flames and wrapped it in the manuscript pages of Adonais, I think Shelley would have approved.

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## Sarah says

IX

Oh, weep for Adonais!-- The quick Dreams,  
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music, wander not,--  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

"Adonais" is a profoundly beautiful poem addressing the death of John Keats, who was certainly a contemporary of Shelley. It is a poignant and flowery set of verses about a poet that means a lot personally to me because of the impact of his poetry, so how could I not enjoy this poem? Also contains some potent words against Keats' critics.

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