



Bronte: Poems (Everyman's Library Pocket Poets)

Emily Brontë , Peter Washington (Selection by)

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The Everyman's Library Pocket Poets hardcover series is popular for its compact size and reasonable price which does not compromise content. Poems: Bronte contains poems that demonstrate a sensibility elemental in its force with an imaginative discipline and flexibility of the highest order. Also included are an Editor's Note and an index of first lines. (From the publisher)

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Author : Emily Brontë , Peter Washington (Selection by)

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From Reader Review Bronte: Poems (Everyman's Library Pocket Poets) for online ebook

Hali Davidson says

I mostly read it for her lovely descriptions of the Moors and wild fields of her home, which indeed is an ongoing theme throughout her poetry, but it's mostly (naturally) riddled with thoughts of death, despair, and longing.

Terence Manleigh says

Lovely, but *so* gloomy, my dears. Perhaps she's best read in anthology rather than all in one dose -- the constant morbidity does begin to chafe.

Kathryn says

I heart Emily. I carry around this book in my purse and am reminded of that fact when I am waiting in line at the grocery store or waiting to fall asleep.

Rebecca says

I really enjoyed this. Her writing is so musical. Also very sort of mysterious--I feel like I'm out in the misty moors reading this stuff. I recommend this for anyone who writes lyrics for sure, plus fans of the Brontes.

Rachel says

In honor of National Poetry Month, I decided to read a collection from Emily Bronte! I luuuuuurve WUTHERING HEIGHTS, and so many of the verses in here give me the same, visceral feelings. In fact, I don't think I've ever connected as deeply with poetry before.

It wasn't exactly an even experience. Some of the poetry about feelings was a bit too esoteric, and the Gondal poetry was a little reductive. I get it, romantic medieval world with kings and queens pining over lost wars and loves they won't see again. :P It did kind of make me wish to read prose-style pieces about the characters, but I'm not sure that Emily and Anne did any of that. I guess I do want to look into Gondal more closely. But at the end of the day, I think it was more special to the girls than it would be to the rest of us. Not that I know anything about being completely obsessed with my personal fantasy worlds. *awkward whistling*

But back to the poetry I actually loved! Starting with the very first one--I felt so sure that "High Waving Heather" was included in the recent BBC Bronte sisters dramatization, though sources online say that it was

Emily's poem, "The Prisoner," which wasn't included here. Still--guuuuh---the intensity of this imagery! Perhaps I'm biased by my memory of the actress reading this, if she did, but I FEEL the passion--"High waving heather 'neath stormy blasts bending/midnight and moonlight and bright burning stars/darkness and glory and rejoicing blending/Earth rising to heaven and heaven descending/Man's spirit away from it's drear dungeon sending/BURSTING the fetters and BREAKING the bars!" THE BEAT! Okay, and I capitalized those final words on my own. :P But these are Emily's moors--those wild moors that she loved!

This visceral, natural imagery continues a couple of poems later in "How Still, How Happy!" for every season, from "the withered grass/spring's budding wreaths" to the final stanza: "Yet my heart loves December's smile/As much as July's golden beam/Then let us sit and watch the while/The blue ice curdling on the stream."

Her poem, "Stars," seems to be unusual in how it prizes night over day, and how the narrator sees the sun as stealing her power--"Blood red, he rose, and arrow-straight,/His fierce beams struck my brow/The soul of nature sprang, elate,/But *mine* sank sad and low!" The moon is perhaps trustworthy in her clarity, even even when she's hurtful in "How Clear She Shines"--"Thy griefs may wound--thy wrongs may tear/But oh, thy lies shall ne'er beguile!/While gazing at the stars that glow/Above me in that stormless sea/I long to hope that all the woe/Creation knows, is held in thee!"

In the children's parable, "Tell Me Tell Me," she relates the past not only to autumn but to an autumn *evening,* the present to "a flowery spray" in spring, and the future as the sea in summer "stretching into infinity." I love that idea of vastness and movement.

There was one esoteric, "feelings" poem that caught my eye for a variety of reasons. In THE BRONTE MYTH, Lucasta Miller talked about how people erroneously point to "No Coward's Soul is Mine" as Emily's final written work. In the BBC miniseries, they posit that she wrote the poem for her sister, Anne, to soothe her sense of religious guilt: "Vain are the thousand creeds/That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,/Worthless as withered weeds,/Or idlest froth amidst the boundless main/To waken doubt in one/Holding so fast by they infinity." I, personally, took comfort in the last stanza after my cat died (Emily, by many accounts, preferred dogs to people, so maybe she'd understand.) "There is no room for Death/Nor atom that his might could render void/Since thou art Being and Breath/And what thou art may never be destroyed."

I also analyzed her poem, "All Day I Toiled" here on my blog, yanno, self-promotion. :P <https://blog.rachelmauro.net/2018/04/...> And I read two more on my BookTube blog, though I don't think that I did them justice. We may not know much about Emily Bronte as a person, but man. Her passion lives on!

John Gillespie says

Why did it take me so many years of loving Wuthering Heights before I finally took up Emily Bronte's poetry? The same vehemence and melancholy that make the novel so haunting imbue these poems as well. Many are part of the Gondal fantasy world she created with her sister Anne. A little research to learn the plot (as it's known) may make those a bit more comprehensible, but they're still effective independently.

Sana says

I don't think I am deep enough to fully understand these poems yet...I will eventually reread them, and maybe they will make more sense later in life.

Jennie says

i am not a huge fan of poetry, and it was too soon to read another brontë; however, it was time for a classic and this was a once-bought and long forgotten book i came across while visiting home. i am so glad i decided to read this! emily's style does not disappoint, and i forgot how much i loved her dark, moor-y, weather-focused, and death-obsessed style. love.

Kaylee Gwyn (Mama Gwyn Reads) says

Emily Brontë is incredible and honestly her poetry is such a gift. I'm not normally a huge fan of poetry, but Emily's speaks to my soul and makes me feel as if we are two parts of the same soul.

Lauren says

3.5

I really enjoyed the language and storytelling of Emily Bronte's writing. I'm going to have to pick up my own copy someday.

Sita says

I memorised Emily Brontë's "The Old Stoic" the first time I read it. It always moves me to tears and has become my mantra for days when I'm depressed and feel hopeless.

The Old Stoic

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal:
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

ETA : and oh yeah, other good poems too. solid book. go for it.

Belén Read says

los poemas se leen muy deprisa, se disfrutaban al máximo, creo que ha sido una de las mejores lecturas del 2015

Drew says

I picked this up at a fantastic used book shop in Connecticut (The Book Barn in Nantiac). I am a fan of Wuthering Heights and a big poetry reader as well, so I figured it was worth the price of admission. While I feel I "got my money's worth", I was not as taken with these poems as I thought I would be. Perhaps since they were posthumously put together with unfinished and unedited poems lumped in, there wasn't a good sense from the work as a whole. I did very much enjoy "A Little While, A Little While" (pp. 60-62).

Kris Lundgaard says

Apparently one of her favorite words was "dreary"--and many of the poems seemed so, I'm afraid.
