

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Quotes

*Men, Love, Life, Dream, Sweet, Mind, Pain, Wise, Thinking, Clouds, Heart,
Flower, Art, Sleep, Night, Children, Beautiful, Heaven, Spirit, Death*

Sometimes The Devil is a gentleman.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Through the sunset of hope, Like the shapes of a dream, What
paradise islands of glory gleam!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

When my cats aren't happy, I'm not happy. Not because I care about
their mood but because I know they're just sitting there thinking up
ways to get even.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed, - but it returneth!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Love withers under constraints: its very essence is liberty: it is
compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

O, wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

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

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the
hired assassin's trade.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

And Spring arose on the garden fair, Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere; And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Heaven's ebon vault Studded with stars unutterably bright, Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls, Seems like a canopy which love has spread To curtain her sleeping world.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Soul meets soul on lovers' lips.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The sunlight claps the earth, and the moonbeams kiss the sea: what are all these kissings worth, if thou kiss not me?

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Nothing wilts faster than laurels that have been rested upon.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I arise from dreams of thee In the first sweet sleep of night, when the winds are breathing low, and the stars are shining bright.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

It is impossible that had Buonaparte descended from a race of vegetable feeders that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being. Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead Are driven, like ghosts from an

enchanter fleeing.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Fear not for the future, weep not for the past.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Let there be light! Said Liberty , And like sunrise from the sea, Athens arose!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I have made my bed In charnels and on coffins, where black death Keeps record of the trophies won

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Rise like Lions after slumber In unvanquishable number- Shake your chains to earth like dew Which in sleep had fallen on you Ye are many-they are few.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

History is a cyclic poem written by time upon the memories of man.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change? To these All things are subject but eternal love.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Familiar acts are beautiful through love.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The rich have become richer, and the poor have become poorer; and the vessel of the state is driven between the Scylla and Charybdis of

anarchy and despotism.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty,
and despair!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

When the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul
requires no other heaven.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Far clouds of feathery gold, Shaded with deepest purple, gleam Like
islands on a dark blue sea.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

There is no disease, bodily or mental, which adoption of vegetable diet,
and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment
has been fairly tried.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Music, when soft voices die Vibrates in the memory.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Rulers, who neither see, nor feel, nor know, but leech-like to their
fainting country cling, till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow, - a
people starved and stabbed in the untilled field.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest
and best minds.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes
familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

If God has spoken, why is the world not convinced.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Man who man would be, must rule the empire of himself.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Then black despair, The shadow of a starless night, was thrown Over
the world in which I moved alone.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Love's very pain is sweet

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

a single word even may be a spark of inextinguishable thought

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

There is a harmony in autumn, and a luster in its sky, which through the
summer is not heard or seen, as if it could not be, as if it had not been!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Know ye what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from
the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to
believe in belief.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into
something rich and strange

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Love's very pain is sweet, But its reward is in the world divine Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry is a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Power, like a desolating pestilence, Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience, Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth, Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame A mechanized automaton.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whatever it touches.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Are we not formed, as notes of music are, For one another, though dissimilar?

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

We look before and after, And pine for what is not; Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I have drunken deep of joy, And I will taste no other wine tonight.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

It is found easier, by the short-sighted victims of disease, to palliate their torments by medicine, than to prevent them by regimen

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, And out of the caverns of rain, Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb, I arise and unbuild it again.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The young moon has fed Her exhausted horn With the sunset's fire.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Chameleons feed on light and air: Poets food is love and fame.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

To hearts which near each other move From evening close to morning light, The night is good; because, my love, They never say good-night.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and, in another, the creations, of their age.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I am the daughter of Earth and Water, And the nursling of the Sky; I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; I change, but I cannot

die.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Is it not odd that the only generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Joy, once lost, is pain

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

A sensitive plant in a garden grew, And the young winds fed it with silver dew, And it opened its fan like leaves to the light, and closed them beneath the kisses of night.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

O cease! must hate and death return, Cease! must men kill and die? Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn Of bitter prophecy. The world is weary of the past, Oh, might it die or rest at last!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever From creation to decay, Like the bubbles on a river Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Alas! I have nor hope nor health, Nor peace within nor calm around, Nor that content surpassing wealth The sage in meditation found.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

When the lamp is shattered The light in the dust lies dead - When the cloud is scattered The rainbow's glory is shed.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

January gray is here, like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier, march with grief doth howl and rave, and April weeps -- but, O ye hours! Follow with May's fairest flowers.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, From the seas and the streams; I bear light shade for the leaves when laid In their noonday dreams.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I wield the flail of the lashing hail, And whiten the green plains under; And then again I dissolve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thunder.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

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

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Government is an evil; it is only the thoughtlessness and vices of men that make it a necessary evil. When all men are good and wise, government will of itself decay.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

First our pleasures die - and then our hopes, and then our fears - and when these are dead, the debt is due dust claims dust - and we die too.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Sometimes it's better to put love into hugs than to put it into words. Soul meets soul on lovers' lips.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I love tranquil solitude.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden, Whom mortals call the moon.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The pleasure that is in sorrow is sweeter than the pleasure of pleasure itself.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

All love is sweet Given or returned. Common as light is love, And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

To be omnipotent but friendless is to reign.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I never was attached to that great sect, Whose doctrine is that each one should select Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend, And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend, To cold oblivion.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

A dream has power to poison sleep.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The odious and disgusting aristocracy of wealth is built upon the ruins of all that is good in chivalry or republicanism; and luxury is the forerunner of a barbarism scarcely capable of cure.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

There Is No God. This negation must be understood solely to affect a

creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit co-eternal with the universe remains unshaken.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Peter was dull; he was at first Dull; - Oh, so dull - so very dull! Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed - Still with his dulness was he cursed - Dull -beyond all conception - dull.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address, Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast, Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air, The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I think that the leaf of a tree, the meanest insect on which we trample, are in themselves arguments more conclusive than any which can be adduced that some vast intellect animates Infinity.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Only nature knows how to justly proportion to the fault the punishment it deserves.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The jealous keys of truth's eternal doors.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

A lovely lady, garmented in light From her own beauty.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

There is a harmony In autumn, and a luster in its sky...

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Let the blue sky overhead, The green earth on which ye tread, All that must eternal be Witness the solemnity.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

The breath Of accusation kills an innocent name, And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life, Which is a mask without it.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

It is easier to suppose that the universe has existed for all eternity than to conceive a being beyond its limits capable of creating it.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.

~Percy Bysshe Shelley

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