



Selected Poems

Robert Frost, Gail Harvey (Introduction)

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John F. Kennedy said of Robert Frost: "He has bequeathed his nation a body of imperishable verse from which Americans will forever gain joy and understanding." A four-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, Frost created a new poetic language that has a deep and timeless resonance.

In addition to Robert Frost's first three books, this collection includes eighteen early poems that did not appear in his eleven books of poetry and have rarely been reprinted. Some of these express the idealism of youth inspired by heroic figures of the past. Others are love poems to Elinor White, whom he married in 1895.

This book features a deluxe cover, ribbon marker, top stain, and decorative endpapers with a nameplate.

Selected Poems Details

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From Reader Review Selected Poems for online ebook

Greg says

UPDATE review :

I found myself yesterday in 2 discussions here on goodreads. The first involved the importance of plot in the written word (crime fiction) and the second involved the absence of concrete actions and concrete realities in writing in general, specifically contemporary fiction novels. We all read for various reasons (some of us read cereal box contents at breakfast, for example, to avoid conversation in the rest of the room or to just read something, anything, cause we MUST read something, anything, all the time). I could think of no good examples of great books without plots or great fiction novels (imo, that is), but this volume by Frost has remained in my nightstand for many, many years. Most books of poetry have no specific plot (although they may have a central theme, like nature) and we don't read poetry (in general) looking for a plot but instead ideas, of ways to see things from a new perspective. For me, I must have a plot in crime novels, but that's just one of five factors I look for in crime novels, the other four being hook, pace, characters, and atmosphere (physical or mental). All five must be present in a crime novel for me: the best ones hook me on page one, refuse to let me go until I've finished in one sitting (with bathroom breaks for snacks), have a plot that I enjoy resolving and that the author offers me facts along the way (along with red herrings), have characters that resonate for months (over even years, such as Lisbeth in "The Girl" series), and have atmospheres (creepy scenes or extremely intense thrillers) that become part of my world. Poetry is essentially a genre presenting ideas, visions in new tones from different perspectives. Occasionally novels with little to no action come along that are loaded with ideas and suggestions about things that might have happened, forcing us to speculate on various ideas (like Murakami's "Killing Commendatore"). Some argue that since nothing is real, that action scenes don't follow action scenes, they didn't like Murakami's work. I found it full of ideas, and it borders on poetry, painting visions of things that might have happen, that might will happen. I got up this morning to just shut down my access to goodreads. I've been asked to end buddy reads in the past, I've been thrown out of group reads, I get very few likes, and I generate extremely polar responses. But for these reasons, I'm glad I'm here. People say they are insulted because I felt like a book read at a low Kincaid level. (The average best-seller today reads at a 7th grade level, according to Kincaid research, opposed to 50 years ago, when the average best-seller read at a 12th grade level. That last best-seller to read at a 12th grade level was Michener's Alaska from the 80s, if I recall correctly.) For those who don't like my reviews, don't read them. I went to bed feeling beaten up. From now on I'll respond to no negative comments, I'll in general never read a review of a book that has a rating vastly different than mine, and still, this morning, 7:12 am, I'm still considering the worth of goodreads in general. Publishers quote goodreads on blurbs on their books, and the books are usually ones that do not represent my thoughts. Here's the deal: if 10 people say to me today to shut up and go away, I will do so. I had no idea my reviews and thoughts (4 stars to Harukami's "Killing Commendator") are so upsetting to others. Similarly, I haven't understood that when I say, "I disagree because..." that's a term that is NOT allowed on goodreads. And no matter what, "The Hate U Give" is NOT my favorite book of the past 10 years, it never will be, I'll never agree it is...well, for anything less than \$100,000. Then, I'll say its the greatest book ever if you want to start a fund. That favorite 90s mental aberration, "co-dependency" is still hanging around, maybe because President Trump MUST have everyone love his tweets. So, have a nice day. Or don't. It's up to you, no me.

I've read and reread this collection, and it has a lot to offer. I still find that my favorite is "Into My Own". I always enjoy a discussion in which no doubt I will eventually say "But the name of that poem is 'The Road Not Taken' and that takes the poem off in a totally different direction." I haven't read a lot of poetry, but have read much Ginsberg ("Howl" is a must for all readers, imho) and Merrill as of late. And so far, I haven't read any poetry collection as good as James Merrill's stunning "A Scattering of Salts." (A five-star rating from me.) This is a relatively new genre from my reading perspective, and I know there is a lot out there just

waiting! I already have Merrill's "Late Settings" here at home on my literal "to-read" shelf, but the world is full of unread poetry for me.

Sienna says

This was a great book filled with emotion! Many of the poems made me think about the choices in life more and made me want to keep rereading it. I recommend this book to anyone that loves poetry.

Washington Vieira says

"A whole generation influenced and moved by a "Boy's will".
He has a true juvenile dialogue with his readers. On Greece he shows a remarkable knowledge of History; but my favorite is "The road not taken" "a philosophical poetry about the choices we made in our lives".

Gracebbcs says

his poems are very down-to-earth yet very profound at the same time.
I like his sense of humor and wisdom.

Maggie Roessler says

Drama: awesome. Form: pleasurable. Theme: Got a little fed up with all that personifying nature/alackadaying that nature can't be personified. Here's the best antidote:

It's a strange courage
you give me, ancient star:

Shine alone in the sunrise
toward which you lend no part!

I

Shine alone, shine nakedly, shine like bronze
that reflects neither my face nor any inner part
of my being, shine like fire, that mirrors nothing.

II

Lend no part to any humanity that suffuses
you in its own light.

Be not chimera of morning,

Half-man, half-star.

Be not an intelligence,

Like a widow's bird

Or an old horse.

WALLACE STEVENS

Nuances of a Theme by Williams

Bookdragon Sean says

I love this book. And I love the way in which Frost writes poetry.

The success of the poems resides in their ability to speak to the reader; they have a certain sense of universal quality as they evoke profound mental states. He does this through using objects, often natural ones, to describe a certain human emotion or feeling. A tree in the wind embodies indecision and the inability to move on. A road split in two represents a part of the human experience that I can now only think of in the terms Frost put them in.

I am, of course, referring to one of his most famous poems:

*"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference."*

I remember the first time I read those lines, I was wrought with regret: regret for a decision I had not yet made. And that bespeaks the power of these words. They are beyond time and place; they demonstrate the interconnectedness of all things: they strike directly at conformity. Memory and regret can be triggered by such a simple image, one that Frost has captured all so perfectly.

Although a modernist writer, Frost did not abandon all poetical tradition like his peers. His writing is a

hybrid of new and old. The language is simple and direct, though it also carries with it the weight of the past. At times he writes in blank verse and at other times he experiments with form and style. For me this speaks of a certain sense of integrity; he was not quite ready to turn his back on generation, after generation, of poetical tradition: he used it to inform and improve his modern work. It also means that his poetry does not all feel the same; some poems are vastly different to each other. This meant that the collection stayed rather fresh even towards the end.

I read this book over a number of years. I first picked it up back in 2015 and I think my appreciation of Frost has only grown since. Whilst he is not my favourite poet, I certainly count him amongst my top five. I just love the way he uses the natural world.

Laura Verret says

we make ourselves a place apart / behind light words that tease and flout / but oh, the agitated heart / till someone find us really out // 'Revelation'

Missey Wilhelm says

A time to talk.
When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And a shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

What's not to love about a poem or this poet?

John Majors says

I fell in love with Frost's poetry as a kid. Re-visiting his work in this volume didn't disappoint. It was perfect for nibbling on in the evenings. Nothing quite like poetry to calm the soul. I was surprised that my favorite poems were not the 'rhyme' type - but the long form (5-10 pages) that told a story. There were probably a dozen or so of these sprinkled throughout this collection, and each of them drew me in and kept me rapt from the first line.

Bernie Gourley says

This is a collection of collections. It gathers the first three of Robert Frost's books into one volume. "A Boy's Will," "North of Boston," and "Mountain Interval" are all part of Frost's early work and they came out in a relatively short span: 1913, 1914, and 1916, respectively. However, one can see definite shifts in the nature of the poems across these collections. The poems of the first collection feature many shorter poems that are rhymed and metered. The middle poems are longer, are largely unrhymed and of varied meter / unmetered, and are often written as extended dialogs that convey a story or a bit of tension from one. The last collection features Frost's most famous poem, "The Road Not Taken," and contains many poems that are similar to that one in that they have more of the lyric quality of "A Boy's Will" but take the form of a short meditation.

The theme that cuts across these poems is rural New England life. Apple-picking, wall mending, visiting someone in a snowy scene-- these are the kind of events that transpire in this work. Nature features in Frost's poems, but is largely secondary to the human element—a setting not a subject.

I enjoyed this collection, and would highly recommend it for poetry readers.

Bethany says

Ah, Robert Frost: the man who convinced me that I hated poetry.

Years ago, I was assigned to read some of his poetry for school and, let's just say, I read them as if I was taking cough-syrup. (Note: Why, yes! I hate cough-syrup. I'll never forget the fateful night where I spit a mouthful of it across the bathroom. Good times...) Anyhow, so I didn't enjoy his poems because I was reading them with the wrong attitude &c. If Carl Sandburg hadn't come along later and shown me what a wonderful thing poetry can be, I don't know where I'd be today!

So, while rummaging around the attic the other month, I came across this hated volume of poetry and decided to give ol' Robert another try. Guess what? I didn't hate him! He'll never be my favourite poet, but I don't hate him. (I didn't really care for the selections from *North of Boston*, but the other ones were good! The poem "Birches" was my favourite, I think.)

Marybeth says

In the course of my reading life, I have not taken the time to read much poetry. This collection of Robert Frost's poems was at my house, so I decided to read it. I have mixed feelings about this reading experience, because on one hand Frost painted beautiful pictures with few words. However, I feel like I did not fully grasp the meaning of some of the poems.

I want to try reading the poetry of Emily Dickinson and E.E. Cummings, so I will be giving poetry reading another try!

Final rating: 2.5

Francisca says

2.5

i don't think robert frost might be the poet for me. although some of the poems in this collection i enjoyed, most of them fell quite flat with me. not that i disliked his work but it wasn't that i particularly liked it either.

i'm pretty sure if i had encountered his work during a lecture and properly discussed them inside an academic setting, my opinion of him would be different. it's happened before with other poets. however, i can't really change my reading experience at this point and i seriously doubt i will be encountering robert frost's poetry in my near academic future.

Lisa says

I took the time during a wind storm to sit and read Robert Frost's collection of poems as the wind howled. Frost often writes about nature and the world around him. In his last years, he lived in the quiet woods of Vermont. I am particularly fond of "Reluctance" as he describes the end of the fall season, the end of love and the reluctance to accept the end of seasons and the end of love. Vermont has long cold winters. I feel the same as we begin the long winters in Buffalo. Perfectly worded, reluctance. Once I started, I devoured this book.

Cheryl says

Since I was a little girl, Frost could do no wrong. He still can't. The cadence of his lines, the lucidity of his poetry, always transports me. I'm a little upset that my edition isn't listed here on GR though. Mine has quite a few more poems from his earlier and later life.
