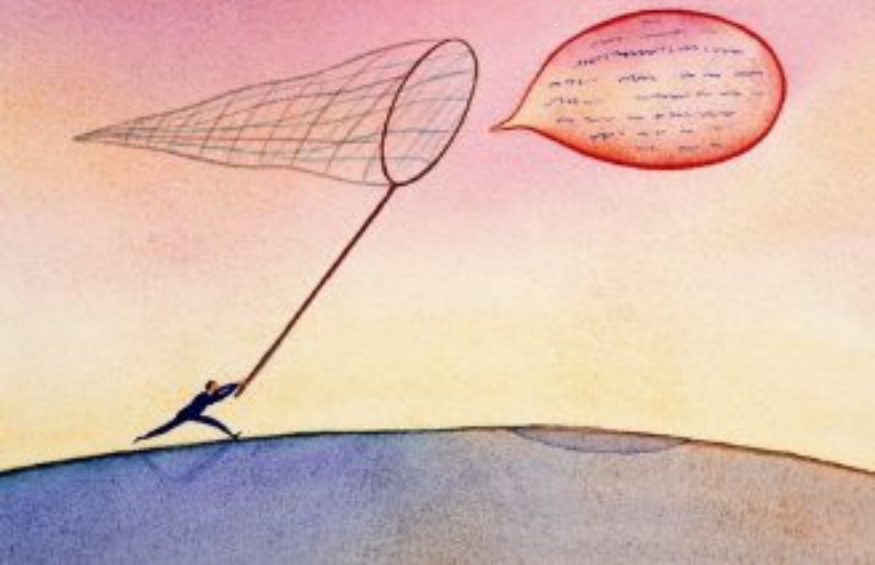
THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE PAPERBACK
DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AVAILABLE

Oxford



CONCISE DICTIONARY OF Quotations



The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations

Preface

What is a “quotation”? It is a saying or piece of writing that strikes people as so true or memorable that they quote it (or allude to it) in speech or writing. Often they will quote it directly, introducing it with a phrase like “As——says” but equally often they will assume that the reader or listener already knows the quotation, and they will simply allude to it without mentioning its source (as in the headline “A rosè is a rosè is a rosè,” referring obliquely to a line by Gertrude Stein).

This dictionary has been compiled from extensive evidence of the quotations that are actually used in this way. The dictionary includes the commonest quotations which were found in a collection of more than 200,000 citations assembled by combing books, magazines, and newspapers. For example, our collections contained more than thirty examples each for Edward Heath’s “unacceptable face of capitalism” and Marshal McLuhan’s “The medium is the message,” so both these quotations had to be included.

As a result, this book is not—like many quotations dictionaries—a subjective anthology of the editor’s favourite quotations, but an objective selection of the quotations which are most widely known and used. Popularity and familiarity are the main criteria for inclusion, although no reader is likely to be familiar with all the quotations in this dictionary.

The book can be used for reference or for browsing: to trace the source of a particular quotation or to find an appropriate saying for a special need.

The quotations are drawn from novels, plays, poems, essays, speeches, films radio and television broadcasts, songs, advertisements, and even book titles. It is difficult to draw the line between quotations and similar sayings like proverbs, catch-phrases, and idioms. For example, some quotations (like “The opera ain’t over till the fat lady sings”) become proverbial. These are usually included if they can be traced to a particular originator. However, we have generally omitted phrases like “agonizing reappraisal” which are covered adequately in the Oxford English Dictionary. Catch-phrases are included if there is evidence that they are widely remembered or used.

We have taken care to verify all the quotations in original or authoritative sources—something which few other quotations dictionaries have tried to do. We have corrected many errors found in other dictionaries, and we have traced the true origins of such phrases as “There ain’t no such thing as a free lunch” and “Shaken and not stirred.”

The quotations are arranged in alphabetical order of authors, with anonymous quotations in the

middle of “A.” Under each author, the quotations are arranged in alphabetical order of their first words. Foreign quotations are, wherever possible, given in the original language as well as in translation. Authors are cited under the names by which they are best known: for example, Graham Greene (not Henry Graham Greene); F. Scott Fitzgerald (not Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald); George Orwell (not Eric Blair); W. C. Fields (not William Claude Dukenfield). Authors’ dates of birth and death are given when ascertainable. The actual writers of the words are credited for quotations from songs, film-scripts, etc.

The references after each quotation are designed to be as helpful as possible, enabling the reader to trace quotations in their original sources if desired.

The index (1) has been carefully prepared—with ingenious computer assistance—to help the reader to trace quotations from their most important keywords. Each reference includes not only the page and the number of the quotation on the page but also the first few letters of the author’s name. The index includes references to book-titles which have become well known as quotations in their own right.

This dictionary could not have been compiled without the work of many people, most notably Paula Clifford, Angela Partington, Fiona Mullan, Penelope Newsome, Julia Cresswell, Michael McKinley, Charles McCreery, Heidi Abbey, Jean Harder, Elizabeth Knowles, George Chowdharay-Best, Tracey Ward, and Ernest Trehern. I am also very grateful to the OUP Dictionary Department’s team of checkers, who verified the quotations at libraries in Oxford, London, Washington, New York, and elsewhere. James Howes deserves credit for his work in computerizing the index.

The Editor is responsible for any errors, which he will be grateful to have drawn to his attention. As the quotation from Simeon Strunsky reminds us, “Famous remarks are very seldom quoted correctly,” but we have endeavoured to make this book more accurate, authoritative, and helpful than any other dictionary of modern quotations.

TONY AUGARDE

(1) Discussions of the index features in this preface and in the “How to Use this Dictionary” section of this book refer to the hard-copy edition. No index has been included in this soft-copy edition. See “Notices” in topic NOTICES for additional information about this soft-copy edition.

How to Use this Dictionary

HOW TO.1 General Principles

The arrangement is alphabetical by the names of authors: usually the names by which each person is best known. So look under Maya Angelou, not Maya Johnson; Princess Anne, not HRH The Princess Royal; Lord Beaverbrook, not William Maxwell Aitken; Irving Berlin, not Israel Balin; Greta Garbo, not Greta Lovisa Gustafsson,

Anonymous quotations are all together, starting in “Anonymous” in topic 1.68 They are arranged in alphabetical order of their first significant word.

Under each author, quotations are arranged by the alphabetical order of the titles of the works from which they come, even if those works were not written by the person who is being quoted. Poems are usually cited from the first book in which they appeared.

Quotations by foreign authors are, where possible, given in the original language and also in an English translation.

A reference is given after each quotation to its original source or to an authoritative record of its use. The reference usually consists of either (a) a book-title with its date of publication and a reference to where the quotation occurs in the book; or (b) the title of a newspaper or magazine with its date of publication. The reference is preceded by “In” if the quotation comes from a secondary source: for example if a writer is quoted by another author in a newspaper article, or if a book refers to a saying but does not indicate where or when it was made.

HOW TO.2 Examples

Here are some typical entries, with notes to clarify the meaning of each part.

Charlie Chaplin (Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin) 1889-1977

All I need to make a comedy is a park, a policeman and a pretty girl.
‘My Autobiography’ (1964) ch. 10

Charlie Chaplin is the name by which this person is best known but Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin is the name which would appear in reference books such as *Who’s Who*. Charlie Chaplin was born in 1889 and died in 1977. The quotation comes from the tenth chapter of Chaplin’s autobiography, which was published in 1964.

Martin Luther King 1929-1968

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.
Letter from Birmingham Jail, Alabama, 16 Apr. 1963, in ‘Atlantic Monthly’ Aug. 1963, p. 78

Martin Luther King wrote these words in a letter that he sent from Birmingham Jail on 16 April 1963. The letter was published later that year on page 78 of the August issue of the Atlanta Monthly.

Dorothy Parker 1893-1967

One more drink and I’d have been under the host.
In Howard Teichmann ‘George S. Kaufman’ (1972) p. 68

Dorothy Parker must have said this before she died in 1967 but the earliest reliable source we can find is a 1972 book by Howard Teichmann. “In” signals the fact that the quotation is cited from a secondary source.

HOW TO.3 Index

If you remember part of a quotation and want to know the rest of it, or who said it, you can trace it by means of the index (1). The index lists the most significant words from each quotation. These keywords are listed alphabetically in the index, each with a section of the text to show the

context of every keyword. These sections are listed in strict alphabetical order under each keyword. Foreign keywords are included in their alphabetical place. The references show the first few letters of the author's name, followed by the page and item numbers (e.g. 163:15 refers to the fifteenth quotation on page 163).

As an example, suppose that you want to verify a quotation which you remember contains the line "to purify the dialect of the tribe." If you decide that tribe is a significant word and refer to it in the index, you will find this entry:

> tribe: To purify the dialect of the t. ELIOT 74:19

This will lead you to the poem by T. S. Eliot which is the nineteenth quotation on page 74.

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2.236 J. B. Buckstone 1802-79
2.237 Eustace Budgell 1686-1737
2.238 Comte de Buffon (George-Louis Leclerc) 1707-88
2.239 Arthur Buller 1874-1944
2.240 Ivor Bulmer-Thomas 1905—
2.241 Count von Bülow 1849-1929
2.242 Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (first Baron Lytton) 1803-73
2.243 Edward Robert Bulwer, Earl of Lytton
2.244 Alfred Bunn c.1796-1860
2.245 Luis Buñuel 1900-83
2.246 John Bunyan 1628-88
2.247 Samuel Dickinson Burchard 1812-91
2.248 Anthony Burgess 1917—

2.249 Gelett Burgess 1866-1951
2.250 John William Burgon 1813-88
2.251 Sir John Burgoyne 1722-92
2.252 Edmund Burke 1729-97
2.253 Johnny Burke 1908-64
2.254 Lord Burleigh
2.255 Fanny Burney (Mme d'Arblay) 1752-1840
2.256 John Burns 1858-1943
2.257 Robert Burns 1759-96
2.258 William S. Burroughs 1914—
2.259 Sir Fred Burrows 1887-1973
2.260 Benjamin Hapgood Burt 1880-1950
2.261 Nat Burton
2.262 Sir Richard Burton 1821-90
2.263 Robert Burton ('Democritus Junior') 1577-1640
2.264 Hermann Busenbaum 1600-68
2.265 Comte de Bussy-Rabutin 1618-1693
2.266 Joseph Butler 1692-1752
2.267 Nicholas Murray Butler 1862-1947
2.268 Samuel Butler 1612-80
2.269 Samuel Butler 1835-1902
2.270 William Butler 1535-1618
2.271 Max Bygraves 1922—
2.272 John Byrom 1692-1763
2.273 Lord Byron (George Gordon, Sixth Baron Byron) 1788-1824
3.0 C
3.1 James Branch Cabell 1879-1958
3.2 Augustus Caesar
3.3 Irving Caesar 1895—
3.4 Julius Caesar c.100-44 B.C.
3.5 John Cage 1912—
3.6 James M. Cain 1892-1977
3.7 Sir Joseph Cairns 1920—
3.8 Pedro Calderón de La Barca 1600-81
3.9 Caligula (Gaius Julius Caesar Germanicus) A.D. 12-41
3.10 James Callaghan (Baron Callaghan of Cardiff) 1912—

3.11 Callimachus c.305-c.240 B.C.
3.12 Charles Alexandre de Calonne 1734-1802
3.13 C. S. Calverley 1831-84
3.14 General Cambronne 1770-1842
3.15 Lord Camden (Charles Pratt, Earl Camden) 1714-94
3.16 William Camden 1551-1623
3.17 Mrs Patrick Campbell (Beatrice Stella Campbell) 1865-1940
3.18 Roy Campbell 1901-57
3.19 Thomas Campbell 1777-1844
3.20 Thomas Campion 1567-1620
3.21 Albert Camus 1913-60
3.22 Elias Canetti 1905—
3.23 George Canning 1770-1827
3.24 Hughie Cannon 1877-1912
3.25 Truman Capote 1924-84
3.26 Al Capp (Alfred Gerard Caplin) 1907-79
3.27 Marquis Domenico Caracciolo 1715-89
3.28 Ethna Carbery (Anna MacManus) 1866-1902
3.29 Richard Carew 1555-1620
3.30 Thomas Carew c.1595-1640
3.31 Henry Carey c.1687-1743
3.32 Jane Carlyle (Jane Baille Welsh Carlyle) 1801-66
3.33 Thomas Carlyle 1795-1881
3.34 Andrew Carnegie 1835-1919
3.35 Dale Carnegie 1888-1955
3.36 Julia A. Carney 1823-1908
3.37 Joseph Edwards Carpenter 1813-85
3.38 J. L. Carr
3.39 Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) 1832-98
3.40 William Herbert Carruth 1859-1924
3.41 Edward Carson (Baron Carson) 1854-1935
3.42 Henry Carter d. 1806
3.43 Sydney Carter 1915—
3.44 John Cartwright 1740-1824
3.45 Lucius Cassius Longinus Ravilla late 2nd cent. B.C.
3.46 Ted Castle (Baron Castle of Islington) 1907-79

3.47 Harry Castling and C. W. Murphy
3.48 Fidel Castro 1926—
3.49 Revd Edward Caswall 1814-78
3.50 Willa Cather 1873-1947
3.51 Empress Catherine the Great 1729-96
3.52 Cato The Elder or the Censor, (Marcus Porcius Cabo) 234-149 B.C.
3.53 Catullus (Gaius Valerius Catullus) c.84-c.54 B.C.
3.54 Charles Causley 1917—
3.55 Constantine Cavafy 1863-1933
3.56 Edith Cavell 1865-1915
3.57 Margaret Cavendish (Duchess of Newcastle) c.1624-74
3.58 Count Cavour (Camillo Benso di Cavour) 1810-61
3.59 William Caxton c.1421-91
3.60 William Cecil (Lord Burghley) 1520-98)
3.61 Cervantes Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra 1547-1616
3.62 John Chalkhill c.1600-42
3.63 Joseph Chamberlain 1836-1914
3.64 Neville Chamberlain 1869-1940
3.65 Haddon Chambers 1860-1921
3.66 Nicolas-Sèbastien Chamfort 1741-94
3.67 Harry Champion 1866-1942
3.68 John Chandler 1806-76
3.69 Raymond Chandler 1888-1959
3.70 Coco Chanel (Gabrielle Bonheur) 1883-1971
3.71 Charlie Chaplin (Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin) 1889-1977
3.72 Arthur Chapman 1873-1935
3.73 George Chapman c.1559-c.1634
3.74 Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin
3.75 King Charles I 1629-49
3.76 King Charles II 1660-85
3.77 Emperor Charles V 1500-58
3.78 Prince Charles (Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales) 1948—
3.79 Pierre Charron 1541-1603
3.80 Salmon Portland Chase 1808-73
3.81 Earl of Chatham

3.82 Chateaubriand François-Renè, Viconte de Chateaubriand 1768-1848
3.83 Geoffrey Chaucer c.1343-1400
3.84 Anton Chekhov 1860-1904
3.85 Apsley Cherry-Garrard 1882-1959
3.86 Lord Chesterfield (Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield) 1694-1773
3.87 G. K. Chesterton 1874-1936
3.88 Erskine Childers 1870-1922
3.89 William Chillingworth 1602-44
3.90 Charles Chilton 1914—
3.91 Rufus Choate 1799-1859
3.92 Noam Chomsky 1928—
3.93 Dame Agatha Christie (nèe Miller) 1890-1976
3.94 Chuang Tzu 4th-3rd cent. B.C.
3.95 Mary, Lady Chudleigh 1656-1710
3.96 Charles Churchill 1731-64
3.97 Frank E. Churchill 1901-42
3.98 Lord Randolph Churchill 1849-94
3.99 Sir Winston Churchill 1874-1965
3.100 Count Galeazzo Ciano 1903-44
3.101 Colley Cibber 1671-1757
3.102 Cicero (Marcus Tullius Cicero) 106-43 B.C.
3.103 John Clare 1793-1864
3.104 Earl of Clarendon 1609-74
3.105 Claribel (Mrs C. A. Barnard) 1840-69
3.106 Brian Clark 1932—
3.107 Kenneth Clark (Baron Clark) 1903-83
3.108 Arthur C. Clarke 1917—
3.109 Grant Clarke 1891-1931 and Edgar Leslie 1885-1976
3.110 James Stanier Clarke c.1765-1834
3.111 John Clarke d. 1658
3.112 Claudius Caecus, Appius fl. 312-279 B.C.
3.113 Karl von Clausewitz 1780-1831
3.114 Henry Clay 1777-1852
3.115 Eldridge Cleaver 1935—
3.116 John Cleese 1939—
3.117 John Cleese 1939—and Connie Booth

3.118 John Cleland 1710-89
3.119 Georges Clemenceau 1841-1929
3.120 Pope Clement XIII 1693-1769
3.121 Grover Cleveland 1837-1908
3.122 Harlan Cleveland 1918—
3.123 John Cleveland 1613-58 English Cavalier poet
3.124 Lord Clive (Robert, Baron Clive of Plassey) 1725-74
3.125 Arthur Hugh Clough 1819-61
3.126 William Cobbett 1762-1835
3.127 Alison Cockburn (nèe Rutherford) 1713-94
3.128 Claud Cockburn 1904—
3.129 Jean Cocteau 1889-1963
3.130 George M. Cohan 1878-1942
3.131 Sir Aston Cokayne 1608-84
3.132 Desmond Coke 1879-1931
3.133 Sir Edward Coke 1552-1634
3.134 Hartley Coleridge 1796-1849
3.135 Lord Coleridge 1820-94
3.136 Mary Coleridge 1861-1907
3.137 Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772-1834
3.138 Colette (Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette) 1873-1954
3.139 Mary Collier c.1690-c.1762
3.140 William Collingbourne d. 1484
3.141 Admiral Collingwood (Cubert, Baron Collingwood) 1748-1810
3.142 R. G. Collingwood 1889-1943
3.143 Charles Collins and Fred W. Leigh
3.144 Charles Collins and Fred Murray
3.145 Charles Collins, E. A. Sheppard, and Fred Terry
3.146 Churton Collins (John Churton Collins) 1848-1908
3.147 Michael Collins 1890-1922
3.148 William Collins 1721-59
3.149 George Colman the Elder 1732-94, and David Garrick 1717-79
3.150 George Colman the Younger 1762-1836
3.151 Charles Caleb Colton c.1780-1832
3.152 Betty Comden 1919-and Adolph Green 1915—
3.153 Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett 1884-1969

3.154 Auguste Comte 1798-1857
3.155 Prince de Condè 1621-86
3.156 William Congreve 1670-1729
3.157 James M. Connell 1852-1929
3.158 Billy Connolly 1942—
3.159 Cyril Connolly 1903-74
3.160 James Connolly 1868-1916
3.161 Joseph Conrad (Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski) 1857-1924
3.162 Shirley Conran 1932—
3.163 Henry Constable 1562-1613
3.164 John Constable 1776-1837
3.165 Benjamin Constant (Henri Benjamin Constant de Rebecque) 1767-1834
3.166 Constantine I, the Great (Flavius Valerius Constantinus Augustus) c.288-337
3.167 A. J. Cook 1885-1931
3.168 Dan Cook
3.169 Eliza Cook 1818-89
3.170 Calvin Coolidge 1872-1933
3.171 Duff Cooper (Viscount Norwich) 1890-1954
3.172 Wendy Cope 1945—
3.173 Richard Corbet 1582-1635
3.174 Pierre Corneille 1606-84
3.175 Bernard Cornfeld 1927—
3.176 Frances Cornford 1886-1960
3.177 Francis Macdonald Cornford 1874-1943
3.178 Mme Cornuel 1605-94
3.179 Coronation Service
3.180 Correggio (Antonio Allegri Correggio) c.1489-1534
3.181 William Cory (William Johnson, later Cory) 1823-92
3.182 Charles Cotton 1630-87
3.183 Baron Pierre de Coubertin 1863-1937
3.184 Èmile Couè 1857-1926
3.185 Victor Cousin 1792-1867
3.186 Thomas Coventry (first Baron Coventry) 1578-1640
3.187 Noël Coward 1899-1973
3.188 Abraham Cowley 1618-67
3.189 Hannah Cowley (nèe Parkhouse) 1743-1809

3.190 William Cowper 1731-1800
3.191 George Crabbe 1754-1832
3.192 Hart Crane 1899-1932
3.193 Stephen Crane 1871-1900
3.194 Thomas Cranmer 1489-1556
3.195 Richard Crashaw c.1612-49
3.196 Julia Crawford fl. 1835
3.197 James Creelman 1901-41 and Ruth Rose
3.198 Mandell Creighton 1843-1901
3.199 Sir Ranulphe Crewe 1558-1646
3.200 Quentin Crisp 1908—
3.201 Sir Julian Critchley 1930—
3.202 Richmal Crompton (Richmal Crompton Lamburn) 1890-1969
3.203 Oliver Cromwell 1599-1658
3.204 Bing Crosby (Harry Lillis Crosby) 1903-77
3.205 Bing Crosby 1903-77, Roy Turk 1892-1934, and Fred Ahlert 1892-1933
3.206 Richard Assheton, Viscount Cross 1823-1914
3.207 Richard Crossman 1907-74
3.208 Samuel Crossman 1624-83
3.209 Aleister Crowley 1875-1947
3.210 Robert Crumb 1943—
3.211 Richard Cumberland 1631-1718
3.212 Bruce Frederick Cummings
3.213 e. e. cummings (Edward Estlin Cummings) 1894-1962
3.214 William Thomas Cummings 1903-45
3.215 Allan Cunningham 1784-1842
3.216 John Philpot Curran 1750-1817
3.217 Michael Curtiz 1888-1962
3.218 Lord Curzon (George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston) 1859-1925
3.219 St Cyprian (Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus) c.AD 200-58
4.0 D
4.1 Samuel Daniel 1563-1619
4.2 Dante Alighieri 1265-1321
4.3 Georges Jaques Danton 1759-94
4.4 Joe Darion 1917—
4.5 George Darley 1795-1846

4.6 Clarence Darrow 1857-1938
4.7 Charles Darwin 1809-82
4.8 Erasmus Darwin 1731-1802
4.9 Sir Francis Darwin 1848-1925
4.10 Jules Dassin 1911—
4.11 Charles D'Avenant 1656-1714
4.12 Sir William D'Avenant 1606-68
4.13 John Davidson 1857-1909
4.14 Sir John Davies 1569-1626
4.15 Scrope Davies c.1783-1852
4.16 W. H. Davies (William Henry Davis) 1871-1940
4.17 Elmer Davis 1890-1958
4.18 Sammy Davis Jnr. 1925—
4.19 Thomas Davis 1814-45
4.20 Lord Dawson of Penn (Bertrand Edward Dawson, Viscount Dawson of Penn) 1864-1945
4.21 C. Day-Lewis 1904-72
4.22 Simone de Beauvoir 1908-86
4.23 Edward de Bono 1933—
4.24 Eugene Victor Debs 1855-1926
4.25 Stephen Decatur 1779-1820
4.26 Daniel Defoe 1660-1731
4.27 Edgar Degas 1834-1917
4.28 Charles De Gaulle 1890-1970
4.29 Thomas Dekker 1570-1641
4.30 J. de Knight (James E. Myers) 1919—and M. Freedman 1893-1962
4.31 Walter de la Mare 1873-1956
4.32 Shelagh Delaney 1939—
4.33 Jack Dempsey 1895-1983
4.34 Sir John Denham 1615-69
4.35 Lord Denman (Thomas, first Baron Denman) 1779-1854
4.36 John Dennis 1657-1734
4.37 Nigel Dennis 1912—
4.38 Thomas De Quincey 1785-1859
4.39 Edward Stanley, fourteenth Earl Of Derby 1799-1869
4.40 Renè Descartes 1596-1650

4.41 Camille Desmoulins 1760-94
4.42 Destouches (Philippe Nèricault) 1680-1754
4.43 Buddy De Sylva (George Gard De Sylva) 1895-1950 and Lew Brown 1893-1958
4.44 Edward De Vere, Earl Of Oxford
4.45 Robert Devereux, Earl Of Essex
4.46 Bernard De Voto 1897-1955
4.47 Peter De Vries 1910—
4.48 Lord Dewar 1864-1930
4.49 Sergei Diaghilev 1872-1929
4.50 Charles Dibdin 1745-1814
4.51 Thomas Dibdin 1771-1841
4.52 Charles Dickens 1812-70
4.52.1 Barnaby Rudge
4.52.2 Bleak House
4.52.3 The Chimes
4.52.4 A Christmas Carol
4.52.5 David Copperfield
4.52.6 Dombey and Son
4.52.7 The Mystery of Edwin Drood
4.52.8 Great Expectations
4.52.9 Hard Times
4.52.10 Little Dorrit
4.52.11 Martin Chuzzlewit
4.52.12 Nicholas Nickleby
4.52.13 The Old Curiosity Shop
4.52.14 Oliver Twist
4.52.15 Our Mutual Friend
4.52.16 Pickwick Papers
4.52.17 Sketches by Boz
4.52.18 A Tale of Two Cities
4.52.19 Speech at Birmingham and Midland Institute
4.53 Emily Dickinson 1830-86
4.54 Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson 1862-1932
4.55 John Dickinson 1732-1808
4.56 Paul Dickson 1939—
4.57 Denis Diderot 1713-84

4.58 Joan Didion 1934—
4.59 Wentworth Dillon, Earl Of Roscommon c.1633-1685
4.60 Ernest Dimnet
4.61 Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) 1885-1962
4.62 Diogenes c.400-c.325 B.C.
4.63 Dionysius of Halicarnassus fl. 30-7 B.C.
4.64 Benjamin Disraeli (First Earl of Beaconsfield) 1804-81
4.65 Isaac D'Israeli 1766-1848
4.66 Austin Dobson (Henry Austin Dobson) 1840-1921
4.67 Ken Dodd 1931—
4.68 Philip Doddridge 1702-51
4.69 Mary Abigail Dodge
4.70 Bubb Dodington (first Bara Melcombe) 1691-1762
4.71 Aelius Donatus
4.72 J. P. Donleavy 1926—
4.73 John Donne 1572-1631
4.74 Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith 1899-1977
4.75 Lord Alfred Douglas 1870-1945
4.76 Gavin Douglas c.1475-1522
4.77 James Douglas, fourth Earl Of Morton c1516-81
4.78 Keith Douglas 1920-44
4.79 Norman Douglas 1868-1952
4.80 Sir Alec Douglas-Home 1903—
4.81 Lorenzo Dow 1777-1834
4.82 Ernest Dowson 1867-1900
4.83 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 1859-1930
4.84 Sir Francis Doyle 1810-88
4.85 Sir Francis Drake c.1540-96
4.86 Joseph Rodman Drake 1795-1820
4.87 William A. Drake 1899—
4.88 Michael Drayton 1563-1631
4.89 William Drennan 1754-1820
4.90 John Drinkwater 1882-1937
4.91 Thomas Drummond 1797-1840
4.92 William Drummond of Hawthornden 1585-1649
4.93 John Dryden 1631-1700

4.94 Alexander Dubcek 1921—
4.95 Joachim Du Bellay 1522-60
4.96 W. E. B. Du Bois (William Eward Burghardt Du Bois) 1868-1963
4.97 Stephen Duck 1705-56
4.98 Mme Du Deffand (Marie de Vichy-Chamrond) 1697-1780
4.99 George Duffield 1818-88
4.100 Georges Duhamel 1884-1966
4.101 Raoul Duke
4.102 John Foster Dulles 1888-1959
4.103 Alexandre Dumas 1802-70
4.104 Dame Daphne Du Maurier 1907-89
4.105 Charles François du Pèrier Dumouriez 1739-1823
4.106 Paul Lawrence Dunbar 1872-1906
4.107 William Dunbar c.1465-c.1513
4.108 Isadora Duncan 1878-1927
4.109 Ian Dunlop
4.110 John Dunning (Baron Ashburton) 1731-83
4.111 James Duport 1606-79
4.112 Richard Duppa 1770-1831
4.113 Leo Durocher 1906-91
4.114 Ian Dury 1942—
4.115 Sir Edward Dyer d. 1607
4.116 John Dyer 1699-1757
4.117 John Dyer fl. 1714
4.118 Bob Dylan (Robert Zimmerman) 1941—
5.0 E
5.1 Abba Eban 1915—
5.2 Sir Anthony Eden (Earl of Avon) 1897-1977
5.3 Marriott Edgar 1880-1951
5.4 Maria Edgeworth 1768-1849
5.5 Duke of Edinburgh 1921—
5.6 Thomas Alva Edison 1847-1931
5.7 James Edmeston 1791-1867
5.8 John Maxwell Edmonds 1875-1958
5.9 King Edward III 1312-77
5.10 King Edward VII 1841-1910

5.11 King Edward VIII (Duke of Windsor) 1894-1972
5.12 Richard Edwardes c.1523-66
5.13 Jonathan Edwards 1629-1712
5.14 Jonathan Edwards 1703-58
5.15 Oliver Edwards 1711-91
5.16 Sarah Egerton 1670-1723
5.17 John Ehrlichman 1925—
5.18 Albert Einstein 1879-1955
5.19 Dwight D. Eisenhower 1890-1969
5.20 Edward Elgar 1857-1934
5.21 George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) 1819-80
5.22 T. S. Eliot (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 1888-1965
5.23 Queen Elizabeth I 1533-1603
5.24 Queen Elizabeth II 1926—
5.25 Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother 1900—
5.26 Alf Ellerton
5.27 John Ellerton 1826-93
5.28 Jane Elliot 1727-1805
5.29 Charlotte Elliott 1789-1871
5.30 Ebenezer Elliott 1781-1849
5.31 George Ellis 1753-1815
5.32 Havelock Ellis (Henry Havelock Ellis) 1859-1939
5.33 Elstow
5.34 Paul Eluard 1895-1952
5.35 Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-82
5.36 Sir William Empson 1906-84
5.37 Friedrich Engels 1820-95
5.38 Thomas Dunn English 1819-1902
5.39 Ennius 239-169 B.C.
5.40 Ephelia fl. 1679
5.41 Sir Jacob Epstein 1880-1959
5.42 Julius J. Epstein 1909-, Philip G. Epstein 1909-52, and Howard Koch 1902—
5.43 Olaudah Equiano c.1745-c.1797
5.44 Erasmus (Desiderius Erasmus) c.1467-1536
5.45 Susan Ertz 1894-1985
5.46 Robert Devereux, Earl Of Essex 1566-1601

5.47 Henri Estienne 1531-98
5.48 Sir George Etherege (or Etheredge) c.1635-91
5.49 Euclid fl. c.300 B.C.
5.50 Euripides c.485-406 B.C.
5.51 Abel Evans 1679-1737
5.52 John Evelyn 1620-1706
5.53 David Everett 1769-1813
5.54 Viscount Eversley
5.55 William Norman Ewer 1885-1976
6.0 F
6.1 F. W. Faber 1814-63
6.2 Robert Fabyan d. 1513
6.3 Clifton Fadiman 1904—
6.4 Lucius Cary (second Viscount Falkland) 1610-43
6.5 Sir Richard Fanshawe 1605-66
6.6 Michael Faraday 1791-1867
6.7 Eleanor Farjeon 1881-1965
6.8 Edward Farmer c.1809-76
6.9 King Farouk of Egypt 1920-65
6.10 George Farquhar c.1677-1707
6.11 David Glasgow Farragut 1801-70
6.12 William Faulkner 1897-1962
6.13 Guy Fawkes 1570-1606
6.14 James Fenton 1949—
6.15 Edna Ferber 1887-1968
6.16 Emperor Ferdinand I 1503-64
6.17 Robert Fergusson 1750-74
6.18 Ludwig Feuerbach 1804-72
6.19 Eric Field
6.20 Eugene Field 1850-95
6.21 Henry Fielding 1707-54
6.22 Dorothy Fields 1905-74
6.23 W. C. Fields (William Claude Dukenfield) 1880-1946
6.24 Harry Julian Fink, Rita M. Fink, and Dean Riesner
6.25 Ronald Firbank 1886-1926
6.26 L’Abbè Edgeworth De Firmont 1745-1807

6.27 Fred Fisher 1875-1942
6.28 H. A. L. Fisher 1856-1940
6.29 John Arbuthnot Fisher (Baron Fisher) 1841-1920
6.30 Marve Fisher
6.31 Albert H. Fitz
6.32 Charles Fitzgeffrey c.1575-1638
6.33 Edward Fitzgerald 1809-83
6.34 F. Scott Fitzgerald 1896-1940
6.35 Bud Flanagan (Chaim Reeven Weintrop) 1896-1968
6.36 Michael Flanders 1922-75 and Donald Swann 1923—
6.37 Thomas Flatman 1637-88
6.38 Gustave Flaubert 1821-80
6.39 James Elroy Flecker 1884-1915
6.40 Richard Flecknoe d. c.1678
6.41 Ian Fleming 1908-64
6.42 Marjory Fleming 1803-11
6.43 Robert, Marquis de Flers 1872-1927 and Arman de Caillavet 1869-1915
6.44 Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun 1655-1716
6.45 John Fletcher 1579-1625
6.46 Phineas Fletcher 1582-1650
6.47 Jean-Pierre Claris De Florian 1755-94
6.48 John Florio c.1553-1625
6.49 Marshal Ferdinand Foch 1851-1929
6.50 J. Foley
6.51 Josè Da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino fl. 1855
6.52 Michael Foot 1913—
6.53 Samuel Foote 1720-77
6.54 Miss C. F. Forbes 1817-1911
6.55 Gerald Ford 1909—
6.56 Henry Ford 1863-1947
6.57 John Ford 1586-after 1639
6.58 Lena Guilbert Ford 1870-1916
6.59 Thomas Ford d. 1648
6.60 Howell Forgy 1908-83
6.61 E. M. Forster 1879-1970
6.62 Harry Emerson Fosdick 1878-1969

6.63 Charles Foster 1828-1904
6.64 Sir George Foster 1847-1931
6.65 John Foster 1770-1843
6.66 Stephen Collins Foster 1826-64
6.67 Charles Fourier 1772-1837
6.68 Charles James Fox 1749-1806
6.69 George Fox 1624-91
6.70 Henry Fox
6.71 Henry Richard Vassall Fox
6.72 Henry Stephen Fox 1791-1846
6.73 Anatole France (Jacques-Anatole-François Thibault) 1844-1924
6.74 Francis I 1494-1547
6.75 St Francis de Sales 1567-1622
6.76 Georges Franju 1912—
6.77 Benjamin Franklin 1706-90
6.78 Oliver Franks (Baron Franks)
6.79 Sir James George Frazer 1854-1941
6.80 Frederick the Great 1712-86
6.81 Cliff Freeman
6.82 E. A. Freeman 1823-92
6.83 John Freeth c.1731-1808
6.84 John Hookham Frere 1769-1846
6.85 Sigmund Freud 1856-1939
6.86 Betty Friedan 1921—
6.87 Max Frisch 1911—
6.88 Charles Frohman 1860-1915
6.89 Erich Fromm 1900-80
6.90 Robert Frost 1874-1963
6.91 Christopher Fry 1907—
6.92 Roger Fry 1866-1934
6.93 R. Buckminster Fuller 1895-1983
6.94 Sam Fuller
6.95 Thomas Fuller 1608-61
6.96 Thomas Fuller 1654-1734
6.97 Alfred Funke b. 1869
6.98 Douglas Furber, Noel Gay, and Arthur Rose

6.100 Rose Fyleman 1877-1957
7.0 G
7.1 Zsa Zsa Gabor (Sari Gabor) 1919—
7.2 Thomas Gainsborough 1727-88
7.3 Thomas Gaisford 1779-1855
7.4 Hugh Gaitskell 1906-63
7.5 Gaius 2nd century A.D.
7.6 J. K. Galbraith 1908—
7.7 Galileo Galilei 1564-1642
7.8 John Galsworthy 1867-1933
7.9 John Galt 1779-1839
7.10 Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi 1869-1948
7.11 Greta Garbo (Greta Lovisa Gustafsson) 1905-90
7.12 Federico García Lorca 1899-1936
7.13 Richard Gardiner b. c.1533
7.14 Ed Gardner 1905-63
7.15 James A. Garfield 1831-81
7.16 Giuseppe Garibaldi 1807-82
7.17 John Nance Garner 1868-1967
7.18 David Garrick 1717-79
7.19 William Lloyd Garrison 1805-79
7.20 Sir Samuel Garth 1661-1719
7.21 Elizabeth Gaskell 1810-65
7.22 Gavarni (Guillaume Sulpice Chevallier) 1804-66
7.23 John Gay 1685-1732
7.24 Noel Gay (Richard Moxon Armitage) 1898-1954
7.25 Sir Eric Geddes 1875-1937
7.26 George I 1660-1727
7.27 George II 1683-1760
7.28 George III 1738-1820
7.29 George IV 1762-1830
7.30 George V 1865-1936
7.31 George VI 1895-1952
7.32 Daniel George (Daniel George Bunting)
7.33 Lloyd George
7.34 George Gershwin 1898-1937

7.35 Ira Gershwin 1896-1983
7.36 Edward Gibbon 1737-94
7.37 Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625
7.38 Stella Gibbons 1902-89
7.39 Wolcott Gibbs 1902-58
7.40 Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931
7.41 Wilfrid Wilson Gibson 1878-1962
7.42 Andrè Gide 1869-1951
7.43 Sir Humphrey Gilbert c.1539-83
7.44 W. S. Gilbert 1836-1911
7.45 Eric Gill 1882-1940
7.46 Terry Gilliam 1940—
7.47 Allen Ginsberg 1926—
7.48 George Gipp d. 1920
7.49 Jean Giraudoux 1882-1944
7.50 W. E. Gladstone 1809-98
7.51 Hannah Glasse fl. 1747
7.52 Duke of Gloucester 1743-1805
7.53 Jean-Luc Godard 1930—
7.54 A. D. Godley 1856-1925
7.55 Sidney Godolphin 1610-43
7.56 William Godwin 1756-1836
7.57 Joseph Goebbels 1897-1945
7.58 Hermann Goering 1893-1946
7.59 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749-1832
7.60 Isaac Goldberg 1887-1938
7.61 Emma Goldman 1869-1940
7.62 Oliver Goldsmith 1730-74
7.63 Barry Goldwater 1909—
7.64 Sam Goldwyn (Samuel Goldfish) 1882-1974
7.65 Adam Lindsay Gordon 1833-70
7.66 Mack Gordon 1904-59
7.67 Stuart Gorrell 1902-63
7.68 Lord Goschen 1831-1907
7.69 Sir Edmund Gosse 1849-1928
7.70 Dean Goulburn 1818-97

7.71 John Gower c.1330-1408
7.72 Sir Ernest Gowers 1880-1966
7.73 Francisco Josè de Goya y Lucientes 1746-1828
7.74 Clementina Stirling Graham 1782-1877
7.75 D. M. Graham 1911—
7.76 Harry Graham 1874-1936
7.77 James Graham, Marquis of Montrose 1612-50
7.78 Kenneth Grahame 1859-1932
7.79 James Grainger c.1721-66
7.80 Ulysses S. Grant 1822-85
7.81 George Granville, Baron Lansdowne 1666-1735
7.82 John Woodcock Graves 1795-1886
7.83 Robert Graves 1895-1985
7.84 John Chipman Gray 1839-1915
7.85 Patrick, Sixth Lord Gray d. 1612
7.86 Thomas Gray 1716-71
7.87 Horace Greely 1811-72
7.88 Hannah Green (Joanne Greenberg)
7.89 Matthew Green 1696-1737
7.90 Graham Greene 1904-91
7.91 Robert Greene c.1560-92
7.92 Germaine Greer 1939—
7.93 Gregory the Great c.540-604
7.94 Gregory VII 1020-85
7.95 Stephen Grellet 1773-1855
7.96 Joyce Grenfell 1910-79
7.97 Julian Grenfell 1888-1915
7.98 Frances Greville (nèe Macartney) c.1724-89
7.99 Sir Fulke Greville 1554-1628
7.100 Sir Edward Grey (Viscount Grey of Fallodon) 1862-1933
7.101 Mervyn Griffith-Jones 1909-79
7.102 Nicholas Grimald 1519-62
7.103 George and Weedon Grossmith 1847-1912 and 1854-1919
7.104 Philip Guedalla 1889-1944
7.105 Texas Guinan (Mary Louise Cecilia Guinan) 1884-1933
7.106 Nubar Gulbenkian 1896-1972

7.107 Dorothy Frances Gurney 1858-1932
7.108 Woody Guthrie (Woodrow Wilson Guthrie) 1912-67
7.109 Nell Gwyn 1650-87
8.0 H
8.1 Emperor Hadrian A.D. 76-138
8.2 Rider Haggard (Sir Henry Rider Haggard) 1856-1925
8.3 C. F. S. Hahnemann 1755-1843
8.4 Earl Haig 1861-1928
8.5 Lord Hailsham (Baron Hailsham, Quintin Hogg) 1907—
8.6 J. B. S. Haldane 1892-1964
8.7 H. R. Haldeman 1929—
8.8 Edward Everett Hale 1822-1909
8.9 Sir Matthew Hale 1609-76
8.10 Nathan Hale 1755-76
8.11 Sarah Josepha Hale 1788-1879
8.12 T. C. Haliburton 1796-1865
8.13 George Savile, Marquis of Halifax 1633-95
8.14 Joseph Hall 1574-1656
8.15 Fitz-Greene Halleck 1790-1867
8.16 Friedrich Halm (Eligius Francis Joseph, Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen) 1806-71
8.17 Margaret Halsey 1910—
8.18 Admiral W. F. (‘Bull’) Halsey 1882-1959
8.19 Alex Hamilton 1936—
8.20 Alexander Hamilton c.1755-1804
8.21 Gail Hamilton (Mary A. Dodge) 1833-96
8.22 Sir William Hamilton 1788-1856
8.23 Oscar Hammerstein II 1895-1960
8.24 Christopher Hampton 1946—
8.25 John Hancock 1737-93
8.26 Learned Hand 1872-1961
8.27 Minnie Hanff 1880-1942
8.28 Brian Hanrahan 1949—
8.29 Edmond Haraucourt 1856-1941
8.30 Otto Harbach 1873-1963
8.31 E. Y. (‘Yip’) Harburg 1898-1981
8.32 Keir Hardie 1856-1915

8.33 Sir William Harcourt 1827-1904
8.34 Warren G. Harding 1865-1923
8.35 Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke 1690-1764
8.36 Godfrey Harold Hardy 1877-1947
8.37 Thomas Hardy 1840-1928
8.38 Julius Hare 1795-1855 and Augustus Hare 1792-1834
8.39 Maurice Evan Hare 1886-1967
8.40 W. F. Hargreaves 1846-1919
8.41 Sir John Harington 1561-1612
8.42 Lord Harlech (David Ormsby Gore) 1918-85
8.43 Harold of England 1022-66
8.44 Jimmy Harper, Will E. Haines, and Tommie Connor
8.45 Joel Chandler Harris 1848-1908
8.46 Lorenz Hart 1895-1943
8.47 Bret Harte 1836-1902
8.48 L. P. Hartley 1895-1972
8.49 F. W. Harvey b. 1888
8.50 Minnie Louise Haskins 1875-1957
8.51 Stephen Hawes d. c.1523
8.52 Lord Haw-Haw
8.53 R. S. Hawker 1803-75
8.54 Nathaniel Hawthorne 1804-64
8.55 Ian Hay (John Hay Beith) 1876-1952
8.56 J. Milton Hayes 1884-1940
8.57 Eliza Haywood c.1693-1756
8.58 William Hazlitt 1778-1830
8.59 Denis Healey 1917—
8.60 Seamus Heaney 1939—
8.61 Edward Heath 1916—
8.62 Reginald Heber 1783-1826
8.63 G. W. F. Hegel 1770-1831
8.64 Heinrich Heine 1797-1856
8.65 Werner Heisenberg 1901-76
8.66 Joseph Heller 1923—
8.67 Lillian Hellman 1905-84
8.68 Helvètius (Claude Arien Helvètius) 1715-71

8.69 Felicia Hemans 1793-1835
8.70 John Heming 1556-1630 and Henry Condell d. 1627
8.71 Ernest Hemingway 1899-1961
8.72 Arthur W. D. Henley
8.73 W. E. Henley 1849-1903
8.74 Henri IV 1553-1610
8.75 Henry II 1133-89
8.76 Henry VIII 1491-1547
8.77 Matthew Henry 1662-1714
8.78 O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) 1862-1910
8.79 Patrick Henry 1736-99
8.80 Joseph Henshaw 1603-79
8.81 Heraclitus fl. 513 B.C.
8.82 A. P. Herbert 1890-1971
8.83 Lord Herbert of Cherbury 1583-1648
8.84 George Herbert 1593-1633
8.85 Robert Herrick 1591-1674
8.86 Lord Hervey 1696-1743
8.87 Hesiod c.700 B.C.
8.88 Hermann Hesse 1877-1962
8.89 Gordon Hewart (Viscount Hewart) 1870-1943
8.90 Du Bose Heyward 1885-1940 and Ira Gershwin 1896-1983
8.91 John Heywood c.1497-c.1580
8.92 Thomas Heywood c.1574-1641
8.93 Sir Seymour Hicks 1871-1949
8.95 Joe Hill 1879-1915
8.96 Pattie S. Hill 1868-1946
8.97 Rowland Hill 1744-1833
8.98 Sir Edmund Hillary 1919—
8.99 Fred Hillebrand 1893—
8.100 Hillel ‘The Elder’ c.70 B.C.-c. A.D. 10
8.101 Lady Hillingdon 1857-1940
8.102 James Hilton 1900-54
8.103 Hippocleides 6th century B.C.
8.104 Hippocrates c.460-357 B.C.
8.105 Alfred Hitchcock 1899-1980

8.106 Adolf Hitler 1889-1945
8.107 Thomas Hobbes 1588-1679
8.108 John Cam Hobhouse (Baron Broughton) 1786-1869
8.109 Ralph Hodgson 1871-1962
8.110 Eric Hoffer 1902-83
8.111 Heinrich Hoffmann 1809-94
8.112 Max Hoffman
8.113 Gerard Hoffnung 1925-59
8.114 Lancelot Hogben 1895-1975
8.115 James Hogg 1770-1835
8.116 Paul Henri, Baron d'Holbach 1723-89
8.117 Billie Holiday 1915-59
8.118 Billie Holiday 1915-59 and Arthur Herzog Jr. 1901-83
8.119 1st Lord Holland 1705-74
8.120 3rd Lord Holland 1733-1840
8.121 Stanley Holloway 1890-1982
8.122 John H. Holmes 1879-1964
8.123 Oliver Wendell Holmes 1809-94
8.124 John Home 1722-1808
8.125 Lord Home (fourteenth Earl of Home, formerly Sir Alec Douglas-Home) 1903—1963-4
8.126 Homer 8th century B.C.
8.127 William Hone 1780-1842
8.128 Arthur Honegger 1892-1955
8.129 Thomas Hood 1799-1845
8.130 Richard Hooker c.1554-1600
8.131 Ellen Sturgis Hooper 1816-41
8.132 Herbert Hoover 1874-1964
8.133 Anthony Hope (Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins) 1863-1933
8.134 Bob Hope 1903—
8.135 Francis Hope 1938-74
8.136 Laurence Hope (Adela Florence Nicolson) 1865-1904
8.137 Gerard Manley Hopkins 1844-89
8.138 Joseph Hopkinson 1770-1842
8.139 Horace 65-8 B.C.
8.140 Samuel Horsley 1733-1806

8.141 A. E. Housman 1859-1936
8.142 Julia Ward Howe 1819-1910
8.143 James Howell c.1593-1666
8.144 Mary Howitt 1799-1888
8.145 Edmond Hoyle 1672-1769
8.146 Elbert Hubbard 1859-1915
8.147 Frank McKinney (‘Kin’) Hubbard 1868-1930
8.148 L. Ron Hubbard 1911-86
8.149 Howard Hughes Jr. 1905-76
8.150 Jimmy Hughes and Frank Lake
8.151 Langston Hughes 1902-67
8.152 Ted Hughes 1930—
8.153 Thomas Hughes 1822-96
8.154 Victor Hugo 1802-85
8.155 David Hume 1711-76
8.156 Hubert Humphrey 1911-78
8.157 Leigh Hunt 1784-1859
8.158 Anne Hunter 1742-1821
8.159 William Hunter 1718-83
8.160 Herman Hupfeld 1894-1951
8.161 John Huss c.1372-1415
8.162 Saddam Hussein (Saddam bin Hussein at-Takriti) 1937—
8.163 Francis Hutcheson 1694-1746
8.164 Aldous Huxley 1894-1963
8.165 Sir Julian Huxley 1887-1975
8.166 T. H. Huxley 1825-95
8.167 Edward Hyde
9.0 I
9.1 Dolores Ibarruri (‘La Pasionaria’) 1895-1989
9.2 Henrik Ibsen 1828-1906
9.3 Eric Idle 1943—
9.4 Francis Iles (Anthony Berkeley Cox) 1893-1970
9.5 Ivan Illich 1926—
9.6 Charles Inge 1868-1957
9.7 William Ralph Inge (Dean Inge) 1860-1954
9.8 Jean Ingelow 1820-97

9.9 Robert G. Ingersoll 1833-99
9.10 J. A. D. Ingres 1780-1867
9.11 Eugéne Ionesco 1912—
9.12 Weldon J. Irvine
9.13 Washington Irving 1783-1859
9.14 Anne Ingram, Viscountess Irwin c.1696-1764
9.15 Christopher Isherwood 1904-86
10.0 J
10.1 Andrew Jackson 1767-1845
10.2 Holbrook Jackson 1874-1948
10.3 Joe Jacobs 1896-1940
10.4 Jacopone da Todi c.1230-1306
10.5 Mick Jagger 1943—and Keith Richard (Keith Richards) 1943—
10.6 Richard Jago 1715-81
10.7 James I (James VI of Scotland) 1566-1625
10.8 James V of Scotland 1512-42
10.9 Henry James 1843-1916
10.10 William James 1842-1910
10.11 Randall Jarrell 1914-65
10.12 Douglas Jay 1907—
10.13 Jean Paul 1763-1825
10.14 Sir James Jeans 1877-1946
10.15 Thomas Jefferson 1743-1826
10.16 Francis, Lord Jeffrey 1773-1850
10.17 David Jenkins 1925—
10.18 Roy Jenkins (Baron Jenkins of Hillhead) 1920—
10.19 Paul Jennings 1918-89
10.20 Soame Jenyns 1704-87
10.21 St Jerome c.342-420
10.22 Jerome K. Jerome 1859-1927
10.23 William Jerome 1865-1932
10.24 Douglas Jerrold 1803-57
10.25 John Jewel 1522-71
10.26 C. E. M. Joad 1891-1953
10.27 St John of the Cross 1542-91
10.29 Pope John XXIII (Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli) 1881-1963

10.30 Linton Kwesi Johnson b. 1952
10.31 Lionel Johnson 1867-1902
10.32 Lyndon Baines Johnson 1908-73
10.33 Paul Johnson
10.34 Philander Chase Johnson 1866-1939
10.35 Philip Johnson 1906—
10.36 Samuel Johnson 1709-84
10.37 John Benn Johnstone 1803-91
10.38 Hanns Johst 1890-1978
10.39 Al Jolson 1886-1950
10.40 Henry Arthur Jones 1851-1929 and Henry Herman 1832-94
10.41 John Paul Jones 1747-92
10.42 LeRoi Jones
10.43 Sir William Jones 1746-94
10.44 Erica Jong 1942—
10.45 Ben Jonson c.1573-1637
10.46 Janis Joplin 1943-70
10.47 Thomas Jordan c.1612-85
10.48 John Jortin 1698-1770
10.49 Sir Keith Joseph 1918—
10.50 Benjamin Jowett 1817-93
10.51 James Joyce 1882-1941
10.52 William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) 1906-1946
10.53 Jack Judge 1878-1938 and Harry Williams 1874-1924
10.54 Emperor Julian the Apostate c.332-363
10.55 Julian of Norwich 1343-1443
10.56 Carl Gustav Jung 1875-1961
10.57 ‘Junius’
10.58 Sir John Junor
10.59 Emperor Justinian c.482-565
10.60 Juvenal A.D. c.60-c.130
11.0 K
11.1 Franz Kafka 1883-1924
11.2 Gus Kahn 1886-1941 and Raymond B. Egan 1890-1952
11.3 Bert Kalmar 1884-1947, Harry Ruby 1895-1974, Arthur Sheekman 1891-1978, and Nat Perrin

11.4 Henry Home, Lord Kames 1696-1782
11.5 Immanuel Kant 1724-1804
11.6 Alphonse Karr 1808-90
11.7 George S. Kaufman 1889-1961
11.8 Gerald Kaufman 1930—
11.9 Paul Kaufman and Mike Anthony
11.10 Christoph Kaufmann 1753-95
11.11 Patrick Kavanagh 1905-67
11.12 Ted Kavanagh 1892-1958
11.13 Denis Kearney 1847-1907
11.14 John Keats 1795-1821
11.15 John Keble 1792-1866
11.16 George Keith, 5th Earl Marischal 1553-1623
11.17 Frank B. Kellogg 1856-1937
11.18 Hugh Kelly 1739-77
11.19 Thomas á Kempis (Thomas Hämmertein or Hämmerken 1380-1741) 1380-1471
11.20 Thomas Ken 1637-1711
11.21 John F. Kennedy 1917-63
11.22 Joseph P. Kennedy 1888-1969
11.23 Lloyd Kenyon (first Baron Kenyon) 1732-1802
11.24 Lady Caroline Keppel b. 1735
11.25 Jack Kerouac 1922-69
11.26 Ralph Kettell 1563-1643
11.27 Francis Scott Key 1779-1843
11.28 Maynard Keynes (John Maynard Keynes, first Baron Keynes of Tilton) 1883-1946
11.29 Nikita Khrushchev 1894-1971
11.30 Joyce Kilmer 1886-1918
11.31 Lord Kilmuir (Sir David Maxwell Fyfe) 1900-67
11.32 Francis Kilvert 1840-79
11.33 Benjamin Franklin King 1857-94
11.34 Henry King 1592-1669
11.35 Martin Luther King 1929-68
11.36 Stoddard King 1889-1933
11.37 Charles Kingsley 1819-75
11.38 Hugh Kingsmill (Hugh Kingsmill Lunn) 1889-1949
11.39 Neil Kinnock 1942—

11.40 Rudyard Kipling 1865-1936
11.41 Henry Kissinger 1923—
11.42 Fred Kitchen 1872-1950
11.43 Lord Kitchener 1850-1916
11.44 Paul Klee 1879-1940
11.45 Friedrich Klopstock 1724-1803
11.46 Charles Knight and Kenneth Lyle
11.47 Mary Knowles 1733-1807
11.48 John Knox 1505-72
11.49 Ronald Knox 1888-1957
11.50 Vicesimus Knox 1752-1821
11.51 Arthur Koestler 1905-83
11.52 Jiddu Krishnamurti d. 1986
11.53 Kris Kristofferson 1936—and Fred Foster
11.54 Jeremy Joe Kronsberg
11.55 Paul Kruger 1825-1904
11.56 Joseph Wood Krutch 1893-1970
11.57 Stanley Kubrick 1928—
11.58 Satish Kumar 1937—
11.59 Milan Kundera 1929—
12.0 L
12.1 Henry Labouchere 1831-1912
12.2 Jean de la Bruyére 1645-96
12.3 Nivelle de la Chaussèe 1692-1754
12.4 James Lackington 1746-1815
12.5 Jean de la Fontaine 1621-95
12.6 Jules Laforgue 1860-87
12.7 Fiorello La Guardia 1882-1947
12.8 R. D. Laing 1927-89
12.9 Alphonse de Lamartine 1790-1869
12.10 Lady Caroline Lamb 1785-1828
12.11 Charles Lamb 1775-1834
12.12 Constant Lambert 1905-51
12.13 John George Lambton (first Earl of Durham) 1792-1840
12.14 George Lamming b. 1927
12.15 Giuseppe di Lampedusa 1896-1957

12.16 Sir Osbert Lancaster 1908-86
12.17 Bert Lance 1931—
12.18 Letitia Elizabeth Landon 1802-38
12.19 Walter Savage Landor 1775-1864
12.20 Andrew Lang 1844-1912
12.21 Julia Lang 1921—
12.22 Suzanne K. Langer 1895-1985
12.23 William Langland c.1330-c.1400
12.24 Archbishop Stephen Langton d. 1228
12.25 Lâo Tse
12.26 Ring Lardner 1885-1933
12.27 Philip Larkin 1922-1985
12.28 Duc de la Rochefoucauld 1613-80
12.29 Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt 1747-1827
12.30 Hugh Latimer c.1485-1555
12.31 William Laud 1573-1645
12.32 Sir Harry Lauder 1870-1950
12.33 Stan Laurel (Arthur Stanley Jefferson) 1890-1965
12.34 William L. Laurence 1888-1977
12.35 James Laver 1899-1975
12.36 Andrew Bonar Law 1858-1923
12.37 D. H. Lawrence (David Herbert Lawrence) 1885-1930
12.38 T. E. Lawrence 1888-1935
12.39 Emma Lazarus 1849-87
12.40 Sir Edmund Leach 1910—
12.41 Stephen Leacock 1869-1944
12.42 Mary Leapor 1722-46
12.43 Edward Lear 1812-88
12.44 Timothy Leary 1920—
12.45 Mary Elizabeth Lease 1853-1933
12.46 F. R. Leavis 1895-1978
12.47 Fran Lebowitz
12.48 Stanislaw Lec 1909-66
12.49 John le Carrè (David John Moore Cornwell) 1931—
12.50 Le Corbusier (Charles Èdouard Jeanneret) 1887-1965
12.51 Alexandre Auguste Ledru-Rollin 1807-74

12.52 Gypsy Rose Lee (Rose Louise Hovick) 1914-70
12.53 Harper Lee 1926—
12.54 Henry Lee (‘Light-Horse Harry’) 1756-1818
12.55 Laurie Lee 1914—
12.56 Nathaniel Lee c.1653-92
12.57 Robert E. Lee 1807-70
12.58 Richard Le Gallienne 1866-1947
12.59 Ernest Lehman
12.60 Tom Lehrer 1928—
12.61 Fred W. Leigh d. 1924
12.62 Fred W. Leigh d. 1924, Charles Collins, and Lily Morris
12.63 Henry Sambrooke Leigh 1837-83
12.64 Charles G. Leland 1824-1903
12.65 Curtis E. LeMay 1906-90
12.66 Lenin (Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov) 1870-1924
12.67 John Lennon 1940-80
12.68 John Lennon 1940-1980 and Paul McCartney 1942—
12.69 Dan Leno (George Galvin) 1860-1904
12.70 William Lenthall 1591-1662
12.71 Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519
12.72 Alan Jay Lerner 1918-86
12.73 Doris Lessing 1919—
12.74 G. E. Lessing 1729-81
12.75 Winifred Mary Letts 1882-1972
12.76 Ros Levenstein
12.77 Ada Leverson 1865-1936
12.78 Bernard Levin 1928—
12.79 Duc de Lèvis 1764-1830
12.80 Claude Lèvi-Strauss 1908—
12.81 G. H. Lewes (George Henry Lewes) 1817-78
12.82 C. Day Lewis
12.83 C. S. Lewis 1898-1963
12.84 Esther Lewis (later Clark) fl. 1747-89
12.85 Sir George Cornewall Lewis 1806-63
12.86 John Spedan Lewis 1885-1963
12.87 Wyndham Lewis (Percy Wyndham Lewis) 1882-1957

12.88 Sam M. Lewis 1885-1959 and Joe Young 1889-1939
12.89 Sinclair Lewis 1885-1951
12.90 Robert Ley 1890-1945
12.91 George Leybourne d. 1884
12.92 Liberace (Wladziu Valentino Liberace) 1919-87
12.93 Georg Christoph Lichtenberg 1742-99
12.94 Charles-Joseph, Prince de Ligne 1735-1814
12.95 Beatrice Lillie 1894-1989
12.96 George Lillo 1693-1739
12.97 Abraham Lincoln 1809-1865
12.98 R. M. Lindner 1914-56
12.99 Vachel Lindsay 1879-1931
12.100 Eric Linklater 1899-1974
12.101 Art Linkletter 1912—
12.102 George Linley 1798-1865
12.103 Walter Lippmann 1889-1974
12.104 Joan Littlewood and Charles Chilton 1914—
12.105 Maxim Litvinov 1876-1951
12.106 Livy (Titus Livius) 59 B.C.—AD 17
12.107 Richard Llewellyn (Richard Dafydd Vivian Llewellyn Lloyd) 1907-83
12.108 Robert Lloyd
12.109 David Lloyd George (Earl Lloyd-George of Dwyfor) 1863-1945
12.110 John Locke 1632-1704
12.111 Frederick Locker-Lampson 1821-95
12.112 John Gibson Lockhart 1794-1854
12.113 Francis Lockier 1667-1740
12.114 David Lodge 1935—
12.115 Thomas Lodge c.1558-1625
12.116 Frank Loesser 1910-69
12.117 Friedrich von Logau 1604-55
12.118 Jack London (John Griffith London) 1876-1916
12.119 Huey Long 1893-1935
12.120 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807-82
12.121 Longinus
12.122 Frederick Lonsdale 1881-1954
12.123 Anita Loos 1893-1981

12.124 Frederico García Lorca 1899-1936
12.125 Konrad Lorenz 1903-89
12.126 Louis XIV 1638-1715
12.127 Louis XVIII 1755-1824
12.128 Richard Lovelace 1618-58
12.129 Samuel Lover 1797-1868
12.130 David Low 1891-1963
12.131 Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke 1811-92
12.132 Amy Lowell 1874-1925
12.133 James Russell Lowell 1819-91
12.134 Robert Lowell 1917-77
12.135 William Lowndes 1652-1724
12.136 L. S. Lowry 1887-1976
12.137 Malcolm Lowry 1909-57
12.138 Lucan A.D. 39-65
12.139 George Lucas 1944—
12.140 Lucilius (Gaius Lucilius) c.180-102 B.C.
12.141 Lucretius c.94-55 B.C.
12.142 Fray Luis de León c.1527-91
12.143 Martin Luther 1483-1546
12.144 Rosa Luxemburg 1871-1919
12.145 John Lydgate c.1370-c.1451
12.146 John Lyly c.1554-1606
12.147 Baron Lyndhurst 1772-1863
12.148 Lysander d. 395 B.C.
12.149 H. F. Lyte 1793-1847
12.150 George Lyttelton (first Baron Lyttleton) 1709-73
12.151 E. R. Bulwer, first Earl of Lytton
1.0 M
1.1 Ward McAllister 1827-95
1.2 Alexander McArthur and H. Kingsley Long
1.3 Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964
1.4 Thomas Babington Macaulay (first Baron Macaulay of Rothley Temple) 1800-59
1.5 Dame Rose Macaulay 1881-1958
1.6 General Anthony McAuliffe 1898-1975
1.7 Joseph McCarthy 1908-57

1.8 Mary McCarthy 1912-89
1.9 George B. McClellan 1826-85
1.10 David McCord 1897—
1.11 Horace McCoy 1897-1955
1.12 John McCrae 1872-1918
1.13 Hugh MacDiarmid (Christopher Murray Grieve) 1892-1978
1.14 George MacDonald 1824-1905
1.15 Ramsay MacDonald 1866-1937
1.16 A. G. MacDonell 1889—
1.17 William McGonagall c.1825-1902
1.18 Roger McGough 1937—
1.19 Sir Ian MacGregor 1912—
1.20 Jimmy McGregor
1.21 Antonio Machado 1875-1902
1.22 Niccoló Machiavelli 1469-1527
1.23 Claude McKay 1890-1948
1.24 Sir Compton Mackenzie 1883-1972
1.25 Sir James Mackintosh 1765-1832
1.26 Alexander Maclaren 1826-1910
1.27 Archibald MacLeish 1892-1982
1.28 Murdoch McLennanfl. 1715
1.29 Fiona McLeod 1855-1905
1.30 Marshall McLuhan 1911-80
1.31 Marèchal de Mac-Mahon 1808-93
1.32 Harold Macmillan (first Earl of Stockton) 1894-1986
1.33 Leonard MacNally 1752-1820
1.34 Louis MacNeice 1907-63
1.35 Geoffrey Madan 1895-1947
1.36 Salvador de Madariaga 1886-1978
1.37 Samuel Madden 1686-1765
1.38 James Madison 1751-1836
1.39 Maurice Maeterlinck 1862-1949
1.40 Archbishop Magee 1821-91
1.41 Magna Carta 1215
1.42 Alfred T. Mahan 1840-1914
1.43 Gustav Mahler 1860-1911

1.44 Derek Mahon 1941—
1.45 Norman Mailer 1923—
1.46 Sir Henry Maine 1822-88
1.47 Joseph de Maistre 1753-1821
1.48 Bernard Malamud 1914-86
1.49 Stèphane Mallarmè 1842-98
1.50 David Mallet (or Malloch) c.1705-65
1.51 George Leigh Mallory 1886-1924
1.52 Sir Thomas Malory d. 1471
1.53 Andrè Malraux 1901-76
1.54 Thomas Robert Malthus 1766-1834
1.55 Lord Mancroft (Baron Mancroft) 1914—
1.56 W. R. Mandale
1.57 Winnie Mandela 1936—
1.58 Osip Mandelstam 1891-1938
1.59 Manilius (Marcus Manilius)
1.60 Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1909—
1.61 Mrs Manley 1663-1724
1.62 Horace Mann 1796-1859
1.63 Thomas Mann 1875-1955
1.64 Lord John Manners, Duke of Rutland 1818-1906
1.65 Katherine Mansfield (Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp) 1888-1923
1.66 Lord Mansfield 1705-93
1.67 Mao Tse-Tung 1893-1976
1.68 William Learned Marcy 1786-1857
1.69 Miriam Margoyles
1.70 Marie-Antoinette 1755-93
1.71 Edwin Markham 1852-1940
1.72 Johnny Marks 1909-85
1.73 Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough 1660-1744
1.74 Bob Marley 1945-81
1.75 Christopher Marlowe 1564-93
1.76 Don Marquis 1878-1937
1.77 Captain Marryat 1792-1848
1.78 Arthur Marshall 1910-89
1.79 Thomas R. Marshall 1854-1925

1.80 Martial A.D. c.40-104
1.81 Andrew Marvell 1621-78
1.82 Holt Marvell
1.83 Chico Marx 1891-1961
1.84 Groucho Marx 1895-1977
1.85 Karl Marx 1818-83
1.86 Karl Marx 1818-83 and Friedrich Engels 1820-95
1.87 Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots 1542-87
1.88 Mary Tudor 1516-58
1.89 Queen Mary 1867-1953
1.90 Eric Maschwitz 1901-69
1.91 John Masefield 1878-1967
1.92 Donald Mason 1913—
1.93 Philip Massinger 1583-1640
1.94 Sir James Mathew 1830-1908
1.95 Henri Matisse 1869-1954
1.96 W. Somerset Maugham 1874-1965
1.97 Bill Mauldin 1921—
1.98 James Maxton 1885-1946
1.99 Jonathan Mayhew 1720-66
1.100 Margaret Mead 1901-78
1.101 Shepherd Mead 1914—
1.102 Hughes Mearns 1875-1965
1.103 Cosimo De’ Medici 1389-1464
1.104 Lorenzo De’ Medici 1449-92
1.105 Dame Nellie Melba (Helen Porter Mitchell) 1861-1931
1.106 Lord Melbourne 1779-1848
1.107 Herman Melville 1819-91
1.108 Gilles Mènage 1613-92
1.109 Menander c.342-292 B.C.
1.110 H. L. Mencken 1880-1956
1.111 David Mercer 1928-80
1.112 Johnny Mercer 1909-76
1.113 George Meredith 1828-1909
1.114 Owen Meredith (Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, first Earl of Lytton) 1831-91
1.115 Dixon Lanier Merritt 1879-1972

1.116 Le Curè Meslier c.1664-1733
1.117 Prince Metternich 1773-1859
1.118 Charlotte Mew 1869-1928
1.120 Thomas Middleton c.1580-1627
1.121 Thomas Middleton 1580-1627 and William Rowley c.1585-1626
1.122 George Mikes 1912—
1.123 John Stuart Mill 1806-73
1.124 Edna St Vincent Millay 1892-1950
1.125 Alice Duer Miller 1874-1942
1.126 Arthur Miller 1915—
1.127 Henry Miller 1891-1980
1.128 Jonathan Miller 1934—
1.129 William Miller 1810-72
1.130 Spike Milligan (Terence Alan Milligan) 1918—
1.131 A. J. Mills, Fred Godfrey, and Bennett Scott
1.132 A. A. Milne 1882-1956
1.133 Lord Milner (Alfred, Viscount Milner) 1854-1925
1.134 John Milton 1608-74
1.135 Comte de Mirabeau 1749-91
1.136 The Missal
1.137 Adrian Mitchell 1932—
1.138 Joni Mitchell 1945—
1.139 Margaret Mitchell 1900-49
1.140 Nancy Mitford 1904-73
1.141 François Mitterand 1916—
1.142 Addison Mizner 1892-1933
1.143 Wilson Mizner 1876-1933
1.144 Moliére (Jean-Baptiste Poquelin) 1622-73
1.145 Mary Mollineux 1648-95
1.146 Helmuth Von Moltke 1800-91
1.147 Walter Mondale 1928—
1.148 William Cosmo Monkhouse 1840-1901
1.149 Duke of Monmouth 1649-85
1.150 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 1689-1762
1.151 C. E. Montague 1867-1928
1.152 Montaigne (Michel Eyquem de Montaigne) 1533-92

1.153 Montesquieu (Charles-Louis Secondat) 1689-1755
1.154 Field-Marshal Montgomery (Viscount Montgomery of Alamein) 1887-1976
1.155 Robert Montgomery 1807-55
1.156 Casimir, Comte de Montrond 1768-1843
1.157 Marquis of Montrose
1.158 Percy Montrose
1.159 Clement C. Moore 1779-1863
1.160 Edward Moore 1712-57
1.161 George Moore 1852-1933
1.162 Marianne Moore 1887-1972
1.163 Sturge Moore 1870-1944
1.164 Thomas Moore 1779-1852
1.165 Thomas Osbert Mordaunt 1730-1809
1.166 Hannah More 1745-1833
1.167 Sir Thomas More 1478-1535
1.168 Thomas Morell 1703-84
1.169 Robin Morgan 1941—
1.170 Christopher Morley 1890-1957
1.171 Lord Morley (John, Viscount Morley of Blackburn) 1838-1923
1.172 Countess Morphy (Marcelle Azra Forbes) fl. 1930-50
1.173 Charles Morris 1745-1838
1.174 Desmond Morris 1928—
1.175 George Pope Morris 1802-64
1.176 William Morris 1834-96
1.177 Herbert Morrison (Baron Morrison of Lambeth) 1888-1965
1.178 Jim Morrison 1943-1971, Ray Manzarek 1935-, Robby Krieger 1946-, and John Densmore 1945—
1.179 R. F. Morrison
1.180 Dwight Morrow 1873-1931
1.181 John Mortimer 1923—
1.182 J. B. Morton (‘Beachcomber’) 1893-1975
1.183 Rogers Morton 1914-79
1.184 Thomas Morton c.1764-1838
1.185 Sir Oswald Mosley 1896-1980
Letter to ‘The Times’ 26 April 1968 1.186 John Lothrop Motley 1814-77
1.187 Peter Anthony Motteux 1660-1718

1.188 Lord Louis Mountbatten (Viscount Mountbatten of Burma) 1900-79
1.189 Robert Mugabe 1924—
1.190 Malcolm Muggeridge 1903-90
1.191 Edwin Muir 1887-1959
1.192 Frank Muir
1.193 Herbert J. Muller 1905—
1.194 Wilhelm Müller 1794-1827
1.195 Ethel Watts Mumford 1878-1940, Oliver Herford 1863-1935, and Addison Mizner 1872-1933
1.196 Lewis Mumford 1895—
1.197 Iris Murdoch b. 1919
1.198 C. W. Murphy and Will Letters
1.199 Fred Murray
1.200 Ed Murrow (Edward Roscoe Murrow) 1908-65
1.201 Alfred De Musset 1810-57
1.202 Benito Mussolini 1883-1945
1.203 A. J. Muste 1885-1967
2.0 N
2.1 Vladimir Nabokov 1899-1977
2.2 Ralph Nader 1934—
2.3 Sarojini Naidu 1879-1949
2.4 Ian Nairn 1930—
2.5 Fridtjof Nansen 1861-1930
2.6 Napoleon I 1769-1821
2.7 Ogden Nash 1902-1971
2.8 Thomas Nashe 1567-1601
2.9 Terry Nation
2.10 James Ball Naylor 1860-1945
2.11 Jawaharlal Nehru 1889-1964
2.12 Horatio, Lord Nelson 1758-1805
2.13 Emperor Nero A.D. 37-68
2.14 Gèrard de Nerval 1808-55
2.15 Allan Nevins 1890-1971
2.16 Sir Henry Newbolt 1862-1938
2.17 Anthony Newley 1931—and Leslie Bricusse 1931—
2.18 Cardinal Newman 1801-90

2.19 Huey Newton 1942—
2.20 Sir Isaac Newton 1642-1727
2.21 Nicholas I 1796-1855
2.22 Vivian Nicholson 1936—
2.23 Nicias c.470-413 B.C.
2.24 Sir Harold Nicolson 1886-1968
2.25 Reinhold Niebuhr 1892-1971
2.26 Carl Nielsen 1865-1931
2.27 Martin Niemöller 1892-1984
2.28 Friedrich Nietzsche 1844-1900
2.29 Florence Nightingale 1820-1910
2.30 Richard Milhous Nixon 1913—
2.31 Thomas Noel 1799-1861
2.32 Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk 1746-1815
2.33 Frank Norman 1931—and Lionel Bart 1930—
2.34 Christopher North (Professor John Wilson) 1785-1854
2.35 Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe) 1865-1922
2.36 Caroline Norton 1808-77
2.37 Jack Norworth 1879-1959
2.38 Novalis (Friedrich Von Hardenberg) 1772-1801
2.39 Alfred Noyes 1880-1958
2.40 Bill Nye (Edgar Wilson Nye)
2.41 Captain Lawrence Oates 1880-1912
2.42 Edna O’Brien 1932—
2.43 Flann O’Brien (Brian O’Nolan or O Nuallain) 1911-66

3.0 O
3.1 Sean O’Casey 1884-1964
3.2 William of Occam (or Ockham) c.1285-1347
3.3 Adolph S. Ochs 1858-1935
3.4 David Ogilvy 1911—
3.5 James Ogilvy, first Earl of Seafield 1664-1730
3.7 John O’Hara 1905-70
3.8 Theodore O’Hara 1820-67
3.9 Patrick O’Keefe 1872-1934
3.10 John O’Keeffe 1747-1833

3.11 Dennis O’Kelly c.1720-87
3.12 Chauncey Olcott and George Graff Jr.
3.13 William Oldys 1696-1761
3.14 Frederick Scott Oliver 1864-1934
3.15 Laurence Olivier (Baron Olivier of Brighton) 1907-89
3.16 Frank Ward O’Malley 1875-1932
3.17 Eugene O’Neill 1888-1953
3.18 Brian O’Nolan 1911-66
3.19 Yoko Ono 1933—
3.20 John Opie 1761-1807
3.21 J. Robert Oppenheimer 1904-67
3.22 Susie Orbach 1946—
3.23 Roy Orbison and Joe Melsom
3.24 Baroness Orczy 1865-1947
3.25 David Ormsby Gore 1918-85
3.26 Josè Ortega y Gasset 1883-1955
3.27 Joe Orton 1933-67
3.28 George Orwell (Eric Blair) 1903-50
3.29 Dorothy Osborne 1627-95
3.30 John Osborne 1929—
3.31 Arthur O’Shaughnessy 1844-81
3.32 Sir William Osler 1849-1919
3.33 John L. O’Sullivan 1813-95
3.34 James Otis 1725-83
3.35 Thomas Otway 1652-85
3.36 Peter Demianovich Ouspensky 1878-1947
3.37 Sir Thomas Overbury 1581-1613
3.38 Ovid 43 B.C.-A.D. 17
3.39 John Owen c.1560-1622
3.40 Robert Owen 1771-1858
3.41 Wilfred Owen 1893-1918
3.42 Count Oxenstierna 1583-1654
3.43 Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford 1550-1604

4.0 P
4.1 Vance Packard 1914—
4.2 William Tyler Page 1868-1942

4.3 Thomas Paine 1737-1809
4.4 Josè de Palafox 1780-1847
4.5 William Paley 1743-1805
4.6 Michael Palin 1943—
4.7 Lord Palmerston 1784-1865
4.8 Norman Panama 1914—and Melvin Frank 1913-1988
4.9 Dame Christabel Pankhurst 1880-1958
4.10 Emmeline Pankhurst 1858-1928
4.11 Mitchell Parish
4.12 Charlie Parker 1920-55
4.13 Dorothy Parker 1893-1967
4.14 Martin Parker d.c.1656
4.15 Ross Parker 1914-74 and Hugh Charles 1907—
4.16 C. Northcote Parkinson 1909—
4.17 Charles Stewart Parnell 1846-91
4.18 Blaise Pascal 1623-62
4.19 Louis Pasteur 1822-95
4.20 Walter Pater 1839-94
4.21 ‘Banjo’ Paterson (Andrew Barton Paterson) 1864-1941
4.22 Coventry Patmore 1823-96
4.23 Alan Paton 1903—
4.24 Mark Pattison 1813-84
4.25 Leslie Paul 1905—
4.26 James Payn 1830-98
4.27 J. H. Payne 1791-1852
4.28 Thomas Love Peacock 1785-1866
4.29 Norman Vincent Peale 1898—
4.30 Hesketh Pearson 1887-1964
4.31 Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil (Pedro IV of Portugal) 1798-1834
4.32 Sir Robert Peel 1788-1850
4.33 George Peele c.1556-96
4.34 Charles Pèguy 1873-1914
4.35 1st Earl of Pembroke c.1501-70
4.36 2nd Earl of Pembroke c.1534-1601
4.37 10th Earl of Pembroke 1734-94
4.38 Vladimir Peniakoff 1897-1951

4.39 William Penn 1644-1718
4.40 William H. Penn
4.41 Samuel Pepys 1633-1703
4.42 S. J. Perelman 1904-79
4.43 Pericles c.495-429 B.C.
4.44 Charles Perrault 1628-1703
4.45 Jimmy Perry and Derek Taverner
4.46 Persius (Aulus Persius Flaccus) A.D. 34-62
4.47 Marshal Pètain (Henri Philippe Pètain) 1856-1951
4.48 Laurence Peter 1919—and Raymond Hull
4.49 Petronius (Petronius Arbiter) d. A.D. 65
4.50 Pheidippides (or Philippides) d. 490 B.C.
4.51 Kim Philby (Harold Adrian Russell Philby) 1912-88
4.52 Rear Admiral ‘Jack’ Philip 1840-1900
4.53 Ambrose Philips c.1675-1749
4.54 Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh 1921—
4.55 Morgan Phillips 1902-63
4.56 Stephen Phillips 1864-1915
4.57 Eden Phillpotts 1862-1960
4.58 Edith Piaf (Edith Giovanna Gassion) 1915-63
4.59 Pablo Picasso 1881-1973
4.60 Pindar 518-438 B.C.
4.61 Harold Pinter 1930—
4.62 Luigi Pirandello 1867-1936
4.63 Robert M. Pirsig 1928—
4.64 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham 1708-78
4.65 William Pitt 1759-1806
4.66 Pope Pius VII
4.67 Sylvia Plath 1932-63
4.68 Plato c.429-347 B.C.
4.69 Plautus c.254-184 B.C.
4.70 Pliny the Elder (Gaius Plinius Secundus) A.D. 23-79
4.71 William Plomer 1903-73
4.72 Plutarch A.D. c.50-c.120
4.73 Edgar Allan Poe 1809-49
4.74 Henri Poincarè 1854-1912

4.75 John Pomfret 1667-1702
4.76 Madame de Pompadour (Antoinette Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour) 1721-64
4.77 Georges Pompidou 1911-74
4.78 Alexander Pope 1688-1744
4.79 Sir Karl Popper 1902—
4.80 Cole Porter 1891-1964
4.81 Beilby Porteus 1731-1808
4.82 Beatrix Potter 1866-1943
4.83 Henry Codman Potter 1835-1908
4.84 Stephen Potter 1900-69
4.85 Eugéne Pottier 1816-87
4.86 Ezra Pound 1885-1972
4.87 Anthony Powell 1905—
4.88 Enoch Powell 1912—
4.89 Sir John Powell 1645-1713
4.90 John O'Connor Power
4.91 Winthrop Mackworth Praed 1802-39
4.92 Elvis Presley 1935-77
4.93 The Book of Common Prayer 1662
4.94 Keith Preston 1884-1927
4.95 Jacques Prèvert 1900-77
4.96 Richard Price 1723-91
4.97 J. B. Priestley 1894-1984
4.98 Joseph Priestley 1733-1804
4.99 Matthew Prior 1664-1721
4.100 V. S. Pritchett 1900—
4.101 Adelaide Ann Procter 1825-64
4.102 Propertius c.50-c.16 B.C.
4.103 Protagoras c.485-c.415 B.C.
4.104 Pierre-Joseph Proudhon 1809-65
4.105 Marcel Proust 1871-1922
4.106 Publilius Syrus
4.107 John Pudney 1909-77
4.108 William Pulteney, Earl of Bath 1684-1764
4.109 Punch 1841—
4.110 Israel Putnam 1718-90

4.111 Mario Puzo 1920—
4.112 Pyrrhus 319-272 B.C.
5.0 Q
5.1 Q
5.2 Francis Quarles 1592-1644
5.3 Peter Quennell 1905—
5.4 François Quesnay 1694-1774
5.5 Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (‘Q’) 1863-1944
5.6 Josiah Quincy 1772-1864
5.7 Quintilian A.D. c.35-c.100
6.0 R
6.1 François Rabelais c.1494-c.1553
6.2 Jean Racine 1639-99
6.3 James Rado 1939—and Gerome Ragni 1942—
6.4 John Rae 1931—
6.5 Thomas Rainborowe d. 1648
6.6 Sir Walter Ralegh c.1552-1618
6.7 Sir Walter Raleigh 1861-1922
6.8 Srinivasa Ramanujan 1887-1920
6.9 John Crowe Ransom 1888-1974
6.10 Arthur Ransome 1884-1967
6.11 Frederic Raphael 1931—
6.12 Terence Rattigan 1911-77
6.13 Gwen Raverat 1885-1957
6.14 Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank
6.15 Sir Herbert Read 1893-1968
6.16 Charles Reade 1814-84
6.17 Ronald Reagan 1911—
6.18 Erell Reaves
6.19 Henry Reed 1914-86
6.20 John Reed 1887-1920
6.21 Joseph Reed 1741-85
6.22 Max Reger 1873-1916
6.23 Charles A. Reich 1928—
6.24 Keith Reid and Gary Brooker
6.25 Erich Maria Remarque 1898-1970

6.26 Jules Renard 1864-1910
6.27 Montague John Rendall 1862-1950
6.28 Jean Renoir 1894-1979
6.29 Pierre Auguste Renoir 1841-1919
6.30 David Reuben 1933—
6.31 Charles Revson 1906-75
6.32 Frederic Reynolds 1764-1841
6.33 Sir Joshua Reynolds 1723-92
6.34 Malvina Reynolds 1900-78
6.35 Cecil Rhodes 1853-1902
6.36 Jean Rhys (Ella Gwendolen Rees Williams) c.1890-1979
6.37 Grantland Rice 1880-1954
6.38 Sir Stephen Rice 1637-1715
6.39 Tim Rice 1944—
6.40 Mandy Rice-Davies 1944—
6.41 Frank Richards (Charles Hamilton) 1876-1961
6.42 I. A. Richards 1893-1979
6.43 Sir Ralph Richardson 1902-83
6.44 Samuel Richardson 1689-1781
6.45 Hans Richter 1843-1916
6.46 Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (‘Jean Paul’) 1763-1825
6.47 George Ridding 1828-1904
6.48 Rainer Maria Rilke 1875-1926
6.49 Martin Rinkart 1586-1649
6.50 Arthur Rimbaud 1854-91
6.51 Hal Riney 1932—
6.52 Cèsar Ritz 1850-1918
6.53 Antoine de Rivarol 1753-1801
6.54 Joan Riviere 1883—
6.55 Lord Robbins (Lionel Charles Robbins, Baron Robbins) 1898-1984
6.56 Maximilien Robespierre 1758-94
6.57 Leo Robin 1900—
6.58 Leo Robin 1900—and Ralph Rainger
6.59 Edwin Arlington Robinson 1869-1935
6.60 John Robinson 1919-83
6.61 Mary Robinson 1758-1800

6.62 Sir Boyle Roche 1743-1807
6.63 John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester 1647-80
6.64 John D. Rockefeller 1839-1937
6.65 Knute Rockne 1888-1931
6.66 Gene Roddenberry 1921-91
6.67 Theodore Roethke 1908-63
6.68 Samuel Rogers 1763-1855
6.69 Thorold Rogers 1823-90
6.70 Will Rogers 1879-1935
6.71 Mme Roland 1754-93
6.72 Frederick William Rolfe (‘Baron Corvo’) 1860-1913
6.73 Richard Rolle de Hampole c.1290-1349
6.74 Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli
6.75 Pierre de Ronsard 1524-85
6.76 Eleanor Roosevelt 1884-1962
6.77 Franklin D. Roosevelt 1882-1945
6.78 Theodore Roosevelt 1858-1919
6.79 Lord Rosebery (Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery) 1847-1929
6.80 Ethel Rosenberg 1916-53 and Julius Rosenberg 1918-53
6.81 Alan S. C. Ross 1907-80
6.82 Christina Rossetti 1830-94
6.83 Dante Gabriel Rossetti 1828-82
6.84 Gioacchino Rossini 1792-1868
6.85 Edmond Rostand 1868-1918
6.86 Jean Rostand 1894-1977
6.87 Leo Rosten 1908—
6.88 Philip Roth 1933—
6.89 Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle 1760-1836
6.90 Jean-Jacques Rousseau 1712-78
6.91 Dr Routh 1755-1854
6.92 Dan Rowan 1922-87 and Dick Martin 1923—
6.93 Nicholas Rowe 1674-1718
6.94 Helen Rowland 1875-1950
6.95 Richard Rowland c.1881-1947
6.96 Maude Royden 1876-1956
6.97 Naomi Royde-Smith c.1875-1964

6.98 Matthew Roydon fl. 1580-1622
6.99 Paul Alfred Rubens 1875-1917
6.100 Richard Rumbold c.1622-85
6.101 Damon Runyon 1884-1946
6.102 Dean Rusk 1909—
6.103 John Ruskin 1819-1900
6.104 Bertrand Russell (Bertrand Arthur William, third Earl Russell) 1872-1970
6.105 Dora Russell (Countess Russell) 1894-1986
6.106 George William Russell
6.107 Lord John Russell 1792-1878
6.108 Sir William Howard Russell 1820-1907
6.109 Ernest Rutherford (Baron Rutherford of Nelson) 1871-1937
6.110 Gilbert Ryle 1900-76
7.0 S
7.1 Rafael Sabatini 1875-1950
7.2 Oliver Sacks 1933—
7.3 Victoria (‘Vita’) Sackville-West 1892-1962
7.4 Françoise Sagan 1935—
7.5 Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve 1804-69
7.6 Antoine de Saint-Exupèry 1900-44
7.7 Saki (Hector Hugh Munro) 1870-1916
7.8 J. D. Salinger 1919—
7.9 John of Salisbury d. 1180
7.10 Lord Salisbury (Robert Gascoyne, third Marquess of Salisbury) 1830-1903
7.11 Lord Salisbury (Robert Arthur James Gascoyne-Cecil, fifth Marquess of Salisbury) 1893-1972
7.12 Sallust c.86-c.35 B.C.
7.13 Anthony Sampson 1926—
7.14 Lord Samuel (Herbert Louis, first Viscount Samuel) 1870-1963
7.15 Carl Sandburg 1878-1967
7.16 Henry ‘Red’ Sanders
7.17 Martha Sansom (nèe Fowke) 1690-1736
7.18 William Sansom 1926-76
7.19 George Santayana 1863-1952
7.20 ‘Sapper’ (Herman Cyril MacNeile) 1888-1937
7.21 Sappho b. c.612 B.C.

7.22 John Singer Sargent 1856-1925
7.23 Leslie Sarony 1897-1985
7.24 Nathalie Sarraute 1902—
7.25 Jean-Paul Sartre 1905-80
7.26 Siegfried Sassoon 1886-1967
7.27 George Savile, Marquis of Halifax
7.28 Dorothy L. Sayers 1893-1957
7.29 Al Scalpone
7.30 Hugh Scanlon (Baron Scanlon) 1913—
7.31 Arthur Scargill 1938—
7.32 Age Scarpelli et al.
7.33 Friedrich von Schelling 1775-1854
7.34 Friedrich von Schiller 1759-1805
7.35 Moritz Schlick
7.36 Artur Schnabel 1882-1951
7.37 Budd Schulberg 1914—
7.38 Diane B. Schulder 1937—
7.39 E. F. Schumacher 1911-77
7.40 Carl Schurz 1829-1906
7.41 Albert Schweitzer 1875-1965
7.42 Kurt Schwitters 1887-1948
7.43 Alexander Scott c.1525-84
7.45 Robert Falcon Scott 1868-1912
7.46 Sir Walter Scott 1771-1832
7.47 Scottish Metrical Psalms 1650
7.48 Edmund Hamilton Sears 1810-76
7.49 Sir Charles Sedley c.1639-1701
7.50 Alan Seeger 1888-1916
7.51 Pete Seeger 1919—
7.52 Sir John Seeley 1834-95
7.53 Erich Segal 1937—
7.54 John Selden 1584-1654
7.55 W. C. Sellar 1898-1951 and R. J. Yeatman 1898-1968
7.56 Seneca c.4 B.C.-A.D. 65
7.57 Robert W. Service 1874-1958
7.58 William Seward 1801-72

7.59 Edward Sexby d. 1658
7.60 Anne Sexton 1928-74
7.61 James Seymour and Rian James 1899—
7.62 Thomas Shadwell c.1642-92
7.63 Peter Shaffer 1926—
7.64 Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury 1621-83
7.65 Anthony Ashley Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury 1671-1713
7.66 William Shakespeare 1564-1616
7.66.1 All’s Well that Ends Well
7.66.2 Antony And Cleopatra
7.66.3 As You Like It
7.66.4 The Comedy of Errors
7.66.5 Coriolanus
7.66.6 Cymbeline
7.66.7 Hamlet
7.66.8 Henry IV, Part 1
7.66.9 Henry IV, Part 2
7.66.10 Henry V
7.66.11 Henry VI, Part 1
7.66.12 Henry VI, Part 2
7.66.13 Henry VI, Part 3
7.66.14 Henry VIII
7.66.15 Julius Caesar
7.66.16 King John
7.66.17 King Lear
7.66.18 Love’s Labour’s Los
7.66.19 Macbeth
7.66.20 Measure for Measure
7.66.21 The Merchant of Venice
7.66.22 The Merry Wives of Windsor
7.66.23 A Midsummer Night’s Dream
7.66.24 Much Ado About Nothing
7.66.25 Othello
7.66.26 Pericles, Prince Of Tyre
7.66.27 Richard II
7.66.28 Richard III

7.66.29 Romeo And Juliet
7.66.30 The Taming Of The Shrew
7.66.31 The Tempest
7.66.32 Timon Of Athens
7.66.33 Titus Andronicus
7.66.34 Troilus And Cressida
7.66.35 Twelfth Night
7.66.36 The Two Gentlemen Of Verona
7.66.37 The Winter's Tale
7.66.38 The Passionate Pilgrim
7.66.39 The Rape Of Lucrece
7.66.40 Sonnets
7.66.41 Sonnets To Sundry Notes Of Music
7.66.42 Venus And Adonis
7.66.43 Miscellaneous
7.67 Bill Shankly 1914-81
7.68 Tom Sharpe 1928—
7.69 George Bernard Shaw 1856-1950
7.70 Sir Hartley Shawcross (Baron Shawcross) 1902—
7.71 Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Viscount Eversley 1794-1888
7.72 Patrick Shaw-Stewart 1888-1917
7.73 John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham
7.74 Mary Shelley (nèe Wollstonecraft) 1797-1851
7.75 Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822
7.76 William Shenstone 1714-63
7.77 E. A. Sheppard
7.78 Philip Henry Sheridan 1831-88
7.79 Richard Brinsley Sheridan 1751-1816
7.80 General Sherman 1820-91
7.81 Emanuel Shinwell (Baron Shinwell) 1884-1986
7.82 James Shirley 1596-1666
7.83 The Shorter Catechism
7.84 Walter Sickert 1860-1942
7.85 Algernon Sidney 1622-83
7.86 Sir Philip Sidney 1554-86
7.87 Emmanuel Joseph Sieyés 1748-1836

7.88 Maurice Sigler 1901-61 and Al Hoffman 1902-60
7.89 Alan Sillitoe 1928—
7.90 Georges Simenon 1903-89
7.91 Paul Simon 1942—
7.92 Simonides c.556-468 B.C.
7.93 Harold Simpson
7.94 Kirke Simpson
7.95 N. F. Simpson 1919—
7.96 George R. Sims 1847-1922
7.97 Noble Sissle 1889-1975 and Eubie Blake 1883-1983
7.98 C. H. Sisson 1914—
7.99 Dame Edith Sitwell 1887-1964
7.100 Sir Osbert Sitwell 1892-1969
7.101 John Skelton c.1460-1529
7.102 B. F. Skinner 1904-90
7.103 Christopher Smart 1722-71
7.104 Elizabeth Smart 1913-86
7.105 Samuel Smiles 1812-1904
7.106 Adam Smith 1723-90
7.107 Alfred Emanuel Smith 1873-1944
7.108 Sir Cyril Smith 1928—
7.109 Dodie Smith 1896-1990
7.110 Edgar Smith 1857-1938
7.111 F. E. Smith (Earl of Birkenhead) 1872-1930
7.112 Ian Smith 1919—
7.113 Langdon Smith 1858-1918
7.114 Logan Pearsall Smith 1865-1946
7.115 Samuel Francis Smith 1808-9
7.116 Stevie Smith (Florence Margaret Smith) 1902-71
7.117 Sydney Smith 1771-1845
7.118 Tobias Smollett 1721-71
7.119 C. P. Snow (Baron Snow of Leicester) 1905-80
7.120 Philip Snowden (Viscount Snowden) 1864-1937
7.121 Socrates 469-399 B.C.
7.122 Solon c.630-c.555 B.C.
7.123 Alexander Solzhenitsyn 1918—

7.124 William Somerville 1675-1742
7.125 Anastasio Somoza 1925-80
7.126 Stephen Sondheim 1930—
7.127 Susan Sontag 1933—
7.128 Donald Soper (Baron Soper) 1903—
7.129 Sophocles 496-406 B.C.
7.130 Charles Hamilton Sorley 1895-1915
7.131 John L. B. Soule 1815-91
7.132 Robert South 1634-1716
7.133 Thomas Southerne 1660-1746
7.134 Robert Southey 1774-1843
7.135 Robert Southwell c.1561-95
7.136 Muriel Spark 1918—
7.137 John Sparrow 1906-92
7.138 Countess Spencer (Raine Spencer) 1929—
7.139 Herbert Spencer 1820-1903
7.140 Stephen Spender 1909—
7.141 Edmund Spenser c.1552-99
7.142 Steven Spielberg 1947—
7.143 Baruch Spinoza 1632-77
7.144 Dr Benjamin Spock 1903—
7.145 William Archibald Spooner 1844-1930
7.146 Sir Cecil Spring-Rice 1859-1918
7.147 Bruce Springsteen 1949—
7.148 C. H. Spurgeon 1834-92
7.149 Sir J. C. Squire 1884-1958
7.150 Mme de Staël 1766-1817
7.151 Joseph Stalin (Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili) 1879-1953
7.152 Sir Henry Morton Stanley 1841-1904
7.153 Charles E. Stanton 1859-1933
7.154 Edwin Mcmasters Stanton 1814-69
7.155 Elizabeth Cady Stanton 1815-1902
7.156 Frank L. Stanton 1857-1927
7.157 John Stark 1728-1822
7.158 Christina Stead 1902-83
7.159 Sir David Steel 1938—

7.160 Sir Richard Steele 1672-1729
7.161 Lincoln Steffens 1866-1936
7.162 Gertrude Stein 1874-1946
7.163 John Steinbeck 1902-68
7.164 Gloria Steinem 1934—
7.165 Sir James Fitzjames Stephen 1829-94
7.166 J. K. Stephen 1859-92
7.167 James Stephens 1882-1950
7.168 Laurence Sterne 1713-68
7.169 Wallace Stevens 1879-1955
7.170 Adlai Stevenson 1900-65
7.171 Anne Stevenson 1933—
7.172 Robert Louis Stevenson 1850-94
7.173 Caskie Stinnett 1911—
7.174 Tom Stoppard 1937—
7.175 Harriet Beecher Stowe 1811-96
7.176 Lord Stowell 1745-1836
7.177 Lytton Strachey 1880-1932
7.178 Igor Stravinsky 1882-1971
7.179 William Stubbs 1825-1901
7.180 G. A. Studdert Kennedy 1883-1929
7.181 Sir John Suckling 1609-42
7.182 Louis Henri Sullivan 1856-1924
7.183 Terry Sullivan
7.184 Maximilien de Bèthune, Duc de Sully 1559-1641
7.185 Arthur Hays Sulzberger 1891-1968
7.186 Edith Summerskill 1901-80
7.187 Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey c.1517-47
7.188 R. S. Surtees 1803-64
7.189 David Sutton
7.190 Hannen Swaffer 1879-1962
7.191 Jonathan Swift 1667-1745
7.192 Algernon Charles Swinburne 1837-1909
7.193 Eric Sykes and Max Bygraves 1922—
7.194 John Addington Symonds 1840-93
7.195 John Millington Synge 1871-1909

7.196 Thomas Szasz 1920—
7.197 Albert von Szent-Györgyi 1893-1986
8.0 T
8.1 Tacitus A.D. c.56-after 117
8.2 Sir Rabindranath Tagore 1861-1941
8.3 Nellie Talbot
8.4 Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand 1754-1838
8.5 Booth Tarkington 1869-1946
8.6 Nahum Tate 1652-1715
8.7 Nahum Tate 1652-1715 and Nicholas Brady 1659-1726
8.8 R. H. Tawney 1880-1962
8.9 A. J. P. Taylor 1906-90
8.10 Ann Taylor 1782-1866 and Jane Taylor 1783-1824
8.11 Bayard Taylor 1825-78
8.12 Jeremy Taylor 1613-67
8.13 Tom Taylor 1817-80
8.14 Norman Tebbit 1931—
8.15 Sir William Temple 1628-99
8.16 William Temple 1881-1944
8.17 Sir John Tenniel 1820-1914
8.18 Alfred, Lord Tennyson 1809-92
8.19 Terence c.190-159 B.C.
8.20 St Teresa of Ávila 1512-82
8.21 Tertullian A.D. c.160-c.225
8.22 A. S. J. Tessimond 1902-62
8.23 William Makepeace Thackeray 1811-63
8.24 Margaret Thatcher 1925—
8.25 Theocritus c.310-350 B.C.
8.26 Louis Adolphe Thiers 1797-1877
8.27 Thomas á Kempis c.1380-1471
8.28 St Thomas Aquinas c.1225-74
8.29 Brandon Thomas 1856-1914
8.30 Dylan Thomas 1914-53
8.31 Edward Thomas 1878-1917
8.32 Elizabeth Thomas 1675-1731
8.33 Irene Thomas

8.34 R. S. Thomas
8.35 Francis Thompson 1859-1907
8.36 Hunter S. Thompson 1939—
8.37 William Hepworth Thompson 1810-86
8.38 James Thomson 1700-48
8.39 James Thomson 1834-82
8.40 Lord Thomson (Roy Herbert Thomson, Baron Thomson of Fleet) 1894-1976
8.41 Henry David Thoreau 1817-62
8.42 Jeremy Thorpe 1929—
8.43 James Thurber 1894-1961
8.44 Edward, First Baron Thurlow 1731-1806
8.45 Edward, Second Baron Thurlow 1781-1829
8.46 Tibullus c.50-19 B.C.
8.47 Chidiock Tichborne c.1558-86
8.48 Thomas Tickell 1686-1740
8.49 Paul Tillich 1886-1965
8.50 Matthew Tindal 1657-1733
8.51 Dion Titheradge
8.52 Emperor Titus A.D. 39-81
8.53 John Tobin 1770-1804
8.54 Alexis De Tocqueville 1805-59
8.55 Alvin Toffler 1928—
8.56 J. R. R. Tolkien 1892-1973
8.57 Leo Tolstoy 1828-1910
8.58 Nicholas Tomalin
8.59 Barry Took and Marty Feldman
8.60 Cyril Tourneur c.1575-1626
8.61 Pete Townshend 1945—
8.62 Thomas Traherne c.1637-74
8.63 Henry Duff Traill 1842-1900
8.64 Joseph Trapp 1679-1747
8.65 Ben Travers 1886—
8.66 Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree 1852-1917
8.67 Herbert Trench 1865-1923
8.68 Richard Trench, Archbishop Of Dublin 1807-86
8.69 G. M. Trevelyan 1876-1962

8.70 Calvin Trillin
8.71 Lionel Trilling 1905-75
8.72 Tommy Trinder 1909-89
8.73 Anthony Trollope 1815-82
8.74 Leon Trotsky (Lev Davidovich Bronstein) 1879-1940
8.75 Harry S. Truman 1884-1972
8.76 Barbara W. Tuchman 1912-89
8.77 Sophie Tucker 1884-1966
8.78 Martin Tupper 1810-89
8.80 Walter James Redfern Turner 1889-1946
8.81 Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) 1835-191
8.82 Kenneth Tynan 1927-80
9.0 U
9.1 Domitius Ulpian d. 228
9.2 Miguel de Unamuno 1864-1937
9.3 John Updike 1932—
9.4 Archbishop James Ussher 1581-1656
9.5 Sir Peter Ustinov 1921—
10.0 V
10.1 Paul Valèry 1871-1945
10.2 Sir John Vanbrugh 1664-1726
10.3 Paul Vance and Lee Pockriss
10.4 Vivien van Damm c.1889-1960
10.5 William Henry Vanderbilt 1821-85
10.6 Laurens van der Post 1906—
10.7 Bartolomeo Vanzetti 1888-1927
10.8 Charles John Vaughan 1816-97
10.9 Harry Vaughan
10.10 Henry Vaughan 1622-95
10.11 Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958
10.12 Thorstein Veblen 1857-1929
10.13 Vegetius 4th-5th century A.D.
10.14 Venantius Fortunatus c.530-c.610
10.15 Pierre Vergniaud 1753-93
10.16 Paul Verlaine 1844-96
10.17 Emperor Vespasian A.D. 9-79

10.18 Queen Victoria 1819-1901
10.19 Gore Vidal 1925—
10.20 King Vidor 1895-1982
10.21 Josè Antonio Viera Gallo 1943—
10.22 Alfred De Vigny 1797-1863
10.23 Philippe-Auguste Villiers De L'Isle-Adam 1838-89
10.24 François Villon b. 1431
10.25 St Vincent Of Lerins d. c.450
10.26 Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro) 70-19 B.C.
10.27 Voltaire 1694-1778
11.0 W
11.1 Richard Wagner 1813-83
11.2 John Wain 1925—
11.3 Jerry Wald 1911-1962 and Richard Macaulay
11.4 Prince of Wales
11.5 Arthur Waley 1889-1966
11.6 Edgar Wallace 1875-1932
11.7 George Wallace 1919—
11.8 Henry Wallace 1888-1965
11.9 William Ross Wallace d. 1881
11.10 Graham Wallas 1858-1932
11.11 Edmund Waller 1606-1687
11.12 Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl Of Orford 1717-97
11.13 Sir Hugh Walpole 1884-1941
11.14 Sir Robert Walpole, First Earl Of Orford 1676-1745
11.15 William Walsh 1663-1708
11.16 Izaak Walton 1593-1683
11.17 Bishop William Warburton 1698-1779
11.18 Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne) 1834-67
11.19 Mrs Humphry Ward 1851-1920
11.20 Revd Nathaniel Ward 1578-1652
11.21 Andy Warhol 1927-87
11.22 Jack Warner (Horace Waters) 1895-1981
11.23 George Washington 1732-99
11.24 Ned Washington
11.25 Rowland Watkyns fl.1662

11.26 William Watson c.1559-1603
11.27 Sir William Watson 1858-1935
11.28 Isaac Watts 1674-1748
11.29 Evelyn Waugh 1903-66
11.30 Frederick Weatherly 1848-1929
11.32 Geoffrey Webb and Edward J. Mason
11.33 Jim Webb 1946—
11.34 Sidney Webb (Baron Passfield) 1859-1947
11.35 Sidney Webb (Baron Passfield) 1859-1947 and Beatrice Webb 1858-1943
11.36 Daniel Webster 1782-1852
11.37 John Webster c.1580-c.1625
11.38 Josiah Wedgwood 1730-95
11.39 Anthony Wedgewood Benn
11.40 Simone Weil 1909-43
11.41 Johnny Weissmuller 1904-84
11.42 Thomas Earle Welby 1881-1933
11.43 Fay Weldon 1931—
11.44 Colin Welland 1934—
11.45 Orson Welles 1915-85
11.46 Duke Of Wellington 1769-1852
11.47 H. G. Wells 1866-1946
11.48 Arnold Wesker 1932—
11.49 Charles Wesley 1707-88
11.50 John Wesley 1703-91
11.51 Revd Samuel Wesley 1662-1735
11.52 Mae West 1892-1980
11.53 Dame Rebecca West (Cicily Isabel Fairfield) 1892-1983
11.54 Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury 1800-73
11.55 Edward Noyes Westcott 1846-98
11.56 John Fane, Lord Westmorland 1759-1841
11.57 Sir Charles Wetherell 1770-1846
11.58 Robert Wever fl.1550
11.59 Edith Wharton 1862-1937
11.60 Thomas, 1st Marquis Of Wharton 1648-1715
11.61 Richard Whately, Archbishop Of Dublin 1787-1863
11.62 William Whewell 1794-1866

11.63 James Mcneill Whistler 1834-1903
11.64 E. B. White 1899-1985
11.65 T. H. White 1906-64
11.66 Alfred North Whitehead 1861-1947
11.67 Bertrand Whitehead
11.68 Katharine Whitehorn 1926—
11.69 George Whiting
11.70 William Whiting 1825-78
11.71 Gough Whitlam 1916—
11.72 Walt Whitman 1819-92
11.74 Robert Whittington fl.1520
11.75 Charlotte Whitton 1896-1975
11.76 Benjamin Whorf 1897-1941
11.77 Cornelius Whur c.1837
11.78 William H. Whyte 1917—
11.79 George John Whyte-Melville 1821-78
11.80 Anna Wickham (Edith Alice Mary Harper) 1884-1947
11.81 Bishop Samuel Wilberforce 1805-73
11.82 Richard Wilbur 1921—
11.83 Ella Wheeler Wilcox 1855-1919
11.84 Oscar Wilde 1854-1900
11.85 Billy Wilder (Samuel Wilder) 1906—
11.86 Billy Wilder 1906—and I. A. L. Diamond
11.87 Thornton Wilder 1897-1975
11.88 Kaiser Wilhelm II 1859-1941
11.89 John Wilkes 1727-97
11.90 Geoffrey Willans 1911-58 and Ronald Searle 1920—
11.91 Emma Hart Willard 1787-1870
11.92 King William III 1650-1702
11.93 Harry Williams 1874-1924
11.94 Kenneth Williams 1926-88
11.95 Tennessee Williams (Thomas Lanier Williams) 1911-83
11.96 William Carlos Williams 1883-1963
11.97 Ted Willis (Edward Henry Willis, Baron Willis of Chislehurst) 1918—
11.98 Nathaniel Parker Willis 1806-67
11.99 Wendell Willkie 1892-1944

11.100 Angus Wilson 1913-91
11.101 Charles E. Wilson 1890-1961
11.102 Edmund Wilson 1895-1972
11.103 Harold Wilson (Baron Wilson of Rievaulx) 1916—
11.104 Harriette Wilson 1789-1846
11.105 John Wilson
11.106 McLandburgh Wilson 1892—
11.107 Sandy Wilson 1924—
11.108 Woodrow Wilson 1856-1924
11.109 Robb Wilton 1881-1957
11.110 Arthur Wimperis 1874-1953
11.111 Anne Finch, Lady Winchilsea 1661-1720
11.112 William Windham 1750-1810
11.113 Catherine Winkworth 1827-78
11.114 Robert Charles Winthrop 1809-94
11.115 Cardinal Wiseman 1802-65
11.116 Owen Wister 1860-1938
11.117 George Wither 1588-1667
11.118 Ludwig Wittgenstein 1889-1951
11.119 P. G. Wodehouse 1881-1975
11.120 Charles Wolfe 1791-1823
11.121 Humbert Wolfe 1886-1940
11.122 James Wolfe 1727-59
11.123 Thomas Wolfe 1900-38
11.124 Tom Wolfe 1931—
11.125 Mary Wollstonecraft 1759-97
11.126 Cardinal Wolsey c.1475-1530
11.127 Mrs Henry Wood 1814-87
11.128 Woodbine Willie
11.129 Lt.-Commander Thomas Woodroofe 1899-1978
11.130 Harry Woods
11.131 Virginia Woolf 1882-1941
11.132 Alexander Woollcott 1887-1943
11.133 Dorothy Wordsworth 1771-1855
11.134 Elizabeth Wordsworth 1840-1932
11.135 William Wordsworth 1770-1850

11.136 Sir Henry Wotton 1568-1639
11.137 Frank Lloyd Wright 1867-1959
11.138 Sir Thomas Wyatt c.1503-42
11.139 Woodrow Wyatt (Baron Wyatt) 1919—
11.140 William Wycherley c.1640-1716
11.141 Laurie Wyman
11.142 George Wyndham 1863-1913
11.143 Tammy Wynette (Wynette Pugh) 1942—and Billy Sherrill
11.144 Andrew Of Wyntoun c.1350-c.1420
12.0 X
12.1 Xenophon c.428/7-c.354 B.C.
12.2 Augustin, Marquis De Ximènéz 1726-1817
13.0 Y
13.1 Thomas Russell Ybarra b. 1880
13.2 W. F. Yeames R. A. 1835-1918
13.3 R. J. Yeatman 1898-1968
13.4 W. B. Yeats 1865-1939
13.5 Jack Yellen 1892-1991
13.6 Edward Young 1683-1765
13.7 George W. Young 1846-1919
13.8 Michael Young 1915—
13.9 Waldemar Young et al.
14.0 Z
14.1 Israel Zangwill 1864-1926
14.2 Darryl F. Zanuck 1902-79
14.3 Emiliano Zapata 1879-1919
14.4 Frank Zappa 1940—
14.5 Robert Zemeckis 1952—and Bob Gale 1952—
14.6 Ronald L. Ziegler 1939—
14.7 Grigori Zinoviev 1883-1936
14.8 Èmile Zola 1840-1902

1.0 A

1.1 Peter Abelard 1079-1142

O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia.

O what their joy and glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blesséd ones see!

'Hymnarius Paraclitensis' bk. 1, pars altera 'Hymni Diurni' no. 29 'Sabbato. Ad Vesperas' (translated by J. M. Neale, 1854)

1.2 Dannie Abse 1923—

I know the colour rose, and it is lovely,
But not when it ripens in a tumour;
And healing greens, leaves and grass, so springlike,
In limbs that fester are not springlike.

'Pathology of Colours' (1968)

So in the simple blessing of a rainbow,
In the bevelled edge of a sunlit mirror,
I have seen visible, Death's artifact
Like a soldier's ribbon on a tunic tacked.

'Pathology of Colours' (1968)

1.3 Accius 170-c.86 B.C.

Oderint, dum metuant.

Let them hate, so long as they fear.

From 'Atreus', in Seneca 'Dialogues' bks. 3-5 'De Ira' bk. 1, sect. 20, subsect. 4

1.4 Goodman Ace 1899-1982

TV—a clever contraction derived from the words Terrible Vaudeville....we call it a medium because nothing's well done.

Letter to Groucho Marx, in 'The Groucho Letters' (1967) p. 114

1.5 Dean Acheson 1893-1971

Great Britain has lost an empire and has not yet found a role.

Speech at the Military Academy, West Point, 5 December 1962, in 'Vital Speeches' 1 January 1963, p. 163

The first requirement of a statesman is that he be dull.

In 'Observer' 21 June 1970

I will undoubtedly have to seek what is happily known as gainful employment, which I am glad to say does not describe holding public office.

In 'Time' 22 December 1952

A memorandum is written not to inform the reader but to protect the writer.

In 'Wall Street Journal' 8 September 1977

1.6 Lord Acton (John Emerich Edward Dahlberg, first Baron Acton) 1834-1902

Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Letter to Bishop Mandell Creighton, 3 April 1887, in Louise Creighton 'Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton' (1904) vol. 1, ch. 13.

1.7 Abigail Adams 1744-1818

In the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could.

Letter to John Adams, 31 March 1776

It is really mortifying, sir, when a woman possessed of a common share of understanding considers the difference of education between the male and female sex, even in those families where education is attended to...Nay why should your sex wish for such a disparity in those whom they one day intend for companions and associates. Pardon me, sir, if I cannot help sometimes s uspecting that this neglect arises in some measure from an ungenerous jealousy of rivals near the throne.

Letter to John Thaxter, 15 February 1778

These are times in which a genius would wish to live. It is not in the still calm of life, or in the repose of a pacific station, that great challenges are formed....Great necessities call out great virtues.

Letter to John Quincy Adams, 19 January 1780

1.8 Charles Francis Adams 1807-86

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war.

Dispatch to Earl Russell, 5 September 1863, in C. F. Adams 'Charles Francis Adams' (1900)

1.9 Douglas Adams 1952—

The Answer to the Great Question Of...Life, the Universe and Everything...[is] Forty-two.

'The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy' (1979) ch. 27

1.10 Frank Adams and Will M. Hough

I wonder who's kissing her now.

Title of song (1909)

1.11 Franklin P. Adams 1881-1960

When the political columnists say 'Every thinking man' they mean themselves, and when candidates appeal to 'Every intelligent voter' they mean everybody who is going to vote for them.

'Nods and Becks' (1944) p. 3

Years ago we discovered the exact point, the dead centre of middle age. It occurs when you are too young to take up golf and too old to rush up to the net.

'Nods and Becks' (1944) p. 53

Elections are won by men and women chiefly because most people vote against somebody rather than for somebody.

'Nods and Becks' (1944) p. 206.

1.12 Henry Brooks Adams 1838-1918

Politics, as a practice, whatever its professions, has always been the systematic organization of hatreds.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 1

Accident counts for much in companionship as in marriage.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 4.

Women have, commonly, a very positive moral sense; that which they will, is right; that which they reject, is wrong; and their will, in most cases, ends by settling the moral.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 6

All experience is an arch to build upon.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 6

A friend in power is a friend lost.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 7

The effect of power and publicity on all men is the aggravation of self, a sort of tumour that ends by killing the victim's sympathies.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 10

These questions of taste, of feeling, of inheritance, need no settlement.

Everyone carries his own inch-rule of taste, and amuses himself by applying it, triumphantly, wherever he travels.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 12

[Charles] Sumner's mind had reached the calm of water which receives and reflects images without absorbing them; it contained nothing but itself.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 13

Chaos often breeds life, when order breeds habit.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 16

A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 20

One friend in a lifetime is much; two are many; three are hardly possible. Friendship needs a certain parallelism of life, a community of thought, a rivalry of aim.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 20

What one knows is, in youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn.

'The Education of Henry Adams' (1907) ch. 21

Morality is a private and costly luxury.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 22

Practical politics consists in ignoring facts.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 22

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 25

Symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world had ever felt, and had drawn man’s activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural had ever done.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 25

Modern politics is, at bottom, a struggle not of men but of forces.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 28

We combat obstacles in order to get repose, and, when got, the repose is insupportable.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 29

No one means all he says, and yet very few say all they mean, for words are slippery and thought is viscous.

‘The Education of Henry Adams’ (1907) ch. 31

1.13 John Adams 1735-1826

Liberty cannot be preserved without a general knowledge among the people, who have a right... and a desire to know; but besides this, they have a right, an indisputable, unalienable, indefeasible, divine right to that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge, I mean of the characters and conduct of their rulers.

‘A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law’ (1765)

There is danger from all men. The only maxim of a free government ought to be to trust no man living with power to endanger the public liberty.

‘Notes for an Oration at Braintree’ (Spring 1772)

A government of laws, and not of men.

‘Boston Gazette’ (1774) no. 7, ‘Novanglus’ papers; later incorporated in the Massachusetts Constitution (1780) Article 30 of the Declaration of Rights

I agree with you that in politics the middle way is none at all.

Letter to Horatio Gates, 23 March 1776

The happiness of society is the end of government.

‘Thoughts on Government’ (1776)

Fear is the foundation of most governments.

‘Thoughts on Government’ (1776)

You and I ought not to die

before we have explained ourselves to each other.

Letter to Thomas Jefferson, 15 July 1813

The fundamental article of my political creed is that despotism, or unlimited sovereignty, or

absolute power, is the same in a majority of a popular assembly, an aristocratic council, an oligarchical junto, and a single emperor.

Letter to Thomas Jefferson, 13 November 1815

1.14 John Quincy Adams 1767-1848

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!

'Oration at Plymouth' 22 December 1802, p. 6

Fiat justitia, pereat coelum [Let justice be done though heaven fall]. My toast would be, may our country be always successful, but whether successful or otherwise, always right.

Letter to John Adams, 1 August 1816

1.15 Samuel Adams 1722-1803

What a glorious morning for America.

On hearing gunfire at Lexington, 19 April 1775

We cannot make events. Our business is wisely to improve them....Mankind are governed more by their feelings than by reason. Events which excite those feelings will produce wonderful effects.

In J. N. Rakove 'The Beginnings of National Politics' (1979) p. 92

A nation of shop-keepers are very seldom so disinterested.

'Oration in Philadelphia' 1 August 1776 (the authenticity of this publication is doubtful).

1.16 Sarah Flower Adams 1805-48

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

'Nearer My God to Thee' in W. G. Fox 'Hymns and Anthems' (1841)

1.17 Harold Adamson 1906-80

Comin' in on a wing and a pray'r.

Title of song (1943)

1.18 Joseph Addison 1672-1719

He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.

'An Account of the Greatest English Poets' (referring to Cowley)

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved.

'The Campaign' (1705) l. 279

And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

'The Campaign' (1705) l. 291

And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

'The Campaign' (1705) l. 476

'Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
'Cato' (1713) act 1, sc. 2, l. 43

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
'Cato' (1713) act 1, sc. 4, l. 82

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north.
'Cato' (1713) act 1, sc. 4, l. 134

The woman that deliberates is lost.
'Cato' (1713) act 4, sc. 1, l. 31

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason.
'Cato' (1713) act 4, sc. 1, l. 205

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
'Cato' (1713) act 4, sc. 1, l. 258

Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
'Cato' (1713) act 4, sc. 1, l. 319

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
'Cato' (1713) act 5, sc. 1, l. 1

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Cato' (1713) act 5, sc. 1, closing lines

I should think my self a very bad woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing less.
'The Drummer' (1716) act 1

There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch.
'The Drummer' (1716) act 5, sc. 1

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,

Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

‘Letter from Italy’ (1704)

A painted meadow, or a purling stream.

‘Letter from Italy’ (1704)

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.

‘A Song for St Cecilia’s Day’

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Translation of Horace Odes bk. 3, ode 3.

A reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black man or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor.

‘The Spectator’ no. 1, 1 March 1711

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou’rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

‘The Spectator’ no. 68, 18 May 1711.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it [the church] besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up, and looks about him; and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them.

‘The Spectator’ no. 112, 9 July 1711

Sir Roger told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgement rashly, that much might be said on both sides.

‘The Spectator’ no. 122, 20 July 1711

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation.

‘The Spectator’ no. 221, 13 November 1711.

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter.

‘The Spectator’ no. 269, 8 January 1712

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation.

‘The Spectator’ no. 291, 2 February 1712.

These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world.

‘The Spectator’ no. 335, 25 March 1712

Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent....Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

‘The Spectator’ no. 381, 17 May 1712

The Knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British Nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the Seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

‘The Spectator’ no. 383, 20 May 1712

Wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding.

‘The Spectator’ no. 412, 23 June 1712

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I’ll raise,
For oh! Eternity’s too short
To utter all thy Praise.

‘The Spectator’ no. 453, 9 August 1712

We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion.

‘The Spectator’ no. 458, 15 August 1712

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

‘The Spectator’ no. 465, 23 August 1712, ‘Ode’

In Reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine:
‘The hand that made us is divine.’

‘The Spectator’ no. 465, 23 August 1712, ‘Ode’

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes.

‘The Spectator’ no. 475, 4 September 1712

Our disputants put me in mind of the skuttle fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him, till he becomes invisible.

‘The Spectator’ no. 476, 5 September 1712

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter.

‘The Spectator’ no. 494, 26 September 1712

‘We are always doing’, says he, ‘something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.’

‘The Spectator’ no. 583, 20 August 1714

There is sometimes a greater judgement shewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and...there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

‘The Spectator’ no. 592, 10 September 1714.

I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake.

‘The Tatler’ no. 240, 21 October 1710

See in what peace a Christian can die.

Dying words to his stepson Lord Warwick, in Edward Young ‘Conjectures on Original Composition’ (1759)

1.19 George Ade 1866-1944

After being Turned Down by numerous Publishers, he had decided to write for posterity.

‘Fables in Slang’ (1900) p. 158

r-e-m-o-r-s-e!
Those dry Martinis did the work for me;
Last night at twelve I felt immense,
Today I feel like thirty cents.
My eyes are bleared, my coppers hot,
I’ll try to eat, but I cannot.
It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

‘The Sultan of Sulu’ (1903) act 2, p. 63

‘Whom are you?’ he asked, for he had attended business college.

‘The Steel Box’ in ‘Chicago Record’ 16 March 1898

1.20 Alfred Adler 1870-1937

The truth is often a terrible weapon of aggression. It is possible to lie, and even to murder, for the truth.

‘The Problems of Neurosis’ (1929) ch. 2

1.21 Polly Adler 1900-62

A house is not a home.

Title of book (1954)

1.22 AE (A.E., ‘) (George William Russell) 1867-1935

In ancient shadows and twilights

Where childhood had strayed,
The world's great sorrows were born
And its heroes were made.
In the lost boyhood of Judas
Christ was betrayed.
'Germinal' (1931)

1.23 Aeschylus c.525-456 B.C.

Hell to ships, hell to men, hell to cities.
Referring to Helen (literally 'Ship-destroyer, man-destroyer, city-destroyer') in 'Agamemnon' l. 689

Innumerable twinkling of the waves of the sea.
'Prometheus Bound' l. 89

1.24 Herbert Agar 1897-1980

The truth which makes men free is for the most part the truth which men prefer not to hear.
'A Time for Greatness' (1942) ch. 7

1.25 James Agate 1877-1947

My mind is not a bed to be made and re-made.
'Ego 6' (1944) 9 June 1943

1.26 Agathon b. c.445 B.C.

Even God cannot change the past.
In Aristotle 'Nicomachaean Ethics' bk. 6, sect. 2, 1139b

1.27 Spiro T. Agnew 1918—

A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals.
Speech in New Orleans, 19 October 1969, in 'Frankly Speaking' (1970) ch. 3

1.28 Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury d. 1902

My dear, my dear, you never know when any beautiful young lady may not blossom into a Duchess!
In Duke of Portland 'Men, Women, and Things' (1937) ch. 3

1.29 Canon Alfred Ainger 1837-1904

No flowers, by request.
Speech, 8 July 1897 (summary of principle of conciseness for contributors to the 'Dictionary of National Biography')

1.30 Max Aitken

See Lord Beaverbrook (2.59)

1.31 Mark Akenside 1721-70

Mind, mind alone, bear witness, earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.

‘The Pleasures of Imagination’ (1744) bk. 1, l. 481

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow’s vernal-tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the wat’ry cloud.

‘The Pleasures of Imagination’ (1744) bk. 2, l. 103

1.32 Zoë Akins 1886-1958

The Greeks had a word for it.

Title of play (1930)

1.33 Alain (Èmile-Auguste Chartier) 1868-1951

Rien n’est plus dangereux qu’une idèe, quand on n’a qu’une idèe.

Nothing is more dangerous than an idea, when you have only one idea.

‘Propos sur la religion’ (Remarks on Religion, 1938) no. 74

1.34 Edward Albee 1928—

Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Title of play (1962).

I have a fine sense of the ridiculous, but no sense of humour.

‘Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?’ (1962) act 1

1.35 Prince Albert 1819-61

The works of art, by being publicly exhibited and offered for sale, are becoming articles of trade, following as such the unreasoning laws of markets and fashion; and public and even private patronage is swayed by their tyrannical influence.

Speech at the Royal Academy Dinner, 3 May 1851, in ‘Addresses’ (1857) p. 101

1.36 Scipione Alberti

I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto.

[Secret thoughts and open countenance] will go safely over the whole world.

On being asked how to behave in Rome, in letter from Sir Henry Wotton to John Milton, 13 April 1638, prefixed to ‘Comus’ in Milton ‘Poems’ (1645 ed.)

1.37 Mary Alcock c.1742-98

A masquerade, a murdered peer,
His throat just cut from ear to ear—
A rake turned hermit—a fond maid
Run mad, by some false loon betrayed—
These stores supply the female pen,
Which writes them o'er and o'er again,
And readers likewise may be found
To circulate them round and round.

'A Receipt for Writing a Novel' l. 65

1.38 Alcuin c.735-804

Nec audiendi qui solent dicere, Vox populi, vox Dei, quum tumultuositas vulgi semper insaniae proxima sit.

And those people should not be listened to who keep saying the voice of the people is the voice of God, since the riotousness of the crowd is always very close to madness.

Letter 164 in 'Works' (1863) vol. 1, p. 438

1.39 Richard Aldington 1892-1962

Patriotism is a lively sense of collective responsibility. Nationalism is a silly cock crowing on its own dunghill.

'The Colonel's Daughter' (1931) pt. 1, ch. 6

1.40 Brian Aldiss 1925—

Keep violence in the mind
Where it belongs.

'Barefoot in the Head' (1969)'Charteris' ad fin.

1.41 Henry Aldrich 1647-1710

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

'Reasons for Drinking'

1.42 Thomas Bailey Aldrich 1836-1907

The fair, frail palaces,
The fading alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas.

‘Miracles’

1.43 Alexander the Great 356-323 B.C.

If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.

In Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Alexander’ ch. 14, sect. 3

1.44 Cecil Frances Alexander 1818-95

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

‘All Things Bright and Beautiful’ (1848)

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

‘All Things Bright and Beautiful’ (1848)

1.45 Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling c.1567-1640

The weaker sex, to piety more prone.

‘Doomsday’ 5th Hour

1.46 Alfonso the Wise 1221-84

Had I been present at the Creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.

Said after studying the Ptolemaic system (attributed)

1.47 King Alfred the Great 849-99

Then began I...to turn into English the book that is named in Latin Pastoralis...one-while word for word, another-while meaning for meaning.

Preface to the Anglo-Saxon version of Gregory’s ‘Pastoral Care’ in ‘Whole Works’ (Jubilee Edition, 1852) vol. 3, p. 64

1.48 Nelson Algren 1909—

A walk on the wild side.

Title of novel (1956)

Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom’s. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own.

In ‘Newsweek’ 2 July 1956

1.49 Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) 1942—

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

Summary of his boxing strategy, in G. Sullivan ‘Cassius Clay Story’ (1964) ch. 8

I’m the greatest.

Catch-phrase from early 1960s, in ‘Louisville Times’ 16 November 1962

1.50 Abbè d’Allainval 1700-53

L’embarras des richesses.

The embarrassment of riches.

Title of comedy (1726)

1.51 Fred Allen (John Florence Sullivan) 1894-1956

Committee—a group of men who individually can do nothing but as a group decide that nothing can be done.

In Laurence J. Peter ‘Quotations for our Time’ (1978) p. 120

1.52 Woody Allen (Allen Stewart Konigsberg) 1935—

Is sex dirty? Only if it’s done right.

‘Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex’ (1972 film)

If it turns out that there is a God, I don’t think that he’s evil. But the worst that you can say about him is that basically he’s an underachiever.

‘Love and Death’ (1975 film)

A fast word about oral contraception. I asked a girl to go to bed with me and she said ‘no’.

‘Woody Allen Volume Two’ (Colpix CP 488) side 4, b and 6

It’s not that I’m afraid to die. I just don’t want to be there when it happens.

‘Death’ (1975) p. 63

On the plus side, death is one of the few things that can be done as easily lying down.

‘Early Essays’ in ‘Without Feathers’ (1976)

Money is better than poverty, if only for financial reasons.

‘Early Essays’ in ‘Without Feathers’ (1976)

The lion and the calf shall lie down together but the calf won’t get much sleep.

‘The Scrolls’ in ‘New Republic’ 31 August 1974

Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on weekends.

‘My Philosophy’ in ‘New Yorker’ 27 December 1969

If only God would give me some clear sign! Like making a large deposit in my name at a Swiss bank.

‘Selections from the Allen Notebooks’ in ‘New Yorker’ 5 November 1973

On bisexuality: It immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night.

‘New York Times’ 1 December 1975, p. 33

My parents finally realize that I’m kidnapped and they snap into action immediately: They rent out my room.

In Eric Lax ‘Woody Allen and his Comedy’ (1975) ch. 1

I don’t want to achieve immortality through my work....I want to achieve it through not dying.
In Eric Lax ‘Woody Allen and his Comedy’ (1975) ch. 12

1.53 Woody Allen (Allen Stewart Konigsberg) 1935—and Marshall Brickman 1941—

That [sex] was the most fun I ever had without laughing.
‘Annie Hall’ (1977 film) though probably of earlier origin

Don’t knock masturbation. It’s sex with someone I love.
‘Annie Hall’ (1977 film)

My brain? It’s my second favourite organ.
‘Sleeper’ (1973 film)

1.54 Margery Allingham 1904-66

Once sex rears its ugly ’ead it’s time to steer clear.
‘Flowers for the Judge’ (1936) ch. 4.

1.55 William Allingham 1828-89

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren’t go a-hunting,
For fear of little men.
‘The Fairies’

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing:
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!
‘A Memory’

1.56 Joseph Alsop b.1910

Gratitude, like love, is never a dependable international emotion.
In ‘Observer’ 30 November 1952

1.57 Robert Altman 1922—

What’s a cult? It just means not enough people to make a minority.
In ‘Guardian’ 11 April 1981

1.58 St Ambrose c.339-397

Ubi Petrus, ibi ergo ecclesia.

Where Peter is, there must be the Church.

‘Explanatio psalmi 40’ in ‘Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum’ (1919) vol. 64, p. 250

When I go to Rome, I fast on Saturday, but here [Milan] I do not. Do you also follow the custom of whatever church you attend, if you do not want to give or receive scandal.

In St Augustine ‘Letter 54 to Januarius’ (c.400 A.D.) in ‘St Augustine. Letters’ vol. 1 (translated by Sister W. Parsons, 1951) p. 253.

1.59 Leo Amery 1873-1955

For twenty years he has held a season-ticket on the line of least resistance and has gone wherever the train of events has carried him, lucidly justifying his position at whatever point he has happened to find himself.

Referring to Herbert Asquith (q.v.) in ‘Quarterly Review’ July 1914, p. 276

Speak for England.

Said to Arthur Greenwood in House of Commons, 2 September 1939, in ‘My Political Life’ (1955) vol. 3, p. 324

1.60 Fisher Ames 1758-1808

A monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then your feet are always in the water.

Attributed to Ames, speaking in the House of Representatives, 1795; quoted by R. W. Emerson in ‘Essays’ (2nd series, 1844) no. 7, but not traced in Ames’s speeches

1.61 Sir Kingsley Amis 1922—

The delusion that there are thousands of young people about who are capable of benefiting from university training, but have somehow failed to find their way there, is...a necessary component of the expansionist case....More will mean worse.

‘Encounter’ July 1960

Dixon...tried to flail his features into some sort of response to humour. Mentally, however, he was making a different face and promising himself he’d make it actually when next alone. He’d draw his lower lip in under his top teeth and by degrees retract his chin as far as possible, all this while dilating his eyes and nostrils. By these means he would, he was confident, cause a deep dangerous flush to suffuse his face.

‘Lucky Jim’ (1953) ch. 1

Alun’s life was coming to consist more and more exclusively of being told at dictation speed what he knew.

‘The Old Devils’ (1986) ch. 7

Outside every fat man there was an even fatter man trying to close in.

‘One Fat Englishman’ (1963) ch. 3.

He was of the faith chiefly in the sense that the church he currently did not attend was Catholic.

‘One Fat Englishman’ (1963) ch. 8

Women are really much nicer than men:
No wonder we like them.
'Something Nasty in the Bookshop'

Should poets bicycle-pump the human heart
Or squash it flat?
Man's love is of man's love apart;
Girls aren't like that.
'Something Nasty in the Bookshop'.

1.62 Hans Christian Andersen 1805-75

'But the Emperor has nothing on at all!' cried a little child.
'The Emperor's New Clothes' in 'Danish Fairy Legends and Tales' (1846); first Danish collection 'Eventyr, fortalte for bírn' (1835)

1.63 Maxwell Anderson 1888-1959

But it's a long, long while
From May to December;
And the days grow short
When you reach September.
'September Song' (1938 song; music by Kurt Weill)

1.64 Maxwell Anderson 1888-1959 and Lawrence Stallings 1894-1968

What price glory?
Title of play (1924)

1.65 Robert Anderson 1917—

All you're supposed to do is every once in a while give the boys a little tea and sympathy.
'Tea and Sympathy' (1957) act 1

1.66 Bishop Lancelot Andrewes 1555-1626

What shall become of me (said Righteousness)? What use of Justice, if God will do no justice, if he spare sinners? And what use of me (saith Mercy), if he spare them not? Hard hold there was, inasmuch as, Perii, nisi homo moriatur (said Righteousness) I die, if he die not: And Perii, nisi Misericordiam consequature (said Mercy) if he die, I die too.
'Of the Nativity' (1616) Sermon 11

Verbum infans, the Word without a word, not able to speak a word...He, that (as in the 38. of Job he saith) taketh the vast body of the main Sea, turns it to and fro, as a little child, and rolls it about with the swaddling bands of darkness; He, to come thus into clouts, himself!
'Of the Nativity' (1618) Sermon 12

It was no summer progress. A cold coming they had of it, at this time of the year; just, the worst time of the year, to take a journey, and specially a long journey, in. The ways deep, the

weather sharp, the days short, the sun farthest off in solstitio brumali, the very dead of Winter.
‘Of the Nativity’ (1622) Sermon 15.

The nearer the Church the further from God.
‘Of the Nativity’ (1622) Sermon 15

1.67 Sir Norman Angell 1872-1967

The great illusion.
Title of book (1910), first published as ‘Europe’s optical illusion’ (1909), on the futility of war

1.68 Anonymous

1.68.1 English

An abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble.
Definition of a lie, an amalgamation of Proverbs 12.22 and Psalms 46.1, often attributed to Adlai Stevenson. Bill Adler ‘The Stevenson Wit’ (1966) p. 84

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
Davison ‘Poetical Rhapsody’ 1602

Adam
Had ’em.
On the antiquity of Microbes (claimed to be the shortest poem)

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights.
‘Universal Declaration of Human Rights’ (1948) article 1

All present and correct.
‘King’s Regulations (Army)’. Report of the Orderly Sergeant to the Officer of the Day

All this buttoning and unbuttoning.
18th century suicide note

The almighty dollar is the only object of worship.
‘Philadelphia Public Ledger’ 2 December 1836

Along the electric wire the message came:
He is not better—he is much the same.
Said to be from a poem on the illness of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and often attributed to Alfred Austin (1835-1913), Poet Laureate. Gribble ‘Romance of the Cambridge Colleges’ (1913) p. 226

The children of Lord Lytton organized a charade. The scene displayed a Crusader knight returning from the wars. At his gate he was welcomed by his wife to whom he recounted his triumphs and the number of heathen he had slain. His wife, pointing to a row of dolls of various sizes, replied with pride, ‘And I too, my lord, have not been idle’.
In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 31

Any officer who shall behave in a scandalous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman shall...be CASHIERED.
‘Articles of War’ (1872) ‘Disgraceful Conduct’ article 79 (the Naval Discipline Act, 10 August 1860 Article 24, uses the words ‘conduct unbecoming the character of an Officer’)

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Valerius Maximus ‘Facta ac Dicta Memorabilia’ (c. A.D. 32) 6, 2

Are we downhearted? No!

Expression much used by British soldiers in World War I, probably echoing Joseph Chamberlain.

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it.

John Eachard ‘Some Observations’ (1671)

A bayonet is a weapon with a worker at each end.

British pacifist slogan (1940)

A beast, but a just beast.

Describing Dr Temple, Headmaster of Rugby School, 1857-69

Be happy while y’er leevin,
For y’er a lang time deid.

Scottish motto for a house. ‘Notes & Queries’ 7 December 1901, 469

The best defence against the atom bomb is not to be there when it goes off.

Contributor to ‘British Army Journal’, in ‘Observer’ 20 February 1949

Better red than dead.

Slogan of nuclear disarmament campaigners, late 1950s

Bigamy is having one husband too many. Monogamy is the same.

In Erica Jong ‘Fear of Flying’ (1973) ch. 1 (epigraph)

A bigger bang for a buck.

Description of Charles E. Wilson’s defence policy, in ‘Newsweek’ 22 March 1954

Black is beautiful.

Slogan of American civil rights campaigners in the mid-1960s

Burn, baby, burn.

Black extremist slogan used in Los Angeles riots, August 1965

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All’s set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin.
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

From Christ Church MS

A camel is a horse designed by a committee.

In ‘Financial Times’ 31 January 1976, though probably of earlier origin

Can’t act. Slightly bald. Also dances.

Studio official’s comment on Fred Astaire, in Bob Thomas ‘Astaire’ (1985) ch. 3

Careless talk costs lives.

World War II security slogan (popularly invented in the form ‘careless lives cost talk’)

The children in Holland take pleasure in making
What the children in England take pleasure in breaking.

Nursery Rhyme

Collapse of Stout Party.

Summary of the standard dènouement in Victorian humour, as exemplified by Punch, in R. Pearsall 'Collapse of Stout Party' (1975) introduction

A Company for carrying on an undertaking of Great Advantage, but no one to know what it is.

The South Sea Company Prospectus (1711), in Cowles 'The Great Swindle' (1963) ch. 5

Conduct...to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Army Act, 40

Coughs and sneezes spread diseases. Trap the germs in your handkerchief.

World War II health slogan (1942)

[Death is] nature's way of telling you to slow down.

'Newsweek' 25 April 1960 p. 70

Defence, not defiance.

Motto of the Volunteers Movement, 1859

Do not fold, spindle or mutilate.

Instruction on punched cards, found in this form in the 1950s and in differing forms from the 1930s

Don't die of ignorance.

Slogan used in the British health awareness campaign against AIDS, 1987

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
'Oh, don't deceive me; Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?'

'Early One Morning' (traditional song)

Earned a precarious living by taking in one another's washing.

Attributed to Mark Twain by William Morris, in 'The Commonweal' 6 August 1887

The eternal triangle.

Book review title in 'Daily Chronicle' 5 December 1907

Even your closest friends won't tell you.

US advertisement for Listerine mouthwash, 1920s

Every country has its own constitution; ours is absolutism moderated by assassination.

Georg Herbert, Count Münster, quoting 'an intelligent Russian', in 'Political Sketches of the State of Europe, 1814-1867' (1868) 19

Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide.
In thy most need to go by thy side.

'Everyman' (c.1509-19) l. 522 (lines spoken by Knowledge)

Every picture tells a story.

Advertisement for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, early 1900s

Expletive deleted.

‘Submission of Recorded Presidential Conversations to the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives by President Richard M. Nixon’ 30 April 1974, appendix 1, p. 2

Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings at a single bound! Look! Up in the sky! It’s a bird! It’s a plane! It’s Superman! Yes, it’s Superman! Strange visitor from another planet, who came to earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Superman! Who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel with his bare hands, and who—disguised as Clark Kent, mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper—fights a never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way!

Preamble to ‘Superman’, US radio show, 1940 onwards

Father of his Country.

Description of George Washington, in Francis Bailey ‘Nordamericanische Kalender’ (1779)

Frankie and Albert were lovers, O Lordy, how they could love.
Swore to be true to each other, true as the stars above;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

‘Frankie and Albert’ in John Huston ‘Frankie and Johnny’ (1930) p. 95 (St Louis ballad later better known as ‘Frankie and Johnny’)

The fault is great in man or woman
Who steals a goose from off a common;
But what can plead that man’s excuse
Who steals a common from a goose?

In ‘The Tickler Magazine’ 1 February 1821

The following is a copy of Orders issued by the German Emperor on August 19th: ‘It is my Royal and Imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first, the treacherous English, walk over General French’s contemptible little army....’

Annexe to B.E.F. [British Expeditionary Force] Routine Orders of 24 September 1914, in Arthur Ponsonby ‘Falsehood in Wartime’ (1928) ch. 10 (although often attributed to Kaiser Wilhelm II, this was most probably fabricated by the British)

From ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggety beasties
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Cornish prayer

Full of Eastern promise.

Advertising slogan for Fry’s Turkish Delight, 1950s onwards

A gentleman haranguing on the perfection of our law, and that it was equally open to the poor and the rich, was answered by another, ‘So is the London Tavern’.

‘Tom Paine’s Jests...’ (1794) no. 23; also attributed to John Horne Tooke (1736-1812) in W. Hazlitt ‘The Spirit of the Age’ (1825) ‘Mr Horne Tooke’

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at my end,
And at my departing.

‘Sarum Missal’

God gave Noah the rainbow sign,
No more water, the fire next time.

‘Home in that Rock’ (Negro spiritual)

God is not dead but alive and working on a much less ambitious project.

Graffito quoted in ‘Guardian’ 26 November 1975

Gotcha!

Headline on the sinking of the General Belgrano, in ‘Sun’ 4 May 1982

Great Chatham with his sabre drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at ’em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

‘At Walcheren, 1809’; attributed to Joseph Jekyll (1753-1837)

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

‘A new Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of “Greensleeves”‘, from ‘A Handful of Pleasant Delites’ (1584)

Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war.

Inscription found in the armoury of Venice, in Robert Burton ‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 6.

Hark the herald angels sing
Mrs Simpson’s pinched our king.

1936 children’s rhyme quoted in letter from Clement Attlee, 26 December 1938, in Kenneth Harris ‘Attlee’ (1982) ch. 11

Have you heard? The Prime Minister has resigned and Northcliffe has sent for the King.

Joke circulating in 1919, on Lord Northcliffe succeeding Lloyd George as Prime Minister, in Hamilton Fyfe ‘Northcliffe, an Intimate Biography’ (1930) ch. 16

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a place where help wasn’t hired.
Her last words on earth were, Dear friends I am going

Where washing ain’t done nor sweeping nor sewing,
And everything there is exact to my wishes,
For there they don’t eat and there’s no washing of dishes...
Don’t mourn for me now, don’t mourn for me never,
For I’m going to do nothing for ever and ever.

Epitaph in Bushey churchyard, before 1860, destroyed by 1916, ‘Spectator’ 2 September 1922, ‘Letters to the Editor’

Here lies a valiant warrior
Who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier
Who never kept his word;
Here lies the Earl of Leicester
Who governed the estates
Whom the earth could never living love,
And the just heaven now hates.

Attributed to Ben Jonson in Tissington ‘Collection of Epitaphs’ (1857) p.377

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since ’tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There’s no more to be said.

In Horace Walpole ‘Memoirs of George II’ (1847) vol. 1, p. 436

Here’s tae us; wha’s like us?
Gey few, and they’re a’ deid.

Scottish Toast, probably of nineteenth-century origin. The first line appears in Crosland ‘The Unspeakable Scot’ (1902) p. 24n; various versions of the second line are current.

He talked shop like a tenth muse.

Referring to Gladstone’s Budget speeches, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 12

He tickles this age that can
Call Tullia’s ape a marmasyte
And Leda’s goose a swan.

‘Fara diddle dyno’ from Thomas Weelkes ‘Airs or Fantastic Spirits’ (1608). N. Ault ‘Elizabethan Lyrics’

Hierusalem, my happy home
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

‘Hierusalem’. ‘Songs of Praise Discussed’

His foe was folly and his weapon wit.

Inscription on the memorial to W. S. Gilbert, Victoria Embankment, London, 1915

‘How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!’

Comment from a middle-aged British matron at a performance of Cleopatra by Sarah Bernhardt, in Irvin S. Cobb ‘A Laugh a Day’ (the story probably apocryphal)

I can not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good:
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing acold:
I stuff my skin, so full within,
Of jolly good ale and old,
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

‘Gammer Gurton’s Needle’ (performed 1566, printed 1575) act 2, song; the play attributed to William Stevenson (c.1530-75) and also to John Still (1543-1608), the song being possibly of earlier origin.

I don’t like the family Stein!
There is Gert, there is Ep, there is Ein.
Gert’s writings are punk,
Ep’s statues are junk,
Nor can anyone understand Ein.

Rhyme current in the USA in the 1920s, in R. Graves and A. Hodge ‘The Long Weekend’ (1940) ch. 12

I feel no pain dear mother now
But oh, I am so dry!
O take me to a brewery
And leave me there to die.

Parody of ‘The Collier’s Dying Child’.

If God were to take one or other of us, I should go and live in Paris.

In Samuel Butler ‘Notebooks’ (ed. G. Keynes and B. Hill, 1951) p. 193

If he only knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything.

Said of Lord Brougham, in Ralph Waldo Emerson ‘Quotation and Originality’ (1877)

If it moves, salute it; if it doesn’t move, pick it up; and if you can’t pick it up, paint it.

1940s saying, in Paul Dickson ‘The Official Rules’ (1978) p. 21

I’ll sing you twelve O.
Green grow the rushes O.
What is your twelve O?
Twelve for the twelve apostles,
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the eight bold rangers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
Six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbol at your door,
Four for the Gospel makers,
Three for the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green O,
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

‘The Dilly Song’, in G. Grigson ‘The Faber Book of Popular Verse’. Revd S. Baring-Gould and Revd H. Fleetwood Sheppard ‘Songs and Ballads of the West’ (1891) no. 78 for a variant version

I’m armed with more than complete steel—The justice of my quarrel.

‘Lust’s Dominion’ (1657) act 4, sc. 3

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, ‘How’s poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?’
She’s the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they’re hangin’ men an’ women there for the wearin’ o’ the Green.

‘The Wearin’ o’ the Green’ (famous street ballad, later added to by Boucicault)

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be exalted so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Lute song set by John Dowland, in ‘Oxford Book of 16th Century Verse’

It became necessary to destroy the town to save it.

Statement by unidentified US Army Major, referring to Ben Tre in Vietnam, in Associated Press Report, ‘New York Times’ 8 February 1968

It is positively dangerous to sit to Sargent. It’s taking your face in your hands.

Referring to the painter, John Singer Sargent, in W. Graham Robertson ‘Time Was’ (1931) ch. 21

It’s finger lickin’ good.

‘American Restaurant Magazine’ June 1958, referring to Kentucky Fried Chicken

It’s that man again...! At the head of a cavalcade of seven black motor cars Hitler swept out of his Berlin Chancellery last night on a mystery journey.

Headline in ‘Daily Express’ 2 May 1939 (the acronym ITMA became the title of a BBC radio show, from September 1939)

It will play in Peoria.

In ‘New York Times’ 9 June 1973 (catch-phrase of the Nixon administration)

Jaques Brel is alive and well and living in Paris.

Title of musical entertainment (1968-72), which spawned numerous imitations of the phrase ‘alive and well and living in...’

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water.

Advertising copy for ‘Jaws 2’ (1978 film)

The King over the Water.

Jacobite toast (18th century)

King’s Moll Reno’d in Wolsey’s Home Town.

American newspaper headline referring to Wallis Simpson’s divorce proceedings in Ipswich, in Frances Donaldson ‘Edward VIII’ (1974) ch. 7

LBJ, LBJ, how many kids have you killed today?

Anti-Vietnam marching slogan, in Jacquin Sanders ‘The Draft and the Vietnam War’ (1966) ch. 3

Let’s get out of these wet clothes and into a dry Martini.

Line coined in 1920s by press agent for Robert Benchley (and often attributed to Benchley), in Howard Teichmann ‘Smart Alec’ (1976) ch. 9; subsequently adopted in a similar form, by Mae West in Every Day’s a Holiday (1937 film)

Liberty is always unfinished business.

Title of 36th Annual Report of the American Civil Liberties Union, 1 July 1955-30 June 1956

Life is a sexually transmitted disease.

Graffiti found on the London Underground, in D. J. Enright (ed.) ‘Faber Book of Fevers and Frets’ (1989)

Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

‘The Fine Old English Gentleman’ (traditional song)

Like Caesar’s wife, all things to all men.

Impartiality, as described by a newly-elected mayor, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 30

Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one!

Popular rhyme in circulation after the acquittal of Lizzie Borden from the charge of murdering her father and stepmother on 4 August 1892 in Fall River, Massachusetts

Lloyd George knows my father,
My father knows Lloyd George.

Comic song consisting of these two lines sung to the tune of Onward, Christian Soldiers, possibly by Tommy Rhys Roberts (1910-75); sometimes with ‘knew’ substituted for ‘knows’

Lousy but loyal.

London East End slogan at George V’s Jubilee (1935), in Nigel Rees ‘Slogans’ (1982)

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

‘Love me little, love me long’ (1569-70)

Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
Hasn’t been kissed for forty years,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Song of World War I, variously attributed to Edward Rowland and to Harry Carlton

Child: Mamma, are Tories born wicked, or do they grow wicked afterwards?
Mother: They are born wicked, and grow worse.

In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 10

The man you love to hate.

Billing for Erich von Stroheim in the film ‘The Heart of Humanity’ (1918), in Peter Noble ‘Hollywood Scapegoat’ (1950) ch. 2

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
The bed be blest that I lie on.
Four angels to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch, and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

Thomas Ady ‘A Candle in the Dark’ (1656)

The ministry of all the talents.

A name given ironically to Grenville’s coalition of 1806, and also applied to later coalitions, in G. W. Cooke ‘History of Party’ (1837) vol. 3, p. 460

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid’s darts do not feel.
How different from us,
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

Of the Headmistress of the North London Collegiate School and the Principal of the Ladies’ College, Cheltenham, c.1884

Mother may I go and bathe?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on yonder tree,
But don’t go near the water.

In Iona and Peter Opie ‘Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes’ (1951) p. 314.

Most Gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more,

But if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate.

Epigram on Queen Caroline,in Lord Colchester's Diary, 15 November 1820

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

Elizabethan MS. dated 1570

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on;
But beauty's self she is,
When all her robes are gone.

Madrigal

My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
I am a most superior person.

'The Masque of Balliol' composed by and current among members of Balliol College in the late 1870's, in W. G. Hiscock 'The Balliol Rhymes' (1939).

My face is pink, my hair is sleek,
I dine at Blenheim once a week.

A later addition to 'The Masque of Balliol' in W. G. Hiscock 'The Balliol Rhymes' (1939)

My sledge and anvil lie declined
My bellows too have lost their wind
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid
My coals are spent, my iron's gone
My nails are drove, my work is done.

Epitaph in Nettlebed churchyard on William Strange, d. 6 June 1746, and elsewhere to commemorate other blacksmiths

The nature of God is a circle of which the centre is everywhere and the circumference is nowhere.

Said to have been traced to a lost treatise of Empedocles; quoted in the 'Roman de la Rose', and by S. Bonaventura in 'Itinerarius Mentis in Deum' ch. 5 ad fin.

The nearest thing to death in life
Is David Patrick Maxwell Fyfe,
Though underneath that gloomy shell
He does himself extremely well.

Rhyme about Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, said to have been current on the Northern circuit in the late 1930s, in

E. Grierson ‘Confessions of a Country Magistrate’ (1972) p. 35

Nil carborundum illegitimi.

Cod Latin for ‘Don’t let the bastards grind you down’, in use during World War II, though possibly of earlier origin; often occuring as nil carborundum or illegitimi non carborundum

The noise, my dear! And the people!

Of the retreat from Dunkirk. Rhodes ‘Sword of Bone’ (1942) closing words

No more Latin, no more French,
No more sitting on a hard board bench.
No more beetles in my tea
Making googly eyes at me;
No more spiders in my bath
Trying hard to make me laugh.

Children’s rhyme for the end of school term, in Iona and Peter Opie ‘The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren’ (1959) ch. 13; variants include ‘No more Latin, no more Greek, No more cares to make me squeak’

Nostalgia isn’t what it used to be.

Graffito

Not so much a programme, more a way of life!

Title of BBC television series, 1964

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

First printed in a late edition of the ‘New England Primer’ (1781)

O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
O grave, thy victory?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.

‘For You But Not For Me’ (song from World War I) in S. Louis Guiraud (ed.) ‘Songs That Won the War’ (1930).

O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!

Prayer of a common soldier before the battle of Blenheim, in ‘Notes & Queries’ vol. 173, p. 264; quoted in John Henry Newman ‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864).

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate.

‘The Old Courtier’

Once again we stop the mighty roar of London’s traffic and from the great crowds we bring you some of the interesting people who have come by land, sea and air to be in town tonight.

‘In Town Tonight’ (BBC radio series, 1933-60) introductory words

One Cartwright brought a Slave from Russia, and would scourge him, for which he was questioned: and it was resolved, That England was too pure an Air for Slaves to breathe in.

‘In the 11th of Elizabeth’ (17 November 1568-16 November 1569), in Rushworth ‘Historical Collections’ (1680-1722) vol. 2, p. 468.

On Waterloo’s ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man was slain,
But none, by sabre or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

On Scott’s ‘Field of Waterloo’ (1815)

A place within the meaning of the Act.

‘Betting Act’

Please do not shoot the pianist. He is doing his best.

Printed notice, in Oscar Wilde ‘Impressions of America’ ‘Leadville’

Please to remember the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot.
We know no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

Traditional rhyme from the 17th century, about the Gunpowder Plot (1605)

Power to the people.

Slogan of the Black Panther movement, c. 1968 onwards, in ‘Black Panther’ 14 September 1968

Puella Rigensis ridebat
Quam tigris in tergo vehebat;
Externa profecta,
Interna revecta,
Risusque cum tigre manebat.

There was a young lady of Riga
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

In R. L. Green (ed.) ‘A Century of Humorous Verse’ (1959) p. 285

The [or A] quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Used by keyboarders to ensure that all letters of the alphabet are functioning: see R. Hunter Middleton’s introduction to ‘The Quick Brown Fox’ (1945) by Richard H. Templeton Jr.

The rabbit has a charming face:
Its private life is a disgrace.
I really dare not name to you
The awful things that rabbits do.

‘The Rabbit’ in ‘The Week-End Book’ (1925) p. 171

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I.

Oxyrhynchus Papyri, in B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt (eds.) ‘Sayings of Our Lord’ (1897) Logion 5, l. 23

Says Tweed to Till—

‘What gars ye rin sae still?’
Says Till to Tweed—
‘Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa’.

‘Two Rivers’ in ‘Oxford Book of English Verse’

See the happy moron,
He doesn’t give a damn,
I wish I were a moron,
My God! perhaps I am!

‘Eugenics Review’ July 1929

Seven wealthy towns contend for HOMER dead
Through which the living HOMER begged his bread.

Epilogue to ‘Aesop at Tunbridge; or, a Few Selected Fables in Verse’ By No Person of Quality (1698).

She was poor but she was honest
Victim of a rich man’s game.
First he loved her, than he left her,
And she lost her maiden name.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Saying ‘Farewell, blighted love.’
Then a scream, a splash and goodness,
What is she a-doin’ of?

It’s the same the whole world over,
It’s the poor wot gets the blame,
It’s the rich wot gets the gravy.
Ain’t it all a bleedin shame?

‘She was Poor but she was Honest’ (sung by British soldiers in World War I)

Shome mishtake, shurely?

Editorial catch-phrase in ‘Private Eye’, 1980s

Since first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

In ‘Music of Sundry Kinds’ (1607)

Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed.

‘Constitution of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation’ (1945), in ‘UK Parliamentary Papers 1945-6’ vol. 26

The singer not the song.

From a West Indian calypso and adopted as the title of a novel (1959) by Audrey Erskine Lindop

Spheres of influence.

Sir Edward Hertslet ‘Map of Africa by Treaty’ 3rd ed., 868.

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

Slogan for Kellogg’s Rice Krispies, from c. 1928

So farewell then....

Standard opening for obituary poems by ‘E. J. Thribb’ in ‘Private Eye’ from 1970s

So much chewing gum for the eyes.

Small boy’s definition of certain television programmes, 1955, in James Beasley Simpson ‘Best Quotes of ‘50, ‘55, ‘56’ (1957) p. 233

Sticks nix hick pix.

Frontpage headline on lack of interest in farm dramas among rural populations, in ‘Variety’ 17 July 1935

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu.

‘Cuckoo Song’ c.1250, sung annually at Reading Abbey gateway and first recorded by John Fornset, a monk of Reading Abbey

The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

‘Wit’s Recreations’ (1640) epigrams no. 146 (on Sir Francis Drake)

That’ll do nicely, sir.

Advertisement for American Express credit card, 1970s

Therefore let us sing and dance a galliard,
To the remembrance of the mallard:
And as the mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in Bowl.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

All Souls College, Oxford, song (perhaps of Tudor date) in ‘The Oxford Sausage’ (1764) p. 83. Manuscript sources suggest the song was first printed in 1752; Hearne’s Diaries vol. 17, p. 46, May 1708 (see Collections, ed. C. E. Doble, ii, O.H.S. vii, 1886, p. 111) give the form ‘duck and dive’ in the fourth line

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Found on the reverse of leaf 53 of ‘Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist’, in Latin verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englished by Barnabe Googel; printed in 1570. ‘Notes & Queries’ 9th series, vol. 10, p. 427

There is one thing stronger than all the armies in the world; and that is an idea whose time has come.

‘Nation’ 15 April 1943.

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly becomes any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Attributed, among others, to Edward Wallis Hoch (1849-1945) on the grounds of it having appeared in his Kansas publication, the Marion Record, though in fact disclaimed by him; ‘behooves’ sometimes substituted for ‘becomes’

There’s nae luck about the house,
There’s nae luck at a’,
There’s nae luck about the house
When our gudeman’s awa’.

‘The Mariner’s Wife’

There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, ‘Although pain isn’t real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel.’

‘The Week-End Book’ (1925) p. 158

They are a form of statuary which no careful father would wish his daughter, or no discerning young man his fiancèe, to see.

‘Evening Standard’ 19 June 1908, commenting on Jacob Epstein’s sculptures for the former BMA building in the Strand, London

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen.

Advertisement by MacNiven and H. Cameron Ltd., c. 1920; almost cetainly inspired by J. C. Prince ‘The Pen and the Press’ in E. W. Cole (ed.) ‘The Thousand Best Poems in the World’ (1891): It came as a boon and a blessing to men, The peaceful, the pure, the victorious Pen!

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
And that has twenty-eight days clear
And twenty-nine in each leap year.

Stevins MS. (c.1555)

[This film] is so cryptic as to be almost meaningless. If there is a meaning, it is doubtless objectionable.

The British Board of Film Censors, banning Jean Cocteau’s film ‘The Seashell and the Clergyman’ (1929), in J. C. Robertson ‘Hidden Cinema’ (1989) ch. 1

This is a rotten argument, but it should be good enough for their lordships on a hot summer afternoon.

Annotation to a ministerial brief, said to have been read inadvertently in the House of Lords, in Lord Home 'The Way the Wind Blows' (1976) p. 204

Though I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr Coolidge, I do wish he did not look as if he had been weaned on a pickle.

Anonymous remark, in Alice Roosevelt Longworth 'Crowded Hours' (1933) ch. 21

Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener, courage the greater, as our might lessens.

'The Battle of Maldon' (translated from Anglo-Saxon by R. K. Gordon, 1926)

To err is human but to really foul things up requires a computer.

'Farmers' Almanac for 1978' (1977) 'Capsules of Wisdom'

Too small to live in and too large to hang on a watch-chain.

Attributed to a guest, describing Chiswick House, in Cecil Roberts 'And so to Bath' (1940) ch. 4 'By Way of Chiswick'

Two men wrote a lexicon, Liddell and Scott;
Some parts were clever, but some parts were not.
Hear, all ye learned, and read me this riddle,
How the wrong part wrote Scott, and the right part wrote Liddell.

On Henry Liddell (1811-98) and Robert Scott (1811-87), co-authors of the Greek Lexicon (1843)

Wall St. lays an egg.

Crash headline, 'Variety' 30 October 1929

War will cease when men refuse to fight.

Pacifist slogan, from c. 1936 (often quoted 'Wars will cease...') 'Birmingham Gazette' 21 November 1936, p. 3, and 'Peace News ' 15 October 1938, p. 12

We are the Ovaltineys,
Little girls and boys.

'We are the Ovaltineys' promotional song for Ovaltine, from c.1935

The weekend starts here.

Catch-phrase from 'Ready, Steady, Go,' British television series, c. 1963

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?

Lute song (1603) set by John Dowland, in 'Oxford Book of 16th Century Verse'

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The American Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776.

We're here
Because
We're here
Because
We're here
Because we're here.

World War I song, to the tune of ‘Auld Lang Syne’, in John Brophy and Eric Partridge ‘Songs and Slang of the British Soldier 1914-18’ (1930) p. 33

We’re number two. We try harder.

Advertising slogan for Avis car rentals

We shall not be moved.

Title of song (1931)

We shall not pretend that there is nothing in his long career which those who respect and admire him would wish otherwise.

On Edward VII’s accession to the throne, in ‘The Times’ 23 January 1901, leading article

We shall overcome,

Title of song, originating from before the American Civil War, adapted as a Baptist hymn (‘I’ll Overcome Some Day’, 1901) by C. Albert Tindley; revived in 1946 as a protest song by black tobacco workers and in 1963 during the black Civil Rights Campaign

Western wind, when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

‘Western Wind’ (published 1790) in ‘Oxford Book of 16th Century Verse’

What wee gave, wee have;
What wee spent, wee had;
What wee kept, wee lost.

Epitaph on Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire (d. 1419), and his wife, at Tiverton, in Westcote ‘A View of Devonshire in 1630’; variants appear in Risdon ‘Survey of the County of Devon’, and Edmund Spenser ‘The Shepherd’s Calendar’ (1579)

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way-down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go.

‘Go Down, Moses’ (Negro spiritual).

When I was a little boy, I had but a little wit,
’Tis a long time ago, and I have no more yet;
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live the more fool am I.

‘Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy’ (1684)

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t;

And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury, 'Examiner' 31 May 1829

Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose:
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose.

'The Consequence'

Who dares wins.

Motto on badge of British Special Air Service regiment, from 1942. J. L. Collins 'Elite Forces: the SAS' (1986) introduction

Whose finger do you want on the trigger?

Headline in 'Daily Mirror' 21 September 1951

A willing foe and sea room.

Naval toast in the time of Nelson, in Beckett 'A Few Naval Customs, Expressions, Traditions, and Superstitions' (1931)

Would you like to sin
With Elinor Glyn
On a tigerskin?
Or would you prefer
To err
With her
On some other fur?

In A. Glyn 'Elinor Glyn' (1955) bk. 2

Yet, if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say 'I'll be your guest tomorrow night',
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work!

From Christ Church MS

The young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds.

In G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' ch. 30

You pays your money and you takes your choice.

From a peepshow rhyme, in V. S. Lean 'Collectanea' (1902-4)

You should make a point of trying every experience once, excepting incest and folk-dancing.

Sir Arnold Bax (1883-1953), quoting 'a sympathetic Scot', in 'Farewell My Youth' (1943) p. 17

1.68.2 French

Ça ira.

Refrain of 'Carillon national', popular song of the French Revolution, c.July 1790, translated as 'Things will work out' by William Doyle in his 'Oxford History of the French Revolution' (1989) p. 129; the phrase is believed to originate with Benjamin Franklin, who may have used it in 1776 when asked for news of the American Revolution

Cet animal est trés mèchant,
Quand on l’attaque il se dèfend.

This animal is very bad; when attacked it defends itself.

‘La Mènagerie’ by Thèodore P. K. (1828)

Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

Knight without fear and without blemish.

Description in contemporary chronicles of Pierre Bayard (1476-1524)

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Evil be to him who evil thinks [of it].

Motto of the Order of the Garter, originated by Edward III probably on 23 April of 1348 or 1349

Je suis Marxiste—tendance Groucho.

I am a Marxist—of the Groucho tendency.

Slogan found at Nanterre in Paris, 1968

Ils ne passeront pas.

They shall not pass.

Slogan used by the French army at the defence of Verdun in 1916; variously attributed to Marshal Pètain and to General Robert Nivelle, and taken up by the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War in the form No pasaran!

Il y avait un jeune homme de Dijon,
Qui n’avait que peu de religion.
Il dit: ‘Quant á moi,
Je dèteste tous les trois,
Le Pére, et le Fils, et le Pigeon.’

There was a young man of Dijon,
Who had only a little religion,
he said: ‘As for me,
I detest all the three,
The Father, the son, and the pigeon.

‘The Norman Douglas Limerick Book’ (1969, first privately printed in 1928 as ‘Some Limericks’) introduction

[Riddle:] Je suis le capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris?
[Answer:] A.

[Riddle:] [Literally] I am the captain of twenty-four soldiers, and without me Paris would be taken?
[Answer:] A [i.e. the letter ‘A’]

In Hugh Rowley ‘Puniana: or thoughts wise and otherwise a new collection of the best’ (1867) p. 42. The saying ‘With twenty-six lead soldiers [the characters of the alphabet set up for printing] I can conquer the world’ may derive from this riddle, but probably arose independently.

La grande phrase reçue, c’est qu’il ne faut pas être plus royaliste que le roi. Cette phrase n’est pas du moment; elle fut inventèe sous Louis XVI: elle enchaîna les mains des fidéles, pour ne

laisser libre que le bras du bourreau.

The big catch-phrase is that you mustn't be more of a royalist than His Royal Highness. This expression is not new; it was coined under the reign of Louis XVI: it chained up the hands of the loyal, leaving free only the arm of the hangman.

Chateaubriand 'De La Monarchie selon la Charte' vol. 2, ch. 41

Laisser-nous-faire.

M. Colbert assembla plusieurs Deputès de commerce chez lui pour leur demander ce qu'il pourroit faire pour le commerce; le plus raisonnable et le moins flatteur d'entre eux, lui dit ce seul mot: 'Laissez-nous-faire.'

Monsieur Colbert assembled several deputies of commerce at his house to ask what could be done for commerce; the most rational and the least flattering among them answered him in one word: 'Laissez-nous-faire' [literally 'Allow us to do [it]'].

In 'Journal Oeconomique' Paris, April 1751.

L'amour est aveugle; l'amitiè ferme les yeux.

Love is blind; friendship closes its eyes.

Proverbial saying

Le monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se tenir tout seul, et casser son miroir.

The world is full of fools, and he who would not see it should live alone and smash his mirror.

Adaptation from an original form attributed to Claude Le Petit (1640-65) in 'Discours satiriques' (1686)

Libertè! Ègalitè! Fraternitè!

Freedom! Equality! Brotherhood!

Motto of the French Revolution, but of earlier origin. The Club des Cordeliers passed a motion, 30 June 1793, 'que les propriètaires seront invitès,...de faire peindre sur la façade de leurs maisons, en gros caractéres, ces mots: Unitè, indivisibilitè de la Rèpublique, Libertè, Ègalitè, Fraternitè ou la mort that owners should be urged to paint on the front of their houses, in large letters, the words: Unity, indivisibility of the Republic, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or death'. In 'Journal de Paris' no. 182 (from 1795 the words 'ou la mort' were dropped from this prescription).

L'ordre régne á Varsovie.

Order reigns in Warsaw.

After the brutal suppression of an uprising, the newspaper 'Moniteur' reported (16 September 1831) 'L'ordre et la tranquillitè sont entiérement rètablis dans la capitale. Order and calm are completely restored in the capital'; on the same day Count Sebastiani, minister of foreign affairs said 'La tranquillitè régne á Varsovie. Peace reigns in Warsaw'

Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupès.

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut.

Old nursery rhyme quoted by Banville in 'Les Cariatides, les stalactites' (translation by A. E. Housman in 'Last Poems' (1922) introductory)

Revenons á ces moutons.

Let us return to our sheep.

‘Maistre Pierre Pathelin’ l. 1191 (meaning ‘Let us get back to the subject’); often quoted as ‘Retournons á nos moutons’

Si le Roi m’avait donnè,
Paris, sa grand’ville,
Et qu’il me fallût quitter
L’amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri:
‘Reprenez votre Paris:
J’aime mieux ma mie, au guè,
J’aime mieux ma mie.’

If the king had given me Paris, his great city, and if I were required to give up my darling’s love, I would say to King Henry: ‘Take your Paris back; I prefer my darling, by the ford, I prefer my darling.’

Popular song, attributed to Antoine de Bourbon (1518-62), father of Henri IV. Ampére ‘Instructions relatives aux poèsies populaires de la France’, and quoted in this form by Moliére in ‘Le Misanthrope’ act 1, sc. 2

Taisez-vous! Mèfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vousècoutent.

Keep your mouth shut! Be on your guard! Enemy ears are listening to you.

Official Notice in France, 1915

Toujours perdrix!

Always partridge!

Said to originate in a story of Henri IV having ordered that nothing but partridge be served to his confessor, who had rebuked the king for his sexual liasons.

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.

Everything passes, everything perishes, everything palls.

Cahier ‘Quelques six mille proverbes’

1.68.3 German

Arbeit macht frei.

Work liberates.

Words inscribed on the gates of Dachau concentration camp, 1933

Ein Reich, ein Volk, ein Führer.

One realm, one people, one leader.

Nazi Party slogan, early 1930s

Vorsprung durch Technik.

Progress through technology.

Advertising slogan for Audi cars, from 1986

1.68.4 Greek

Know thyself.

Inscribed on the temple of Apollo at Delphi (Plato ‘Protagoras’ 343 b, ascribes the saying to the Seven Wise Men)

Nothing in excess.

xxx

Whenever God prepares evil for a man, He first damages his mind.

Scholiastic annotation to Sophocles ‘Antigone’ 622 ff. See R. C. Jebb’s ed. (1906), Appendix, p. 255 for the Latin translation in which it is perhaps best known.

Let no one enter who does not know geometry [mathematics].

Inscription on Plato’s door, probably at the Academy at Athens. Elias Philosophus ‘In Aristotelis Categorias Commentaria’, 118.18 (A. Busse ed., Comm. in Arist. Graeca, Berlin, 1900, XVIII, i.)

1.68.5 Italian

Se non é vero, é molto ben trovato.

If it is not true, it is a happy invention.

Apparently a common saying in the sixteenth century. Found in Giordano Bruno (1585) in the above form, and in Antonio Doni (1552) as ‘Se non é vero, egli é stato un bel trovato’

1.68.6 Latin

Adeste, fideles,
laeti triumphantes;
venite, venite in Bethlehem;
natum videte regem angelorum
venite, adoremus Dominum

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

French or German hymn (c.1743) in ‘Murray’s Hymnal’ (1852) (translation based on that of F. Oakeley, 1841). ‘Songs of Praise Discussed’

Ad majorem Dei gloriam.

To the greater glory of God.

Motto of the Society of Jesus

Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant.

Hail Caesar, those who are about to die salute you.

Gladiators saluting the Roman Emperor. Suetonius ‘Claudius’ 21

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum: Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

'Ave Maria', also known as 'The Angelic Salutation', dating from the 11th century

Ave verum corpus,
Natum Ex Maria Virgine.

Hail the true body, born of the Virgin Mary.

Eucharistic hymn, dating probably from the 14th century

Caveant consules ne quid res publica detrimenti caperet.

Let the consuls see to it that no harm come to the state.

Senatorial 'ultimate decree' in the Roman Republic. for example Cicero 'Pro Milone' 26, 70

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!

Let those love now, who never loved before: Let those who always loved, now love the more.

'Pervigilium Veneris' 1 (translated by Parnell)

Et in Arcadia ego.

And I too in Arcadia.

Tomb inscription, of uncertain meaning, often depicted in classical paintings. E. Panofsky 'Philosophy and History: Essays Presented to E. Cassirer' (1936)

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Let us then rejoice,
While we are young.
After the pleasures of youth
And the tiresomeness of old age
Earth will hold us.

Medieval students' song, traced to 1267, but revised in the 18th century

Meum est propositum
In taberna mori,
Ut sint vina proxima
Morientis ori.
Tunc cantabunt laetius
Angelorum chori:
'Sit Deus propitius
Huic potatori!'

I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking,

May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
‘God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman’s way of thinking.’

The Arch-poet (fl. 1159-67) ‘Estuans intrinsecus ira vehementi’ (translated by Leigh Hunt)

Nemo me impune lacessit.

No one provokes me with impunity.

Motto of the Crown of Scotland and of all Scottish regiments

Per ardua ad astra.

Through struggle to the stars.

Motto of the Mulvany family, quoted and translated by Rider Haggard ‘The People of the Mist’ (1894) ch. 1; still in use as motto of the R. A. F., having been proposed by J. S. Yule in 1912 and approved by King George V in 1913.

Post coitum omne animal triste.

After coition every animal is sad.

Post-classical saying

Quidquid agas, prudenter agas, et respice finem.

Whatever you do, do cautiously, and look to the end.

‘Gesta Romanorum’ no. 103

Salve, regina, mater misericordiae,
Vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve!
Ad te clamamus exsules filii Evae,
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
In hac lacrimarum valle.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Iesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
Nobis post hoc exsilium ostende,
O clemens, o pia,
O dulcis virgo Maria.

Hail holy queen, mother of mercy, hail our life, our sweetness, and our hope! To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us; and after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus, O clement, O loving, O sweet virgin Mary.

Attributed to various 11th century authors, in ‘Analecta Hymnica’ vol. 50 (1907) p. 318

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Thus passes the glory of the world.

Spoken during the coronation of a new Pope, while flax is burned to represent the transitoriness of earthly glory; used at the coronation of Alexander V, Pisa, 7 July 1409, but earlier in origin.

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.

If you seek for a monument, gaze around.

Inscription in St Paul's Cathedral, London, attributed to the son of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren

Te Deum laudamus: Te Dominum confitemur.

We praise thee, God: we own thee Lord.

'Te Deum', hymn traditionally ascribed to St Ambrose and St Augustine in A.D. 387, though attributed by some modern scholars to St Niceta (d. c.414).

In te Domine, speravi: non confundar in aeternum.

Lord, I have set my hopes in thee, I shall not be destroyed for ever.

'Te Deum'.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

Times change, and we change with them.

In William Harrison 'Description of Britain' (1577) vol. 3, ch. 3, p. 99 (attributed to the Emperor Lothar I (795-855) in the form Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis All things change, and we change with them)

Vox et praeterea nihil.

A voice and nothing more.

Describing a nightingale. Plutarch 'Moralia' 'Sayings of Spartans' no. 233a

1.69 Jean Anouilh 1910-87

Dieu est avec tout le monde....Et, en fin de compte, il est toujours avec ceux qui ont beaucoup d'argent et de grosses armèes.

God is on everyone's side....And, in the last analysis, he is on the side with plenty of money and large armies.

'L'Alouette' (The Lark, 1953) p. 120.

Tragedy is clean, it is restful, it is flawless.

'Antigone' (1944)

The spring is wound up tight. It will uncoil of itself. That is what is so convenient in tragedy. The least little turn of the wrist will do the job. Anything will set it going.

'Antigone' (1944)

Il y a l'amour bien sûr. Et puis il y a la vie, son ennemie.

There is love of course. And then there's life, its enemy.

'Ardéle' (1949) p. 8

Vous savez bien que l'amour, c'est avant tout le don de soi!

You know very well that love is, above all, the gift of oneself!

'Ardéle' (1949) p. 79

C'est trés jolie la vie, mais cela n'a pas de forme. L'art a pour objet de lui en donner une prècisèment et de faire par tous les artifices possibles—plus vrai que le vrai.

Life is very nice, but it has no shape. The object of art is actually to give it some and to do it by

every artifice possible—truer than the truth.

‘La Rèpètition’ (The Rehearsal, 1950) act 2

1.70 Christopher Anstey 1724-1805

If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dreamed of the devil, and waked in a fright.

‘The New Bath Guide’ (1766) Letter 4 ‘A Consultation of the Physicians’

You may go to Carlisle’s, and to Almack’s too;
And I’ll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne’er saw in his life.

‘The New Bath Guide’ (1766) Letter 13 ‘A Public Breakfast’

1.71 F. Anstey (Thomas Anstey Guthrie) 1856-1934

Drastic measures is Latin for a whopping.

‘Vice Versa’ (1882) ch. 7

1.72 Guillaume Apollinaire 1880-1918

Les souvenirs sont cors de chasse
Dont meurt le bruit parmi le vent.

Memories are hunting horns
Whose sound dies on the wind.

‘Cors de Chasse’ (1912)

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine.
Et nos amours, faut-il qu’il m’en souvienne?
La joie venait toujours aprés la peine.
Vienne la nuit, sonne l’heure,
Les jours s’en vont, je demeure.

Under Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine.
And our loves, must I remember them?
Joy always comes after pain.
Let night come, ring out the hour,
The days go by, I remain.

‘Le Pont Mirabeau’ (1912)

On ne peut pas porter partout le cadavre de son pére.

One can’t carry one’s father’s corpse about everywhere.

‘L’Antitradition futuriste’ (1913)

1.73 Sir Edward Appleton 1892-1965

I do not mind what language an opera is sung in so long as it is a language I don't understand.
In 'Observer' 28 August 1955

1.74 Thomas Gold Appleton 1812-84

A Boston man is the east wind made flesh.
Attributed

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.
In Oliver Wendell Holmes 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' (1858) ch. 6

1.75 The Arabian Nights Entertainments, or the Thousand and one Nights

Who will change old lamps for new ones?...new lamps for old ones?
'The History of Aladdin'

Open Sesame!
'The History of Ali Baba'

1.76 William Arabin 1773-1841

If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this of persons acting in concert together, this case is that case.
In Sir R. Megarry 'Arabinesque at Law' (1969)

They will steal the very teeth out of your mouth as you walk through the streets. I know it from experience.
Referring to the citizens of Uxbridge, in Sir R. Megarry 'Arabinesque at Law' (1969)

Prisoner, God has given you good abilities, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks.
'Notes and Queries' vol. 170, p. 310

1.77 Louis Aragon 1897-1982

O mois des floraisons mois des mètamorphoses
Mai qui fut sans nuage et Juin poignardè mètamorphoses
Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses mètamorphoses
Ni ceux que le printemps dans ses plis a gardè.

O month of flowerings, month of metamorphoses, mètamorphoses
May without cloud and June that was stabbed, mètamorphoses
I shall never forget the lilac and the roses mètamorphoses
Nor those whom spring has kept in its folds.
'Les lilas et les roses' (1940)

1.78 John Arbuthnot 1667-1735

He warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies.
'The Art of Political Lying' (1712) p. 19

Law is a bottomless pit.

‘The History of John Bull’ (1712) ch. 24

Hame’s hame, be it never so hamely.

‘Law is a Bottomless Pit’ (1712)

1.79 Archilochus

The fox knows many things—the hedgehog one big one.

E. Diehl (ed.) ‘Anthologia Lyrica Graeca’ (3rd ed., 1949-52) vol. 1, p. 241, no. 103.

1.80 Archimedes 287-212 B.C.

Eureka! [I’ve got it!]

In Vitruvius Pollio ‘De Architectura’ bk. 9, preface, sect. 10

Give me but one firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth.

With reference to a lever, in Pappus ‘Synagoge’ bk. 8, sect. 19, proposition 10

1.81 Hannah Arendt 1906-75

It was as though in those last minutes he [Eichmann] was summing up the lessons that this long course in human wickedness had taught us—the lesson of the fearsome, word-and-thought-defying banality of evil.

‘Eichmann in Jerusalem: a Report on the Banality of Evil’ (1963) ch. 15

Only crime and the criminal, it is true, confront us with the perplexity of radical evil; but only the hypocrite is really rotten to the core.

‘On Revolution’ (1963) ch. 2

Under conditions of tyranny it is far easier to act than to think.

In W. H. Auden ‘A Certain World’ (1970) p. 369

The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative on the day after the revolution.

In ‘New Yorker’ 12 September 1970, p. 88

1.82 Marquis d’Argenson (Renè Louis de Voyer d’Argenson) 1694-1757

Laisser-faire.

No interference.

‘Mèmoires’ (1736) vol. 5, p. 364.

1.83 Comte d’Argenson (Marc Pierre de Voyed d’Argenson) 1696-1764

Abbè Guyot Desfontaines: Il faut que je vive.
D’Argenson: Je n’en vois pas la nècessitè.

Desfontaines: I must live.
d’Argenson: I do not see the necessity.

In Voltaire ‘Alzire’ (1736) ‘Discours Prèliminaire’

1.84 Ludovico Ariosto 1474-1533

Natura il fece, e poi roppe la stampa.

Nature made him, and then broke the mould.

‘Orlando Furioso’ (1532) canto 10, st. 84

1.85 Aristophanes c.444-c.380 B.C.

How about ‘Cloudcuckooland’?

Naming the capital city of the Birds in ‘The Birds’ (414 B.C.) l. 819

To make the worse appear the better reason.

‘The Clouds’ (423 B.C.) l. 114 and elsewhere

But he was contented there, is contented here.

Referring to Sophocles in ‘The Frogs’ (405 B.C.) l. 82 (there on earth; here in Hades)

Brekekekex koax koax.

Cry of the Frogs in ‘The Frogs’ (405 B.C.) l. 209 and elsewhere

1.86 Aristotle 384-322 B.C.

So the good has been well explained as that at which all things aim.

‘Nicomachean Ethics’ bk. 1, opening sentence

We make war that we may live in peace.

‘Nicomachean Ethics’ bk. 10, ch. 7.

Man is by nature a political animal.

‘Politics’ bk. 1, sect. 2, 1253a

Nature does nothing uselessly.

‘Politics’ bk. 1, sect. 2

He who is unable to live in society, or who has no need because he is sufficient for himself, must be either a beast or a god.

‘Politics’ bk. 1, sect. 2

Where some people are very wealthy and others have nothing, the result will be either extreme democracy or absolute oligarchy, or despotism will come from either of those excesses.

‘Politics’ bk. 1, sect. 4, 1296a

Tragedy is thus a representation of an action that is worth serious attention, complete in itself and of some amplitude...by means of pity and fear bringing about the purgation of such emotions.

‘Poetics’ ch. 6, 1449b

For this reason poetry is something more philosophical and more worthy of serious attention than history.

‘Poetics’ ch. 9, 1451b

Probable impossibilities are to be preferred to improbable possibilites.

‘Poetics’ ch. 24, 1460a

Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.

Plato is dear to me, but dearer still is truth.

Greek original ascribed to Aristotle

What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.
In Diogenes Laertius ‘Lives of Eminent Philosophers’ bk. 5, sect. 20

1.87 Lewis Addison Armistead 1817-63

Give them the cold steel, boys!
Attributed during the American Civil War, 1863

1.88 Harry Armstrong 1879-1951

There’s an old mill by the stream, Nellie Dean,
Where we used to sit and dream, Nellie Dean.
And the waters as they flow
Seem to murmur sweet and low,
‘You’re my heart’s desire; I love you, Nellie Dean.’
‘Nellie Dean’ (1905 song)

1.89 Dr John Armstrong 1709-79

Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th’ original perused mankind.
‘The Art of Preserving Health’ (1744) bk. 4, l. 231

’Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
‘The Art of Preserving Health’ (1744) bk. 4, l. 260

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
‘The Art of Preserving Health’ (1744) bk. 4, l. 303

’Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave.
‘The Art of Preserving Health’ (1744) bk. 4, l. 460

1.90 Louis Satchmo Armstrong 1901-71

All music is folk music, I ain’t never heard no horse sing a song.
In ‘New York Times’ 7 July 1971, p. 41

If you still have to ask...shame on you.
When asked what jazz is, in Max Jones et al. ‘Salute to Satchmo’ (1970) p. 25 (sometimes quoted as ‘Man, if you gotta ask you’ll never know’).

1.91 Neil Armstrong 1930—

Houston, Tranquillity Base here. The Eagle has landed. That’s one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.
In ‘New York Times’ 31 July 1969, p. 20

1.92 Lord Armstrong 1927—

It contains a misleading impression, not a lie. It was being economical with the truth.

Referring to a letter during the 'Spycatcher' trial, Supreme Court, New South Wales, 18 November 1986, in 'Daily Telegraph' 19 November 1986. Edmund Burke 'Two letters on Proposals for Peace' (1796) pt. 1, p. 137, 'Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatsoever: But, as in the exercise of all the virtues, there is an economy of truth.'

1.93 Sir Edwin Arnold 1832-1904

Nor ever once ashamed
So we be named
Press-men; Slaves of the Lamp; Servants of Light.

'The Tenth Muse' (1895) st. 18

1.94 George Arnold 1834-65

The living need charity more than the dead.

'The Jolly Old Pedagogue'

1.95 Matthew Arnold 1822-88

And we forget because we must
And not because we will.

'Absence'

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.

'The Buried Life' (1852) l. 77

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

‘Dover Beach’ (1867) l. 21

Be neither saint nor sophist-led, but be a man.

‘Empedocles on Etna’ (1852) act 1, sc. 2, l. 136

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done.

‘Empedocles on Etna’ (1852) act 1, sc. 2, l. 397

Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair!

‘Empedocles on Etna’ (1852) act 1, sc. 2, l. 426

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

‘Faded Leaves’ (1855) no. 5 (first published, 1852, as ‘Longing’)

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!

‘The Forsaken Merman’ (1849) l. 1

Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

‘The Forsaken Merman’ (1849) l. 4

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;

‘The Forsaken Merman’ (1849) l. 35

Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye.

‘The Forsaken Merman’ (1849) l. 43

This truth—to prove, and make thine own: ‘Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone.’

‘Isolation. To Marguerite’ (1857) l. 29

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

‘The Last Word’ (1867)

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city’s jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

‘Lines written in Kensington Gardens’ (1852)

He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth.

Lines on Wordsworth in ‘Memorial Verses, April 1850’ l. 47

Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

‘A Memory Picture’ (1849)

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish ’twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

‘Morality’ (1852).

Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?

‘Parting’ (1852) l. 19

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

‘Philomela’ (1853) l. 1

Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!
‘Philomela’ l. 31

Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.
‘Poor Matthias’ (1885) l. 40

Her cabined ample Spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.
‘Requiescat’ (1853)

Not deep the Poet sees, but wide.
‘Resignation’ (1849) l. 214

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered fate.
‘Resignation’ (1849) l. 247

Not milder is the general lot
Because our spirits have forgot,
In action’s dizzying eddy whirled,
The something that infects the world.
‘Resignation’ (1849) l. 247

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The Field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
‘Rugby Chapel, November 1857’

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 1

All the live murmur of a summer’s day.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 20

Tired of knocking at Preferment’s door.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 35

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round.

‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 74

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 119

The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 129

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,
Light half-believers in our casual creeds...
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 171

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o’ertaked, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 201

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.
‘The Scholar-Gipsy’ (1853) l. 211

Resolve to be thyself: and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.
‘Self-Dependence’ (1852) l. 31

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.
‘Shakespeare’ (1849)

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst tread on Earth unguessed at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.
‘Shakespeare’ (1849)

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
‘Sohrab and Rustum’ (1853) l. 458

No horse’s cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day

Hath trailed the hunter’s javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
‘Sohrab and Rustum’ (1853) l. 501

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.
‘Sohrab and Rustum’ (1853) l. 656

But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight.
‘Sohrab and Rustum’ (1853) l. 875

Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.
‘Sohrab and Rustum’ (1853) l. 886

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.
‘Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse’ (1855) l. 67

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
‘Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse’ (1855) l. 85

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mocked the smart,
Through Europe to the Aetolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?
‘Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse’ (1855) l. 133

Ah! two desires toss about
The poet’s feverish blood.
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.
‘Stanzas in Memory of the Author of “Obermann”, November 1849’ l. 93

Still bent to make some port he knows not where,

Still standing for some false impossible shore.
‘A Summer Night’ l. 68

The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames.
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 14

And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty’s heightening.
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 19

So have I heard the cuckoo’s parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
‘The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.’
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 57

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell.
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 61

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee.
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 80

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.
‘Thyrsis’ (1866) l. 138

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole:
The mellow glory of the Attic stage;
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.
Lines on Sophocles in ‘To a Friend’ (1849)

France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme.
‘To a Republican Friend, 1848. Continued’

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
‘To Marguerite—Continued’ (1852) l. 1

A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.
‘To Marguerite—Continued’ (1852) l. 22

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,

To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

‘A Wish’ (1867)

And sigh that one thing only has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent.

‘Youth’s Agitations’ (1852)

Our society distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace; and America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) preface

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light....He who works for sweetness and light united, works to make reason and the will of God prevail.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 1.

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 1

When I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, [I] name the former, in my own mind the Barbarians.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 3

That vast portion...of the working-class which, raw and half-developed, has long lain half-hidden amidst its poverty and squalor, and is now issuing from its hiding-place to assert an Englishman’s heaven-born privilege of doing as he likes, and is beginning to perplex us by marching where it likes, meeting where it likes, bawling what it likes, breaking what it likes—to this vast residuum we may with great propriety give the name of Populace.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 3

Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points of influence moves our
World.

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 4

‘He knows’ says Hebraism, ‘his Bible!’—whenever we hear this said, we may, without any elaborate defence of culture, content ourselves with answering simply: ‘No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible.’

‘Culture and Anarchy’ (1869) ch. 5

Nothing could moderate, in the bosom of the great English middle class, their passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life.

‘Essays in Criticism’ First Series (1865) preface

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!...whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age.... Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!

On Oxford in ‘Essays in Criticism’ First Series (1865) preface

‘Our unrivalled happiness’;—what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the workhouse, the dismal Mapperly Hills,—how dismal those who have seen them will remember;—the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child!...And the

final touch,—short, bleak and inhuman: Wragg is in custody. The sex lost in the confusion of our unrivalled happiness; or (shall I say?) the superfluous Christian name lopped off by the straightforward vigour of our old Anglo-Saxon breed!

Prompted by a newspaper report of the murder of her illegitimate child by a girl named Wragg; 'Essays in Criticism' First Series (1865) 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time'

I am bound by my own definition of criticism: a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.

'Essays in Criticism' First Series (1865) 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time'

Philistinism!—We have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing.

'Essays in Criticism' First Series (1865) 'Heinrich Heine'

The great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay.

'Essays in Criticism' First Series (1865) 'Joubert'

The absence, in this country, of any force of educated literary and scientific opinion.

'Essays in Criticism' First Series (1865) 'The Literary Influence of Academies'

In poetry, no less than in life, he is 'a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain'.

'Essays in Criticism' Second Series (1888) 'Shelley'; Arnold is quoting from his own essay on Byron in the same work.

More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry.

'Essays in Criticism' Second Series (1888) 'The Study of Poetry'

The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul.

'Essays in Criticism' Second Series (1888) 'Thomas Gray'

Poetry is at bottom a criticism of life.

'Essays in Criticism' Second Series (1888) 'Wordsworth'

His expression may often be called bald...but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness full of grandeur.

'Wordsworth' in 'Essays in Criticism' Second Series (1888)

I am past thirty, and three parts iced over.

Howard Foster Lowry (ed.) 'The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough' (1932) 12 February 1853

Culture, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit.

'Literature and Dogma' (1873) preface

Terms like grace, new birth, justification...terms, in short, which with
St Paul are literary terms, theologians have employed as if they were scientific terms.

‘Literature and Dogma’ (1873) ch. 1

The true meaning of religion is thus not simply morality, but morality touched by emotion.

‘Literature and Dogma’ (1873) ch. 1

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern.

‘Literature and Dogma’ (1873) ch. 1

But there remains the question: what righteousness really is. The method and secret and sweet reasonableness of Jesus.

‘Literature and Dogma’ (1873) ch. 12

So we have the Philistine of genius in religion—Luther; the Philistine of genius in politics—Cromwell; the Philistine of genius in

literature—Bunyan.

‘Mixed Essays’ (1879) ‘Lord Falkland’

Wordsworth says somewhere that wherever Virgil seems to have composed

‘with his eye on the object’, Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes ‘with his eye on the object’, whether the object be a moral or a material one: Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is.

‘On Translating Homer’ (1861) Lecture 1

Of these two literatures [French and German], as of the intellect of

Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavours, in all branches of knowledge—theology, philosophy, history, art, science—to see the object as in itself it really is.

‘On Translating Homer’ (1861) Lecture 2

He [the translator] will find one English book and one only, where, as in the Iliad itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness; and that book is the Bible.

‘On Translating Homer’ (1861) Lecture 3

Nothing has raised more questioning among my critics than these words—noble, the grand style....I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.

‘On Translating Homer’ ‘Last Words’ (1862)

People think that I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style.

In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 13

1.96 S. J. Arnold

England, home and beauty.

‘The Death of Nelson’ (1811 song) from ‘The Americans. A Comic Opera’

1.97 Dr Thomas Arnold 1795-1842

My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys

I can scarcely hope to make.

Letter to Revd John Tucker, 2 March 1828, on appointment to the Headmastership of Rugby School, in Arthur Penrhyn Stanley 'The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold' (1844) vol. 1, ch. 2

What we must look for here is, 1st, religious and moral principles: 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct: 3rdly, intellectual ability.

Address to the Praeposters of Rugby School, in Arthur Penrhyn Stanley 'The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold' (1844) vol. 1, ch. 3

As for rioting, the old Roman way of dealing with that is always the right one; flog the rank and file, and fling the ringleaders from the Tarpeian rock.

From an unpublished letter written before 1828, quoted by Matthew Arnold in 'Cornhill Magazine' August 1868 'Anarchy and Authority'

1.98 Raymond Aron 1905—

La pensèe politique, en France, est rètrospective ou utopique.

Political thought, in France, is retrospective or utopian.

'L'opium des intellectuels' (1955) ch. 1

1.99 Antonin Artaud 1896-1948

Il faut nous laver de la littérature. Nous voulons être hommes avant tout,
être humains.

We must wash literature off ourselves. We want to be men first of all; to be human.

'Les Oeuvres et les Hommes' unpublished MS, 17 May 1922

1.100 George Asaf 1880-1951

What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

'Pack up your Troubles' (1915 song)

1.101 Roger Ascham 1515-68

I said...how, and why, young children, were sooner allured by love, than driven by beating, to attain good learning.

'The Schoolmaster' (1570) preface

There is no such whetstone, to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning, as is praise.

'The Schoolmaster' (1570) bk. 1

Inglese Italianato, é un diavolo incarnato, that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition.

'The Schoolmaster' (1570) bk. 1 (referring to Englishmen travelling in Italy)

He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him.

‘To all gentlemen and yeomen of England’ in ‘Toxophilus’ (1545)

1.102 John Dunning, Baron Ashburton 1731-83

The power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

House of Commons, 1780

1.103 Daisy Ashford 1881-1972

Mr Salteena was an elderly man of 42.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 1

I am not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice it but can’t be helped anyhow.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 1

You look rather rash my dear your colors dont quite match your face.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 2

Bernard always had a few prayers in the hall and some whiskey afterwards as he was rarther pious but Mr Salteena was not very addicted to prayers so he marched up to bed.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 3

Oh this is must kind said Mr Salteena. Minnit closed his eyes with a tired smile. Not kind sir he muttered quite usual.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 5

It was a sumpshous spot all done up in gold with plenty of looking glasses.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 5

Oh I see said the Earl but my own idear is that these things are as piffle before the wind.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 5

The bearer of this letter is an old friend of mine not quite the right side of the blanket as they say in fact he is the son of a first rate butcher but his mother was a decent family called Hyssopps of the Glen so you see he is not so bad and is desireus of being the correct article.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 5

My life will be sour grapes and ashes without you.

‘The Young Visiters’ (1919) ch. 8

1.104 Isaac Asimov 1920—

The three fundamental Rules of Robotics....One, a robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm....Two...a robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law...Three, a robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Laws.

‘I, Robot’ (1950) in ‘Runaround’

1.105 Herbert Asquith (first Earl of Oxford and Asquith) 1852-1928

We had better wait and see.

Phrased used repeatedly in speeches in 1910, referring to the rumour that the House of Lords was to be flooded with new Liberal peers to ensure the passage of the Finance Bill. Roy Jenkins ‘Asquith’ (1964) ch. 14

We shall never sheath the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

Speech at the Guildhall, London, 9 November 1914, in ‘The Times’ 10 November 1914

It is fitting that we should have buried the Unknown Prime Minister by the side of the Unknown Soldier.

Referring to Bonar Law, in Robert Blake ‘The Unknown Prime Minister’ (1955) p. 531

[The War Office kept three sets of figures:] one to mislead the public, another to mislead the Cabinet, and the third to mislead itself.

In Alistair Horne ‘Price of Glory’ (1962) ch. 2

1.106 Margot Asquith (Countess of Oxford and Asquith) 1864-1945

The t is silent, as in Harlow.

To Jean Harlow, who had been calling her Margot (as in argot), in T. S. Matthews ‘Great Tom’ (1973) ch. 7

Lord Birkenhead is very clever but sometimes his brains go to his head.

In ‘Listener’ 11 June 1953 ‘Margot Oxford’ by Lady Violet Bonham Carter

She tells enough white lies to ice a wedding cake.

Referring to Lady Desborough, in ‘Listener’ 11 June 1953 ‘Margot Oxford’ by Lady Violet Bonham Carter

He can’t see a belt without hitting below it.

Referring to Lloyd George, in ‘Listener’ 11 June 1953 ‘Margot Oxford’ by Lady Violet Bonham Carter

1.107 Mary Astell 1668-1731

Their sophistry I can control
Who falsely say that women have no soul.

‘Ambition’ l. 7

Happy am I who out of danger sit,
Can see and pity them who wade thro it;
Need take no thought my treasure to dispose,
What I ne’re had I cannot fear to lose.

‘Awake my Lute’ l. 18

Our opposers usually miscall our quickness of thought, fancy and flash, and christen their own heaviness by the specious names of judgement and solidity; but it is easy to retort upon them the reproachful ones of dullness and stupidity.

‘An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex’ (1696) p. 19

Fetters of gold are still fetters, and the softest lining can never make them so easy as liberty.

‘An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex’ (1696) p. 25

If all men are born free, how is it that all women are born slaves?

'Some Reflections upon Marriage' (1706 ed.) preface

1.108 Sir Jacob Astley 1579-1652

O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day: if I forget thee, do not thou forget me.

Prayer before the Battle of Edgehill, in Sir Philip Warwick 'Memoires' (1701) p. 229

1.109 Nancy Astor (Viscountess Astor) 1879-1964

I married beneath me, all women do.

In 'Dictionary of National Biography 1961-1970' (1981) p. 43

1.110 Brooks Atkinson 1894-1984

After each war there is a little less democracy to save.

'Once Around the Sun' (1951) 7 January

1.111 E. L. Atkinson 1882-1929 and Apsley Cherry-Garrard 1882-1959

Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman, Captain L. E. G. Oates of the Inniskilling Dragoons. In March 1912, returning from the Pole, he walked willingly to his death in a blizzard to try and save his comrades, beset by hardships.

Epitaph on cairn erected in the Antarctic, 15 November 1912, in Apsley Cherry-Garrard 'The Worst Journey in the World' (1922) p. 487

1.112 Clement Attlee (first Earl Attlee) 1883-1967

The voice we heard was that of Mr Churchill but the mind was that of Lord Beaverbrook.

Speech on radio, 5 June 1945, in Francis Williams 'A Prime Minister Remembers' (1961) ch. 6

I think the British have the distinction above all other nations of being able to put new wine into old bottles without bursting them.

'Hansard' 24 October 1950, col. 2705

Few thought he was even a starter
There were many who thought themselves smarter
But he ended PM
CH and OM
An earl and a knight of the garter.

Describing himself in a letter to Tom Attlee, 8 April 1956; in Kenneth Harris 'Attlee' (1982) p. 545

[Russian Communism is] the illegitimate child of Karl Marx and Catherine the Great.

Speech at Aarhus University, 11 April 1956, in 'The Times' 12 April 1956

Democracy means government by discussion, but it is only effective if you can stop people talking.

Speech at Oxford, 14 June 1957, in 'The Times' 15 June 1957

A monologue is not a decision.

To Winston Churchill, who had complained that a matter had been brought up several times in Cabinet, in Francis Williams ‘A Prime Minister Remembers’ (1961) ch. 7

1.113 John Aubrey 1626-97

The Bishop sometimes would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he lays down his episcopal hat—There lies the Doctor. Then he puts off his gown—There lies the Bishop. Then ’twas, Here’s to thee, Corbet, and Here’s to thee, Lushington.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Richard Corbet’

How these curiosities would be quite forgot, did not such idle fellows as I am put them down.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Venetia Digby’

Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, etc; but satirical. (He pronounced the letter R (littera canina) very hard—a certain sign of a satirical wit).

‘Brief Lives’ ‘John Dryden’

He had read much, if one considers his long life; but his contemplation was much more than his reading. He was wont to say that if he had read as much as other men, he should have known no more than other men.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Thomas Hobbes’

As they were reading of inscribing and circumscribing figures, said he, I will show you how to inscribe a triangle in a quadrangle. Bring a pig into the quadrangle and I will set the college dog at him, & he will take the pig by the ear, then I come & take the dog by the tail & the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle; quod erat faciendum.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Ralph Kettel’

He was so fair that they called him the lady of Christ’s College.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘John Milton’

His harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well proportioned body. He was a spare man.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘John Milton’

Sciatica: he cured it, by boiling his buttock.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Sir Jonas Moore’

She was when a child much against the Bishops, and prayed to God to take them to him, but afterwards was reconciled to them. Prayed aloud, as the hypocritical fashion then was, and was overheard.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Katherine Philips’

Sir Walter, being strangely surprised and put out of his countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sat next to him a nd said ‘Box about: ’twill come to my father anon’.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘Sir Walter Raleigh’

When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘William Shakespeare’

He was a handsome, well-shaped man: very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit.

‘Brief Lives’ ‘William Shakespeare’

Anno 1670, not far from Cirencester, was an apparition; being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang. Mr W. Lilly believes it was a fairy.

‘Miscellanies’ (1696) ‘Apparitions’

1.114 W. H. Auden (Wystan Hugh Auden) 1907-73

Some thirty inches from my nose
The frontier of my Person goes,
And all the untilled air between
Is private pagus or demesne.
Stranger, unless with bedroom eyes
I beckon you to fraternize,
Beware of rudely crossing it:
I have no gun, but I can spit.

‘About the House’ (1966) ‘Prologue: the Birth of Architecture’

Sob, heavy world,
Sob as you spin
Mantled in mist, remote from the happy.

‘The Age of Anxiety’ (1947) p. 104

Lay your sleeping head, my love,
Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
The entirely beautiful.

‘Another Time’ (1940) no. 18, p. 43

I’ll love you, dear, I’ll love you
Till China and Africa meet
And the river jumps over the mountain
And the salmon sing in the street.

I’ll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry

And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

‘As I Walked Out One Evening’ (1940)

O plunge your hands in water,
Plunge them in up to the wrist;
Stare, stare in the basin
And wonder what you’ve missed.

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.

‘As I Walked Out One Evening’ (1940)

A poet’s hope: to be,
like some valley cheese,
local, but prized elsewhere.

‘Collected Poems’ (1976) p. 639

To save your world you asked this man to die:
Would this man, could he see you now, ask why?

‘Epitaph for the Unknown Soldier’ (1955)

Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
And the poetry he invented was easy to understand;
He knew human folly like the back of his hand,
And was greatly interested in armies and fleets;
When he laughed, respectable senators burst with laughter,
And when he cried the little children died in the streets.

‘Epitaph on a Tyrant’ (1940).

Altogether elsewhere, vast
Herds of reindeer move across
Miles and miles of golden moss,
Silently and very fast.

‘The Fall of Rome’ (1951)

To us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of opinion.

‘In Memory of Sigmund Freud’ (1940)

He disappeared in the dead of winter:
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
What instruments we have agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.

‘In Memory of W. B. Yeats’ (1940)

You were silly like us: your gift survived it all;
The parish of rich women, physical decay,
Yourself; mad Ireland hurt you into poetry.
Now Ireland has her madness and her weather still,
For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives
In the valley of its saying where executives
Would never want to tamper; it flows south
From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,
Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,
A way of happening, a mouth.

‘In Memory of W. B. Yeats’ (1940)

Earth, receive an honoured guest;
William Yeats is laid to rest:
Let the Irish vessel lie
Emptied of its poetry.

‘In Memory of W. B. Yeats’ (1940)

In the nightmare of the dark
All the dogs of Europe bark,
And the living nations wait,
Each sequestered in its hate;

Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face,
And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.

‘In Memory of W. B. Yeats’ (1940)

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

‘In Memory of W. B. Yeats’ (1940)

There is no love;
There are only the various envies, all of them sad.

‘In Praise of Limestone’ (1951) l. 58

This land is not the sweet home that it looks,
Nor its peace the historical calm of a site
Where something was settled once and for all: A backward
And dilapidated province, connected
To the big busy world by a tunnel, with a certain
Seedy appeal.

‘In Praise of Limestone’ (1951) l. 61

The desires of the heart are as crooked as corkscrews
Not to be born is the best for man
The second best is a formal order
The dance’s pattern, dance while you can.
Dance, dance, for the figure is easy
The tune is catching and will not stop
Dance till the stars come down with the rafters
Dance, dance, dance till you drop.

‘Letter to William Coldstream, Esq.’ (1937).

And make us as Newton was, who in his garden watching
The apple falling towards England, became aware
Between himself and her of an eternal tie.

‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 1

Out on the lawn I lie in bed,
Vega conspicuous overhead.

‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 2

Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty’s conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from citadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 4

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 5

O what is that sound which so thrills the ear
Down in the valley drumming, drumming?
Only the scarlet soldiers, dear,
The soldiers coming.

‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 6

O it’s broken the lock and splintered the door,

O it’s the gate where they’re turning, turning;
Their boots are heavy on the floor
And their eyes are burning.
‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 6

A shilling life will give you all the facts.
‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 13

August for the people and their favourite islands.
Daily the steamers sidle up to meet
The effusive welcome of the pier.
‘Look, Stranger!’ (1936) no. 30

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along.
‘Musèe des Beaux Arts’ (1940)

They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer’s horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.
‘Musèe des Beaux Arts’ (1940)

I see it often since you’ve been away:
The island, the veranda, and the fruit;
The tiny steamer breaking from the bay;
The literary mornings with its hoot;
Our ugly comic servant; and then you,
Lovely and willing every afternoon.
‘New Verse’ October 1933, p. 15

At the far end of the enormous room
An orchestra is playing to the rich.
‘New Verse’ October 1933, p. 15

To the man-in-the-street, who, I’m sorry to say,
Is a keen observer of life,
The word ‘Intellectual’ suggests straight away
A man who’s untrue to his wife.
‘New Year Letter’ (1941) note to l. 1277

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border,
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,
Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:
The gradient's against her, but she's on time.
Past cotton-grass and moorland border,
Shovelling white steam over her shoulder.
'Night Mail' (1936)

Letters of thanks, letters from banks,
Letters of joy from girl and boy,
Receipted bills and invitations
To inspect new stock or to visit relations,
And applications for situations,
And timid lovers' declarations,
And gossip, gossip from all the nations.
'Night Mail' (1936)

Private faces in public places
Are wiser and nicer
Than public faces in private places.
'Orators' (1932) dedication

To ask the hard question is simple.
'Poems' (1933) no. 27

At Dirty Dick's and Sloppy Joe's
We drank our liquor straight,
Some went upstairs with Margery,
And some, alas, with Kate.
'The Sea and the Mirror—Master and Boatswain' (1944)

My Dear One is mine as mirrors are lonely.
'The Sea and the Mirror—Miranda' (1944)

I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn,
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.
'September 1, 1939' (1940)

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice

To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.
‘September 1, 1939’ (1940)

Out of the air a voice without a face
Proved by statistics that some cause was just
In tones as dry and level as the place.
‘The Shield of Achilles’ (1955)

Sir, no man’s enemy, forgiving all
But will his negative inversion, be prodigal:
Send to us power and light, a sovereign touch
Curing the intolerable neutral itch,
The exhaustion of weaning, the liar’s quinsy,
And the distortions of ingrown virginity.
‘Sir, No Man’s Enemy’ (1955)

Harrow the house of the dead; look shining at
New styles of architecture, a change of heart.
‘Sir, No Man’s Enemy’ (1955)

Tomorrow for the young the poets exploding like bombs,
The walks by the lake, the weeks of perfect communion;
Tomorrow the bicycle races
Through the suburbs on summer evenings. But today the struggle.
‘Spain’ (1937) p. 11

The stars are dead. The animals will not look:
We are left alone with our day, and the time is short, and
History to the defeated
May say Alas but cannot help nor pardon.
‘Spain’ (1937) p. 12

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean’s margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea.
‘Three Songs for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1941); set to music by Benjamin Britten, to whom it was dedicated, as

‘Hymn to St Cecilia’ op. 27 (1942)

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

‘Three Songs for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1941)

Let us honour if we can
The vertical man
Though we value none
But the horizontal one.

‘To Christopher Isherwood’ (1930)

Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.

‘The Unknown Citizen’ (1940)

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

‘The Unknown Citizen’ (1940)

The sky is darkening like a stain;
Something is going to fall like rain,
And it won’t be flowers.

‘The Witnesses’ (1935) l. 67

All sin tends to be addictive, and the terminal point of addiction is what is called damnation.

‘A Certain World’ (1970) ‘Hell’

Man is a history-making creature who can neither repeat his past nor leave it behind.

‘The Dyer’s Hand’ (1963) ‘D. H. Lawrence’

The true men of action in our time, those who transform the world, are not the politicians and statesmen, but the scientists. Unfortunately poetry cannot celebrate them, because their deeds are concerned with things, not persons, and are, therefore, speechless. When I find myself in the company of scientists, I feel like a shabby curate who has strayed by mistake into a drawing room full of dukes.

‘The Dyer’s Hand’ (1963) ‘The Poet and the City’

Some books are undeservedly forgotten; none are undeservedly remembered.

‘The Dyer’s Hand’ (1963) ‘Reading’

My face looks like a wedding-cake left out in the rain.

In Humphrey Carpenter ‘W. H. Auden’ (1981) pt. 2, ch. 6

Art is born of humiliation.

In Stephen Spender ‘World Within World’ (1951) ch. 2

1.115 W. H. Auden 1907-73 and Christopher Isherwood 1904-86

Happy the hare at morning, for she cannot read
The Hunter's waking thoughts.

'The Dog beneath the Skin' (1935) chorus following act 2, sc. 2

1.116 Èmile Augier 1820-89

Marquis: Mettez un canard sur un lac au milieu des cygnes, vous verrez qu'il regrettera sa mare et finira par y retourner.

Montrichard: La nostalgie de la boue!

Marquis: Put a duck on a lake in the midst of some swans, and you'll see he'll miss his pond and eventually return to it.

Montrichard: Longing to be back in the mud!

'Le Mariage d'Olympe' (1855) act 1, sc. 1

1.117 St Augustine of Hippo A.D. 354-430

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam...quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare.

I loved not yet, yet I loved to love...I sought what I might love, in love with loving.

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 3, ch. 1

Et illa erant fercula, in quibus mihi esurienti te inferebatur sol et luna.

And these were the dishes wherein to me, hunger-starven for thee, they served up the sun and moon.

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 3, ch.6

Da mihi castitatem et continentiam, sed noli modo.

Give me chastity and continency—but not yet!

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 8, ch. 7

Tolle lege, tolle lege.

Take up and read, take up and read.

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 8, ch.12

Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova, sero te amavi! et ecce intus eras et ego foris, et ibi te quaerebam.

Too late came I to love thee, O thou Beauty both so ancient and so fresh, yea too late came I to love thee. And behold, thou wert within me, and I out of myself, where I made search for thee.

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 10, ch. 27

Continentiam iubes; da quod iubes et iube quod vis.

You command continence; give what you command, and command what you will.

'Confessions' (397-8) bk. 10, ch. 29

Securus iudicat orbis terrarum.

The world judges with certainty.

'Contra Epistolam Parmeniani' (400) bk. 3, sect. 24

Salus extra ecclesiam non est.

There is no salvation outside the church.

‘De Baptismo contra Donatistas’ bk. 4, 100, 17, 24.

Audi partem alteram.

Hear the other side.

‘De Duabus Animabus contra Manicheos’ ch. 14

Dilige et quod vis fac.

Love and do what you will.

‘In Epistolam Joannis ad Parthos’ (413) tractatus 7, sect. 8 (often quoted as Ama et fac quod vis)

Multi quidem facilius se abstinent ut non utantur, quam temperent ut bene utantur.

To many, total abstinence is easier than perfect moderation.

‘On the Good of Marriage’ (401) ch. 21

Cum dilectione hominum et odio vitiorum.

With love for mankind and hatred of sins.

‘Opera Omnia’ vol. 2, col. 962, letter 211 in J.-P. Migne (ed.) ‘Patrologiae Latinae’ (1845) vol. 33 (often quoted in the form: ‘Love the sinner but hate the sin’)

Roma locuta est; causa finita est.

Rome has spoken; the case is concluded.

‘Sermons’ bk. 1

We make ourselves a ladder out of our vices if we trample the vices themselves underfoot.

‘Sermons’ bk. 3 ‘De Ascensione’

1.118 Emperor Augustus 63 B.C.-A.D. 14

Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions.

In Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Augustus’ sect. 23

I inherited it brick and left it marble.

In Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Augustus’ sect. 28 (referring to the city of Rome)

It will be paid at the Greek Kalends.

In Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Augustus’ sect. 87 (meaning never)

1.119 Jane Austen 1775-1817

Miss Bates stood in the very worst predicament in the world for having much of the public favour; and she had no intellectual superiority to make atonement for herself, or frighten those who might hate her, into outward respect.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 3

An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 3 (Mr Woodhouse)

One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 9 (Emma)

It did not often happen...but it was too often for Emma’s charity, especially as there was all the

pain of apprehension to be frequently endured, though the offence came not.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 11

With men he can be rational and unaffected, but when he has ladies to please, every feature works.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 13 (Mr John Knightley, of Mr Elton)

The folly of allowing people to be comfortable at home—and the folly of people’s not staying comfortable at home when they can!...five dull hours in another man’s house, with nothing to say or to hear that was not said and heard yesterday, and may not be said and heard again tomorrow.... four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 13 (Mr John Knightley)

My mother’s deafness is very trifling, you see, just nothing at all. By only raising my voice, and saying anything two or three times over, she is sure to hear.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 19 (Miss Bates)

The sooner every party breaks up the better.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 25 (Mr Woodhouse)

Surprises are foolish things. The pleasure is not enhanced, and the inconvenience is often considerable.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 26 (Mr John Knightley)

That young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 29 (Mr Woodhouse)

One has no great hopes from Birmingham. I always say there is something direful in the sound.

‘Emma’ (1816) ch. 36 (Mrs Elton)

Henry the 4th ascended the throne of England much to his own satisfaction in the year 1399.

‘The History of England’ (written 1791)

One of Edward’s Mistresses was Jane Shore, who has had a play written about her, but it is a tragedy and therefore not worth reading.

‘The History of England’ (written 1791)

Nothing can be said in his vindication, but that his abolishing Religious Houses and leaving them to the ruinous depredations of time has been of infinite use to the landscape of England in general.

‘The History of England’ (written 1791)

Lady Jane Grey, who has been already mentioned as reading Greek.

‘The History of England’ (written 1791)

It was too pathetic for the feelings of Sophia and myself—we fainted Alternately on a Sofa.

‘Love and Freindship’ (written 1790) ‘Letter the 8th’

She was nothing more than a mere good-tempered, civil and obliging young woman; as such we could scarcely dislike her—she was only an Object of Contempt.

‘Love and Freindship’ (written 1790) ‘Letter the 13th’

The true London maxim, that everything is to be got with money.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 6 (Mary Crawford)

We do not look in great cities for our best morality.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 9 (Edmund Bertram)

A large income is the best recipe for happiness I ever heard of. It certainly may secure all the myrtle and turkey part of it.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 22

Shakespeare one gets acquainted with without knowing how. It is part of an Englishman’s constitution. His thoughts and beauties are so spread abroad that one touches them everywhere, one is intimate with him by instinct.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 34 (Henry Crawford)

Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery. I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 48

He feared that principle, active principle, had been wanting, that they had never been properly taught to govern their inclinations and tempers, by that sense of duty which can alone suffice. They had been instructed theoretically in their religion, but never required to bring it into daily practice.

‘Mansfield Park’ (1814) ch. 48 (of Sir Thomas Bertram)

‘Oh! it is only a novel!...only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda:’ or, in short, only some work in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 5

Oh! who can ever be tired of Bath?

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 10 (Catherine Morland)

Real solemn history, I cannot be interested in....The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars or pestilences, in every page; the men all so good for nothing, and hardly any women at all.

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 14 (Catherine Morland)

Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind, is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing any thing, should conceal it as well as she can.

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 14

From politics, it was an easy step to silence.

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 14

Remember the country and the age we live in. Remember that we are English, that we are Christians....Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at them? Could they be perpetrated without being known, in a country like this, where social and literary intercourse is on such a footing; where every man is surrounded by a neighbourhood of voluntary spies, and where roads and newspapers lay every thing open?

‘Northanger Abbey’ (1818) ch. 34 (Henry Tilney)

Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellynch-hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the Baronetage; there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 1

She had been forced into prudence in her youth, she learned romance as she grew older—the natural sequel of an unnatural beginning.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 4

She ventured to hope he did not always read only poetry; and to say, that she thought it was the misfortune of poetry, to be seldom safely enjoyed by those who enjoyed it completely; and that the strong feelings while alone could estimate it truly, were the very feelings which ought to taste it but sparingly.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 11

‘My idea of good company, Mr Elliot, is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company.’

‘You are mistaken,’ said he gently, ‘that is not good company, that is the best.’

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 16 (Anne Elliot and William Elliot)

Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 23 (Anne Eliot)

All the privilege I claim for my own sex...is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 23 (Anne Eliot)

It was, perhaps, one of those cases in which advice is good or bad only as the event decides.

‘Persuasion’ (1818) ch. 23

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 1.

May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 14 (Mr Bennet)

Mr Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth—and it was soon done—done while Mrs Bennet was stirring the fire.

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 15

From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents.—Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you do.

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 20 (Mr Bennet)

Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 56 (Lady Catherine de Burgh)

You ought certainly to forgive them as a christian, but never to admit them in your sight, or

allow their names to be mentioned in your hearing.

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 57 (Mr Collins)

For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbours, and laugh at them in our turn?

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 57 (Mr Bennet)

I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle.

‘Pride and Prejudice’ (1813) ch. 58 (Mr Darcy)

An annuity is a very serious business.

‘Sense and Sensibility’ (1811) ch. 2 (Mrs Dashwood)

‘I am afraid,’ replied Elinor, ‘that the pleasantness of an employment does not always evince its propriety.’

‘Sense and Sensibility’ (1811) ch. 13

A person and face, of strong, natural, sterling insignificance, though adorned in the first style of fashion.

‘Sense and Sensibility’ (1811) ch. 33

We met...Dr Hall in such very deep mourning that either his mother, his wife, or himself must be dead.

Letter to Cassandra Austen, 17 May 1799, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘Jane Austen’s Letters’ (1952)

How horrible it is to have so many people killed!—And what a blessing that one cares for none of them!

Letter to Cassandra Austen, 31 May 1811, after the battle of Albuera, 16 May 1811, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘Jane Austen’s Letters’ (1952)

3 or 4 families in a country village is the very thing to work on.

Letter to Anna Austen, 9 September 1814, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘Jane Austen’s Letters’ (1952)

What should I do with your strong, manly, spirited sketches, full of variety and glow?—How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush, as produces little effect after much labour?

Letter to J. Edward Austen, 16 December 1816, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘Jane Austen’s Letters’ (1952)

He and I should not in the least agree of course, in our ideas of novels and heroines;—pictures of perfection as you know make me sick and wicked.

Letter to Fanny Knight, 23 March 1817, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘Jane Austen’s Letters’ (1952)

1.120 Earl of Avon

See Sir Anthony Eden (5.2)

1.121 Alan Ayckbourn 1939—

My mother used to say, Delia, if S-E-X ever rears its ugly head, close your eyes before you see the rest of it.

‘Bedroom Farce’ (1978) act 2.

This place, you tell them you’re interested in the arts, you get messages of sympathy.

‘Chorus of Disapproval’ (1986) act 2

Do you realize, Mrs Foster, the hours I've put into that woman? When I met her, you know, she was nothing. Nothing at all. With my own hands I have built her up. Encouraging her to join the public library and make use of her non-fiction tickets.

'How the Other Half Loves' (1972) act 2, sc. 1

If you gave Ruth a rose, she'd peel all the petals off to make sure there weren't any greenfly. And when she'd done that, she'd turn round and say, do you call that a rose? Look at it, it's all in bits.

'Table Manners' (1975) act 1, sc. 2

I always feel with Norman that I have him on loan from somewhere. Like one of his library books.

'Table Manners' (1975) act 2, sc. 1

1.122 A. J. Ayer (Sir Alfred Jules Ayer) 1910-89

The criterion which we use to test the genuineness of apparent statements of fact is the criterion of verifiability. We say that a sentence is factually significant to any given person, if, and only if, he knows how to verify the proposition which it purports to express—that is, if he knows what observations would lead him, under certain conditions, to accept the proposition as being true, or reject it as being false.

'Language, Truth, and Logic' (2nd ed., 1946) p. 35

If I...say 'Stealing money is wrong,' I produce a sentence which has no factual meaning—that is, expresses no proposition which can be either true or false. It is as if I had written 'Stealing money!!'—where the shape and thickness of the exclamation marks show, by a suitable convention, that a special sort of moral disapproval is the feeling which is being expressed.

'Language, Truth, and Logic' (2nd ed., 1946) p. 107

[We] offer the theist the same comfort as we gave to the moralist. His assertions cannot possibly be valid, but they cannot be invalid either. As he says nothing at all about the world, he cannot justly be accused of saying anything false, or anything for which he has insufficient grounds. It is only when the theist claims that in asserting the existence of a transcendent god he is expressing a genuine proposition that we are entitled to disagree with him.

'Language, Truth, and Logic' (2nd ed., 1946) p. 116

1.123 Pam Ayres 1947—

Medicinal discovery,
It moves in mighty leaps,
It leapt straight past the common cold
And gave it us for keeps.

'Oh no, I got a cold'

1.124 Sir Robert Aytoun 1570-1638

I loved thee once. I'll love no more,

Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
‘To an Inconstant Mistress’

1.125 W. E. Aytoun 1813-65

‘He is coming! he is coming!’
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
‘The Execution of Montrose’ st. 14

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
‘The Execution of Montrose’ st. 17

They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
‘The Island of the Scots’ st. 12

The earth is all the home I have,
The heavens my wide roof-tree.
‘The Wandering Jew’ l. 49

2.0 B

2.1 Charles Babbage 1792-1871

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment 1-1/16 is born.
Parody of Tennyson’s ‘Vision of Sin’ in an unpublished letter to the poet. ‘New Scientist’ 4 December 1958, p. 1428.

2.2 Francis Bacon (Baron Verulam and Viscount St Albans) 1561-1626

For all knowledge and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself.
‘The Advancement of Learning’ (1605) bk. 1, ch. 1, sect. 3

So let great authors have their due, as time, which is the author of authors, be not deprived of his due, which is further and further to discover truth.
‘The Advancement of Learning’ (1605) bk. 1, ch. 4, sect. 12

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 1, ch. 5, sect. 8

[Knowledge is] a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 1, ch. 5, sect. 11

Antiquities are history defaced, or some remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 2, sect. 1

Poesy was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 4, sect. 2

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 5, sect. 1

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 7, sect. 5

Words are the tokens current and accepted for conceits, as moneys are for values.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 16, sect. 3

A dance is a measured pace, as a verse is a measured speech.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 16, sect. 5

But men must know, that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 20, sect. 8

Did not one of the fathers in great indignation call poesy vinum daemonum?

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 22, sect. 13

All good moral philosophy is but an handmaid to religion.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 22, sect. 14

It is in life as it is in ways, the shortest way is commonly the foulest, and surely the fairer way is not much about.

'The Advancement of Learning' (1605) bk. 2, ch. 23, sect. 45

That all things are changed, and that nothing really perishes, and that the sum of matter remains exactly the same, is sufficiently certain.

'Cogitationes de Natura Rerum' Cogitatio 5 in J. Spedding (ed.) 'The Works of Francis Bacon' vol. 3 (1857) p. 22 (Latin) and vol. 5 (1858) p. 426 (English translation)

Riches are a good handmaid, but the worst mistress.

'De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum' (1640 ed., translated by Gilbert Watts) I, vi, 3. Antitheta, 6

Antiquitas saeculi juventus mundi.

Ancient times were the youth of the world.

‘De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum’ (1640 ed., translated by Gilbert Watts) I, vii, 81

No terms of moderation takes place with the vulgar.

‘De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum’ (1640 ed., translated by Gilbert Watts) I, vii, 30

Silence is the virtue of fools.

‘De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum’ (1640 ed., translated by Gilbert Watts) I, vii, 31

I hold every man a debtor to his profession.

‘The Elements of the Common Law’ (1596) preface

Why should a man be in love with his fetters, though of gold?

‘Essay of Death’ in The Remaines of...Lord Verulam (1648)

He is the fountain of honour.

‘An Essay of a King’ (1642); attribution doubtful

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Adversity’

The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Adversity’

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Adversity’

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Adversity’

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Atheism’

A little philosophy inclineth man’s mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men’s minds about to religion.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Atheism’

They that deny a God destroy man’s nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Atheism’

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Beauty’

That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Beauty’

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Beauty’

He said it that knew it best.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Boldness’ (referring to Demosthenes)

In civil business; what first? boldness; what second and third? boldness: and yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Boldness’.

Boldness is an ill keeper of promise.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Boldness’

Houses are built to live in and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Building’

Light gains make heavy purses.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Ceremonies and Respects’

He that is too much in anything, so that he giveth another occasion of satiety, maketh himself cheap.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Ceremonies and Respects’

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Counsel’

There be that can pack the cards and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Cunning’

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Cunning’

I knew one that when he wrote a letter he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bymatter.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Cunning’

Nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Cunning’

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Death’

There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death. And therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Death’

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Death’

Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is Nunc dimittis, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Death’

If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Discourse’

I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion. ‘Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.’

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Dispatch’

To choose time is to save time.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Dispatch’

Riches are for spending.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Expense’

A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Expense’

There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Followers and Friends’

Chiefly the mould of a man’s fortune is in his own hands.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Fortune’

If a man look sharply, and attentively, he shall see Fortune: for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Fortune’

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in a few words, than in that speech: ‘Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast, or a god.’

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Friendship’.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Friendship’

It redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Friendship’

As if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in the way for a present cure but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Friendship’

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Gardens’

The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man: insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature’

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature’

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Great Place’

It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Great Place’

The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Great Place’

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Great Place’

All rising to great place is by a winding stair.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Great Place’

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Innovations’

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Innovations’

The speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Love’

It has been well said that ‘the arch-flatterer with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence is a man’s self.’

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Love’

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Marriage and the Single Life’.

A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Marriage and the Single Life’

Wives are young men’s mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men’s nurses.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Marriage and the Single Life’

He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry? ‘A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.’

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Marriage and the Single Life’.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Nature in Men’

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Negotiating’

New nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time.

‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Nobility’

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Nobility’

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Parents and Children’

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Parents and Children’

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Praise’

Age will not be defied.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Regimen of Health’

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man’s nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Revenge’

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Revenge’

Defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man’s than of his own.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Riches’

The four pillars of government...(which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure).
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Seditions and Troubles’

The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Seditions and Troubles’

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Seditions and Troubles’

The remedy is worse than the disease.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Seditions and Troubles’

The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Seeming Wise’

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Studies’

To spend too much time in studies is sloth.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Studies’

They perfect nature and are perfected by experience.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Studies’

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.
‘Essays’ (1625) ‘Of Studies’

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few

to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Studies'

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Studies'

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Studies'

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Superstition'

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Suspicion'

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Suspicion'

Neither is money the sinews of war (as it is trivially said).

'Essays' (1625) 'Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms'.

Neither will it be, that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms'

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Travel'

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Truth'.

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Truth'

It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Truth'

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Truth'

All colours will agree in the dark.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Unity in Religion'

It was prettily devised of Aesop, 'The fly sat upon the axletree of the chariot-wheel and said, what a dust do I raise.'

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Vain-Glory'

In the youth of a state arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning; and then both of

them together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Vicissitude of Things'

Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Wisdom for a Man's Self'.

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Wisdom for a Man's Self'

It is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Wisdom for a Man's Self'

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business.

'Essays' (1625) 'Of Youth and Age'

For they thought generally that he was a Prince as ordained, and sent down from heaven to unite and put to an end the long dissensions of the two houses; which although they had had, in the times of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and a part of Henry the Sixth on the one side, and the times of Edward the Fourth on the other, lucid intervals and happy pauses; yet they did ever hang over the kingdom, ready to break forth into new perturbations and calamities.

'History of King Henry VII' (1622) para. 3 in J. Spedding (ed.) 'The Works of Francis Bacon' vol. 6 (1858) p. 32

I have rather studied books than men.

'A Letter of Advice...to the Duke of Buckingham, When he became Favourite to King James' (1661)

I have taken all knowledge to be my province.

'To My Lord Treasurer Burghley' (1592) in J. Spedding (ed.) 'The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon' vol. 1 (1861) p. 109

Opportunity makes a thief.

'A Letter of Advice to the Earl of Essex...' (1598) in J. Spedding (ed.) 'The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon' vol. 2 (1862) p. 99

Universities incline wits to sophistry and affectation.

'Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature' ch. 26 in 'Letters and Remains of the Lord Chancellor Bacon' (collected by Robert Stephens, 1734) p. 450

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.

Knowledge itself is power.

'Meditationes Sacrae' (1597) 'Of Heresies'

I would live to study, and not study to live.

'Memorial of Access'

God's first Creature, which was Light.

'New Atlantis' (1627)

The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human Empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

'New Atlantis' (1627)

Quod enim mavult homo verum esse, id potius credit.

For what a man would like to be true, that he more readily believes.

‘Novum Organum’ (1620) bk. 1, Aphorism 49 (translated by J. Spedding).

Magna ista scientiarum mater.

That great mother of sciences.

‘Novum Organum’ (1620) bk. 1, Aphorism 80 (translated by J. Spedding) on natural philosophy

Vim et virtutem et consequentias rerum inventarum notare juvat; quae non in aliis manifestius occurrunt, quam in illis tribus quae antiquis incognitae, et quarum primordia, licet recentia, obscura et ingloria sunt: Artis nimirum Imprimendi, Pulveris Tormentarii, et Acus Nauticae. Haec enim tria rerum faciem et statum in orbe terrarum mutaverunt.

It is well to observe the force and virtue and consequence of discoveries, and these are to be seen nowhere more conspicuously than in those three which were unknown to the ancients, and of which the origin, though recent, is obscure and inglorious; namely, printing, gunpowder and the magnet [Mariner’s Needle]. For these three have changed the whole face and state of things throughout the world.

‘Novum Organum’ (1620) bk. 1, Aphorism 129 (translated by J. Spedding).

Naturae enim non imperatur, nisi parendo.

Nature cannot be ordered about, except by obeying her.

‘Novum Organum’ (1620) bk. 1, Aphorism 129 (translated by J. Spedding)

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.

‘Resuscitatio’ (1657) ‘Proposition touching Amendment of Laws’

Wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high: and therefore... exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.

J. Spedding (ed.) ‘The Works of Francis Bacon’ vol. 7 (1859) ‘Additional Apophthegms’ no. 17

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.

J. Spedding (ed.) ‘The Works of Francis Bacon’ vol. 7 (1859) ‘Apophthegms contained in Resuscitatio’ no. 36

The world’s a bubble; and the life of man
Less than a span.

‘The World’ (1629)

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

‘The World’ (1629)

What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

‘The World’ (1629)

What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born, to die?

‘The World’ (1629)

2.3 Robert Baden-Powell (Baron Baden-Powell) 1857-1941

The scouts' motto is founded on my initials, it is: be prepared, which means, you are always to be in a state of readiness in mind and body to do your duty.

'Scouting for Boys' (1908) pt. 1

2.4 Karl Baedeker 1801-59

Oxford is on the whole more attractive than Cambridge to the ordinary visitor; and the traveller is therefore recommended to visit Cambridge first, or to omit it altogether if he cannot visit both.

'Great Britain' (1887) Route 30 'From London to Oxford'

The traveller need have no scruple in limiting his donations to the smallest possible sums, as liberality frequently becomes a source of annoyance and embarrassment.

'Northern Italy' (1895) 'Gratuities'

Passports. On arrival at a Syrian port the traveller's passport is sometimes asked for, but an ordinary visiting-card will answer the purpose equally well.

'Palestine and Syria' (1876) 'Passports and Custom House'

2.5 Joan Baez 1941—

The only thing that's been a worse flop than the organization of non-violence has been the organization of violence.

'Daybreak' (1970) 'What Would You Do If?'.

2.6 Walter Bagehot 1826-77

A constitutional statesman is in general a man of common opinion and uncommon abilities.

'Biographical Studies' (1881) 'The Character of Sir Robert Peel'

He believes, with all his heart and soul and strength, that there is such a thing as truth; he has the soul of a martyr with the intellect of an advocate.

'Biographical Studies' (1881) 'Mr Gladstone'

The mystic reverence, the religious allegiance, which are essential to a true monarchy, are imaginative sentiments that no legislature can manufacture in any people.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Cabinet'

In such constitutions [as England's] there are two parts...first, those which excite and preserve the reverence of the population—the dignified parts...and next, the efficient parts—those by which it, in fact, works and rules.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Cabinet'

No orator ever made an impression by appealing to men as to their plainest physical wants, except when he could allege that those wants were caused by some one's tyranny.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Cabinet'

The Crown is according to the saying, the 'fountain of honour'; but the Treasury is the spring of business.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Cabinet'.

A cabinet is a combining committee—a hyphen which joins, a buckle which fastens, the legislative part of the state to the executive part of the state.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Cabinet’

It has been said that England invented the phrase, ‘Her Majesty’s Opposition’; that it was the first government which made a criticism of administration as much a part of the polity as administration itself. This critical opposition is the consequence of cabinet government.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Cabinet’

The Times has made many ministries.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Cabinet’

The great qualities, the imperious will, the rapid energy, the eager nature fit for a great crisis are not required—are impediments—in common times. A Lord Liverpool is better in everyday politics than a Chatham—a Louis Philippe far better than a Napoleon.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Cabinet’

The soldier—that is, the great soldier—of to-day is not a romantic animal, dashing at forlorn hopes, animated by frantic sentiment, full of fancies as to a love-lady or a sovereign; but a quiet, grave man, busied in charts, exact in sums, master of the art of tactics, occupied in trivial detail; thinking, as the Duke of Wellington was said to do, most of the shoes of his soldiers; despising all manner of èclat and eloquence; perhaps, like Count Moltke, ‘silent in seven languages’.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘Checks and Balances’

The order of nobility is of great use, too, not only in what it creates, but in what it prevents. It prevents the rule of wealth—the religion of gold. This is the obvious and natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The House of Lords’

A severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions said that ‘the cure for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it.’

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The House of Lords’

Nations touch at their summits.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The House of Lords’

The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Monarchy’

The characteristic of the English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Monarchy’

Women—one half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry.

‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The Monarchy’

Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between

many, who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Monarchy'

Throughout the greater part of his life George III was a kind of 'consecrated obstruction'.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Monarchy'

The Sovereign has, under a constitutional monarchy such as ours, three rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn.

'The English Constitution' (1867) 'The Monarchy (continued)'

No real English gentleman, in his secret soul, was ever sorry for the death of a political economist.

'Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen' (1858) 'The First Edinburgh Reviewers'

Writers, like teeth, are divided into incisors and grinders.

'Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen' (1858) 'The First Edinburgh Reviewers'

To a great experience one thing is essential, an experiencing nature.

'Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen' (1858) 'Shakespeare—the Individual'

One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea.

'Physics and Politics' (1872) 'The Age of Discussion'

The most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that, on the whole, it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does most good or harm.

'Physics and Politics' (1872) 'The Age of Discussion'

He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.

'National Review' 7 October 1858 'Charles Dickens'

Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning; or, pure, ornate, and grotesque art in English poetry.

'The National Review' November 1864: essay title

2.7 Philip James Bailey 1816-1902

We should count time by heart-throbs.

'Festus' (1839) sc. 5

America, thou half-brother of the world;
With something good and bad of every land.

'Festus' (1839) sc. 10

2.8 Bruce Bairnsfather 1888-1959

Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it.

'Fragments from France' (1915) p. 1

2.9 Hylda Baker 1908-86

She knows, you know!

Catch-phrase for her friend Cynthia; later used as title of her BBC radio comedy series, from 10 July 1956

2.10 Michael Bakunin 1814-76

Die Lust der Zerstörung ist zugleich eine schaffende Lust!

The urge for destruction is also a creative urge!

'Jahrbuch für Wissenschaft und Kunst' (1842) 'Die Reaktion in Deutschland' (under the pseudonym 'Jules Elysard')

We wish, in a word, equality—equality in fact as corollary, or rather, as primordial condition of liberty. From each according to his faculties, to each according to his needs; that is what we wish sincerely and energetically.

Declaration signed by forty-seven anarchists on trial after the failure of their uprising at Lyons in 1870, in J. Morrison Davidson 'The Old and the New' (1890).

2.11 James Baldwin 1924-87

Children have never been very good at listening to their elders, but they have never failed to imitate them. They must, they have no other models.

'Nobody Knows My Name' (1961) 'Fifth Avenue, Uptown: a letter from Harlem'

Anyone who has ever struggled with poverty knows how extremely expensive it is to be poor.

'Nobody Knows My Name' (1961) 'Fifth Avenue, Uptown: a letter from Harlem'

Freedom is not something that anybody can be given; freedom is something people take and people are as free as they want to be.

'Nobody Knows My Name' (1961) 'Notes for a Hypothetical Novel'

If the concept of God has any validity or any use, it can only be to make us larger, freer, and more loving. If God cannot do this, then it is time we got rid of Him.

'New Yorker' 17 November 1962 'Down at the Cross'

If they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night.

'New York Review of Books' 7 January 1971 'Open Letter to my Sister, Angela Davis'

It comes as a great shock around the age of 5, 6 or 7 to discover that the flag to which you have pledged allegiance, along with everybody else, has not pledged allegiance to you. It comes as a great shock to see Gary Cooper killing off the Indians and, although you are rooting for Gary Cooper, that the Indians are you.

Speech at Cambridge University, 17 February 1965, in 'New York Times Magazine' 7 March 1965, p. 32

2.12 Stanley Baldwin (Earl Baldwin of Bewdley) 1867-1947

A platitude is simply a truth repeated until people get tired of hearing it.

'Hansard' 29 May 1924, col. 727

I think it is well also for the man in the street to realize that there is no power on earth that can protect him from being bombed. Whatever people may tell him, the bomber will always get through. The only defence is in offence, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves.

'Hansard' 10 November 1932, col. 632

Since the day of the air, the old frontiers are gone. When you think of the defence of England

you no longer think of the chalk cliffs of Dover; you think of the Rhine. That is where our frontier lies.

'Hansard' 30 July 1934, col. 2339

I shall be but a short time tonight. I have seldom spoken with greater regret, for my lips are not yet unsealed. Were these troubles over I would make a case, and I guarantee that not a man would go into the lobby against us.

'Hansard' 10 December 1935, col. 856, on the Abyssinian crisis (usually quoted: 'My lips are sealed')

Do not run up your nose dead against the Pope or the NUM!

In Lord Butler 'The Art of Memory' (1982) 'Iain Macleod'.

They [parliament] are a lot of hard-faced men who look as if they had done very well out of the war.

In J. M. Keynes 'Economic Consequences of the Peace' (1919) ch. 5

There are three classes which need sanctuary more than others—birds, wild flowers, and Prime Ministers.

In 'Observer' 24 May 1925

The intelligent are to the intelligentsia what a gentleman is to a gent.

In G. M. Young 'Stanley Baldwin' (1952) ch. 13

2.13 Arthur James Balfour (First Earl of Balfour) 1848-1930

'Christianity, of course...but why journalism?'

Replying to Frank Harris, who had claimed that 'all the faults of the age come from Christianity and journalism', in Margot Asquith 'Autobiography' (1920) vol. 1, ch. 10

[Our] whole political machinery pre-supposes a people so fundamentally at one that they can safely afford to bicker.

In Walter Bagehot 'The English Constitution' (World Classics ed., 1928) Introduction

I thought he was a young man of promise, but it appears he is a young man of promises.

Describing Churchill, in Winston Churchill 'My Early Life' (1930) ch. 17

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth.

Letter to Mrs Drew, 19 May 1891, in L. March-Phillips and B. Christian (eds.) 'Some Hawarden Letters' (1917) ch. 7

2.14 Ballads

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was an esquire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington'

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',

Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.
‘Barbara Allen’s Cruelty’

‘O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me to-day,
I’ll die for him to-morrow.’
‘Barbara Allen’s Cruelty’

It fell about the Lammastide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.
‘Battle of Otterburn’ (win harvest)

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.
‘The Bonny Earl of Murray’

He was a braw gallant,
And he play’d at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen’s luve!

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town!
‘The Bonny Earl of Murray’

Is there any room at your head, Sanders?
Is there any room at your feet?
Or any room at your twa sides,
Where fain, fain I would sleep?

There is na room at my head, Margaret,
There is na room at my feet;
My bed it is the cold, cold grave;
Among the hungry worms I sleep.
‘Clerk Sanders’

She hadna sail’d a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance
And gurly grew the sea.

‘The Daemon Lover’

‘What hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
The sun shines sweetly on?’—
‘O yon are the hills o’ Heaven,’ he said,
‘Where you will never won.’

‘The Daemon Lover’

‘Let me have length and breadth enough,
And under my head a sod;
That they may say when I am dead,
—Here lies bold Robin Hood!’

‘The Death of Robin Hood’

There were three lords drinking at the wine
On the dowie dens o’ Yarrow;
They made a compact them between
They would go fight tomorrow.

‘Dowie Dens of Yarrow’ (dowie melancholy; den river valley)

O well’s me o’ my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee!
He’ll carry a letter to my love,
Bring another back to me.

‘The Gay Goss Hawk’

I am a man upon the land,
I am a selkie in the sea;
When I am far and far from land,
My home it is the Sule Skerry.

‘The Great Selkie of Sule Skerry’ (selkie seal)

A ship I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,
O I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lee,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

‘The Golden Vanity’

He bored with his augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

‘The Golden Vanity’

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

‘Helen of Kirconnell’

Blair Atholl’s mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
St Johnston’s bower, and Huntingtower,
And all that’s mine is thine, lassie.

‘Huntingtower’ (St Johnston Perth)

Where are your eyes that looked so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did you run from me and the child?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

‘Johnny, I hardly knew Ye’

I was but seven years auld
When my mither she did die;
My father married the ae warst woman
The warld did ever see.

For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the fit o’ the tree
And my sister Masery she’s made
The machrel of the sea.

An’ evry Saturday at noon
The machrel comes to me
An’ she takes my laily head
An’ lays it on her knee;
An’ she kaims it wi’ a siller kaim
An’ washes ’t in the sea.

‘The Laily Worm and the Machrel’ (laily worm loathsome serpent)

‘What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my Son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?’
‘I gat eels boil’d in broo’; mother, make my bed soon,
For I’m weary wi’ hunting, and fain wald lie down.’

‘Lord Randal’

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

‘Lyke-Wake Dirge’ (fleet floor; other readings of fleet are sleet and salt)

From Brig o’ Dread when thou may’st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com’st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink
And Christe receive thy saule.

‘Lyke-Wake Dirge’

When captains courageous whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

‘Mary Ambree’

For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

‘The Nut Brown Maid’

For I must to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man.

‘The Nut Brown Maid’

Marie Hamilton’s to the kirk gane
Wi’ ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o’ Marie Hamilton
Than he listen’d to the priest.

‘The Queen’s Maries’

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she’ll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

‘The Queen’s Maries’

‘O what is longer than the wave?
And what is deeper than the sea?

What is greener than the grass?
And what is more wicked than a woman once was?...’

‘Love is longer than the wave,
And hell is deeper than the sea.

Envy’s greener than the grass,
And the de’il more wicked than a woman e’er was.’

As soon as she the fiend did name,

He flew awa’ in a bleezing flame.

‘Riddles Wisely Expounded’

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

‘Robin Hood and the Widow’s Three Sons’

Fight on, my men, sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
I am hurt but I am not slain;
Ile lay mee downe and bleed a while
And then Ile rise and fight againe.

‘Sir Andrew Bartton’

The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine.

‘Sir Patrick Spens’

‘To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,
’Tis thou must bring her hame.’

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e’e.

‘Sir Patrick Spens’

‘I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.’

‘Sir Patrick Spens’

Go fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in.

‘Sir Patrick Spens’ (wap wrap)

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wat their cork-heel’d shoon;
But lang or a’ the play was play’d
They wat their hats aboon.

‘Sir Patrick Spens’

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,

Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi’ their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they’ll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
’Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet!

‘Sir Patrick Spens’

And she has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little abune her bree.

‘Tam Lin’ st. 5

‘But what I ken this night, Tam Lin,
Gin I had kent yestreen,
I wad ta’en out thy heart o’ flesh,
And put in a heart o’ stane.’

‘Tam Lin’ st. 50

She’s mounted on her milk-white steed,
She’s ta’en true Thomas up behind.

‘Thomas the Rhymer’ st. 8

‘And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.’

‘Thomas the Rhymer’ st. 12

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro’ red blude to the knee;
For a’ the blude that’s shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o’ that countrie.

‘Thomas the Rhymer’ st. 16

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
The one of them said to his make,
‘Where shall we our breakfast take?’

‘The Three Ravens’

God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such leman.

‘The Three Ravens’

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say,
‘Where sall we gang and dine the day?’

‘—In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new—slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

‘His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady’s ta’en anither mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet.

‘Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pike out his bonny blue e’en:
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.’

‘The Twa Corbies’ (corbies ravens, fail turf, hause neck, theek thatch)

‘The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true love;
In cold grave she was lain.

‘I’ll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I’ll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.’

‘The Unquiet Grave’

O waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae!

I lean’d my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow’d and syne it brake—
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!

But when ’tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa’ like morning dew.
‘Waly, Waly’

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock’d my heart in a case o’ gowd,
And pinn’d it wi’ a siller pin.

And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse’s knee;
And I mysel’ were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!
‘Waly, Waly’

‘Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan’l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.’
‘Widdicombe Fair’

2.15 Whitney Balliett 1926—

A critic is a bundle of biases held loosely together by a sense of taste.
‘Dinosaurs in the Morning’ (1962) introductory note

The sound of surprise.
Title of book on jazz (1959)

2.16 Pierre Balmain 1914-82

The trick of wearing mink is to look as though you were wearing a cloth coat. The trick of wearing a cloth coat is to look as though you are wearing mink.
In ‘Observer’ 25 December 1955

2.17 George Bancroft 1800-91

Calvinism [in Switzerland]...established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king.
‘History of the United States’ (1855 ed.) vol. 3, ch. 6

2.18 Richard Bancroft 1544-1610

Where Christ erecteth his Church, the devil in the same churchyard will have his chapel.
Sermon at Paul’s Cross, 9 February 1588.

2.19 Edward Bangs

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it Macaroni.

‘Yankee Doodle’. Nicholas Smith ‘Stories of Great National Songs’

2.20 Tallulah Bankhead 1903-68

I’m as pure as the driven slush.

In ‘Saturday Evening Post’ 12 April 1947 (quoted by Maurice Zolotow)

There is less in this than meets the eye.

Describing a revival of Maeterlinck’s play Aglavaine and Selysette, in Alexander Woollcott ‘Shouts and Murmurs’ (1922) ch. 4

2.21 Nancy Banks-Smith

If you have to keep the lavatory door shut by extending your left leg, it’s modern architecture.

‘Guardian’ 20 February 1979

2.22 Thèodore Faullain de Banville 1823-91

Jeune homme sans mèlancolie,
Blond comme un soleil d’Italie,
Garde bien ta belle folie.

Young man untroubled by melancholy, fair as an Italian sun, take good care of your fine carelessness.

‘A Adolphe Gaiffe’

Licences poètiques. Il n’y en a pas.

Poetic licence. There’s no such thing.

‘Petit traitè de poèsie française’ (1872) ch. 4

2.23 Imamu Amiri Baraka (Everett LeRoi Jones) 1934—

A man is either free or he is not. There cannot be any apprenticeship for freedom.

‘Kulchur’ Spring 1962 ‘Tokenism’

God has been replaced, as he has all over the West, with respectability and airconditioning.

‘Midstream’ (1963) p. 39

2.24 Anna Laetitia Barbauld 1743-1825

If e’er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant’s chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

‘The Mouse’s Petition to Doctor Priestley Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night’ l. 9

Beware, lest in the worm you crush
A brother’s soul you find.

‘The Mouse’s Petition’ l. 33

Yes, injured Woman! rise, assert thy right!

‘The Rights of Woman’ l. 1

2.25 W. N. P. Barbellion (Bruce Frederick Cummings) 1889-1919

Give me the man who will surrender the whole world for a moss or a caterpillar, and impracticable visions for a simple human delight. Yes, that shall be my practice. I prefer Richard Jefferies to Swedenborg and Oscar Wilde to Thomas á Kempis.

‘Enjoying Life and Other Literary Remains’ (1919) ‘Crying for the Moon’

Am writing an essay on the life-history of insects and have abandoned the idea of writing on ‘How Cats Spend their Time’.

‘Journal of a Disappointed Man’ (1919) 3 Jan. 1903

I can remember wondering as a child if I were a young Macaulay or Ruskin and secretly deciding that I was. My infant mind even was bitter with those who insisted on regarding me as a normal child and not as a prodigy.

‘Journal of a Disappointed Man’ (1919) 23 Oct. 1910

2.26 Mary Barber c.1690-1757

What is it our mammas bewitches
To plague us little boys with breeches?

‘Written for My Son, and Spoken by Him at His First Putting on Breeches’ l. 1

A husband’s first praise is a Friend and Protector;
Then change not these titles for Tyrant and Hector.

‘Conclusion of a Letter to the Revd Mr C—’ l. 67

2.27 John Barbour c.1320-95

Storys to rede ar delitabill,
Suppos that thai be nocht bot fabill.

‘The Bruce’ (1375) bk. 1, l. 1

A! fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking.

‘The Bruce’ (1375) bk. 1, l. 225

2.28 Revd R. H. Barham (Richard Harris Barham) 1788-1845

Though I’ve always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men;
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,

‘Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris’;
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
‘If you ask for his Monument, Sir—come—spy—see!’
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Cynotaph’.

What was to be done?—’twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again;
What was to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought could be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘Hon. Mr Sucklethumbkin’s Story’

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal’s chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’

And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles.
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright.
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’

Heedless of grammar, they all cried, ‘That’s him!’
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’

Here’s a corpse in the case with a sad swelled face,
And a ‘Crowner’s Quest’ is a queer sort of thing!
‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘A Lay of St Gengulphus’ (in later editions: ‘a Medical Crowner’s a queer sort of thing!’)

So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it!

‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (First Series, 1840) ‘The Lay of St Odille’

A servant’s too often a negligent elf;
—If it’s business of consequence, do it yourself!

‘The Ingoldsby Legends’ (Second Series, 1842) ‘The Ingoldsby Penance!—Moral’

2.29 Maurice Baring 1874-1945

In Mozart and Salieri we see the contrast between the genius which does what it must and the talent which does what it can.

‘Outline of Russian Literature’ (1914) ch. 3

2.30 Ronnie Barker 1929—

The marvellous thing about a joke with a double meaning is that it can only mean one thing.

‘Sauce’ (1977) ‘Daddie’s Sauce’

2.31 Frederick R. Barnard

One picture is worth ten thousand words.

‘Printers’ Ink’ 10 March 1927

2.32 Barnabe Barnes c.1569-1609

Ah, sweet Content! where doth thy harbour hold?

‘Parthenophil and Parthenophe’ (1593) sonnet 66

2.33 Julian Barnes 1946—

What does this journey seem like to those who aren’t British—as they head towards the land of embarrassment and breakfast?

‘Flaubert’s Parrot’ (1984) ch. 7

The writer must be universal in sympathy and an outcast by nature: only then can he see clearly.

‘Flaubert’s Parrot’ (1984) ch. 10

Do not imagine that Art is something which is designed to give gentle uplift and self-confidence. Art is not a brassiére. At least, not in the English sense. But do not forget that brassiére is the French for life-jacket.

‘Flaubert’s Parrot’ (1984) ch. 10

Books say: she did this because. Life says: she did this. Books are where things are explained to you; life is where things aren’t. I’m not surprised some people prefer books. Books make sense of life. The only problem is that the lives they make sense of are other people’s lives, never your own.

‘Flaubert’s Parrot’ (1984) ch. 13

Love is just a system for getting someone to call you Darling after sex.

‘Talking It Over’ (1991) ch. 16

2.34 Peter Barnes 1931—

Claire: How do you know you're...God?
Earl of Gurney: Simple. When I pray to Him I find I'm talking to myself.
'The Ruling Class' (1969) act 1, sc. 4

2.35 William Barnes 1801-86

An' there vor me the apple tree
Do leän down low in Linden Lea.
'Hwomely Rhymes' (1859) 'My Orcha'd in Linden Lea'

But still the neäme do bide the seäme—
'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river.
'Hwomely Rhymes' (1859) 'Pentridge by the River'

My love is the maïd ov all maïdens,
Though all mid be comely.
'Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect' (1862) 'In the Spring'

2.36 Richard Barnfield 1574-1627

The waters were his winding sheet, the sea was made his tomb;
Yet for his fame the ocean sea, was not sufficient room.
'The Encomion of Lady Pecunia' (1598) 'To the Gentlemen Readers' (on the death of Sir John Hawkins)

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss:
Love in dying, Faith is defying,
Heart's renying, Causer of this.
'England's Helicon' (1600) 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint' (renying ?reneging)

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made.
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu, by and by.
'Poems: In Divers Humours' (1598) 'An Ode'

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the love be great, ’twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov’st the one, and I the other.

‘Poems: in Divers Humours’ (1598) ‘To his friend Mister R. L.’

2.37 Phineas T. Barnum 1810-91

There’s a sucker born every minute.

Attributed

2.38 Sir J. M. Barrie 1860-1937

His lordship may compel us to be equal upstairs, but there will never be equality in the servants’ hall.

‘The Admirable Crichton’ (performed 1902, published 1914) act 1

It’s my deserts; I’m a second eleven sort of chap.

‘The Admirable Crichton’ (performed 1902, published 1914) act 3

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.

‘The Little Minister’ (1891) vol. 1, ch. 1

It’s grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable.

‘The Little Minister’ (1891) vol. 1, ch. 10

Facts were never pleasing to him. He acquired them with reluctance and got rid of them with relief. He was never on terms with them until he had stood them on their heads.

‘Love Me Never or For Ever’

When the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies.

‘Peter Pan’ (1928) act 1

Every time a child says ‘I don’t believe in fairies’ there is a little fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

‘Peter Pan’ (1928) act 1

To die will be an awfully big adventure.

‘Peter Pan’ (1928) act 3.

Do you believe in fairies? Say quick that you believe! If you believe, clap your hands!

‘Peter Pan’ (1928) act 4

That is ever the way. ’Tis all jealousy to the bride and good wishes to the corpse.

‘Quality Street’ (performed 1901, published 1913) act 1

One’s religion is whatever he is most interested in, and yours is Success.

‘The Twelve-Pound Look’ (1921)

Charm...it’s a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don’t need to have anything else; and if you don’t have it, it doesn’t much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have

charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none.
'What Every Woman Knows' (performed 1908, published 1918) act 1

There are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make.
'What Every Woman Knows' (performed 1908, published 1918) act 2

The tragedy of a man who has found himself out.
'What Every Woman Knows' (performed 1908, published 1918) act 4

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that.
'What Every Woman Knows' (performed 1908, published 1918) act 4

2.39 Ethel Barrymore 1879-1959

For an actress to be a success, she must have the face of a Venus, the brains of a Minerva, the grace of Terpsichore, the memory of a Macaulay, the figure of Juno, and the hide of a rhinoceros.
In George Jean Nathan 'The Theatre in the Fifties' (1953) p. 30

2.40 Lionel Bart 1930—

See Frank Norman (2.33) in Volume II

2.41 Roland Barthes 1915-80

Ce que le public rèclame, c'est l'image de la passion, non la passion elle-même.

What the public wants is the image of passion, not passion itself.
'Mythologies' (1957) 'Le monde o—l'on catche'

Je crois que l'automobile est aujourd'hui l'èquivalent assez exact des grandes cathèdrales gothiques: je veux dire une grande crèation d'èpoque, conçue passionnèment par des artistes inconnus, consommèe dans son image, si non dans son usage, par un peuple entier qui s'approprie en elle un objet parfaitement magique.

I think that cars today are almost the exact equivalent of the great Gothic cathedrals: I mean the supreme creation of an era, conceived with passion by unknown artists, and consumed in image if not in usage by a whole population which appropriates them as a purely magical object.
'Mythologies' (1957) 'La nouvelle Citroën'

2.42 Bernard Baruch 1870-1965

Let us not be deceived—we are today in the midst of a cold war.
Speech to South Carolina Legislature 16 April 1947, in 'New York Times' 17 April 1947, p. 21 (the expression 'cold war' was suggested to him by H. B. Swope, former editor of the New York 'World')

To me old age is always fifteen years older than I am.
In 'Newsweek' 29 August 1955

Vote for the man who promises least; he'll be the least disappointing.
In Meyer Berger 'New York' (1960)

A political leader must keep looking over his shoulder all the time to see if the boys are still

there. If they aren't still there, he's no longer a political leader.
In 'New York Times' 21 June 1965, p. 16

2.43 Jacques Barzun 1907—

If it were possible to talk to the unborn, one could never explain to them how it feels to be alive, for life is washed in the speechless real.
'The House of Intellect' (1959) ch. 6

2.44 William Basse d. c.1653

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.
'The Angler's Song'

Renownéd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnéd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make more room
For Shakespeare, in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
'On Mr Wm. Shakespeare' (1633)

2.45 Thomas Bastard 1566-1618

Age is deformed, youth unkind,
We scorn their bodies, they our mind.
'Chrestoleros' (1598) bk. 7, epigram 9

2.46 Edgar Bateman and George Le Brunn

Wiv a ladder and some glasses,
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.
'If it wasn't for the 'Ouses in between' (1894 song)

2.47 Katherine Lee Bates 1859-1929

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
'America the Beautiful' (1893)

2.48 Charles Baudelaire 1821-67

Hypocrite lecteur,—mon semblable,—mon frére.

Hypocrite reader—my likeness—my brother.

‘Les Fleurs du Mal’ (1857) ‘Au Lecteur’

Le poéte est semblable au prince des nuèes
Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l’archer;
Exilè sur le sol, au milieu des huèes,
Ses ailes de gèant l’empêchent de marcher.

The poet is like the prince of the clouds, who rides out the tempest and laughs at the archer. But when he is exiled on the ground, amidst the clamour, his giant’s wings prevent him from walking.

‘Les fleurs du mal’ (1857) ‘L’Albatross’-’Spleen et idèal’ no. 2

Lá, tout n’est qu’ordre et beautè,
Luxe, calme et voluptè.

Everything there is simply order and beauty, luxury, peace and sensual indulgence.

‘Les fleurs du mal’ (1857) ‘L’Invitation au voyage’-’Spleen et idèal’ no. 56

Quelle est cette île triste et noire? C’est Cythére,
Nous dit-on, un pays fameux dans les chansons,
Eldorado banal de tous les vieux garçons.
Regardez, aprés tout, c’est un pauvre terre.

What sad, black isle is that? It’s Cythera, so they say, a land celebrated in song, the banal Eldorado of all the old fools. Look, after all, it’s a land of poverty.

‘Les fleurs du mal’ (1857) ‘Un voyage á Cythére’-’Les fleurs du mal’ no. 121

2.49 L. Frank Baum 1856-1919

The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick.

‘The Wonderful Wizard of Oz’ (1900) ch. 2

2.50 Vicki Baum 1888-1960

Verheiratet sein verlangt immer und überall die feinsten Kunst der Unaufrichtigkeit zwischen Mensch und Mensch.

Marriage always demands the finest arts of insincerity possible between two human beings.

‘Zwischenfall in Lohwinckel’ (1930) p. 140 (translated by Margaret Goldsmith as ‘Results of an Accident’ (1931) p. 140)

2.51 Thomas Haynes Bayly 1797-1839

Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

‘Songs, Ballads, and other Poems’ (1844) ‘Oh! No! We Never Mention Her’

2.52 Beachcomber

See J. B. Morton (1.182) in Volume II

2.53 James Beattie 1735-1803

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

‘The Minstrel’ bk. 1 (1771) st. 16

Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

‘The Minstrel’ bk. 1 (1771) st. 53

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit’s yell.

‘The Minstrel’ bk. 2 (1774) st. 48

2.54 David Beatty (First Earl Beatty) 1871-1936

There’s something wrong with our bloody ships today, Chatfield.

At the Battle of Jutland, 1916, in Winston Churchill ‘The World Crisis’ (1927) vol. 1, p. 129. The additional words, ‘Steer two points nearer the enemy’, though attributed to Beatty, are denied by Lord Chatfield, the only person to have heard the remark

2.55 Topham Beauclerk 1739-80

[On Boswell saying that a certain person was ‘a man of good principles’]
Then he does not wear them out in practice.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) vol. 3, p. 281 (14 April 1778)

2.56 Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais 1732-99

Aujourd’hui ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.

Today if something is not worth saying, people sing it.

‘Le Barbier de Seville’ (1775) act 1, sc. 2

Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d’être obligè d’en pleurer.

I make myself laugh at everything, for fear of having to weep.

‘Le Barbier de Seville’ (1775) act 1, sc. 2

Boire sans soif et faire l’amour en tout temps, madame, il n’y a que ça qui nous distingue des autres bêtes.

Drinking when we are not thirsty and making love all year round, madam; that is all there is to distinguish us from other animals.

‘Le Mariage de Figaro’ (1785) act 2, sc. 21

Parce que vous êtes un grand seigneur, vous vous croyez un grand gènie!...Vous vous êtes donnè la peine de naître, et rien de plus.

Because you are a great lord, you believe yourself to be a great genius!...You took the trouble to be born, but no more.

‘Le Mariage de Figaro’ (1785) act 5, sc. 3

2.57 Francis Beaumont 1584-1616

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
Who gave thee this jolly red nose?...
Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

‘The Knight of the Burning Pestle’ act 1

What things have we seen,
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtil flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life.

‘Letter to Ben Jonson’

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings;
Here’s a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

‘On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey’

2.58 Francis Beaumont 1584-1616 and John Fletcher 1579-1625

Those have most power to hurt us that we love.

‘The Maid’s Tragedy’ (written 1610-11) act 5

Philaster: Oh, but thou dost not know
What ’tis to die.
Bellario: Yes, I do know, my Lord:
’Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

‘Philaster’ (written 1609) act 3

There is no other purgatory but a woman.

‘The Scornful Lady’ (1616) act 3

It would talk: Lord how it talk’t!

‘The Scornful Lady’ (1616) act 4

See also John Fletcher (6.45)

2.59 Lord Beaverbrook (William Maxwell Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook) 1879-1964

The Flying Scotsman is no less splendid a sight when it travels north to Edinburgh than when it travels south to London. Mr Baldwin denouncing sanctions was as dignified as Mr Baldwin imposing them.

‘Daily Express’ 29 May 1937

[Lloyd George] did not seem to care which way he travelled providing he was in the driver’s seat.

‘The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George’ (1963) ch. 7

With the publication of his Private Papers in 1952, he committed suicide 25 years after his death.

‘Men and Power’ (1956) p. xviii (of Earl Haig)

Our cock won’t fight.

Said to Winston Churchill, of Edward VIII, during the abdication crisis of 1936, in Frances Donaldson ‘Edward VIII’ (1974) ch. 22

2.60 Carl Becker 1873-1945

The significance of man is that he is that part of the universe that asks the question, What is the significance of Man? He alone can stand apart imaginatively and, regarding himself and the universe in their eternal aspects, pronounce a judgment: The significance of man is that he is insignificant and is aware of it.

‘Progress and Power’ (1936) ch. 3

2.61 Samuel Beckett 1906-89

It is suicide to be abroad. But what is it to be at home, Mr Tyler, what is it to be at home? A lingering dissolution.

‘All That Fall’ (1957) p. 10

We could have saved sixpence. We have saved fivepence. (Pause) But at what cost?

‘All That Fall’ (1957) p. 25

Clov: Do you believe in the life to come?

Hamm: Mine was always that.

‘Endgame’ (1958) p. 35

Let us pray to God...the bastard! He doesn’t exist!

‘Endgame’ (1958) p. 38

Personally I have no bone to pick with graveyards, I take the air there willingly, perhaps more willingly than elsewhere, when take the air I must.

‘First Love’ (1973) p. 8

If I had the use of my body I would throw it out of the window.
‘Malone Dies’ (1958) p. 44

There is no use indicting words, they are no shoddier than what they peddle.
‘Malone Dies’ (1958) p.

Where I am, I don’t know, I’ll never know, in the silence you don’t know, you must go on, I can’t go on, I’ll go on.
‘The Unnamable’ (1959) p. 418

Nothing to be done.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

One of the thieves was saved. (Pause) It’s a reasonable percentage.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

Estragon: Charming spot. Inspiring prospects. Let’s go.
Vladimir: We can’t.
Estragon: Why not?
Vladimir: We’re waiting for Godot.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it’s awful!
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

He can’t think without his hat.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

Vladimir: That passed the time.
Estragon: It would have passed in any case.
Vladimir: Yes, but not so rapidly.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 1

We always find something, eh, Didi, to give us the impression that we exist?
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 2

We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much?
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 2

We all are born mad. Some remain so.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 2

They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it’s night once more.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 2

The air is full of our cries. (He listens) But habit is a great deadener.
‘Waiting for Godot’ (1955) act 2

2.62 William Beckford 1759-1844

When he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible, that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed, instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way

to his anger.

‘Vathek’ (1782, 3rd ed., 1816) opening para.

He did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Adalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy Paradise in the next.

‘Vathek’ (3rd ed., 1816) para. 2

Your presence I condescend to accept; but beg you will let me be quiet; for, I am not over-fond of resisting temptation.

‘Vathek’ (3rd ed., 1816) para. 215

2.63 Thomas Becon 1512-67

When the wine is in, the wit is out.

‘Catechism’ (ed. J. Ayre, 1844) p. 375

2.64 Thomas Lovell Beddoes 1803-49

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep.

‘Death’s Jest Book 1825-8’ (1850) act. 2, sc. 2 ‘Dirge’

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die.

‘Death’s Jest Book 1825-8’ (1850) act. 2, sc. 2 ‘Dirge’

I have a bit of fiat in my soul,
And can myself create my little world.

‘Death’s Jest Book 1825-8’ (1850) act. 5, sc. 1, l. 39

King Death hath asses’ ears.

‘Death’s Jest Book 1825-8’ (1850) act. 5, sc. 4, l. 245

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life’s fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

‘Dream-Pedlary’

2.65 The Venerable Bede 673-735

Talis, inquiens, mihi videtur, rex, vita hominum praesens in terris, ad conparationem eius, quod nobis incertum est, temporis, quale cum te residente ad caenam cum ducibus ac ministris tuis tempore brumali,...adveniens unus passerum domum ci tissime, pervolaverit; qui cum per unum ostium ingrediens, mox per aliud exierit. Ipso quidem tempore, quo intus est, hiemis tempestate non tangitur, sed tamen parvissimo spatio serenitatis ad momentum excurso, mox de hieme in hiemem regrediens, tuis ocul is elabitur. Ita haec vita hominum ad modicum apparet; quid autem sequatur, quidve praecesserit, prorsus ignoramus.

'Such,' he said, 'O King, seems to me the present life of men on earth, in comparison with the time which to us is uncertain, as if when on a winter's night you sit feasting with your ealdormen and thegns,—a single sparrow should fly swiftly into the hall, and coming in at one door, instantly fly out through another. In that time in which it is indoors it is indeed not touched by the fury of the winter, but yet, this smallest space of calmness being passed almost in a flash, from winter going into winter again, it is lost to your eyes. Somewhat like this appears the life of man; but of what follows or what went before, we are utterly ignorant.'

'Ecclesiastical History of the English People' bk. 2, ch. 13

2.66 Harry Bedford and Terry Sullivan

I'm a bit of a ruin that Cromwell knocked about a bit.

'It's a Bit of a Ruin that Cromwell Knocked about a Bit' (1920 song; written for Marie Lloyd)

2.67 Barnard Elliott Bee 1823-61

There is Jackson with his Virginians, standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer.

Referring to General T. J. ('Stonewall') Jackson at the battle of Bull Run, 21 July, 1861 (in which Bee himself was killed), in B. Perley Poore 'Perley's Reminiscences' (1886) vol. 2, ch. 7

2.68 Sir Thomas Beecham 1879-1961

There are two golden rules for an orchestra: start together and finish together. The public doesn't give a damn what goes on in between.

In Harold Atkins and Archie Newman 'Beecham Stories' (1978) p. 27

Like two skeletons copulating on a corrugated tin roof.

Describing the harpsichord, in Harold Atkins and Archie Newman 'Beecham Stories' (1978) p. 34

A kind of musical Malcolm Sargent.

Describing Herbert von Karajan, in Harold Atkins and Archie Newman 'Beecham Stories' (1978) p. 61

Why do we have to have all these third-rate foreign conductors around—when we have so many second-rate ones of our own?

In L. Ayre 'Wit of Music' (1966) p. 70

Hark! the herald angels sing!
Beecham's Pills are just the thing,
Two for a woman, one for a child...

Peace on earth and mercy mild!

In Neville Cardus ‘Sir Thomas Beecham’ (1961) p. 23

A very long work, the musical equivalent of the Towers of St Pancras Station—neo-Gothic, you know.

Describing Elgar’s 1st Symphony, in Neville Cardus ‘Sir Thomas Beecham’ (1961) p. 113

Please do try to keep in touch with us from time to time.

To an orchestral musician at rehearsal, in Neville Cardus ‘Sir Thomas Beecham’ (1961) p. 113

I am not the greatest conductor in this country. On the other hand I’m better than any damned foreigner.

In ‘Daily Express’ 9 March 1961

Too much counterpoint; what is worse, Protestant counterpoint.

Describing Bach, in ‘Guardian’ 8 March 1971

All the arts in America are a gigantic racket run by unscrupulous men for unhealthy women.

In ‘Observer’ 5 May 1946

Madam, you have between your legs an instrument capable of giving pleasure to thousands—and all you can do is scratch it.

To a cellist; attributed, no source found

2.69 Revd H. C. Beeching 1859-1919

Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

‘In a Garden and Other Poems’ (1895) ‘Prayers’

First come I; my name is Jowett.
There’s no knowledge but I know it.
I am Master of this college:
What I don’t know isn’t knowledge.

‘The Masque of Balliol’, composed by and current among members of Balliol College in the late 1870s, in W. G. Hiscock (ed.) ‘The Balliol Rhymes’ (1939).

2.70 Sir Max Beerbohm 1872-1956

Mankind is divisible into two great classes: hosts and guests.

‘And Even Now’ (1920) ‘Hosts and Guests’

I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, ‘I am dining with the Borgias tonight,’ no Roman ever was able to say, ‘I dined last night with the Borgias.’

‘And Even Now’ (1920) ‘Hosts and Guests’

They so very indubitably are, you know!

‘Christmas Garland’ (1912) ‘Mote in the Middle Distance’

A swear-word in a rustic slum
A simple swear-word is to some,
To Masefield something more.
‘Fifty Caricatures’ (1912) no. 12

I was not unpopular [at school]...It is Oxford that has made me insufferable.
‘More’ (1899) ‘Going Back to School’

Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge.
‘More’ (1899) ‘Going Back to School’

Enter Michael Angelo. Andrea del Sarto appears for a moment at a window. Pippa passes.
‘Seven Men’ (1919) ‘“Savonarola” Brown’ act 3

The fading signals and grey eternal walls of that antique station, which, familiar to them and insignificant, does yet whisper to the tourist the last enchantments of the Middle Age.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 1.

The dullard’s envy of brilliant men is always assuaged by the suspicion that they will come to a bad end.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 4

Women who love the same man have a kind of bitter freemasonry.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 4

Deeply regret inform your grace last night two black owls came and perched on battlements remained there through night hooting at dawn flew away none knows whither awaiting instructions Jellings.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 14

Prepare vault for funeral Monday Dorset.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 14

The Socratic manner is not a game at which two can play.
‘Zuleika Dobson’ (1911) ch. 15

Most women are not so young as they are painted.
‘The Yellow Book’ (1894) vol. 1, p. 67

Fate wrote her a most tremendous tragedy, and she played it in tights.
‘The Yellow Book’ (1894) vol. 3, p. 260 (of Queen Caroline of Brunswick)

2.71 Ethel Lynn Beers 1827-79

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket’s off duty forever.
‘The Picket Guard’ (1861) st. 6.

2.72 Ludwig van Beethoven 1770-1827

Muss es sein? Es muss sein.

Must it be? It must be.

String Quartet in F Major, Opus 135, epigraph

2.73 Brendan Behan 1923-64

He was born an Englishman and remained one for years.

'Hostage' (1958) act 1

Pat: He was an Anglo-Irishman.
Meg: In the blessed name of God what's that?
Pat: A Protestant with a horse.

'Hostage' (1958) act 1

Meanwhile I'll sing that famous old song, 'The Hound that Caught the Pubic Hare'.

'Hostage' (1958) act 1

When I came back to Dublin, I was courtmartialled in my absence and sentenced to death in my absence, so I said they could shoot me in my absence.

'Hostage' (1958) act 1

I am a sociable worker. Have you your testament?

'Hostage' (1958) act 2

Go on, abuse me—your own husband that took you off the streets on a Sunday morning, when there wasn't a pub open in the city.

'Hostage' (1958) act 2

We're here because we're queer
Because we're queer because we're here.

'Hostage' (1958) act 3.

There's no such thing as bad publicity except your own obituary.

In Dominic Behan 'My Brother Brendan' (1965) p. 158

2.74 Aphra Behn nèe Johnson

Oh, what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of an Amour!

'The Emperor of the Moon' (1687) act 1, sc. 1

Love ceases to be a pleasure, when it ceases to be a secret.

'The Lover's Watch' (1686) 'Four o' Clock. General Conversation'

Since man with that inconstancy was born,
To love the absent, and the present scorn,
Why do we deck, why do we dress
For such a short-lived happiness?
Why do we put attraction on,
Since either way 'tis we must be undone?

'Lycidus' (1688) 'To Alexis, in Answer to his Poem against Fruition'

I owe a duty, where I cannot love.

‘The Moor’s Revenge’ act 3, sc. 3

Be just, my lovely swain, and do not take
Freedoms you’ll not to me allow;
Or give Amynta so much freedom back
That she may rove as well as you.

Let us then love upon the honest square,
Since interest neither have designed.
For the sly gamester, who ne’er plays me fair,
Must trick for trick expect to find.

‘Poems upon Several Occasions’ (1684) ‘To Lysander, on some Verses he writ, and asking more for his Heart than ’twas worth’

A brave world, Sir, full of religion, knavery, and change: we shall shortly see better days.

‘The Roundheads’ act 1, sc. 1

Variety is the soul of pleasure.

‘The Rover’ pt. 2 (1681) act 1

Come away; poverty’s catching.

‘The Rover’ pt. 2 (1681) act 1

Money speaks sense in a language all nations understand.

‘The Rover’ pt. 2 (1681) act 3

Do you not daily see fine clothes, rich furniture, jewels and plate are more inviting than beauty unadorned?

‘The Rover’ pt. 2 (1681) act 4

The soft, unhappy sex.

‘The Wandering Beauty’ (1698) para. 1

2.75 John Hay Beith

See Ian Hay (8.55)

2.76 Clive Bell 1881-1964

Art and Religion are, then, two roads by which men escape from circumstance to ecstasy. Between aesthetic and religious rapture there is a family alliance. Art and Religion are means to similar states of mind.

‘Art’ (1914) pt. 2, ch. 1

I will try to account for the degree of my aesthetic emotion. That, I conceive, is the function of the critic.

‘Art’ (1914) pt. 3 ch. 3

Only reason can convince us of those three fundamental truths without a recogniton of which there can be no effective liberty: that what we believe is not necessarily true; that what we like is not necessarily good; and that all questions are open.

‘Civilization’ (1928) ch. 5

2.77 Hilaire Belloc 1870-1953

When people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a little tail behind,
So large a trunk before.

‘A Bad Child’s Book of Beasts’ (1896) ‘The Elephant’

I shoot the Hippopotamus
With bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones
His hide is sure to flatten ’em.

‘A Bad Child’s Book of Beasts’ (1896) ‘The Hippopotamus’.

The Tiger, on the other hand, is kittenish and mild,
He makes a pretty play fellow for any little child;
And mothers of large families (who claim to common sense)
Will find a Tiger well repay the trouble and expense.

‘A Bad Child’s Book of Beasts’ (1896) ‘The Tiger’

Believing Truth is staring at the sun
Which but destroys the power that could perceive.
So naught of our poor selves can be at one
With burning Truth, nor utterly believe

‘Believing Truth is staring at the sun’ (1923)

Physicians of the Utmost Fame
Were called at once; but when they came
They answered, as they took their Fees,
‘There is no Cure for this Disease.’

‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Henry King’

And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Jim’

In my opinion, Butlers ought
To know their place, and not to play
The Old Retainer night and day.

‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Lord Lundy’

Sir! you have disappointed us!
We had intended you to be
The next Prime Minister but three:
The stocks were sold; the Press was squared;
The Middle Class was quite prepared.

But as it is!...My language fails!
Go out and govern New South Wales!
‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Lord Lundy’

A Trick that everyone abhors
In Little Girls is slamming Doors.
‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Rebecca’

She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild:
She was an aggravating child.
‘Cautionary Tales’ (1907) ‘Rebecca’

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.
‘Courtesy’ (1910)

John Henderson, an unbeliever,
Had lately lost his Joie de Vivre
From reading far too many books...
Moral: The moral is (it is indeed!)
You mustn’t monkey with the Creed.
‘Ladies and Gentlemen’ (1932) ‘The Example’

I said to Heart, ‘How goes it ?’ Heart replied:
‘Right as a Ribstone Pippin!’ But it lied.
‘The False Heart’ (1910)

I’m tired of Love: I’m still more tired of Rhyme.
But Money gives me pleasure all the time.
‘Fatigued’ (1923)

Strong brother in God and last companion, Wine.
‘Heroic Poem upon Wine’ (1926)

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton.
‘Lines to a Don’ (1910)

Dons admirable! Dons of Might!
Uprising on my inward sight
Compact of ancient tales, and port
And sleep—and learning of a sort.
‘Lines to a Don’ (1910)

Whatever happens we have got
The Maxim Gun, and they have not.
‘The Modern Traveller’ (1898) pt. 6

The Llama is a woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat,
With an indolent expression and an undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man.

‘More Beasts for Worse Children’ (1897) ‘The Llama’

The Microbe is so very small
You cannot make him out at all.
But many sanguine people hope
To see him through a microscope.

‘More Beasts for Worse Children’ (1897)’The Microbe’

Lord Finchley tried to mend the Electric Light
Himself. It struck him dead: And serve him right!
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.

‘More Peers’ (1911) ‘Lord Finchley’

Like many of the Upper Class
He liked the Sound of Broken Glass.

‘New Cautionary Tales’ (1930) ‘About John’.

And even now, at twenty-five,
He has to work to keep alive!
Yes! All day long from 10 till 4!
For half the year or even more;
With but an hour or two to spend
At luncheon with a city friend.

‘New Cautionary Tales’ (1930) ‘Peter Goole’

A smell of burning fills the startled Air—
The Electrician is no longer there!

‘Newdigate Poem’ (1910)

The accursed power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign:
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women and Champagne).

‘On a Great Election’ (1923)

I am a sundial, and I make a botch
Of what is done much better by a watch.

‘On a Sundial’ (1938)

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
‘His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.’

‘On His Books’ (1923)

Pale Ebenezer thought it wrong to fight,
But Roaring Bill (who killed him) thought it right.

‘The Pacifist’ (1938)

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind...
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

‘The South Country’ (1910)

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees
And the wine that tasted of the tar?

‘Tarantella’ (1923)

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again:
And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
God be with you, Balliol men.

‘To the Balliol Men Still in Africa’ (1910)

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There’s nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.

‘Verses’ (1910) ‘Dedicatory Ode’

Is there no Latin word for Tea? Upon my soul, if I had known that I would have let the vulgar stuff alone.

‘On Nothing’ (1908) ‘On Tea’

Gentlemen, I am a Catholic...If you reject me on account of my religion, I shall thank God that He has spared me the indignity of being your representative.

Speech to voters of South Salford, 1906, in R. Speaight ‘Life of Hilaire Belloc’ (1957) ch. 10

2.78 Saul Bellow 1915—

If I am out of my mind, it’s all right with me, thought Moses Herzog.

‘Herzog’ (1961) opening sentence

A novel is balanced between a few true impressions and the multitude of false ones that make up most of what we call life. It tells us that for every human being there is a diversity of existences, that the single existence is itself an illusion in part...it promises us meaning, harmony, and even justice.

Speech on receiving the Nobel Prize, 1976

Art has something to do with the achievement of stillness in the midst of chaos. A stillness which characterizes prayer, too, and the eye of the storm...an arrest of attention in the midst of

distraction.
In George Plimpton ‘Writers at Work’ (1967) 3rd series, p. 190

2.79 Pierre-Laurent Buirette du Belloy 1725-75

Plus je vis d’ètrangers, plus j’aimai ma patrie.

The more foreigners I saw, the more I loved my homeland.
‘Le Siége de Calais’ (1765) act 2, sc. 3

2.80 Robert Benchley 1889-1945

My only solution for the problem of habitual accidents...is to stay in bed all day. Even then, there is always the chance that you will fall out.
‘Safety Second’ in ‘Chips off the old Benchley’ (1949)

In America there are two classes of travel—first class, and with children.
‘Pluck and Luck’ (1925) p. 6

Daddy sat up very late working on a case of Scotch.
‘Pluck and Luck’ (1925) p. 198

It took me fifteen years to discover that I had no talent for writing, but I couldn’t give it up because by that time I was too famous.
In Nathaniel Benchley ‘Robert Benchley’ (1955) ch. 1

‘Streets flooded. Please advise.’
Telegraph message on arriving in Venice, in R. E. Drennan (ed.) ‘Wits End’ (1973) ‘Robert Benchley’

2.81 Julien Benda 1867-1956

La trahison des clercs.

The treachery of the intellectuals.
Title of book (1927)

2.82 Stephen Vincent Benèt 1898-1943

I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp, gaunt names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat.
‘American Names’ (1927)

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmèdy.
I shall not be there, I shall rise and pass.
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

‘American Names’ (1927)

We thought we were done with these things but we were wrong.
We thought, because we had power, we had wisdom.
‘Litany for Dictatorships’ (1935)

2.83 William Rose Benèt 1886-1950

Blake saw a treefull of angels at Peckham Rye,
And his hands could lay hold on the tiger’s terrible heart.
Blake knew how deep is Hell, and Heaven how high,
And could build the universe from one tiny part.
‘Mad Blake’ (1918)

2.84 Tony Benn (Anthony Neil Wedgewood Benn, Viscount Stansgate-title renounced 1963) 1925—

In developing our industrial strategy for the period ahead, we have the benefit of much experience. Almost everything has been tried at least once.
‘Hansard’ 13 March 1974, col. 197

It is arguable that what has really happened has amounted to such a breakdown in the social contract, upon which parliamentary democracy by universal suffrage was based, that that contract now needs to be re-negotiated on a basis that shares power much more widely, before it can win general assent again.
‘The New Politics’ (1970) ch. 4

It is as wholly wrong to blame Marx for what was done in his name, as it is to blame Jesus for what was done in his.
In Alan Freeman ‘The Benn Heresy’ (1982) ‘Interview with Tony Benn’

2.85 George Bennard 1873-1958

I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.
‘The Old Rugged Cross’ (1913 hymn)

2.86 Alan Bennett 1934—

I have never understood this liking for war. It panders to instincts already catered for within the scope of any respectable domestic establishment.
‘Forty Years On’ (1969) act 1

We started off trying to set up a small anarchist community, but people wouldn’t obey the rules.
‘Getting On’ (1972) act 1

We were put to Dickens as children but it never quite took. That unremitting humanity soon had me cheesed off.
‘The Old Country’ (1978) act 2

Life, you know, is rather like opening a tin of sardines. We are all of us looking for the key. And, I wonder, how many of you here tonight have wasted years of your lives looking behind the kitchen dressers of this life for that key. I know I have. Others think they've found the key, don't they? They roll back the lid of the sardine tin of life, they reveal the sardines, the riches of life, therein, and they get them out, they enjoy them. But, you know, there's always a little bit in the corner you can't get out. I wonder—I wonder, is there a little bit in the corner of your life? I know there is in mine.

'Take a Pew' (1961), in Roger Wilmut 'Complete Beyond the Fringe' (1987) p. 104

2.87 Arnold Bennett (Enoch Arnold Bennett) 1867-1931

His opinion of himself, having once risen, remained at 'set fair'.

'The Card' (1911) ch. 1

'What's he done? Has he ever done a day's work in his life? What great cause is he identified with?' 'He's identified...with the great cause of cheering us all up.'

'The Card' (1911) ch. 12

Englishmen act better than Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen better than Englishwomen.

'Cupid and Commonsense' (1909) preface

'With people like you, love only means one thing.' 'No,' he replied. 'It means twenty things, but it doesn't mean nineteen.'

'Journal' (1932) 20 November 1904

Pessimism, when you get used to it, is just as agreeable as optimism. Indeed, I think it must be more agreeable, must have a more real savour, than optimism—from the way in which pessimists abandon themselves to it.

'Things that have Interested Me' (1921) 'Slump in Pessimism'

The price of justice is eternal publicity.

'Things that have Interested Me' (2nd series, 1923) 'Secret Trials'

A cause may be inconvenient, but it's magnificent. It's like champagne or high heels, and one must be prepared to suffer for it.

'The Title' (1918) act 1

Being a husband is a whole-time job. That is why so many husbands fail. They cannot give their entire attention to it.

'The Title' (1918) act 1

Literature's always a good card to play for Honours. It makes people think that Cabinet ministers are educated.

'The Title' (1918) act 3

All the time my father was dying, I was at the bedside making copious notes. You can't just slap those things down. You have to take trouble.

Praising his own handling of the death of Darius Clayhanger in an overheard conversation with Hugh Walpole, in P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton 'Bring on the Girls' (1954) ch. 15

2.88 Ada Benson and Fred Fisher 1875-1942

Your feet's too big,
Don't want you 'cause your feet's too big,
Mad at you 'cause your feet's too big,
Hates you 'cause your feet's too big.

'Your Feet's Too Big' (1936 song)

2.89 A. C. Benson 1862-1925

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

'Land of Hope and Glory' written to be sung as the Finale of Elgar's Coronation Ode (1902)

2.90 Stella Benson 1892-1933

Call no man foe, but never love a stranger.

'This is the End' (1917) p. 63

2.91 Jeremy Bentham 1748-1832

Right...is the child of law: from real laws come real rights; but from imaginary laws, from laws of nature, fancied and invented by poets, rhetoricians, and dealers in moral and intellectual poisons, come imaginary rights, a bastard brood of monsters.

'Anarchical Fallacies' in J. Bowring (ed.) 'Works' vol. 2, p. 501

Natural rights is simple nonsense: natural and imprescriptible rights, rhetorical nonsense—nonsense upon stilts.

'Anarchical Fallacies' in J. Bowring (ed.) 'Works' vol. 2, p. 523

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.

'The Commonplace Book' in J. Bowring (ed.) 'Works' vol. 10 (1843) p. 142, in which Bentham claims to have acquired the 'sacred truth' either from Joseph Priestley (1733-1804) or Cesare Beccaria (1738-94).

The Fool had stuck himself up one day, with great gravity, in the King's throne; with a stick, by way of a sceptre, in one hand, and a ball in the other: being asked what he was doing? he answered 'reigning'. Much of the same sort of reign, I take it would be that of our Author's [Blackstone's] Democracy.

'A Fragment on Government' (1776) ch. 2, para. 34, footnote (e)

All punishment is mischief: all punishment in itself is evil.

'Principles of Morals and Legislation' (1789) ch. 13, para. 2

Prose is when all the lines except the last go on to the end. Poetry is when some of them fall short of it.

In M. St. J. Packe 'The Life of John Stuart Mill' (1954) bk. 1, ch. 2

He rather hated the ruling few than loved the suffering many.

Referring to James Mill, in H. N. Pym (ed.) ‘Memories of Old Friends, being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox’ (1882) p. 113 7 August 1840

2.92 Edmund Clerihew Bentley 1875-1956

When their lordships asked Bacon
How many bribes he had taken
He had at least the grace
To get very red in the face.
‘Baseless Biography’ (1939) ‘Bacon’

The Art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about Maps,
But Biography is about Chaps.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) introduction

Chapman & Hall
Swore not at all.
Mr Chapman’s yea was yea,
And Mr Hall’s nay was nay.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘Chapman & Hall’

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive.
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘Clive’

Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered Sodium.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘Sir Humphrey Davy’

It looked bad when the Duke of Fife
Left off using a knife;
But people began to talk
When he left off using a fork.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘The Duke of Fife’

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser.
When that began to pall,
He slept in the hall.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘Edward the Confessor’

John Stuart Mill,

By a mighty effort of will,
Overcame his natural bonhomie
And wrote ‘Principles of Political Economy’.
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘John Stuart Mill’

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, ‘I am going to dine with some men.
If anybody calls
Say I am designing St Paul’s.’
‘Biography for Beginners’ (1905) ‘Sir Christopher Wren’

George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.
‘More Biography’ (1929) ‘George the Third’

2.93 Eric Bentley 1916—

Ours is the age of substitutes: instead of language, we have jargon; instead of principles, slogans; and, instead of genuine ideas, Bright Ideas.
‘New Republic’ 29 December 1952

2.94 Richard Bentley 1662-1742

It would be port if it could.
His judgement on claret, in R. C. Jebb ‘Bentley’ (1902) ch. 12

It is a pretty poem, Mr Pope, but you must not call it Homer.
When pressed by Pope to comment on ‘My Homer’ [ie. his translation], in John Hawkins (ed.) ‘The Works of Samuel Johnson’ (1787) vol. 4 ‘The Life of Pope’ p. 126, footnote

I hold it as certain, that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.
In William Warburton (ed.) ‘The Works of Alexander Pope’ (1751) vol. 4, p. 159, footnote

2.95 Pierre-Jean de Bèranger 1780-1857

Il ètait un roi d’Yvetot
Peu connu dans l’histoire.

There was a king of Yvetot
Little known to history.
‘Le Roi d’Yvetot’ (written 1813) in ‘Chansons de De Bèranger’ (1832)

Nos amis, les ennemis.

Our friends, the enemy.
‘L’Opinion de ces demoiselles’ (written 1815) in ‘Chansons de De Bèranger’ (1832)

2.96 Nikolai Berdyaev 1874-1948

All history is myth.

2.97 Lord Charles Beresford 1846-1919

Very sorry can't come. Lie follows by post.

Telegraphed message to the Prince of Wales, on being summoned to dine at the eleventh hour; Ralph Nevill claims Beresford as the originator of this much imitated witticism in 'The World of Fashion 1837-1922' (1923) ch. 5.

2.98 Henri Bergson 1859-1941

The present contains nothing more than the past, and what is found in the effect was already in the cause.

'L'Evolution crèatrice' (1907) ch. 1

L'èlan vital.

The vital spirit.

'L'Evolution crèatrice' (1907) ch. 2

2.99 George Berkeley 1685-1753

They are neither finite quantities, or quantities infinitely small, nor yet nothing. May we not call them the ghosts of departed quantities?

'The Analyst' (1734) sect. 35 (on Newton's infinitesimals)

[Tar Water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.

'Siris' (1744) para. 217.

Truth is the cry of all, but the game of the few.

'Siris' (1744) para. 368

The same principles which at first lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point bring men back to common sense.

'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous' (1734) Dialogue 3

We have first raised a dust and then complain we cannot see.

'A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge' (1710) Introduction, sect. 3

All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind.

'A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge' (1710) pt. 1, sect. 6

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

'On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America' (1752) st. 6. John Quincy Adams 'Oration at Plymouth' (1802) 'westward the star of empire takes its way'

2.100 Irving Berlin (Israel Baline) 1888-1989

Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
Alexander's ragtime band,
Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
It's the best band in the land.

'Alexander's Ragtime Band' (1911 song)

Anything you can do, I can do better,
I can do anything better than you.

'Anything You Can Do' (1946 song)

God bless America,
Land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above.
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam,
God bless America,
My home sweet home.

'God Bless America' (1939 song)

A pretty girl is like a melody
That haunts you night and day.

'A Pretty Girl is like a Melody' (1919 song)

The song is ended (but the melody lingers on).

Title of song (1927)

There's no business like show business.

Title of song (1946)

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know,
Where the tree-tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.

'White Christmas' (1942 song)

2.101 Sir Isaiah Berlin 1909—

Injustice, poverty, slavery, ignorance—these may be cured by reform or revolution. But men do not live only by fighting evils. They live by positive goals, individual and collective, a vast variety of them, seldom predictable, at times incompatible.

'Four Essays on Liberty' (1969) 'Political Ideas in the Twentieth Century'

There exists a great chasm between those, on one side, who relate everything to a single central vision...and, on the other side, those who pursue many ends, often unrelated and even

contradictory...The first kind of intellectual and artistic personality belongs to the hedgehogs, the second to the foxes.

'The Hedgehog and the Fox' (1953) ch. 1.

Rousseau was the first militant lowbrow.

'Observer' 9 November 1952

Liberty is liberty, not equality or fairness or justice or human happiness or a quiet conscience.

'Two Concepts of Liberty' (1958) p. 10

2.102 Georges Bernanos 1888-1948

Le dèsir de la priére est dèjá une priére.

The wish for prayer is a prayer in itself.

'Journal d'un curè de campagne' (Diary of a Country Priest, 1936) ch. 2

L'enfer, madame, c'est de ne plus aimer.

Hell, madam, is to love no more.

'Journal d'un curè de campagne' (Diary of a Country Priest, 1936) ch. 2

2.103 St Bernard 1090-1153

Liberavi animam meam.

I have freed my soul.

'Epistles' no. 371

2.104 Bernard of Chartres d. c.1130

Bernard of Chartres used to say that we are like dwarfs on the shoulders of giants, so that we can see more than they, and things at a greater distance, not by virtue of any sharpness of sight on our part, or any physical distinction, but because we are carried high and raised up by their giant size.

In John of Salisbury 'The Metalogicon' (1159) bk. 3, ch. 4, quoted in R. K. Merton 'On the Shoulders of Giants' (1965) ch. 9.

2.105 Eric Berne 1910-70

Games people play: the psychology of human relationships.

Title of book (1964)

Human life [as]...mainly a process of filling in time until the arrival of death, or Santa Claus, with very little choice, if any, of what kind of business one is going to transact during the long wait, is a commonplace but not the final answer.

'Games People Play' (1964) ch. 18

2.106 Lord Berners (George Hugh Tyrwhitt-Wilson, fourteenth Baron Berners) 1883-1950

Always backing into the limelight.

Of T. E. Lawrence (oral tradition)

2.107 Carl Bernstein 1944—and Bob Woodward 1943—

All the President's men.

Title of book on the Watergate scandal (1974)

2.108 Chuck Berry (Charles Edward Berry) 1926—or 1931—

Roll over, Beethoven, and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

'Roll Over, Beethoven' (1956 song)

2.109 John Berryman 1914-1972

We must travel in the direction of our fear.

'Poems' (1942) 'A Point of Age'

Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so.

'77 Dream Songs' (1964) no. 14

And moreover my mother taught me as a boy
(repeatingly) 'Ever to confess you're bored
means you have no Inner Resources.' I conclude now I have no
inner resources, because I am heavy bored.

'77 Dream Songs' (1964) no. 14

I seldom go to films. They are too exciting,
said the Honourable Possum.

'77 Dream Songs' (1964) no. 53

2.110 Charles Best

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour.

'Of the Moon' (1602) in N. Ault (ed.) 'Elizabethan Lyrics from the Original Texts' (1925)

2.111 Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg 1856-1921

Just for a word 'neutrality'—a word which in wartime has so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain is going to make war on a kindred nation who desires nothing better than to be friends with her.

Summary of a report by Sir E. Goschen to Sir Edward Grey in 'British Documents on Origins of the War 1898-1914' (1926) vol. 11, p. 351. 'The Diary of Edward Goschen 1900-1914' (1980) Appendix B for a discussion of the contentious origins of this statement

2.112 Sir John Betjeman 1906-84

He sipped at a weak hock and seltzer
As he gazed at the London skies
Through the Nottingham lace of the curtains

Or was it his bees-winged eyes?

He rose, and he put down The Yellow Book.
He staggered—and, terrible-eyed,
He brushed past the palms on the staircase
And was helped to a hansom outside.

‘The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel’ (1937)

And girls in slacks remember Dad,
And oafish louts remember Mum,
And sleepless children’s hearts are glad,
And Christmas-morning bells say ‘Come!’
Even to shining ones who dwell
Safe in the Dorchester Hotel.

And is it true? And is it true,
This most tremendous tale of all,
Seen in a stained-glass window’s hue,
A Baby in an ox’s stall?
The Maker of the stars and sea
Become a Child on earth for me?

‘Christmas’ (1954)

Oh! Chintzy, Chintzy cheeriness,
Half dead and half alive!

‘Death in Leamington’ (1931)

Spirits of well-shot woodcock, partridge, snipe
Flutter and bear him up the Norfolk sky.

‘Death of King George V’ (1937)

Old men in country houses hear clocks ticking
Over thick carpets with a deadened force.

‘Death of King George V’ (1937)

Old men who never cheated, never doubted,
Communicated monthly, sit and stare
At the new suburb stretched beyond the run-way
Where a young man lands hatless from the air.

‘Death of King George V’ (1937)

Whist upon whist upon whist upon whist drive, in Institute, Legion and Social Club.
Horny hands that hold the aces which this morning held the plough.

‘Dorset’ (1937)

Oh shall I see the Thames again?
The prow-promoted gems again,
As beefy ATS
Without their hats

Come shooting through the bridge?
And ‘cheerioh’ or ‘cheeri-bye’
Across the waste of waters die
And low the mists of evening lie
And lightly skims the midge.
‘Henley-on-Thames’ (1945)

Phone for the fish-knives, Norman
As Cook is a little unnerved;
You kiddies have crumpled the serviettes
And I must have things daintily served.
‘How to get on in Society’ (1954)

Milk and then just as it comes dear?
I’m afraid the preserve’s full of stones;
Beg pardon, I’m soiling the doileys
With afternoon tea-cakes and scones.
‘How to get on in Society’ (1954)

In the Garden City Cafè with its murals on the wall
Before a talk on ‘Sex and Civics’ I meditated on the Fall.
‘Huxley Hall’ (1954)

The Church’s Restoration
In eighteen-eighty-three
Has left for contemplation
Not what there used to be.
‘Hymn’ in ‘Mount Zion’ (1931)

Think of what our Nation stands for,
Books from Boots’ and country lanes,
Free speech, free passes, class distinction,
Democracy and proper drains.
Lord, put beneath Thy special care
One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.
‘In Westminster Abbey’ (1940)

In the licorice fields at Pontefract
My love and I did meet
And many a burdened licorice bush
Was blooming round our feet;
Red hair she had and golden skin,
Her sulky lips were shaped for sin,
Her sturdy legs were flannel-slack’d,
The strongest legs in Pontefract.
‘The Licorice Fields at Pontefract’ (1954)

Belbroughton Road is bonny, and pinkly bursts the spray
Of prunus and forsythia across the public way,
For a full spring-tide of blossom seethed and departed hence,
Leaving land-locked pools of jonquils by sunny garden fence.

And a constant sound of flushing runneth from windows where
The toothbrush too is airing in this new North Oxford air.

‘May-Day Song for North Oxford’ (1945)

Gaily into Ruislip Gardens
Runs the red electric train,
With a thousand Ta’s and Pardon’s
Daintily alights Elaine;
Hurries down the concrete station
With a frown of concentration,
Out into the outskirt’s edges
Where a few surviving hedges
Keep alive our lost Elysium—rural Middlesex again.

‘Middlesex’ (1954)

Pam, I adore you, Pam, you great big mountainous sports girl,
Whizzing them over the net, full of the strength of five:
That old Malvernian brother, you zephyr and khaki shorts girl,
Although he’s playing for Woking, can’t stand up to your wonderful backhand drive.

‘Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden’ (1940)

The gas was on in the Institute,
The flare was up in the gymn,
A man was running a mineral line,
A lass was singing a hymn,
When Captain Webb the Dawley man,
Captain Webb from Dawley,
Came swimming along in the old canal
That carries the bricks to Lewley.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1940)

Come, friendly bombs, and fall on Slough!
It isn’t fit for humans now,
There isn’t grass to graze a cow.
Swarm over, Death!

‘Slough’ (1937)

Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn,
Furnish’d and burnish’d by Aldershot sun,
What strenuous singles we played after tea,
We in the tournament—you against me.

Love-thirty, love-forty, oh! weakness of joy,
The speed of a swallow, the grace of a boy,
With carefullest carelessness, gaily you won,
I am weak from your loveliness, Joan Hunter Dunn.

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn, Miss Joan Hunter Dunn,
How mad I am, sad I am, glad that you won.
The warm-handled racket is back in its press,
But my shock-headed victor, she loves me no less.

'A Subaltern's Love-Song' (1945)

By roads 'not adopted', by woodlanded ways,
She drove to the club in the late summer haze,
Into nine-o'clock Camberley, heavy with bells
And mushroomy, pine-woody, evergreen smells.

Miss Joan Hunter Dunn, Miss Joan Hunter Dunn,
I can hear from the car-park the dance has begun.
Oh! full Surrey twilight! importunate band!
Oh! strongly adorable tennis-girl's hand!

'Subaltern's Love-Song' (1945)

The dread of beatings! Dread of being late!
And, greatest dread of all, the dread of games!

'Summoned by Bells' (1960) ch. 7

There was sun enough for lazing upon beaches,
There was fun enough for far into the night.
But I'm dying now and done for,
What on earth was all the fun for?
For God's sake keep that sunlight out of sight.

'Sun and Fun' (1954)

Broad of Church and 'broad of Mind',
Broad before and broad behind,
A keen ecclesiologist,
A rather dirty Wykehamist.

'The Wykehamist' (1931)

Ghastly good taste, or a depressing story of the rise and fall of English architecture.

Title of book (1933)

2.113 Aneurin Bevan 1897-1960

This island is made mainly of coal and surrounded by fish. Only an organizing genius could produce a shortage of coal and fish at the same time.

Speech at Blackpool 24 May 1945, in 'Daily Herald' 25 May 1945

No amount of cajolery, and no attempts at ethical or social seduction, can eradicate from my

heart a deep burning hatred for the Tory Party...So far as I am concerned they are lower than vermin.

Speech at Manchester, 4 July 1948, in 'The Times' 5 July 1948

The language of priorities is the religion of Socialism.

Speech at Labour Party Conference in Blackpool, 8 June 1949, in 'Report of the 48th Annual Conference' (1949) p. 172

Why read the crystal when he can read the book?

Referring to Robert Boothby during a debate on the Sterling Exchange Rate, 'Hansard' 29 September 1949, col. 319

[Winston Churchill] does not talk the language of the 20th century but that of the 18th. He is still fighting Blenheim all over again. His only answer to a difficult situation is send a gun-boat.

Speech at Labour Party Conference, Scarborough, 2 October 1951, in 'Daily Herald' 3 October 1951

I am not going to spend any time whatsoever in attacking the Foreign Secretary...If we complain about the tune, there is no reason to attack the monkey when the organ grinder is present.

During a debate on the Suez crisis, 'Hansard' 16 May 1957, col. 680

If you carry this resolution you will send Britain's Foreign Secretary naked into the conference chamber.

Speech at Labour Party Conference in Brighton, 3 October 1957, against a motion proposing unilateral nuclear disarmament by the UK, in 'Daily Herald' 4 October 1957

Listening to a speech by Chamberlain is like paying a visit to Woolworth's: everything in its place and nothing above sixpence.

In Michael Foot 'Aneurin Bevan' (1962) vol. 1, ch. 8

I know that the right kind of leader for the Labour Party is a desiccated calculating machine who must not in any way permit himself to be swayed by indignation. If he sees suffering, privation or injustice he must not allow it to move him, for that would be evidence of the lack of proper education or of absence of self-control. He must speak in calm and objective accents and talk about a dying child in the same way as he would about the pieces inside an internal combustion engine.

In Michael Foot 'Aneurin Bevan' (1973) vol. 2, ch. 11

Damn it all, you can't have the crown of thorns and the thirty pieces of silver.

In Michael Foot 'Aneurin Bevan' (1973) vol. 2, ch. 13

We know what happens to people who stay in the middle of the road. They get run down.

In 'Observer' 6 December 1953

I read the newspapers avidly. It is my one form of continuous fiction.

In 'The Times' 29 March 1960

2.114 William Henry Beveridge (First Baron Beveridge) 1879-1963

Ignorance is an evil weed, which dictators may cultivate among their dupes, but which no democracy can afford among its citizens.

'Full Employment in a Free Society' (1944) pt. 7

The object of government in peace and in war is not the glory of rulers or of races, but the happiness of the common man.

'Social Insurance and Allied Services' (1942) pt. 7

Want is one only of five giants on the road of reconstruction...the others are Disease, Ignorance, Squalor and Idleness.

'Social Insurance and Allied Services' (1942) pt. 7

The state is or can be master of money, but in a free society it is master of very little else.

'Voluntary Action' (1948) ch. 12

2.115 Ernest Bevin 1881-1951

The most conservative man in this world is the British Trade Unionist when you want to change him.

Speech, 8 September 1927, in 'Report of Proceedings of the Trades Union Congress' (1927) p. 298

I hope you will carry no resolution of an emergency character telling a man with a conscience like Lansbury what he ought to do...It is placing the Executive in an absolutely wrong position to be taking your conscience round from body to body to be told what you ought to do with it.

'Labour Party Conference Report' (1935)

There never has been a war yet which, if the facts had been put calmly before the ordinary folk, could not have been prevented...The common man, I think, is the great protection against war.

'Hansard' 23 November 1945, col. 786

My [foreign] policy is to be able to take a ticket at Victoria Station and go anywhere I damn well please.

In 'Spectator' 20 April 1951, p. 514

If you open that Pandora's Box, you never know what Trojan 'orses will jump out.

On the Council of Europe, in Sir Roderick Barclay 'Ernest Bevin and Foreign Office' (1975) ch. 3

I didn't ought never to have done it. It was you, Willie, what put me up to it.

To Lord Strang, after officially recognizing Communist China, in C. Parrott 'Serpent and Nightingale' (1977) ch. 3

2.116 The Bible

2.116.1 Authorized Version

See also The Book of Common Prayer for the Psalms (4.93) in Volume II

Upon the setting of that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory.

The Epistle Dedicatory

The appearance of Your Majesty, as of the Sun in his strength.

The Epistle Dedicatory

2.116.2 Old Testament

2.116.2.1 Genesis

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 1

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 5

And God saw that it was good.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 10

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 16

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 26

Male and female created he them.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 27

Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.

Genesis ch. 1, v. 28

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.

Genesis ch. 2, v. 7

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Genesis ch. 2, v. 9

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Genesis ch. 2, v. 17

It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

Genesis ch. 2, v. 18

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman.

Genesis ch. 2, v. 21

This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called

Woman, because she was taken out of Man.
Genesis ch. 2, v. 23

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.
Genesis ch. 2, v. 24

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 1

Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 5

And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.
And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 7 (‘and made themselves breeches’ in the Genevan Bible (1560), also known as the ‘Breeches Bible’ for that reason.

The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 12

What is this that thou hast done?
Genesis ch. 3, v. 13

The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 13

It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 15

In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 16

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 19

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 19

The mother of all living.
Genesis ch. 3, v. 20

Am I my brother’s keeper?
Genesis ch. 4, v. 9

The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.
Genesis ch. 4, v. 10

My punishment is greater than I can bear.
Genesis ch. 4, v. 13

And the Lord set a mark upon Cain.
Genesis ch. 4, v. 15

And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of
Nod, on the east of Eden.
Genesis ch. 4, v. 16

And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.
Genesis ch. 5, v. 24

And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.
Genesis ch. 5, v. 27

And Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth.
Genesis ch. 5, v. 32

There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.
Genesis ch. 6, v. 4

There went in two and two unto Noah into the Ark, the male and the female.
Genesis ch. 7, v. 9

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot.
Genesis ch. 8, v. 9

For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.
Genesis ch. 8, v. 21

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.
Genesis ch. 8, v. 22

At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.
Genesis ch. 9, v. 5

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.
Genesis ch. 9, v. 6

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.
Genesis ch. 9, v. 13

Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord.
Genesis ch. 10, v. 9

Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me...for we be brethren.
Genesis ch. 13, v. 8

An horror of great darkness fell upon him.
Genesis ch. 15, v. 12

Thou shalt be buried in a good old age.
Genesis ch. 15, v. 15

His [Ishmael's] hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.
Genesis ch. 16, v. 12

Now Abraham and Sarah were old and well stricken in age; and it ceased to be with Sarah after the manner of women.
Genesis ch. 18, v. 11

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.
Genesis ch. 18, v. 25

But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.
Genesis ch. 19, v. 26

Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest.
Genesis ch. 22, v. 2

My son, God will provide himself a lamb.
Genesis ch. 22, v. 8

Behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns.
Genesis ch. 22, v. 13

Esau selleth his birthright for a mess of potage.
Heading to ch. 25 in Genevan Bible (1560).

Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.
Genesis ch. 25, v. 27

And he sold his birthright unto Jacob.
Genesis ch. 25, v. 33

Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man.
Genesis ch. 27, v. 11

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.
Genesis ch. 27, v. 22

Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing.
Genesis ch. 27, v. 35

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.
Genesis ch. 28, v. 12

Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.
Genesis ch. 28, v. 16

This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.
Genesis ch. 28, v. 17

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.
Genesis ch. 29, v. 20

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.
Genesis ch. 31, v. 49

There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.
And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.
Genesis ch. 32, v. 24

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

Genesis ch. 32, v. 26

For I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.
Genesis ch. 32, v. 30

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colours.
Genesis ch. 37, v. 3

Behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.
Genesis ch. 37, v. 7

Behold, this dreamer cometh.
Genesis ch. 37, v. 19

Some evil beast hath devoured him.
Genesis ch. 37, v. 20

And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me; and he left his garment in her hand, and fled.
Genesis ch. 39, v. 12

And the lean and the ill favoured kine did eat up the first seven fat kine.
Genesis ch. 41, v. 20

And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears.
Genesis ch. 41, v. 24

Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt.
Genesis ch. 42, v. 1

Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come.
Genesis ch. 42, v. 9

My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befell him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.
Genesis ch. 42, v. 38

Ye shall eat the fat of the land.
Genesis ch. 45, v. 18

See that ye fall not out by the way.
Genesis ch. 45, v. 24

Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.
Genesis ch. 47, v. 9

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.
Genesis ch. 49, v. 4

2.116.2.2 Exodus

Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.
Exodus ch. 1, v. 8

She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime.

Exodus ch. 2, v. 3

Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?
Exodus ch. 2, v. 14

I have been a stranger in a strange land.
Exodus ch. 2, v. 22. See Exodus ch. 18, v. 3

Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 2

Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 5

And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 6

A land flowing with milk and honey.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 8

I AM THAT I AM.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 14

The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.
Exodus ch. 3, v. 15

But I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.
Exodus ch. 4, v. 10

I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.
Exodus ch. 5, v. 2

And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt.
Exodus ch. 7, v. 3

Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.
And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not.
Exodus ch. 7, v. 12

Let my people go.
Exodus ch. 7, v. 16

A boil breaking forth with blains.
Exodus ch. 9, v. 10

Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt.
Exodus ch. 10, v. 21

Your lamb shall be without blemish.
Exodus ch. 12, v. 5

And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.

Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire; his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof.
Exodus ch. 12, v. 8

With your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste; it is the Lord’s passover.

For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast.

Exodus ch. 12, v. 11

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the

Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead.

Exodus ch. 12, v. 30

And they spoiled the Egyptians.

Exodus ch. 12, v. 36

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.

Exodus ch. 13, v. 21

The Lord is a man of war.

Exodus ch. 15, v. 3

Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full.

Exodus ch. 16, v. 3

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blest the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Exodus ch. 20, v. 1

Life for life,
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot,
Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

Exodus ch. 21, v. 23

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

Exodus ch. 22, v. 18

Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.

Exodus ch. 23, v. 19

And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the
Thummin.

(Sacred symbols worn on the breastplate of the high priest) Exodus ch. 28, v. 30

These be thy gods, O Israel.

Exodus ch. 32, v. 4

And the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

Exodus ch. 32, v. 6

I will not go up in the midst of thee; for thou art a stiffnecked people: lest I consume thee in the way.

Exodus ch. 33, v. 3

There shall no man see me and live.

Exodus ch. 33, v. 20

2.116.2.3 Leviticus

And the swine, though he divide the hoof, and be cloven-footed, yet he cheweth not the cud; he is unclean to you.

Leviticus ch. 11, v. 7

Let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness.

Leviticus ch. 16, v. 10

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Leviticus ch. 19, v. 18. See St Matthew ch. 19, v. 19

2.116.2.4 Numbers

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.
Numbers ch. 6, v. 24

These are the names of the men which Moses sent to spy out the land.
Numbers ch. 13, v. 16

And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.
Numbers ch. 13, v. 33

And Israel smote him with the edge of the sword, and possessed his land.
Numbers ch. 21, v. 24

He whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed.
Numbers ch. 22, v. 6

God is not a man, that he should lie.
Numbers ch. 23, v. 19

What hath God wrought!
Numbers ch. 23, v. 23. Quoted by Samuel Morse in the first electric telegraph message, Washington, 24 May 1844

I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times.
Numbers ch. 24, v. 10

Be sure your sin will find you out.
Numbers ch. 32, v. 23

2.116.2.5 Deuteronomy

I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day.
Deuteronomy ch. 4, v. 26

Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm.
Deuteronomy ch. 5, v. 15

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord.
Deuteronomy ch. 6, v. 4

For the Lord thy God is a jealous God.
Deuteronomy ch. 6, v. 15.

Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.
Deuteronomy ch. 8, v. 3.

If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams...Thou shalt not hearken.
Deuteronomy ch. 13, v. 1

If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly...Thou shalt not consent.
Deuteronomy ch. 13, v. 6

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.
Deuteronomy ch. 25, v. 4

Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour’s landmark.
Deuteronomy ch. 27, v. 17

In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!
Deuteronomy ch. 28, v. 67

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God.
Deuteronomy ch. 29, v. 29

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life that both thou and thy seed may live.
Deuteronomy ch. 30, v. 19

He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.
Deuteronomy ch. 32, v. 10

For they are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith.
Deuteronomy ch. 32, v. 20

I will heap mischiefs upon them; I will spend mine arrows upon them.
Deuteronomy ch. 32, v. 23

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.
Deuteronomy ch. 33, v. 27

No man knoweth of his [Moses’] sepulchre unto this day.
Deuteronomy ch. 34, v. 6

2.116.2.6 Joshua

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.
Joshua ch. 1, v. 5

Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.
Joshua ch. 1, v. 9

This line of scarlet thread.
Joshua ch. 2, v. 18

All the Israelites passed over on dry ground.
Joshua ch. 3, v. 17

When the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city.
Joshua ch. 6, v. 20

Let them live; but let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation.
Joshua ch. 9, v. 21

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of

Ajalon.
Joshua ch. 10, v. 12

I am going the way of all the earth.
Joshua ch. 23, v. 14

2.116.2.7 Judges

He delivered them into the hands of spoilers.
Judges ch. 2, v. 14

Then Jael Heber's wife took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary.
Judges ch. 4, v. 21

I arose a mother in Israel.
Judges ch. 5, v. 7

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
Judges ch. 5, v. 20

He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.
Judges ch. 5, v. 25

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down.
Judges ch. 5, v. 27

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?
Judges ch. 5, v. 28

Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?
Judges ch. 5, v. 30

The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.
Judges ch. 6, v. 12

The Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet.
Judges ch. 6, v. 34

The host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.
Judges ch. 7, v. 8

Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?
Judges ch. 8, v. 2

Faint, yet pursuing.
Judges ch. 8, v. 4

Let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.
Judges ch. 9, v. 15

Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him.

Judges ch. 12, v. 6

Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Judges ch. 14, v. 14

If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle.

Judges ch. 14, v. 18

He smote them hip and thigh.

Judges ch. 15, v. 8

With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men.

Judges ch. 15, v. 16

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.

Judges ch. 16, v. 9

He wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

Judges ch. 16, v. 20

He did grind in the prison house.

Judges ch. 16, v. 21

The dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

Judges ch. 16, v. 30

In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

Judges ch. 17, v. 6

From Dan even to Beer-sheba.

Judges ch. 20, v. 1

The people arose as one man.

Judges ch. 20, v. 8

2.116.2.8 Ruth

Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

Ruth ch. 1, v. 16

2.116.2.9 1 Samuel

All the increase of thy house shall die in the flower of their age.

1 Samuel ch. 2, v. 33

The Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.

1 Samuel ch. 3, v. 4

Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again.

1 Samuel ch. 3, v. 5

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.
1 Samuel ch. 3, v. 9

The ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.
1 Samuel ch. 3, v. 11

Quit yourselves like men, and fight.
1 Samuel ch. 4, v. 9

He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake.
1 Samuel ch. 4, v. 18

And she named the child I-chabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel.
1 Samuel ch. 4, v. 21

Is Saul also among the prophets?
1 Samuel ch. 10, v. 11

God save the king.
1 Samuel ch. 10, v. 24

A man after his own heart.
1 Samuel ch. 13, v. 14

Come up to us and we will shew you a thing.
1 Samuel ch. 14, v. 12

I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die.
1 Samuel ch. 14, v. 43

To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.
For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.
1 Samuel ch. 15, v. 22

Agag came unto him delicately. And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past.
1 Samuel ch. 15, v. 32

For the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.
1 Samuel ch. 16, v. 7

Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to.
1 Samuel ch. 16, v. 12

I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart.
1 Samuel ch. 17, v. 28

Let no man’s heart fail because of him.
1 Samuel ch. 17, v. 32

Go, and the Lord be with thee.
1 Samuel ch. 17, v. 37

And he took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook.
1 Samuel ch. 17, v. 40

Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?
1 Samuel ch. 17, v. 43

Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.
1 Samuel ch. 18, v. 7

And Saul said, God hath delivered him into mine hand.
1 Samuel ch. 23, v. 7

Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.
1 Samuel ch. 26, v. 21

2.116.2.10 2 Samuel

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away.
2 Samuel ch. 1, v. 19

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!
2 Samuel ch. 1, v. 23

And David danced before the Lord with all his might.
2 Samuel ch. 6, v. 14

Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die.
2 Samuel ch. 11, v. 15

The poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb.
2 Samuel ch. 12, v. 3

Thou art the man.
2 Samuel ch. 12, v. 7

While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept...But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him but he shall not return to me.
2 Samuel ch. 12, v. 22

For we needs must die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person.
2 Samuel ch. 14, v. 14

Come out, come out, thou bloody man, thou son of Belial.
2 Samuel ch. 16, v. 7

And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself.
2 Samuel ch. 17, v. 23

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber above the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!
2 Samuel ch. 18, v. 33

By my God have I leaped over a wall.
2 Samuel ch. 22, v. 30

David...the sweet psalmist of Israel.
2 Samuel ch. 23, v. 1

Went in jeopardy of their lives.
2 Samuel ch. 23, v. 17

2.116.2.11 1 Kings

And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon. And they blew the trumpet; and all the people said, God save king Solomon.
1 Kings ch. 1, v. 39

Then will I cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house, which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight; and Israel shall be a proverb and a byword among all people.
1 Kings ch. 9, v. 7

And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon’s wisdom...there was no more spirit in her.
1 Kings ch. 10, v. 4

Behold, the half was not told me.
1 Kings ch. 10, v. 7

Once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.
1 Kings ch. 10, v. 22

But king Solomon loved many strange women.
1 Kings ch. 11, v. 1

My little finger shall be thicker than my father’s loins.
1 Kings ch. 12, v. 10

My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.
1 Kings ch. 12, v. 11

To your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David.
1 Kings ch. 12, v. 16

He slept with his fathers.

1 Kings ch. 14, v. 20

He went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.

And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

1 Kings ch. 17, v. 5

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse.

1 Kings ch. 17, v. 12

How long halt ye between two opinions?

1 Kings ch. 18, v. 21

He is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

1 Kings ch. 18, v. 27

There is a sound of abundance of rain.

1 Kings ch. 18, v. 41

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man’s hand.

1 Kings ch. 18, v. 44

He girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab.

1 Kings ch. 18, v. 46

He himself went a day’s journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree.

1 Kings ch. 19, v. 4

But the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

And after the earthquake a fire: but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

1 Kings ch. 19, v. 11

Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him.

1 Kings ch. 19, v. 19

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.

1 Kings ch. 20, v. 11

Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab King of Samaria.

And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house.

1 Kings ch. 21, v. 1

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

1 Kings ch. 21, v. 20

I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd.

1 Kings ch. 22, v. 17

Feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until I come in peace.

And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me.
1 Kings ch. 22, v. 27

And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness.
1 Kings ch. 22, v. 34

2.116.2.12 2 Kings

Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.
2 Kings ch. 2, v. 11

The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.
2 Kings ch. 2, v. 15

Go up, thou bald head.
2 Kings ch. 2, v. 23

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.
2 Kings ch. 4, v. 26

There is death in the pot.
2 Kings ch. 4, v. 40

He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.
2 Kings ch. 5, v. 8

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?
2 Kings ch. 5, v. 12

I bow myself in the house of Rimmon.
2 Kings ch. 5, v. 18

Whence comest thou, Gehazi?
2 Kings ch. 5, v. 25

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?
2 Kings ch. 8, v. 13

Is it peace? And Jehu said, What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me.
2 Kings ch. 9, v. 18

The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.
2 Kings ch. 9, v. 20

She painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.
2 Kings ch. 9, v. 30

Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?
2 Kings ch. 9, v. 31

Who is on my side? who?
2 Kings ch. 9, v. 32

They found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands.

2 Kings ch. 9, v. 35

Thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it.

2 Kings ch. 18, v. 21

2.116.2.13 1 Chronicles

For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

1 Chronicles ch. 29, v. 15

He died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour.

1 Chronicles ch. 29, v. 28

2.116.2.14 Nehemiah

Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.

Nehemiah ch. 4, v. 17

2.116.2.15 Esther

And if I perish, I perish.

Esther ch. 4, v. 16

Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour.

Esther ch. 6, v. 6

Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high.

Esther ch. 7, v. 9

2.116.2.16 Job

The sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

Job ch. 1, v. 6

Doth Job fear God for naught?

Job ch. 1, v. 9

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Job ch. 1, v. 21

All that a man hath will he give for his life.

Job ch. 2, v. 4

And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal.

Job ch. 2, v. 8

Curse God, and die.

Job ch. 2, v. 9

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child

conceived.

Job ch. 3, v. 3

For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest,
With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves.

Job ch. 3, v. 13

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

Job ch. 3, v. 17

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?

Job ch. 3, v. 20

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.

Job ch. 4, v. 15

Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his maker?

Job ch. 4, v. 17

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

Job ch. 5, v. 7

My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.

Job ch. 7, v. 6

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

Job ch. 7, v. 10

Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little,
Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.

Job ch. 10, v. 20

A land...where the light is as darkness.

Job ch. 10, v. 22

Canst thou by searching find out God?

Job ch. 11, v. 7

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

Job ch. 12, v. 2

With the ancient is wisdom; and in length of days understanding.

Job ch. 12, v. 12

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before him.

Job ch. 13, v. 15

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Job ch. 14, v. 1.

Miserable comforters are ye all.

Job ch. 16, v. 2

I also could speak as ye do: if your soul were in my soul’s stead.

Job ch. 16, v. 4

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
Job ch. 19, v. 20

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!
Job ch. 19, v. 23

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:
And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.
Job ch. 19, v. 25

Ye should say, Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?
Job ch. 19, v. 28

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?
Job ch. 28, v. 12

The price of wisdom is above rubies.
Job ch. 28, v. 18

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.
Job ch. 29, v. 15

For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.
Job ch. 30, v. 23

I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.
Job ch. 30, v.29

My desire is...that mine adversary had written a book.
Job ch. 31, v. 35

Great men are not always wise.
Job ch. 32, v. 9

He multiplieth words without knowledge.
Job ch. 35, v. 16

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
Job ch. 38, v. 2

Gird up now thy loins like a man.
Job ch. 38, v. 3

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.
Job ch. 38, v. 4

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.
Job ch. 38, v. 7

Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Job ch. 38, v. 28

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Job ch. 38, v. 31

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.
Job ch. 39, v. 21

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Job ch. 39, v. 24

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.

Job ch. 40, v. 15

He is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.

Job ch. 40, v. 19

He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens.

The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about.

Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not.

Job ch. 40, v. 21

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?

Job ch. 41, v. 1

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.

Job ch. 42, v. 5

So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning.

Job ch. 42, v. 12

2.116.2.17 Proverbs

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.

Proverbs ch. 1, v. 17

For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.

Proverbs ch. 3, v. 12

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Proverbs ch. 3, v. 16

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Proverbs ch. 3, v. 17

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

Proverbs ch. 4, v. 7

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Proverbs ch. 4, v. 18

For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil:

But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a twoedged sword.

Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

Proverbs ch. 5, v. 3

Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

Proverbs ch. 6, v. 6

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:
So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.
Proverbs ch. 6, v. 9. See Proverbs ch. 24, v. 33

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?
Proverbs ch. 6, v. 27

Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning: let us solace ourselves with loves.
For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey.
Proverbs ch. 7, v. 18

He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter.
Proverbs ch. 7, v. 22

Wisdom is better than rubies.
Proverbs ch. 8, v. 11

Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.
Proverbs ch. 9, v. 1

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.
Proverbs ch. 9, v. 17

A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.
Proverbs ch. 10, v. 1

The destruction of the poor is their poverty.
Proverbs ch. 10, v. 15

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it.
Proverbs ch. 11, v. 15

As a jewel of gold in a swine’s snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.
Proverbs ch. 11, v. 22

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.
Proverbs ch. 12, v. 4

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.
Proverbs ch. 12, v. 10

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.
Proverbs ch. 13, v. 12

The way of transgressors is hard.
Proverbs ch. 13, v. 15

The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.
Proverbs ch. 13, v. 19

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.
Proverbs ch. 13, v. 24

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful.
Proverbs ch. 14, v. 13

In all labour there is profit.
Proverbs ch. 14, v. 23

Righteousness exalteth a nation.
Proverbs ch. 14, v. 34

A soft answer turneth away wrath.
Proverbs ch. 15, v. 1

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.
Proverbs ch. 15, v. 13

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
'Better is a mess of pottage with love, than a fat ox with evil will' in Matthew's Bible (1535). Proverbs ch. 15, v. 17

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!
Proverbs ch. 15, v. 23

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.
Proverbs ch. 16, v. 18 (proverbially quoted as 'Pride goes before a fall')

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.
Proverbs ch. 16, v. 32

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends.
Proverbs ch. 17, v. 9

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.
Proverbs ch. 17, v. 17

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.
Proverbs ch. 17, v. 22

A wounded spirit who can bear?
Proverbs ch. 18, v. 14

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
Proverbs ch. 18, v. 24

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.
Proverbs ch. 20, v. 1

Every fool will be meddling.
Proverbs ch. 20, v. 3

Even a child is known by his doings.
Proverbs ch. 20, v. 11

The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them.
Proverbs ch. 20, v. 12

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.
Proverbs ch. 20, v. 14

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.
Proverbs ch. 21, v. 9

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
Proverbs ch. 22, v. 1

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.
Proverbs ch. 22, v. 6

Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set.
Proverbs ch. 22, v. 28

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup,...At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
Proverbs ch. 23, v. 31

The heart of kings is unsearchable.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 3

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 11

Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 14

Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 17

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.
For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 21

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.
Proverbs ch. 25, v. 25

Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him.
Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.
Proverbs ch. 26, v. 4

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.
Proverbs ch. 26, v. 11

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.
Proverbs ch. 26, v. 12

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way: a lion is in the streets.
Proverbs ch. 26, v. 13

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.
Proverbs ch. 26, v. 16

Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
Proverbs ch. 27, v. 1

Open rebuke is better than secret love.
Proverbs ch. 27, v. 5

Faithful are the wounds of a friend.
Proverbs ch. 27, v. 6

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.
Proverbs ch. 27, v. 15

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.
Proverbs ch. 27, v. 17

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.
Proverbs ch. 28, v. 1

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.
Proverbs ch. 28, v. 20

A fool uttereth all his mind.
Proverbs ch. 29, v. 11

Where there is no vision, the people perish.
Proverbs ch. 29, v. 18

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.
Proverbs ch. 30, v. 8

There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough:
The grave; and the barren womb; the earth that is not filled with water; and the fire that saith not, It is enough.
Proverbs ch. 30, v. 15

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:
The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.
Proverbs ch. 30, v. 18

It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink:
Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.
Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.
Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.
Proverbs ch. 31, v. 4

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.
Proverbs ch. 31, v. 10

Her children arise up, and call her blessed.
Proverbs ch. 31, v. 28

2.116.2.18 Ecclesiastes

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.
What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?
One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.
Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 2

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full.
Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 7

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.
The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be

done: and there is no new thing under the sun.
Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 8

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.
Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 14

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.
Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 18

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.
Ecclesiastes ch. 2, v. 13

One event happeneth to them all.
Ecclesiastes ch. 2, v. 14

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.
Ecclesiastes ch. 3, v. 1

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity.
Ecclesiastes ch. 3, v. 19

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.
Ecclesiastes ch. 4, v. 2

A threefold cord is not quickly broken.
Ecclesiastes ch. 4, v. 12

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.
Ecclesiastes ch. 5, v. 2

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.
Ecclesiastes ch. 5, v. 12

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 6

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 8

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 10

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 14

Be not righteous over much.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 16

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 28

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.
Ecclesiastes ch. 7, v. 29

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; there is no discharge in that war.
Ecclesiastes ch. 8, v. 8

A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.
Ecclesiastes ch. 8, v. 15.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.
Ecclesiastes ch. 9, v. 4

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works.
Ecclesiastes ch. 9, v. 7

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.
Ecclesiastes ch. 9, v. 10

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.
Ecclesiastes ch. 9, v. 11

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour.
Ecclesiastes ch. 10, v. 1

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it.
Ecclesiastes ch. 10, v. 8

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning!
Ecclesiastes ch. 10, v. 16

Wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.
Ecclesiastes ch. 10, v. 19

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.
Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 1

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.
Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 3

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 4

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.
Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 6

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 7

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.

Ecclesiastes ch. 11, v. 9

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes ch. 12, v. 1

The words of the wise are as goads.

Ecclesiastes ch. 12, v. 11

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Ecclesiastes ch. 12, v. 12

Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Ecclesiastes ch. 12, v. 13

2.116.2.19 Song Of Solomon

The song of songs, which is Solomon’s.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

Song Of Solomon ch. 1, v. 1

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Song Of Solomon ch. 1, v. 5

O thou fairest among women.

Song Of Solomon ch. 1, v. 8

A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

Song Of Solomon ch. 1, v. 13

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 1

His banner over me was love.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 4

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 5

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 10

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 15

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.
Song Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 16

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth.
Song Of Solomon ch. 3, v. 1

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.
Song Of Solomon ch. 4, v. 1

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.
Song Of Solomon ch. 4, v. 7

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Song Of Solomon ch. 4, v. 12

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.
Song Of Solomon ch. 4, v. 16

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled.
Song Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 2

The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the

keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?

Song Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 7

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

Song Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 10

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Song Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 14

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

Song Of Solomon ch. 6, v. 10

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee.

Song Of Solomon ch. 6, v. 13

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince’s daughter!

Song Of Solomon ch. 7, v. 1

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Song Of Solomon ch. 7, v. 2

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Song Of Solomon ch. 7, v. 4

Like the best wine, for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

Song Of Solomon ch. 7, v. 9

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave.

Song Of Solomon ch. 8, v. 6

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

Song Of Solomon ch. 8, v. 7

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts.

Song Of Solomon ch. 8, v. 8

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountain of spices.

Song Of Solomon ch. 8, v. 14

2.116.2.20 Isaiah

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib.

Isaiah ch. 1, v. 3

The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.

Isaiah ch. 1, v. 8

Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with.

Isaiah ch. 1, v. 13

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

Isaiah ch. 1, v. 18

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Isaiah ch. 2, v. 4

What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?

Isaiah ch. 3, v. 15

My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 1

And he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 2

And he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 7

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 8

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 11

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 20

For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still.

Isaiah ch. 5, v. 25

In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple.

Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Isaiah ch. 6, v. 1

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in

the midst of a people of unclean lips.
Isaiah ch. 6, v. 5

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar.

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips.
Isaiah ch. 6, v. 6

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.
Isaiah ch. 6, v. 8

Then said I, Lord, how long?
Isaiah ch. 6, v. 11

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good.
Isaiah ch. 7, v. 14

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread.

And he shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel.
Isaiah ch. 8, v. 13

Wizards that peep and that mutter.
Isaiah ch. 8, v. 19

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.
Isaiah ch. 9, v. 2

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.
Isaiah ch. 9, v. 6

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.
Isaiah ch. 9, v. 7

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.
Isaiah ch. 11, v. 1

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.
Isaiah ch. 11, v. 6

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah ch. 11, v. 7

Dragons in their pleasant palaces.

Isaiah ch. 13, v. 22

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

Isaiah ch. 14, v. 12

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?

The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.

Isaiah ch. 21, v. 11

Let us eat and drink; for to morrow we shall die.

Isaiah ch. 22, v. 13.

Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes.

Isaiah ch. 23, v. 8

Howl, ye ships of Tarshish.

Isaiah ch. 23, v. 14

In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined.

Isaiah ch. 25, v. 6

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.

Isaiah ch. 25, v. 8

We have as it were brought forth wind.

Isaiah ch. 26, v. 18

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.

Isaiah ch. 28, v. 10

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement.

Isaiah ch. 28, v. 15

They are drunken, but not with wine.

Isaiah ch. 29, v. 9

Their strength is to sit still.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 7

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 8

Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 10

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 15

The bread of adversity, and the waters of affliction.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 20

This is the way, walk ye in it.

Isaiah ch. 30, v. 21

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Isaiah ch. 32, v. 2

And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls.

Isaiah ch. 34, v. 13

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

Isaiah ch. 35, v. 1

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Isaiah ch. 35, v. 3

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

Isaiah ch. 35, v. 6

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

Isaiah ch. 35, v. 8

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah ch. 35, v. 10

Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live.

Isaiah ch. 38, v. 1

I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

Isaiah ch. 38, v. 15

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 1

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 3.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 6.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 11

The nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 15

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning?

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 21

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Isaiah ch. 40, v. 31

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Isaiah ch. 42, v. 3

He warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.

Isaiah ch. 44, v. 16

Woe unto him that striveth with his maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it,

What makest thou?

Isaiah ch. 45, v. 9

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

Isaiah ch. 48, v. 10

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

Isaiah ch. 48, v. 18

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.

Isaiah ch. 48, v. 22

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

Isaiah ch. 49, v. 15

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Isaiah ch. 52, v. 7

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

Isaiah ch. 52, v. 8

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Isaiah ch. 53, v. 1

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

Isaiah ch. 53, v. 2

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

Isaiah ch. 53, v. 5

He was cut off out of the land of the living.

Isaiah ch. 53, v. 8

He was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Isaiah ch. 53, v. 12

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

Isaiah ch. 55, v. 1

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

Isaiah ch. 55, v. 6

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

Isaiah ch. 55, v. 8

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.

Isaiah ch. 55, v. 13

I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.

Isaiah ch. 56, v. 5

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.

Isaiah ch. 57, v. 1

Peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near.

Isaiah ch. 57, v. 19

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Isaiah ch. 58, v. 6

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily.

Isaiah ch. 58, v. 8

They make haste to shed innocent blood.

Isaiah ch. 59, v. 7

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Isaiah ch. 60, v. 1

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me...

To bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn.

Isaiah ch. 61, v. 1

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Isaiah ch. 61, v. 3

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?

Isaiah ch. 63, v. 1

I have trodden the winepress alone.

Isaiah ch. 63, v. 3

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf.

Isaiah ch. 64, v. 6

Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou.

Isaiah ch. 65, v. 5

For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.

Isaiah ch. 65, v. 17

2.116.2.21 Jeremiah

Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?

Jeremiah ch. 2, v. 32

They were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbour’s wife.

Jeremiah ch. 5, v. 8

This people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart.

Jeremiah ch. 5, v. 23

The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?

Jeremiah ch. 5, v. 31

They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.

Jeremiah ch. 6, v. 14

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.

Jeremiah ch. 8, v. 20

Is there no balm in Gilead?
Jeremiah ch. 8, v. 22

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?
Jeremiah ch. 13, v. 23

Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth!
Jeremiah ch. 15, v. 10

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.
Jeremiah ch. 17, v. 9

As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days.
Jeremiah ch. 17, v. 11

Behold, I will make thee a terror to thyself, and to all thy friends.
Jeremiah ch. 20, v. 4

2.116.2.22 Lamentations

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
Lamentations ch. 1, v. 1

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.
Lamentations ch. 1, v. 12

And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord:
Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall.
Lamentations ch. 3, v. 18

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.
Lamentations ch. 3, v. 27

He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him.
Lamentations ch. 3, v. 30

O Lord, thou hast seen my wrong: judge thou my cause.
Lamentations ch. 4, v. 59

2.116.2.23 Ezekiel

As is the mother, so is her daughter.
Ezekiel ch. 16, v. 44

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children’s teeth are set on edge.
Ezekiel ch. 18, v. 2

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.
Ezekiel ch. 18, v. 27

The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the ways.

Ezekiel ch. 21, v. 21

She doted upon the Assyrians her neighbours, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of them desirable young men.

Ezekiel ch. 23, v. 12

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the
Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.

Ezekiel ch. 37, v. 1

Can these bones live?

Ezekiel ch. 37, v. 3

Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

Ezekiel ch. 37, v. 4

2.116.2.24 Daniel

To you it is commanded, O peoples, nations, and languages,

That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up:

And whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

Daniel ch. 3, v. 4

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither.

Daniel ch. 3, v. 26

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man’s hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king’s palace.

Daniel ch. 5, v. 5

And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

Daniel ch. 5, v. 25

Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

Daniel ch. 6, v. 8

The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire.

A fiery steam issued and came forth from behind him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.

Daniel ch. 7, v. 9

O Daniel, a man greatly beloved.
Daniel ch. 10, v. 11

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.
Daniel ch. 12, v. 4

2.116.2.25 Hosea

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.
Hosea ch. 8, v. 7

I drew them...with bands of love.
Hosea ch. 11, v. 4

2.116.2.26 Joel

That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten.
Joel ch. 1, v. 4

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.
Joel ch. 2, v. 25

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.
Joel ch. 2, v. 28

Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears.
Joel ch. 3, v. 10

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.
Joel ch. 2, v. 14

2.116.2.27 Amos

Can two walk together, except they be agreed?
Amos ch. 3, v. 3

Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?
Amos ch. 3, v. 6

I have overthrown some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as a firebrand plucked out of the burning.
Amos ch. 4, v. 11

2.116.2.28 Jonah

Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.
Jonah ch. 1, v. 7

Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

Jonah ch. 1, v. 17

2.116.2.29 Micah

They shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree.

Micah ch. 4, v. 4

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel.

Micah ch. 5, v. 2

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Micah ch. 6, v. 8

2.116.2.30 Nahum

Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not.

Nahum ch. 3, v. 1

2.116.2.31 Habakkuk

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.

Habakkuk ch. 2, v. 2

2.116.2.32 Zephaniah

Woe to her that is filthy and polluted, to the oppressing city!

Zephaniah ch. 3, v. 1

2.116.2.33 Haggai

Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat but ye have not enough...and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.

Haggai ch. 1, v. 6

2.116.2.34 Malachi

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Malachi ch. 4, v. 2

2.116.3 Apocrypha

2.116.3.1 1 Esdras

The first wrote, Wine is the strongest. The second wrote, The king is strongest. The third wrote, Women are strongest: but above all things

Truth beareth away the victory.

1 Esdras ch. 3, v. 10

Great is Truth, and mighty above all things.
1 Esdras ch. 4, v. 41.

2.116.3.2 2 Esdras

Nourish thy children, O thou good nurse; stablish their feet.
2 Esdras ch. 2, v. 25

For the world has lost his youth, and the times begin to wax old.
2 Esdras ch. 14, v. 10

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out.
2 Esdras ch. 14, v. 25

2.116.3.3 Tobit

So they went forth both, and the young man’s dog with them.
Tobit ch. 5, v. 16

2.116.3.4 Wisdom of Solomon

The ear of jealousy heareth all things.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 1, v. 10

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 8

Through envy of the devil came death into the world.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 2, v. 24

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery,
And their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace.
For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.
And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for
God proved them, and found them worthy for himself.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 3, v. 1

And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 3, v. 7

He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 4, v. 13

We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour:
How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 4

Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end.
Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 13

For the hope of the ungodly...passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a

day.

Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 5, v. 14

And love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption.

Wisdom Of Solomon ch. 6, v. 18

2.116.3.5 Ecclesiasticus

For the same things uttered in Hebrew, and translated into another tongue, have not the same force in them: and not only these things, but the law itself, and the prophets, and the rest of the books, have no small difference, when they are spoken in their own language.

Ecclesiasticus: The Prologue

For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 2, v. 11

We will fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of men: for as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 2, v. 18

Be not curious in unnecessary matters: for more things are shewed unto thee than men understand.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 3, v. 23

Be not ignorant of any thing in a great matter or a small.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 5, v. 15

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 6, v. 16

Laugh no man to scorn in the bitterness of his soul.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 7, v. 11

Miss not the discourse of the elders.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 8, v. 9

Open not thine heart to every man.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 8, v. 19

Give not thy soul unto a woman.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 9, v. 2

Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 9, v. 10

Many kings have sat down upon the ground; and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 11, v. 5

Judge none blessed before his death.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 11, v. 28

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 13, v. 1

For how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together?
Ecclesiasticus ch. 13, v. 2

When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers: he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipped, and yet they rebuked him too; he spake wisely, and could have no place.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 14, v. 22

When thou hast enough, remember the time of hunger.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 18, v. 25

Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 18, v. 33

He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 19, v. 1

All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 25, v. 19

Neither [give] a wicked woman liberty to gad abroad.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 25, v. 25

A merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 26, v. 29

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword: but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 28, v. 18

And weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 28, v. 25

Envy and wrath shorten the life.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 30, v. 24

Leave off first for manners' sake.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 31, v. 17

Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately: what life is then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 31, v. 27

Leave not a stain in thine honour.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 33, v. 22

Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him: for the Lord hath created him.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 38, v. 1

He that sinneth before his Maker, Let him fall into the hand of the physician.
Ecclesiasticus ch. 38, v. 15

The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 38, v. 24

How can he get wisdom...whose talk is of bullocks?

Ecclesiasticus ch. 38, v. 25

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 1

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 3

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 5

There be of them, that have left a name behind them.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 8

And some there be, which have no memorial.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 9

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 44, v. 14

As the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the frankincense tree in the time of summer.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 50, v. 8

Get learning with a great sum of money, and get much gold by her.

Ecclesiasticus ch. 51, v. 28

2.116.3.6 2 Maccabees

It is a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and to be short in the story itself.

2 Maccabees ch. 2, v. 32

When he was at the last gasp.

2 Maccabees ch. 7, v. 9

2.116.4 New Testament

2.116.4.1 St Matthew

There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

St Matthew ch. 2, v. 1

They presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

St Matthew ch. 2, v. 11

They departed into their own country another way.

St Matthew ch. 2, v. 12

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

St Matthew ch. 2, v. 18. See Jeremiah ch. 31, v. 15

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 2

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 3.

John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 4

O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 7

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees.

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 10

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

St Matthew ch. 3, v. 17

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

St Matthew ch. 4, v. 4.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

St Matthew ch. 4, v. 7. See Deuteronomy ch. 6, v. 16

The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

St Matthew ch. 4, v. 8

Angels came and ministered unto him.

St Matthew ch. 4, v. 11

Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

St Matthew ch. 4, v. 19

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 3

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 13

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 14

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 16

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 17

Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 20

Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 22

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 25

Till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 26

Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God’s throne:
Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 34

Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 37

Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 39

Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 41

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 45

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 46

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

St Matthew ch. 5, v. 48

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.
That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward you openly.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 3

Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 7

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 9. See St Luke ch. 11, v. 2

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 19

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 21

No man can serve two masters...Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 24

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 25

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 27

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 28

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 33

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

St Matthew ch. 6, v. 34

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 1.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 3

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 6

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 7

Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 8

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 9

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 12

Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 13

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 14

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 15

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 16

By their fruits ye shall know them.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 20

The winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 25

Every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 27

For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

St Matthew ch. 7, v. 29

Lord I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 8

I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 9

I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 10

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 12

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 20

Let the dead bury their dead.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 22

The whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the

waters.

St Matthew ch. 8, v. 32

He saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 9

Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 11

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 12

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 13

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 17

Thy faith hath made thee whole.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 22

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 24

He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 34

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

St Matthew ch. 9, v. 37

Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 6

Freely ye have received, freely give.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 8

When ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 14

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 16

The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 24

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 29.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 30

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 31

I came not to send peace, but a sword.

St Matthew ch. 10, v. 34

A man’s foes shall be they of his own household.
St Matthew ch. 10, v. 36

He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.
St Matthew ch. 10, v. 39

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.
St Matthew ch. 10, v. 42

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?
St Matthew ch. 11, v. 3

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?
But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?...
But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.
St Matthew ch. 11, v. 7

We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.
St Matthew ch. 11, v. 17

Wisdom is justified of her children.
St Matthew ch. 11, v. 19

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.
St Matthew ch. 11, v. 28

He that is not with me is against me.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 30 and St Luke ch. 11, v. 23

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 31

The tree is known by his fruit.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 33

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 34

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 36

An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 39

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.
St Matthew ch. 12, v. 42

When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.

St Matthew ch. 12, v. 43

Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

St Matthew ch. 12, v. 45

Behold my mother and my brethren!

St Matthew ch. 12, v. 49

Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up and choked them:

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 3

He also that received the seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 22

His enemy came and sowed tares.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 25

An enemy hath done this.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 28

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field:

Which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 31

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls:

Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 45

Is not this the carpenter’s son?

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 55

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.

St Matthew ch. 13, v. 57

They took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.

St Matthew ch. 14, v. 20

In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.
St Matthew ch. 14, v. 25

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.
St Matthew ch. 14, v. 27

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?
St Matthew ch. 14, v. 31

Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.
St Matthew ch. 15, v. 11

They be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.
St Matthew ch. 15, v. 14

Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.
St Matthew ch. 15, v. 27

When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red.
St Matthew ch. 16, v. 2

Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?
St Matthew ch. 16, v. 3

Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.
St Matthew ch. 16, v. 18

Get thee behind me, Satan.
St Matthew ch. 16, v. 23

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?
St Matthew ch. 16, v. 26.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove.
St Matthew ch. 17, v. 20

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.
St Matthew ch. 18, v. 3

Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.
But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged abut his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.
St Matthew ch. 18, v. 5

It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!
St Matthew ch. 18, v. 7

If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.
St Matthew ch. 18, v. 9

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

St Matthew ch. 18, v. 20

Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?
Jesus saith unto him I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but
Until seventy times seven.

St Matthew ch. 18, v. 21

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 6

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 21

He went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 22

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 24

With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 26

But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.

St Matthew ch. 19, v. 30

Why stand ye here all the day idle?

St Matthew ch. 20, v. 6

These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

St Matthew ch. 20, v. 12

I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.
Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?

St Matthew ch. 20, v. 14

It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

St Matthew ch. 21, v. 13. See Isaiah ch. 56, v. 7

For many are called, but few are chosen.

St Matthew ch. 22, v. 14

Whose is this image and superscription?

St Matthew ch. 22, v. 20

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s.

St Matthew ch. 22, v. 21

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

St Matthew ch. 22, v. 30

They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments,

And love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues.

St Matthew ch. 23, v. 5

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.

St Matthew ch. 23, v. 12.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

St Matthew ch. 23, v. 23

Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

St Matthew ch. 23, v. 27

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

St Matthew ch. 23, v. 37

Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass but the end is not yet.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 6

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 7

When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by
Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:).

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 15. See Daniel ch. 12, v. 11

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 28

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 35

For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark,

And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 38

One shall be taken, and the other left.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 40

Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

St Matthew ch. 24, v. 42

Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee a ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 21

Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 24

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 29

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 33

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink:
I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 35

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

St Matthew ch. 25, v. 40

There came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head, as he sat at meat.

But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation saying, To what purpose is this waste?
For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 7

What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 15

It had been good for that man if he had not been born.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 24

Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 26

This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 34

Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 35

If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 39

What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 40

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 41

Friend, wherefore art thou come?

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 50

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 52

Thy speech bewrayeth thee.

Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.

St Matthew ch. 26, v. 73

Have thou nothing to do with that just man.

St Matthew ch. 27, v. 19

He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

St Matthew ch. 27, v. 24

His blood be on us, and on our children.

St Matthew ch. 27, v. 25

He saved others; himself he cannot save.

St Matthew ch. 27, v. 42

Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?...My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

St Matthew ch. 27, v. 46.

And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

St Matthew ch. 28, v. 20

2.116.4.2 St Mark

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

St Mark ch. 2, v. 27

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

St Mark ch. 3, v. 25

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

St Mark ch. 4, v. 9

With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you.

St Mark ch. 4, v. 24

My name is Legion: for we are many.

St Mark ch. 5, v. 9

Clothed, and in his right mind.

St Mark ch. 5, v. 15

Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?

St Mark ch. 5, v. 30

I see men as trees, walking.

St Mark ch. 8, v. 24

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?
St Mark ch. 8, v. 36.

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.
St Mark ch. 9, v. 24

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.
St Mark ch. 10, v. 14

Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the marketplaces,
And the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts:
Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers.
St Mark ch. 12, v. 38

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites.
St Mark ch. 12, v. 42

Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh...
Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.
St Mark ch. 13, v. 35

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.
St Mark ch. 16, v. 15

2.116.4.3 St Luke

It seemed good to me also...to write unto thee...most excellent Theophilus.
St Luke ch. 1, v. 3

Hail, thou art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.
St Luke ch. 1, v. 28

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
St Luke ch. 1, v. 46

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.
St Luke ch. 1, v. 51

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.
St Luke ch. 1, v. 79

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 1

She brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 7

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 10

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 14

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 29

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?

St Luke ch. 2, v. 49

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 52

Be content with your wages.

St Luke ch. 3, v. 14

And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

St Luke ch. 4, v. 5

Physician, heal thyself.

St Luke ch. 4, v. 23

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.

St Luke ch. 5, v. 5

No man...having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better.

St Luke ch. 5, v. 39

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!

St Luke ch. 6, v. 26

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

St Luke ch. 6, v. 27

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.

St Luke ch. 6, v. 37.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.

St Luke ch. 6, v. 38

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.

St Luke ch. 7, v. 47

No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

St Luke ch. 9, v. 62

Peace be to this house.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 5

For the labourer is worthy of his hire.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 7

I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 18

Blessed are the eyes which see the things which ye see:
For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 23

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 30

He passed by on the other side.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 31

He took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spend more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 35

Go, and do thou likewise.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 37

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said,
Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 40

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

St Luke ch. 10, v. 42

When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.

St Luke ch. 11, v. 21

No man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that they which come in may see the light.

St Luke ch. 11, v. 33

Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge.

St Luke ch. 11, v. 52

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

St Luke ch. 12, v. 6.

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.
St Luke ch. 12, v. 19.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.
St Luke ch. 12, v. 20

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.
St Luke ch. 12, v. 35

When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him;

And he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 8

Friend, go up higher.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 10

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 11.

They all with one consent began to make excuse...I pray thee have me excused.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 18

I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 20

Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 21

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.
St Luke ch. 14, v. 23

For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?
St Luke ch. 14, v. 28

Leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness.
St Luke ch. 15, v. 4

Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.
St Luke ch. 15, v. 6

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.
St Luke ch. 15, v. 7

The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.
St Luke ch. 15, v. 13

He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

St Luke ch. 15, v. 16

Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it.

St Luke ch. 15, v. 23

This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

St Luke ch. 15, v. 24

Which hath devoured thy living with harlots.

St Luke ch. 15, v. 30

I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 3

Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 6

And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 8

Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 9

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 10

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs licked his sores.

And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 19

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed.

St Luke ch. 16, v. 26

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

St Luke ch. 17, v. 2

The kingdom of God is within you.

St Luke ch. 17, v. 21

Remember Lot's wife.

St Luke ch. 17, v. 32

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.

St Luke ch. 18, v. 1

God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are.

St Luke ch. 18, v. 11

God be merciful to me a sinner.

St Luke ch. 18, v. 13

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

St Luke ch. 18, v. 24

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man.

St Luke ch. 19, v. 22

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

St Luke ch. 19, v. 40

If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thy eyes.

St Luke ch. 19, v. 42

And when they heard it, they said, God forbid.

St Luke ch. 20, v. 16

In your patience possess ye your souls.

St Luke ch. 21, v. 19

He shall shew you a large upper room furnished.

St Luke ch. 22, v. 12

I am among you as he that serveth.

St Luke ch. 22, v. 27

Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.

St Luke ch. 22, v. 42

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.

St Luke ch. 22, v. 61

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

St Luke ch. 23, v. 31

Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do.

St Luke ch. 23, v. 34

Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

St Luke ch. 23, v. 42

To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

St Luke ch. 23, v. 43

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

St Luke ch. 23, v. 46.

He was a good man, and a just.

St Luke ch. 23, v. 50

Why seek ye the living among the dead?
St Luke ch. 24, v. 5

Their words seemed to them as idle tales.
St Luke ch. 24, v. 11

Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?
St Luke ch. 24, v. 32

He was known of them in breaking of bread.
St Luke ch. 24, v. 35

They gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb.
St Luke ch. 24, v. 42

2.116.4.4 St John

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
St John ch. 1, v. 1

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.
St John ch. 1, v. 3

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.
St John ch. 1, v. 5

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.
St John ch. 1, v. 6

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.
That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.
St John ch. 1, v. 8

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.
He came unto his own, and his own received him not.
St John ch. 1, v. 10

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.
St John ch. 1, v. 14

No man hath seen God at any time.
St John ch. 1, v. 18. See 1 John ch. 4, v. 12

I baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not;
He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe’s latchet
I am not worthy to unloose.
St John ch. 1, v. 26

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.
St John ch. 1, v. 29

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?
St John ch. 1, v. 46

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!

St John ch. 1, v. 47

Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.
St John ch. 2, v. 4

Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.
St John ch. 2, v. 10

When he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple.
St John ch. 2, v. 15

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.
St John ch. 3, v. 8

How can these things be?
St John ch. 3, v. 9

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
St John ch. 3, v. 16

Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.
St John ch. 3, v. 19

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.
St John ch. 4, v. 24

They are white already to harvest.
St John ch. 4, v. 35

Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.
St John ch. 4, v. 38

Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.
St John ch. 4, v. 48

Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.
St John ch. 5, v. 8

He was a burning and a shining light.
St John ch. 5, v. 35

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are which testify of me.
St John ch. 5, v. 39

There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?
St John ch. 6, v. 9

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.
St John ch. 6, v. 12

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.
St John ch. 6, v. 37

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.
St John ch. 6, v. 47

It is the spirit that quickeneth.
St John ch. 6, v. 63

And the scribes and the Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery.
St John ch. 8, v. 3

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.
St John ch. 8, v. 7

Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.
St John ch. 8, v. 11

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
St John ch. 8, v. 32

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.
He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.
St John ch. 8, v. 44

The night cometh, when no man can work.
St John ch. 9, v. 4

He is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself.
St John ch. 9, v. 21

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.
St John ch. 9, v. 25

I am the door.
St John ch. 10, v. 9

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.
St John ch. 10, v. 11

The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.
St John ch. 10, v. 13

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.
St John ch. 10, v. 16

Though ye believe not me, believe the works.
St John ch. 10, v. 38

I am the resurrection, and the life
St John ch. 11, v. 25

Jesus wept.
St John ch. 11, v. 35

Ye know nothing at all,
Nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.
St John ch. 11, v. 49

Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?
St John ch. 12, v. 5

The poor always ye have with you.
St John ch. 12, v. 8

Lord, dost thou wash my feet?
St John ch. 13, v. 6

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.
St John ch. 13, v. 23

That thou doest, do quickly.
St John ch. 13, v. 27

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
St John ch. 14, v. 1

In my Father's house are many mansions...I go to prepare a place for you.
St John ch. 14, v. 2

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.
St John ch. 14, v. 6

Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?
St John ch. 14, v. 9

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot.
St John ch. 14, v. 22

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
St John ch. 14, v. 27

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
St John ch. 15, v. 13

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.
St John ch. 15, v. 16

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.
St John ch. 16, v. 7

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.
St John ch. 16, v. 12

A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.
St John ch. 16, v. 16

In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.
St John ch. 16, v. 33

While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition.
St John ch. 17, v. 12

Put up thy sword into the sheath.
St John ch. 18, v. 11

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?
St John ch. 18, v. 38

Now Barabbas was a robber.
St John ch. 18, v. 40

What I have written I have written.
St John ch. 19, v. 22

Woman, behold thy son!...
Behold thy mother!
St John ch. 19, v. 26

I thirst.
St John ch. 19, v. 28

It is finished.
St John ch. 19, v. 30

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.
St John ch. 20, v. 1

So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.
St John ch. 20, v. 4

They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.
St John ch. 20, v. 13

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.
St John ch. 20, v. 15

Touch me not.
St John ch. 20, v. 17.

Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.
St John ch. 20, v. 25

Be not faithless, but believing.
St John ch. 20, v. 27

Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.
St John ch. 20, v. 29

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.
St John ch. 21, v. 3

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more that these?...Feed my lambs.

St John ch. 21, v. 15

Feed my sheep.

St John ch. 21, v. 16

Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.

St John ch. 21, v. 17

When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.

St John ch. 21, v. 18

Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?

St John ch. 21, v. 20

What shall this man do? ...

Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?

St John ch. 21, v. 21

2.116.4.5 Acts Of The Apostles

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach, Until the day in which he was taken up.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 1, v. 1

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 1, v. 11

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 2, v. 2

Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 2, v. 9

And all that believed were together, and had all things common.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 2, v. 44

Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 3, v. 6

Walking, and leaping, and praising God.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 3, v. 8

It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 6, v. 2

The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man’s feet, whose name was Saul.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 7, v. 58

Saul was consenting unto his death.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 8, v. 1

Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 8, v. 20

Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 8, v. 21

Breathing out threatenings and slaughter.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 9, v. 1

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 9, v. 4

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 9, v. 5

The street which is called Straight.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 9, v. 11

Dorcas: this woman was full of good works.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 9, v. 36

He fell into a trance,
And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth:
Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 10, v. 10

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 10, v. 15

God is no respecter of persons.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 10, v. 34.

He was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 12, v. 23

The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 14, v. 11

We also are men of like passions with you.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 14, v. 15

Come over into Macedonia, and help us.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 16, v. 9

What must I do to be saved?
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 16, v. 30

The Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city on an uproar.

Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 5

Those that have turned the world upside down are come hither also;
Whom Jason hath received: and these all do contrary to the decrees of
Caesar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 6

What will this babbler say?
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 18

For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 21

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.
For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 22

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of Heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 24

For in him we live, and move, and have our being.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 17, v. 28

Gallio cared for none of those things.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 18, v. 17

We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 19, v. 2

All with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 19, v. 34

I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 20, v. 22

It is more blessed to give than to receive.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 20, v. 35

But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 21, v. 39

And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom.
And Paul said, But I was free born.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 22, v. 28

A conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 24, v. 16

I appeal unto Caesar.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 25, v. 11

Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? unto Caesar shalt thou go.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 25, v. 12

Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 26, v. 24

For this thing was not done in a corner.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 26, v. 26

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.
Acts Of The Apostles ch. 26, v. 28

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.
29

2.116.4.6 Romans

Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers.
Romans ch. 1, v. 9

I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise.
Romans ch. 1, v. 14

The just shall live by faith.
Romans ch. 1, v. 17

Worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.
Romans ch. 1, v. 25

Patient continuance in well doing.
Romans ch. 2, v. 7

For there is no respect of persons with God.
Romans ch. 2, v. 11.

These...are a law unto themselves.
Romans ch. 2, v. 14

Let God be true, but every man a liar.
Romans ch. 3, v. 4

Let us do evil, that good may come.
Romans ch. 3, v. 8

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.
Romans ch. 3, v. 23

For where no law is, there is no transgression.
Romans ch. 4, v. 15

Who against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations.
Romans ch. 4, v. 18 (referring to Abraham)

Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.
Romans ch. 5, v. 5

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.
Romans ch. 5, v. 20

Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?
God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer in sin?
Romans ch. 6, v. 1

We also should walk in newness of life.
Romans ch. 6, v. 4

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him.
For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.
Romans ch. 6, v. 9

The wages of sin is death.
Romans ch. 6, v. 23

Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law.
Romans ch. 7, v. 7

For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.
Romans ch. 7, v. 19.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?
Romans ch. 7, v. 24

They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.
For to be carnally minded is death.
Romans ch. 8, v. 5

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.
Romans ch. 8, v. 15

We are the children of God:
And if the children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with
Christ.
Romans ch. 8, v. 16

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.
Romans ch. 8, v. 22

All things work for good to them that love God.
Romans ch. 8, v. 28

If God be for us, who can be against us?
Romans ch. 8, v. 31

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.
Romans ch. 8, v. 38

Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?

Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?

Romans ch. 9, v. 20

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.

Romans ch. 12, v. 1

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Romans ch. 12, v. 15

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in you own conceits.

Romans ch. 12, v. 16

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Romans ch. 12, v. 19

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Romans ch. 12, v. 21

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers...the powers that be are ordained of God.

Romans ch. 13, v. 1

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil.

Romans ch. 13, v. 3

Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

Romans ch. 13, v. 7

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

Romans ch. 13, v. 10

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

Romans ch. 13, v. 11

Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

Romans ch. 13, v. 14

Doubtful disputations.

Romans ch. 14, v. 1

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Romans ch. 14, v. 5

Salute one another with an holy kiss.

Romans ch. 16, v. 16

2.116.4.7 1 Corinthians

The foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

1 Corinthians ch. 1, v. 21

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

1 Corinthians ch. 1, v. 27

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.

1 Corinthians ch. 3, v. 6

Stewards of the mysteries of God.

1 Corinthians ch. 4, v. 1

We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels.

1 Corinthians ch. 4, v. 9

Absent in body, but present in spirit.

1 Corinthians ch. 5, v. 3

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?

1 Corinthians ch. 5, v. 6

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us:

Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

1 Corinthians ch. 5, v. 7

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

1 Corinthians ch. 6, v. 19

It is better to marry than to burn.

1 Corinthians ch. 7, v. 9

The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife.

1 Corinthians ch. 7, v. 14

The fashion of this world passeth away.

1 Corinthians ch. 7, v. 31

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

1 Corinthians ch. 8, v. 1

Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof?

1 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 7

I am made all things to all men.

1 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 22

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize.

1 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 24

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

1 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 25

All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient.

1 Corinthians ch. 10, v. 23

For the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof.

1 Corinthians ch. 10, v. 26.

Doth not even nature itself teach you, that if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?

But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her.

1 Corinthians ch. 11, v. 14

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

1 Corinthians ch. 12, v. 4

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith; so that I could remove mountains; and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues; they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

1 Corinthians ch. 13, v. 1

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?

1 Corinthians ch. 14, v. 8

Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak.

1 Corinthians ch. 14, v. 34

If they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.

1 Corinthians ch. 14, v. 35

Let all things be done decently and in order.

1 Corinthians ch. 14, v. 40

Last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.

For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God.

But by the grace of God I am what I am.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 8

I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 10

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 19

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 20

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 26

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to morrow we die.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 32.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 33

One star differeth from another star in glory.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 41

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 42

The first man is of the earth, earthy.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 47

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 51

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

1 Corinthians ch. 15, v. 55

Quit you like men, be strong.

1 Corinthians ch. 16, v. 13

Let him be Anathema Maran-atha

1 Corinthians ch. 16, v. 22

2.116.4.8 2 Corinthians

Our sufficiency is of God;

Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit:

for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.
2 Corinthians ch. 3, v. 5

We have this treasure in earthen vessels.
2 Corinthians ch. 4, v. 7

We know that if our earthly tabernacle of this house were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.
2 Corinthians ch. 5, v. 1

Now is the accepted time.
2 Corinthians ch. 6, v. 2

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.
2 Corinthians ch. 6, v. 10

God loveth a cheerful giver.
2 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 7

For ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise.
2 Corinthians ch. 9, v. 19

Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I.

Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more.
2 Corinthians ch. 11, v. 22

Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one.

Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep;

In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils of the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.
2 Corinthians ch. 11, v. 24

There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me.
2 Corinthians ch. 12, v. 7

My strength is made perfect in weakness.
2 Corinthians ch. 12, v. 9

2.116.4.9 Galatians

The right hands of fellowship.
Galatians ch. 2, v. 9

It is written, that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a freewoman.

But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the freewoman was by promise.

Which things are an allegory.
Galatians ch. 4, v. 22

Ye are fallen from grace.
Galatians ch. 5, v. 4

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance.
Galatians ch. 5, v. 22

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
Galatians ch. 6, v. 7

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.
Galatians ch. 6, v. 9. See 2 Thessalonians 3, v. 13

Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand.
Galatians ch. 6, v. 11

2.116.4.10 Ephesians

Christ came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh.
Ephesians ch. 2, v. 17

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.
Ephesians ch. 3, v. 8

I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,
That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man.
Ephesians ch. 3, v. 14

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
Ephesians ch. 3, v. 19

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,
Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.
Ephesians ch. 3, v. 20

I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.
Ephesians ch. 4, v. 1

He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;
For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ:
Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the
Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ:

That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.

Ephesians ch. 4, v. 11

We are members one of another.

Ephesians ch. 4, v. 25

Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Ephesians ch. 4, v. 26

Fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not once be named among you, as becometh saints;

Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient.

Ephesians ch. 5, v. 3

Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.

Ephesians ch. 5, v. 6

See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise,

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

Ephesians ch. 5, v. 15

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit;

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.

Ephesians ch. 5, v. 18

Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

Ephesians ch. 5, v. 22

Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.

Ephesians ch. 6, v. 4

Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers.

Ephesians ch. 6, v. 6

Put on the whole armour of God.

Ephesians ch. 6, v. 11

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Ephesians ch. 6, v. 12

2.116.4.11 Philippians

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.
Philippians ch. 1, v. 21

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.
Philippians ch. 1, v. 23

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:
Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with
God:
But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men.
Philippians ch. 2, v. 5

God hath also highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:
That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.
Philippians ch. 2, v. 9

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.
Philippians ch. 2, v. 12

If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more:
Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of
Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee.
Philippians ch. 3, v. 4

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.
Philippians ch. 3, v. 7

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,
I press toward the mark.
Philippians ch. 3, v. 13

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame.
Philippians ch. 3, v. 19

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.
Philippians ch. 4, v. 4

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.
Philippians ch. 4, v. 7

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.
Philippians ch. 4, v. 8

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.
Philippians ch. 4, v. 13

2.116.4.12 Colossians

Touch not; taste not; handle not.

Colossians ch. 2, v. 21

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

Colossians ch. 3, v. 2

Ye have put off the old man with his deeds:

And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him:

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision,

Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.

Colossians ch. 3, v. 9

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.

Colossians ch. 3, v. 19

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.

Colossians ch. 4, v. 6

Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you.

Colossians ch. 4, v. 14

2.116.4.13 1 Thessalonians

We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers;

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Thessalonians ch. 1, v. 2

Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.

1 Thessalonians ch. 4, v. 11

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.

1 Thessalonians ch. 5, v. 8

Pray without ceasing.

1 Thessalonians ch. 5, v. 17

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

1 Thessalonians ch. 5, v. 21

2.116.4.14 2 Thessalonians

If any would not work, neither should he eat.

1 Thessalonians ch. 3, v. 10

2.116.4.15 1 Timothy

Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies.

1 Timothy ch. 1, v. 4

I did it ignorantly in unbelief.
1 Timothy ch. 1, v. 13

Sinners; of whom I am chief.
1 Timothy ch. 1, v. 15

Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.
1 Timothy ch. 2, v. 11

And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.
1 Timothy ch. 2, v. 14

If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.
1 Timothy ch. 3, v. 1

A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach;
Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous.
1 Timothy ch. 3, v. 2

Giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils.
1 Timothy ch. 4, v. 1

Refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness.
1 Timothy ch. 4, v. 7

But the younger widows refuse: for when they have begun to wax wanton against Christ, they will marry;
Having damnation, because they have cast off their first faith.
1 Timothy ch. 5, v. 11

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.
1 Timothy ch. 5, v. 23

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.
1 Timothy ch. 6, v. 7

The love of money is the root of all evil.
1 Timothy ch. 6, v. 10

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.
1 Timothy ch. 6, v. 12

Rich in good works.
1 Timothy ch. 6, v. 18

Science falsely so called.
1 Timothy ch. 6, v. 20

2.116.4.16 2 Timothy

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.
2 Timothy ch. 1, v. 7

Hold fast the form of sound words.

2 Timothy ch. 1, v. 13

Silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts.
2 Timothy ch. 3, v. 6

Be instant in season, out of season.
2 Timothy ch. 4, v. 2

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.
2 Timothy ch. 4, v. 7

2.116.4.17 Titus

Unto the pure all things are pure.
Titus ch. 1, v. 15

2.116.4.18 Hebrews

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets,

Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom he also made the worlds:

Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.
Hebrews ch. 1, v. 1

Without shedding of blood is no remission.
Hebrews ch. 9, v. 22

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.
Hebrews ch. 10, v. 31

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
Hebrews ch. 11, v. 1

For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.
Hebrews ch. 11, v. 10

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.
Hebrews ch. 11, v. 13

Of whom the world was not worthy.
Hebrews ch. 11, v. 38

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God.

Hebrews ch. 12, v. 1

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

Hebrews ch. 12, v. 6

The spirits of just men made perfect.

Hebrews ch. 12, v. 23

Let brotherly love continue.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

Hebrews ch. 13, v. 1

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.

Hebrews ch. 13, v. 8

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Hebrews ch. 13, v. 14

To do good and to communicate forget not.

Hebrews ch. 13, v. 16

2.116.4.19 James

Let patience have her perfect work.

James ch. 1, v. 4

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

James ch. 1, v. 12

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

James ch. 1, v. 17

Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls,

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

James ch. 1, v. 19

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man’s religion is vain.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

James ch. 1, v. 26

Faith without works is dead.

James ch. 2, v. 20

How great a matter a little fire kindleth.
James ch. 3, v. 5

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.
James ch. 3, v. 8

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?
James ch. 3, v. 11

For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.
James ch. 4, v. 14

Ye have heard of the patience of Job.
James ch. 5, v. 11

Let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay.
James ch. 5, v. 12

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
James ch. 5, v. 16

2.116.4.20 1 Peter

Jesus Christ: Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.
1 Peter ch. 1, v. 7

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.
1 Peter ch. 1, v. 24.

As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby:
If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 2

But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 9

Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 11

Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 17

For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 20

Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and
Bishop of your souls.
1 Peter ch. 2, v. 25

The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

1 Peter ch. 3, v. 4

Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel.

1 Peter ch. 3, v. 7

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing.

1 Peter ch. 3, v. 9

The end of all things is at hand.

1 Peter ch. 4, v. 7

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

1 Peter ch. 4, v. 8

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1 Peter ch. 5, v. 8

2.116.4.21 2 Peter

And the day star arise in your hearts.

2 Peter ch. 1, v. 19

They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.

2 Peter ch. 2, v. 10

The dog is turned to his own vomit again.

2 Peter ch. 2, v. 22

2.116.4.22 1 John

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

1 John ch. 1, v. 8

But whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

1 John ch. 3, v. 17

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

1 John ch. 4, v. 8

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.

1 John ch. 4, v. 18

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

1 John ch. 4, v. 20

2.116.4.23 3 John

He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God.

3 John v. 11

2.116.4.24 Revelation

John to the seven churches which are in Asia: Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which

is, and which was, and which is to come.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 4

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 7

I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 10

What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 11

Being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 12

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;

And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 14

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore,

Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.

Revelation ch. 1, v. 18

I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

Revelation ch. 2, v. 4

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

Revelation ch. 2, v. 10

I will not blot out his name out of the book of life.

Revelation ch. 3, v. 5

I will write upon him my new name.

Revelation ch. 3, v. 12

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

Revelation ch. 3, v. 15

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

Revelation ch. 3, v. 20

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

Revelation ch. 4, v. 3

And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne,

and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind.
Revelation ch. 4, v. 6

They were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.
Revelation ch. 4, v. 8

Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.
Revelation ch. 4, v. 11

Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?
Revelation ch. 5, v. 2

The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.
Revelation ch. 5, v. 8

He went forth conquering, and to conquer.
Revelation ch. 6, v. 2

And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was
Death.
Revelation ch. 6, v. 8

The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains;
And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb:
For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?
Revelation ch. 6, v. 15

A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the
Lamb.
Revelation ch. 7, v. 9

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped
God.
Revelation ch. 7, v. 11

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?
Revelation ch. 7, v. 13

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
Revelation ch. 7, v. 14

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

Revelation ch. 7, v. 16

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation ch. 7, v. 17

And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.

Revelation ch. 8, v. 1

And the name of the star is called Wormwood.

Revelation ch. 8, v. 11

And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them.

Revelation ch. 9, v. 6

And there were stings in their tails.

Revelation ch. 9, v. 10

It was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.

Revelation ch. 10, v. 10

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

Revelation ch. 12, v. 1

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels.

Revelation ch. 12, v. 7

Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

Revelation ch. 13, v. 4

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

Revelation ch. 13, v. 17

Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.

Revelation ch. 13, v. 18

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps:

And they sung as it were a new song...and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

Revelation ch. 14, v. 2

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city.

Revelation ch. 14, v. 8

And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day or night, who worship the beast and his image.

Revelation ch. 14, v. 11

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the

Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.
Revelation ch. 14, v. 13

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire.
Revelation ch. 15, v. 2

Behold, I come as a thief.
Revelation ch. 16, v. 15

And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.
Revelation ch. 16, v. 16

I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters.
Revelation ch. 17, v. 1

MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.
Revelation ch. 17, v. 5

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.
Revelation ch. 18, v. 21

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True.
Revelation ch. 19, v. 11

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.
Revelation ch. 19, v. 16

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years.
Revelation ch. 20, v. 2

And I saw a great white throne.
Revelation ch. 20, v. 11

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.
Revelation ch. 20, v. 13

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.
Revelation ch. 21, v. 1

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

Revelation ch. 21, v. 4

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

Revelation ch. 21, v. 6

The street of the city was pure gold.

Revelation ch. 21, v. 21

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

Revelation ch. 21, v. 25

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Revelation ch. 22, v. 1

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

Revelation ch. 22, v. 2

And, behold, I come quickly.

Revelation ch. 22, v. 12

For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

Revelation ch. 22, v. 15

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Revelation ch. 22, v. 20

2.116.5 Vulgate

Dominus illuminatio mea, et salus mea, quem timebo?

The Lord is the source of my light and my safety, so whom shall I fear?

Psalm 26, v. 1.

Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor; lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

You will sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be made clean; you will wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Psalm 50, v. 9 (A. V. Psalm 51, v. 7).

Cantate Domino canticum novum, quia mirabilia fecit.

Sing to the Lord a new song, because he has done marvellous things.

Psalm 97, v. 1 (A. V. Psalm 98, v. 1).

Jubilate Deo, omnis terra; servite Domino in laetitia.

Sing joyfully to God, all the earth; serve the Lord with gladness.

Psalm 99, v. 2.

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum, in mandatis ejus volet nimis!

Happy is the man who fears the Lord, who is only too willing to follow his orders.

Psalm 111, v. 1 (A. V. Psalm 112, v. 1)

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis; sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

Not unto us, Lord, not unto us; but to thy name give glory.

Psalm 113, v. 9. (A. V. Psalm 115, v. 1).

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes; laudate eum, omnes populi.

Praise the Lord, all nations; praise him, all people.

Psalm 116, v. 1 (A.V. Psalm 117, v. 1)

Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam.
Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

Unless the Lord has built the house, its builders have laboured in vain.
Unless the Lord guards the city, it's no use its guard staying awake.

Psalm 126, v. 1 (A. V. Psalm 127, v. 1). Shortened to Nisi Dominus frustra as the motto of the city of Edinburgh.

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Up from the depths I have cried to thee, Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

Psalm 129, v. 1 (A. V. Psalm 130, v. 1).

Vanitas vanitatum, dixit Ecclesiastes; vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.

Vanity of vanities, said the preacher; vanity of vanities, and everything is vanity.

Ecclesiastes ch. 1, v. 2.

Rorate, coeli, desuper, et nubes pluant Justum; aperiatur terra, et germinet Salvatorem.

Drop down dew, heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down righteousness; let the earth be opened, and a saviour spring to life.

Isaiah ch. 45, v. 8

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino; laudate et superexaltate eum in secula.

Bless the Lord, all the works of the Lord; praise him and exalt him above all things for ever.

Daniel ch. 3, v. 57.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum; Et exsultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

St Luke ch. 1, v. 46.

Esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

St Luke ch. 1, v. 53.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

St Luke ch. 2, v. 29.

Pax Vobis.

Peace be unto you.

St Luke ch. 24, v. 36

Quo vadis?

Where are you going?

St John ch. 16, v. 5

Ecce homo.

Behold the man.

St John ch. 19, v. 5

Consummatum est.

It is achieved.

St John ch. 19, v. 30.

Noli me tangere.

Do not touch me.

St John ch. 20, v. 17.

Sicut modo geniti infantes, rationabile, sine dolo lac concupiscite.

After the fashion of newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word.

1 Peter ch. 2, v. 2.

Magna est veritas, et praevalet.

Great is truth, and it prevails.

3 Esdras ch. 4, v. 41.

2.117 Isaac Bickerstaffe c.1733-c.1808

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?

'An Expostulation'

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night;
No lark more blithe than he.

'Love in a Village' (a comic opera with music by Thomas Arne, 1762) act 1, sc. 2

And this the burthen of his song,
For ever used to be,
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.

'Love in a Village' (1762) act 1, sc. 2

2.118 E. H. Bickersteth 1825-1906

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

'Songs in the House of Pilgrimage' (1875) 'Peace, perfect peace'

2.119 Georges Bidault 1899-1983

The weak have one weapon: the errors of those who think they are strong.

In ‘Observer’ 15 July 1962

2.120 Ambrose Bierce 1842-c.1914

Acquaintance, n. A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not well enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 12

Alliance, n. In international politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other’s pocket that they cannot separately plunder a third.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 16

Applause, n. The echo of a platitude.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 19

Auctioneer, n. The man who proclaims with a hammer that he has picked a pocket with his tongue.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 24

Battle, n. A method of untying with the teeth a political knot that would not yield to the tongue.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 30

Calamity, n....Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 41

Conservative, n. A statesman who is enamoured of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 56

Destiny, n. A tyrant’s authority for crime and a fool’s excuse for failure.

‘The Enlarged Devil’s Dictionary’ (1967) p. 64

Future, n. That period of time in which our affairs prosper, our friends are true, and our happiness is assured.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 129

History, n. An account, mostly false, of events, mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers, mostly knaves, and soldiers, mostly fools.

‘The Cynic’s Word Book’ (1906) p. 161

Patience, n. A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

‘The Devil’s Dictionary’ (1911) p. 248

Peace, n. In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

‘The Devil’s Dictionary’ (1911) p. 248

Prejudice, n. A vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

‘The Devil’s Dictionary’ (1911) p. 264

Saint, n. A dead sinner revised and edited.

‘The Devil’s Dictionary’ (1911) p. 306

2.121 Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk 1245-1306

By God, O King, I will neither go nor hang!

Replying to King Edward I's 'By God, earl, you shall either go or hang', 24 February 1297, when requiring the barons to invade France through Gascony while he took command in Flanders; in Harry Rothwell (ed.) 'The Chronicles of Walter of Guisbrough' Camden Society Series 3, vol. 89 (1957) p. 291

2.122 Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw) 1818-85

The trouble with people is not that they don't know but that they know so much that ain't so.

'Josh Billings' Encyclopedia of Wit and Wisdom' (1874)

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
But four times he who gets his blow in fust.

'Josh Billings, his Sayings' (1865).

2.123 Laurence Binyon 1869-1943

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

'For the Fallen' (1914)

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.

'The Ruins' (1942)

2.124 Nigel Birch (Baron Rhyl) 1906-81

My God! They've shot our fox!

When hearing of the resignation of Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour Government, 13 November 1947, in Harold Macmillan 'Tides of Fortune' (1969) ch. 3

2.125 John Bird

That was the week that was.

Title of satirical BBC television series (1962-3)

2.126 Earl of Birkenhead

See F. E. Smith (7.111) in Volume II

2.127 Augustine Birrell 1850-1933

That great dust-heap called 'history'.

'Obiter Dicta' (1884) 'Carlyle'

2.128 Prince Otto von Bismarck 1815-98

Die Politik ist die Lehre von Möglichen.

Politics is the art of the possible.

In conversation with Meyer von Waldeck, 11 August 1867

Die Vermittelung des Friedens denke ich mir nicht so, dass wir nun bei divergirenden Ansichten den Schiedsrichter spielen und sagen...

I do not regard the procuring of peace as a matter in which we should play the rôle of arbiter between different opinions...more that of an honest broker who really wants to press the business forward.

Speech to the Reichstag, 19 February 1878, in Ludwig Hahn (ed.) 'Fürst Bismarck. Sein politisches Leben und Wirken' vol. 3 (1881) p. 90

Legt eine möglichst starke militärische Kraft...in die Hand des Königs von Preussen, dann wird er die Politik machen können, die Ihr wünscht; mit Reden und Schützenfesten und Liedern macht sie sich nicht, sie macht sich nur durch Blut und Eisen.

Place in the hands of the King of Prussia the strongest possible military power, then he will be able to carry out the policy you wish; this policy cannot succeed through speeches, and shooting-matches, and songs; it can only be carried out through blood and iron.

Prussian House of Deputies, 28 January 1886 (used by Bismarck in the form Eisen und Blut 30 September 1862)

Herr Ballen, the great shipping magnate, told me that he had heard Bismarck say towards the end of his life, 'If there is ever another war in Europe, it will come out of some damned silly thing in the Balkans.'

In 'Hansard' 16 August 1945, col. 84

A lath of wood painted to look like iron.

Describing Lord Salisbury; attributed, but vigorously denied by Sidney Whitman in 'Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck' (1902) ch. 14

2.129 Sir William Blackstone 1723-80

Man was formed for society.

'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (1765) introduction, sect. 2.

The king never dies.

'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (1765) bk. 1, ch. 7

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the island.

'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (1765) bk. 1, ch. 13

That the king can do no wrong, is a necessary and fundamental principle of the English constitution.

'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (1765) bk. 3, ch. 17

It is better that ten guilty persons escape than one innocent suffer.

'Commentaries on the Laws of England' (1765) bk. 4, ch. 27

2.130 Robert Blair 1699-1746

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
The schoolboy with a satchel in his hand,

Whistling aloud to keep his courage up...
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath, he overtakes his fellows.
'The Grave' (1743) l. 57.

2.131 Eubie Blake (James Hubert Blake) 1883-1983

If I'd known I was gonna live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself.
On reaching the age of 100, in 'Observer' 13 February 1983

2.132 William Blake 1757-1827

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died
All Nature was degraded:
The King dropped a tear into the Queen's ear;
And all his pictures faded.
Annotations to The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds p. cix 'When Sir Joshua Reynolds died' (c.1808)

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.
'Auguries of Innocence' (c.1803) l. 1

A robin red breast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
'Auguries of Innocence' (c.1803) l. 5

A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear
A skylark wounded in the wing
A cherubim does cease to sing.
'Auguries of Innocence' (c.1803) l. 9

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
'Auguries of Innocence' (c.1803) l. 25

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men
He who the ox to wrath has moved

Shall never be by woman loved.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 29

The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother’s grief
Kill not the moth nor butterfly
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 37

A truth that’s told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent
It is right it should be so
Man was made for joy and woe
And when this we rightly know
Thro’ the world we safely go
Joy and woe are woven fine
A clothing for the soul divine.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 53

The bleat the bark bellow and roar
Are waves that beat on heavens shore.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 71

The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar’s laurel crown.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 97

The whore and gambler by the State
Licensed build that nation’s fate
The harlot’s cry from street to street
Shall weave old England’s winding sheet.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 113

God appears and God is Light
To those poor souls who dwell in night
But does a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.
‘Auguries of Innocence’ (c.1803) l. 129

Does the eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the mole:
Can wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or love in a golden bowl?
‘The Book of Thel’ (1789) plate i ‘Thel’s Motto’

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself.
‘The Book of Thel’ (1789) plate 3, l. 26

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy
Thine has a great hook nose like thine
Mine has a snub nose like to mine.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (a) l. 1

Both read the Bible day and night
But thou read'st black where I read white.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (a) l. 13

Was Jesus gentle or did he
Give any marks of gentility
When twelve years old he ran away
And left his parents in dismay.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (b) l. 1

Was Jesus humble or did he
Give any proofs of humility
Boast of high things with humble tone
And give with charity a stone.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (d) l. 1

Humility is only doubt
And does the sun and moon blot out
Rooting over with thorns and stems
The buried soul and all its gems
This life's dim windows of the soul
Distorts the heavens from pole to pole
And leads you to believe a lie
When you see with not thro' the eye.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (d) l. 99

Was Jesus chaste or did he
Give any lessons of chastity
The morning blushed fiery red
Mary was found in adulterous bed.

'The Everlasting Gospel' (c.1818) (e) l. 1

Jesus was sitting in Moses chair
They brought the trembling woman there
Moses commands she be stoned to death
What was the sound of Jesus breath
He laid His hand on Moses Law
The ancient Heavens in silent awe
Writ with curses from pole to pole
All away began to roll.

‘The Everlasting Gospel’ (c.1818) (e) l. 7

I am sure this Jesus will not do
Either for Englishman or Jew.

‘The Everlasting Gospel’ (c.1818) (f) l. 1

Did Jesus teach doubt or did he
Give any lessons of philosophy
Charge visionaries with deceiving
Or call men wise for not believing.

‘The Everlasting Gospel’ (c.1818) (h) l. 1

Mutual Forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise.

‘For the Sexes: The Gates of Paradise’ ‘Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice’ [prologue]

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man;
Every harlot was a virgin once,
Nor can’st thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho’ thou art worshipped by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The Son of Morn in weary Night’s decline,
The lost traveller’s dream under the hill.

‘For the Sexes: The Gates of Paradise’ ‘To the Accuser who is The God of This World’ [epilogue]

I must create a system, or be enslaved by another man’s.
I will not reason and compare: my business is to create.

‘Jerusalem’ (1815) ‘Chapter 1’ (plate 10, l. 20)

Near mournful
Ever weeping Paddington.

‘Jerusalem’ (1815) ‘Chapter 1’ (plate 12, l. 27)

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John’s Wood
Were builded over with pillars of gold;
And there Jerusalem’s pillars stood.

‘Jerusalem’ (1815) ‘To the Jews’ (plate 27, l. 1) “The fields from Islington to Marybone”

Pancras and Kentish-town repose
Among her golden pillars high
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

‘Jerusalem’ (1815) ‘To the Jews’ (plate 27, l. 9) “The fields from Islington to Marybone”

For a tear is an intellectual thing;
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King
And the bitter groan of the martyr’s woe

Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow!

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'To the Deists' (plate 52, l. 25) "I saw a Monk of Charlemaine"

He who would do good to another, must do it in minute particulars
General good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite and flatterer:
For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars.

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'Chapter 3' (plate 55, l. 60)

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball:
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'To the Christians' (plate 77) "I give you the end of a golden string"

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'To the Christians' (plate 77) "England! awake!... "

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult, and London's towers,
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'To the Christians' (plate 77)

I care not whether a man is good or evil; all that I care
Is whether he is a wise man or a fool. Go! put off holiness
And put on Intellect.

'Jerusalem' (1815) 'Chapter 4' (plate 91, l. 54)

May God us keep
From Single vision and Newton's sleep!

In Letter to Thomas Butts, 22 November 1802

O why was I born with a different face?
Why was I not born like the rest of my race?

In Letter to Thomas Butts, 16 August 1803

Without contraries is no progression. Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, are necessary to human existence.

'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790-3) 'The Argument'

Energy is Eternal Delight.

'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790-3) 'The voice of the Devil'

The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it.

'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790-3) 'The voice of the Devil' "note"

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Prudence is a rich, ugly, old maid courted by Incapacity.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Bring out number weight and measure in a year of dearth.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with bricks of Religion.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Damn. braces: Bless relaxes.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Exuberance is beauty.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believed.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘Proverbs of Hell’

How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way
Is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘A Memorable Fancy’ plate 7

Then I asked: ‘Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?’
He replied: ‘All Poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything.’
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘A Memorable Fancy’ plates 12-13

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.
‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘A Memorable Fancy’ plate 14

I was in a printing house in Hell, and saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from

generation to generation.

‘The Marriage of Heaven and Hell’ (1790-3) ‘A Memorable Fancy’ plates 15-17

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England’s mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England’s pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England’s green and pleasant land.

‘Milton’ (1804-10) Preface ‘And did those feet in ancient time’

Mock on mock on Voltaire Rousseau
Mock on mock on ’tis all in vain
You throw the sand against the wind
And the wind blows it back again.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 7

Of H—’s birth this was the happy lot
His mother on his father him begot.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 27

A petty sneaking knave I knew
O! Mr Cr[omek] how do ye do.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 29

He has observed the golden rule
Till he’s become the golden fool.

‘MS Note-Book’ p.30

To forgive enemies H—does pretend
Who never in his life forgave a friend.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 34

The errors of a wise man make your rule
Rather than the perfections of a fool.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 42

Great things are done when men and mountains meet
This is not done by jostling in the street.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 43

He who binds to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity’s sunrise.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 99 ‘Several Questions Answered’—“He who binds to himself a joy”

What is it men in women do require
The lineaments of gratified desire
What is it women do in men require
The lineaments of gratified desire.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 99 ‘Several Questions Answered’—“What is it men in women do require”

The sword sung on the barren heath
The sickle in the fruitful field
The sword he sung a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 105

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair
But Desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 105

Never pain to tell thy love
Love that never told can be
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 115

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently, invisibly
O was no deny.

‘MS Note-Book’ p. 115

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me.

Pipe a song about a Lamb;
So I piped with merry cheer,
Piper pipe that song again—

So I piped, he wept to hear.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) introduction

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep.
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘The Chimney Sweeper’

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘The Divine Image’

For Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face:
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘The Divine Image’

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘Holy Thursday’

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life and bid thee feed.
By the stream and o’er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘The Lamb’

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereaved of light.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘The Little Black Boy’

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘Nurse’s Song’

Can I see another’s woe,
And not be in sorrow too.
Can I see another’s grief,
And not seek for kind relief.

‘Songs of Innocence’ (1789) ‘On Another’s Sorrow’

Hear the voice of the Bard!

Who present, past, and future, sees.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) introduction

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller’s journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:
Arise from their graves and aspire,
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘Ah, Sun-flower!’

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Clod and the Pebble’

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another’s loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven’s despite.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Clod and the Pebble’

My mother groaned! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud;
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘Infant Sorrow’

Children of the future age,
Reading this indignant page:
Know that in a former time,
Love! sweet love! was thought a crime.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘A Little Girl Lost’

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing.
And we’d be as happy as birds in the spring:
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Little Vagabond’

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘A Poison Tree’

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Sick Rose’

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Tiger’

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Tiger’

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

‘Songs of Experience’ (1794) ‘The Tiger’

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

‘A Divine Image’; etched but not included in ‘Songs of Experience’ (1794)

Vision or Imagination is a Representation of what Eternally Exists, Really and Unchangeably.

‘A Vision of the Last Judgement’ (1810) in ‘MS Note-Book’ p. 68

What it will be questioned when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea O no no I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.

‘A Vision of the Last Judgement’ (1810) in ‘MS Note-Book’ p. 95

2.133 Susan Blamire 1747-94

I’ve gotten a rock, I’ve gotten a reel,

I’ve gotten a wee bit spinning-wheel;
An’ by the whirling rim I’ve found
How the weary, weary warl goes round.

‘I’ve Gotten a Rock, I’ve Gotten a Reel’ l. 1

Should we miss but a tree where we used to be playing,
Or find the wood cut where we sauntered a-Maying,—
If the yew-seat’s away, or the ivy’s a-wanting,
We hate the fine lawn and the new-fashioned planting.
Each thing called improvement seems blackened with crimes,
If it tears up one record of blissful old times.

‘When Home We Return’ l. 7

2.134 Lesley Blanch 1907—

She was an Amazon. Her whole life was spent riding at breakneck speed towards the wilder shores of love.

‘The Wilder Shores of Love’ (1954) pt. 2, ch. 1

2.135 Karen Blixen

See Isak Dinesen (4.61)

2.136 Philip Paul Bliss 1838-76

Hold the fort, for I am coming.

‘Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs’ (1875) no. 14; suggested by a flag message from General W. T. Sherman near Atalanta, October 1864: ‘Hold the Fort, I am coming’

2.137 Gebhard Lebrecht Blücher 1742-1819

Was für plunder!

What rubbish!

Said of London seen from the Monument, June 1814, often misquoted as ‘Was für plündern!’ (What a place to plunder!); in Evelyn Princess Blücher ‘Memoirs of Prince Blücher’ (1932) p.33

Blücher and I [Wellington] met near La Belle Alliance; we were both on horseback; but he embraced and kissed me exclaiming Mein lieber Kamerad, and then quelle affaire! which was pretty much all he knew of French.

In Philip Henry Stanhope ‘Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington 1831-51’ (1888) p. 245, 4 November 1840 (in a letter to W. Mudford, 8 June 1816, Wellington had said the meeting took place at Genappe; see E. Walford (compiler) ‘The Words of Wellington’ (1869) p. 116)

2.138 Edmund Blunden 1896-1974

All things they have in common being so poor,
And their one fear, Death’s shadow at the door.

‘Almswomen’

I am for the woods against the world,
But are the woods for me?

‘The Kiss’ (1931)

Dance on this ball-floor thin and wan,
Use him as though you love him;
Court him, elude him, reel and pass,
And let him hate you through the glass.

‘Midnight Skaters’ (1925)

I have been young, and now am not too old;
And I have seen the righteous forsaken,
His health, his honour and his quality taken.
This is not what we were formerly told.

‘Report on Experience’ (1929)

This was my country and it may be yet,
But something flew between me and the sun.

‘The Resignation’ (1928)

2.139 Wilfrid Scawen Blunt 1840-1922

To the Grafton Gallery to look at...the Post-Impressionist pictures sent over from Paris...The drawing is on the level of that of an untaught child of seven or eight years old, the sense of colour that of a tea-tray painter, the method that of a schoolboy who wipes his fingers on a slate after spitting on them...These are not works of art at all, unless throwing a handful of mud against a wall may be called one. They are the works of idleness and impotent stupidity, a pornographic show.

‘My Diaries’ (1920) 15 November 1910

2.140 Ronald Blythe 1922—

As for the British churchman, he goes to church as he goes to the bathroom, with the minimum of fuss and with no explanation if he can help it.

‘The Age of Illusion’ (1963) ch. 12

An industrial worker would sooner have a £5 note but a countryman must have praise.

‘Akenfield’ (1969) ch. 5

2.141 Boethius (Anicius Manlius Severinus) c.476-524

Nam in omni adversitate fortunae infelicissimum genus est infortunii, fuisse felicem.

For in every ill-turn of fortune the most unhappy sort of misfortune is to have been happy.

‘De Consolatione Philosophiae’ bk. 2, prose 4

2.142 Louise Bogan 1897-1970

Women have no wilderness in them,

They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

‘Women’ (1923)

2.143 John B. Bogart 1848-1921

When a dog bites a man, that is not news, because it happens so often. But if a man bites a dog, that is news.

In F. M. O’Brien ‘The Story of the [New York] Sun’ (1918) ch. 10 (often attributed to Charles A. Dana)

2.144 Niels Bohr 1885-1962

One of the favourite maxims of my father was the distinction between the two sorts of truths, profound truths recognized by the fact that the opposite is also a profound truth, in contrast to trivialities where opposites are obviously absurd.

In S. Rozental ‘Niels Bohr’ (1967) p. 328

2.145 Nicolas Boileau 1636-1711

Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France,
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence.

At last came Malherbe, and, first ever in France,
Made a proper flow felt in verse.

‘L’Art poètique’ canto 1, l. 131

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l’admire.

A fool can always find a greater fool to admire him.

‘L’Art poètique’ canto 1, l. 232

Qu’en un lieu, qu’en un jour, un seul fait accompli
Tienne jusqu’á la fin le thèâtre rempli.

Let a single completed action, all in one place, all in one day, keep the theatre packed to the end of your play.

‘L’Art poètique’ canto 3, l. 45

Si j’ècris quatre mots, j’en effacerai trois.

Of every four words I write, I strike out three.

‘Satire (2). A M. Moliére’

2.146 Alan Bold 1943—

Scotland, land of the omnipotent No.

‘A Memory of Death’ (1969)

2.147 Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke 1678-1751

They make truth serve as a stalking-horse to error.

'Letters on the Study and Use of History' (1752) No. 4, pt. 1

They [Thucydides and Xenophon] maintained the dignity of history.
'Letters on the Study and Use of History' (1752) No. 5, pt. 2

Nations, like men, have their infancy.
'On the Study of History' Letter 5 in 'Works' (1809) vol. 3, p. 414

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.
'Reflections upon Exile' (1716)

What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!
Letter to Jonathan Swift, 3 August 1714, in Harold Williams (ed.) 'Correspondence of Jonathan Swift' (1963) vol. 2, p. 101

The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws.
Comment (c.1728), in Joseph Spence 'Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters' (1820, ed. J. M. Osborn, 1966) Anecdote 882

The greatest art of a politician is to render vice serviceable to the cause of virtue.
Comment (c.1728), in Joseph Spence 'Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters' (1820, ed. J. M. Osborn, 1966) Anecdote 882

2.148 Robert Bolt 1924—

Morality's not practical. Morality's a gesture. A complicated gesture learned from books.
'A Man for All Seasons' (1960) act 2.

[It] profits a man nothing to give his soul for the whole world...But for Wales—!
'A Man for All Seasons' (1960) act 2

2.149 Andrew Bonar Law 1858-1923

If, therefore, war should ever come between these two countries [Great Britain and Germany], which Heaven forbid! it will not, I think, be due to irresistible natural laws; it will be due to the want of human wisdom.
'Hansard' 27 Nov. 1911, col. 167

If I am a great man, then all great men are frauds.
In Lord Beaverbrook 'Politicians and the War' (1932) vol. 2, ch. 4

2.150 Carrie Jacobs Bond 1862-1946

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,

And the dear friends have to part?
‘A Perfect Day’ (1910 song)

2.151 Sir David Bone 1874-1959

It’s ‘Damn you, Jack—I’m all right!’ with you chaps.
‘Brassbounder’ (1910) ch. 3

2.152 Dietrich Bonhoeffer 1906-45

Es ist der Vorzug und das Wesen der Starken, dass sie die grossen Entscheidungsfragen stellen und zu ihnen klar Stellung nehmen können. Die Schwachen müssen sich immer zwischen Alternativen entscheiden, die nicht die ihren sind.

It is the nature, and the advantage, of strong people that they can bring out the crucial questions and form a clear opinion about them. The weak always have to decide between alternatives that are not their own.
‘Ein paar Gedanken über Verschiedenes’ in ‘Widerstand und Ergebung’ (Resistance and Submission, 1951)

Jesus nur ‘für andere da ist.’...Gott in Menschengestalt! ...nicht die griechische Gott-Menschgestalt des ‘Menschen an sich’, sondern ‘der Mensch für andere’, darum der Gekreuzigte.

Jesus is there only for others.... God in human form! not...in the Greek divine-human form of ‘man in himself’, but ‘the man for others’, and therefore the crucified.
‘Entwurf einer Arbeit’ in ‘Widerstand und Ergebung’ (Resistance and Submission, 1951)

2.153 General William Booth 1829-1912

The Submerged Tenth.
‘In Darkest England’ (1890) pt. 1, title of ch. 2, in which Booth defines them as ‘three million men, women, and children, a vast despairing multitude in a condition nominally free, but really enslaved’

2.154 Frances Boothby fl. 1670

I’m hither come, but what d’ye think to say?
A woman’s pen presents you with a play:
Who smiling told me I’d be sure to see
That once confirm’d, the house would empty be.
‘Marcelia’ (1670) Prologue

2.155 James H. Boren 1925—

Guidelines for bureaucrats: (1) When in charge, ponder. (2) When in trouble, delegate. (3) When in doubt, mumble.
In ‘New York Times’ 8 November 1970, p. 45

2.156 Jorge Luis Borges 1899-1986

El original es infiel a la traducción.

The original is unfaithful to the translation.

On Henley's translation, in 'Sobre el 'Vathek'de William Beckford'; 'Obras Completas' (1974) p. 730

Para uno de esos gnósticos, el visible universo era una ilusión ó (mas precisamente) un sofisma. Los espejos y la paternidad son abominables porque lo multiplican y lo divulgan.

For one of those gnostics, the visible universe was an illusion or, more precisely, a sophism. Mirrors and fatherhood are abominable because they multiply it and extend it.

'Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis, Tertius' (1941) in 'Obras Completas' (1974) p. 431

The Falklands thing was a fight between two bald men over a comb.

In 'Time' 14 February 1983

2.157 Cesare Borgia 1476-1507

Aut Caesar, aut nihil.

Caesar or nothing.

Motto inscribed on his sword. John Leslie Garner 'Caesar Borgia' (1912) p. 309

2.158 George Borrow 1803-81

There are no countries in the world less known by the British than these selfsame British Islands.

'Lavengro' (1851) preface

There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things: there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?

'Lavengro' (1851) ch. 25

Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England—what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers?

'Lavengro' (1851) ch. 26

A losing trade, I assure you, sir: literature is a drug.

'Lavengro' (1851) ch. 30.

Youth will be served, every dog has his day, and mine has been a fine one.

'Lavengro' (1851) ch. 92

Fear God, and take your own part.

'The Romany Rye' (1857) ch. 16

2.159 Marèchal Pierre Bosquet 1810-61

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.

It is magnificent, but it is not war.

On the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, 25 October 1854

2.160 John Collins Bossidy 1860-1928

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,

Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God.

Verse spoken at Holy Cross College alumni dinner in Boston, Massachusetts, 1910, in 'Springfield Sunday Republican' 14 December 1924

2.161 Jacques-Bènigne Bossuet 1627-1704

L'Angleterre, ah, la perfide Angleterre, que le rempart de ses mers rendoit inaccessible aux Romains, la foi du Sauveur y est abordèe.

England, ah, faithless England, which the protection afforded by its seas rendered inaccessible to the Romans, the faith of the Saviour spread even there.

'Premier Sermon pour La Fête de la Circoncision de Notre Seigneur'.

2.162 James Boswell 1740-95

We may be in some degree whatever character we choose.

'Boswell's London Journal' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1950) 21 November 1762

I think there is a blossom about me of something more distinguished than the generality of mankind.

'Boswell's London Journal' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1950) 20 January 1763

I am, I flatter myself, completely a citizen of the world. In my travels through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, France, I never felt myself from home.

'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1936) 14 August 1773

We [Boswell and Johnson] are both Tories; both convinced of the utility of monarchical power, and both lovers of that reverence and affection for a sovereign which constitute loyalty, a principle which I take to be absolutely extinguished in Britain.

'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1936) 13 September 1773

A page of my Journal is like a cake of portable soup. A little may be diffused into a considerable portion.

'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1936) 13 September 1773

I have never yet exerted ambition in rising in the state. But sure I am, no man has made his way better to the best company.

'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' (ed. F. A. Pottle, 1936) 16 September 1773

Johnson: Well, we had a good talk.
Boswell: Yes, Sir; you tossed and gored several persons.

'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934 ed.) vol. 2, p. 66 (Summer 1768)

A man, indeed, is not genteel when he gets drunk; but most vices may be committed very genteelly: a man may debauch his friend's wife genteelly: he may cheat at cards genteelly.

'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934 ed.) vol. 2, p. 340 (6 April 1775)

2.163 Gordon Bottomley 1874-1948

Your worship is your furnaces,

Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

‘To Ironfounders and Others’ (1912)

2.164 Horatio Bottomley 1860-1933

No, reaping.

Reply to a prison visitor who asked if he were sewing, in S. T. Felstead ‘Horatio Bottomley’ (1936) ch. 16

Gentlemen: I have not had your advantages. What poor education I have received has been gained in the University of Life.

Speech at the Oxford Union, 2 December 1920, in Beverley Nichols ‘25’ (1926) ch. 7

2.165 Dion Boucicault (Dionysius Lardner Boursiquot 1820-90) 1820-90

Men talk of killing time, while time quietly kills them.

‘London Assurance’ (1841) act 2, sc. 1.

2.166 Antoine Boulay de la Meurthe 1761-1840

C’est pire qu’un crime, c’est une faute.

It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder.

On hearing of the execution of the Duc d’Enghien, 1804, in C.-A. Sainte-Beuve ‘Nouveaux Lundis’ (1870) vol. 12, p. 52

2.167 Sir Harold Edwin Boulton 1859-1935

When Adam and Eve were dispossessed
Of the garden hard by Heaven,
They planted another one down in the west,
’Twas Devon, glorious Devon!

‘Glorious Devon’ (1902)

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
‘Onward,’ the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that’s born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye.

‘Skye Boat Song’ (1908)

2.168 Matthew Boulton 1728-1809

I sell here, Sir, what all the world desires to have—power.

Speaking to Boswell of his engineering works, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) vol. 2, p. 459 (22 March 1776)

2.169 F. W. Bourdillon 1852-1921

The night has a thousand eyes,

And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

‘Among the Flowers’ (1878) ‘Light’.

2.170 Lord Bowen 1835-94

The rain, it raineth on the just
And also on the unjust fella:
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust steals the just’s umbrella.

In Walter Sichel ‘Sands of Time’ (1923) ch. 4

When I hear of an ‘equity’ in a case like this, I am reminded of a blind man in a dark room—looking for a black hat—which isn’t there.

In John Alderson Foote ‘Pie-Powder’ (1911) p. 25

2.171 E. E. Bowen 1836-1901

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day.

‘Forty Years On’ (Harrow School Song, published 1886)

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up!

‘Forty Years On’ (Harrow School Song, published 1886)

2.172 Elizabeth Bowen 1899-1973

The innocent are so few that two of them seldom meet—when they do, their victims lie strewn around.

‘The Death of the Heart’ (1938) pt. 1, ch. 8

It is about five o’clock in an evening that the first hour of spring strikes—autumn arrives in the early morning, but spring at the close of a winter day.

‘The Death of the Heart’ (1938) pt. 2, ch. 1

Some people are moulded by their admirations, others by their hostilities.

‘The Death of the Heart’ (1938) pt. 2, ch. 2

There is no end to the violations committed by children on children, quietly talking alone.

‘The House in Paris’ (1935) pt. 1, ch. 2

Fate is not an eagle, it creeps like a rat.
'The House in Paris' (1935) pt. 2, ch. 2

Jealousy is no more than feeling alone against smiling enemies.
'The House in Paris' (1935) pt. 2, ch. 8

It is not only our fate but our business to lose innocence, and once we have lost that, it is futile to attempt a picnic in Eden.
'Out of a Book' in 'Orion III' (ed. Rosamund Lehmann et al, 1946)

A high altar on the move.
Describing Edith Sitwell, in V. Glendinning 'Edith Sitwell' (1981) ch. 25

2.173 David Bowie (David Jones) 1947—

Ground control to Major Tom.
'Space Oddity' (1969 song)

2.174 William Lisle Bowles 1762-1850

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!
'A Poetical Address to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke' (1791) l. 78

2.175 Sir Maurice Bowra 1898-1971

I'm a man more dined against than dining.
In John Betjeman 'Summoned by Bells' (1960) ch. 9.

My dear fellow, buggers can't be choosers.
On being told he could not marry anyone as plain as his fiancèe, in Hugh Lloyd-Jones 'Maurice Bowra: a Celebration' (1974) p. 150 (possibly apocryphal)

2.176 Lord Brabazon (Baron Brabazon of Tara) 1884-1964

If you cannot say what you are going to say in twenty minutes you ought to go away and write a book about it.
'Hansard (Lords)' 21 June 1955, col. 207

2.177 Charles Brackett 1892-1969, Billy Wilder 1906-, and D. M. Marshman Jr.

Joe Gillis: You used to be in pictures. You used to be big.
Norma Desmond: I am big. It's the pictures that got small.
'Sunset Boulevard' (1950 film)

2.178 Charles Brackett 1892-1969, Billy Wilder 1906-, and Walter Reisch 1903-83

Ninotchka: Why should you carry other people's bags?
Porter: Well, that's my business, Madame.
Ninotchka: That's no business. That's social injustice.
Porter: That depends on the tip.
'Ninotchka' (1939 film)

2.179 E. E. Bradford 1860-1944

I walked with Will through bracken turning brown,
Pale yellow, orange, dun and golden-red.
'God made the country and man made the town—
And woman made Society,' he said.
'Society'.

2.180 John Bradford c.1510-55

But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford.
On seeing a group of criminals being led to their execution, in 'Dictionary of National Biography' (often echoed in the form 'There but for the grace of God go I')

2.181 F. H. Bradley (Francis Herbert Bradley) 1846-1924

Metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find these reasons is no less an instinct.
'Appearance and Reality' (1893) preface

The world is the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil.
'Appearance and Reality' (1893) preface (on optimism)

Where everything is bad it must be good to know the worst.
'Appearance and Reality' (1893) preface (on pessimism)

That the glory of this world...is appearance leaves the world more glorious, if we feel it is a show of some fuller splendour; but the sensuous curtain is a deception...if it hides some colourless movement of atoms, some...unearthly ballet of bloodless categories.
'Principles of Logic' (1883) bk. 3, pt. 2, ch. 4

2.182 Omar Bradley 1893-1981

We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount.
Speech on Armistice Day, 1948, in 'Collected Writings' (1967) vol. 1, p. 588

The world has achieved brilliance without conscience. Ours is a world of unclear giants and ethical infants.
Speech on Armistice Day, 1948, in 'Collected Writings' (1967) vol. 1, p.

2.183 John Bradshaw 1602-59

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.
Suppositious epitaph. Henry S. Randall 'The Life of Thomas Jefferson' (1865) vol. 3, appendix 4, p. 585

2.184 Anne Bradstreet c.1612-72

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue,
Who sayes my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;

For such despight they cast on female wits:
If what I doe prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stolne, or else, it was by chance.
'The Prologue' (1650)

Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are,
Men have precedency, and still excel.
'The Prologue' (1650)

This meane and unrefinéd stuffe of mine,
Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.
'The Prologue' (1650)

2.185 Ernest Bramah (Ernest Bramah Smith) 1868-1942

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops.
'The Wallet of Kai Lung' (1900) p. 6

In his countenance this person read an expression of no-encouragement towards his venture.
'The Wallet of Kai Lung' (1900) p. 224

The whole narrative is permeated with the odour of joss-sticks and honourable high-mindedness.
'The Wallet of Kai Lung' (1900) p. 330

2.186 James Bramston c.1694-1744

What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
'The Art of Politics' (1729) l. 71

2.187 Georges Braque 1882-1963

L'Art est fait pour troubler, la Science rassure.

Art is meant to disturb, science reassures.
'Le Jour et la nuit: Cahiers 1917-52' p. 11

La vèritè existe; on n'invente que le mensonge.

Truth exists; only lies are invented.
'Le Jour et la nuit: Cahiers 1917-52' p. 20

2.188 Richard Brathwaite c.1588-1673

To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.
'Barnabee's Journal' (1638) pt. 1, st. 4

2.189 Irving Brecher 1914—

I'll bet your father spent the first year of your life throwing rocks at the stork.

'At the Circus' (Marx Brothers film, 1939)

Time wounds all heals.

'Go West' (Marx Brothers film, 1940); 'heels' may well have been intended, but is not given thus

2.190 Bertolt Brecht 1898-1956

Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui.

The resistible rise of Arturo Ui.

Title of play (1941)

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne Und die trägt er im Gesicht Und Macheath, der hat ein Messer Doch das Messer sieht man nicht.

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear, And he shows them pearly white.
Just a jack-knife has Macheath, dear And he keeps it out of sight.

'Die Dreigroschenoper' (1928) prologue

Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral.

Food comes first, then morals.

'Die Dreigroschenoper' (1928) act 2, sc. 3

Was ist ein Einbruch in eine Bank gegen die Gründung einer Bank?

What is robbing a bank compared with founding a bank?

'Die Dreigroschenoper' (1928) act 3, sc. 3

Andrea: Unglücklich das Land, das keine Helden hat!...
Galilei: Nein. Unglücklich das Land, das Helden nötig hat.

Andrea: Unhappy the land that has no heroes!...
Galileo: No. Unhappy the land that needs heroes.

'Leben des Galilei' (1939) sc. 13

Man merkts, hier ist zu lang kein Krieg gewesen. Wo soll da Moral herkommen, frag ich? Frieden, das ist nur Schlamperei, erst der Krieg schafft Ordnung.

One observes, they have gone too long without a war here. What is the moral, I ask? Peace is nothing but slovenliness, only war creates order.

'Mutter Courage' (1939) sc. 1

Weil ich ihm nicht trau, wir sind befreundet.

Because I don't trust him, we are friends.

'Mutter Courage' (1939) sc. 3

Die schönsten Plän sind schon zuschanden geworden durch die Kleinlichheit von denen, wo sie ausführen sollten, denn die Kaiser selber können ja nix machen.

The finest plans are always ruined by the littleness of those who ought to carry them out, for the Emperor himself can actually do nothing.

‘Mutter Courage’ (1939) sc. 6

Der Krieg findet immer einen Ausweg.

War always finds a way.

‘Mutter Courage’ (1939) sc. 6

Sagen Sie mir nicht, dass Friede ausgebrochen ist, wo ich eben neue Vorräte eingekauft hab.

Don’t tell me peace has broken out, when I’ve just bought some new supplies.

‘Mutter Courage’ (1939) sc. 8

2.191 Gerald Brenan 1894—

Those who have some means think that the most important thing in the world is love. The poor know that it is money.

‘Thoughts in a Dry Season’ (1978) p. 22.

Religions are kept alive by heresies, which are really sudden explosions of faith. Dead religions do not produce them.

‘Thoughts in a Dry Season’ (1978) p. 45

2.192 Nicholas Breton c.1545-1626

We rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb.

‘The Court and Country’ (1618) para. 8

I wish my deadly foe, no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse.

‘A Farewell to Town’ (1577)

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood side,
Whenas May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.

‘Phillida and Coridon’

Come little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father’s shame, thy mother’s grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy self unhappy chief:
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

‘A Sweet Lullaby’

2.193 Aristide Briand 1862-1932

Les hautes parties contractantes dèclarent solennellement...qu’elles condamnent le recours á la guerre...et y renoncent en tant qu’instrument de politique nationale dans leurs relations

mutuelles...le réglement ou la solution de tous les diffèrends ou conflits—de quelque nature ou de quelque origine qu'ils puissent être—qui pourront surgir entre elles ne devra jamais être cherchè que par des moyens pacifiques.

The high contracting powers solemnly declare...that they condemn recourse to war and renounce it...as an instrument of their national policy towards each other....The settlement or the solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be which may arise...shall never be sought by either side except by pacific means.

Draft, 20 June 1927, which became part of the Kellogg Pact, 1928, in 'Le Temps' 13 April 1928

2.194 Robert Bridges 1844-1930

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town.

'London Snow' (1890)

All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven;
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare.

'London Snow' (1890)

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

'So sweet love seemed' (1894)

2.195 John Bright 1811-89

The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.

Referring to the effects of the war in the Crimea, in 'Hansard', 23 February 1855, col. 1761

I am for 'Peace, retrenchment, and reform', the watchword of the great Liberal party 30 years ago.

Speech at Birmingham, 28 April 1859, in 'The Times' 29 April 1859

My opinion is that the Northern States will manage somehow to muddle through.

Said during the American Civil War, in Justin McCarthy 'Reminiscences' (1899) vol. 1, ch. 5

England is the mother of Parliaments.

Speech at Birmingham, 18 January 1865, in 'The Times' 19 January 1865

The right hon Gentleman...has retired into what may be called his political Cave of Adullam—and he has called about him every one that was in distress and every one that was discontented.

'Hansard', 13 March 1866, col. 219

This party of two is like the Scotch terrier that was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail.

'Hansard', 13 March 1866, col. 220

Force is not a remedy.

Speech to the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club, 16 November 1880, in 'The Times' 17 November 1880

The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury.

Letter in 'Pall Mall Gazette', 30 November 1886

2.196 Anthelme Brillat-Savarin 1755-1826

Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.

Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.

'Physiologie du Goût' (1825) 'Aphorismes pour servir de prolègoménes', aphorism no. 4.

2.197 David Broder 1929—

Anybody that wants the presidency so much that he'll spend two years organizing and campaigning for it is not to be trusted with the office.

'Washington Post' 18 July 1973, p. A 25

2.198 Alexander Brome 1620-66

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year.

'Songs and Other Poems' (2nd ed., 1664) pt. 1 'The Mad Lover'

Come, blessed peace, we once again implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

'Songs and Other Poems' (1668) 'The Riddle' (written 1664)

2.199 Jacob Bronowski 1908-74

The world can only be grasped by action, not by contemplation...The hand is the cutting edge of the mind.

'The Ascent of Man' (1973) ch. 3

The essence of science: ask an impertinent question, and you are on the way to a pertinent answer.

'The Ascent of Man' (1973) ch. 4

The wish to hurt, the momentary intoxication with pain, is the loophole through which the pervert climbs into the minds of ordinary men.

‘The Face of Violence’ (1954) ch. 5

2.200 Anne Brontë 1820-49

Because the road is rough and long,
Shall we despise the skylark’s song?

‘Views of Life’

2.201 Charlotte Brontë 1816-55

We wore a web in childhood,
A web of sunny air;
We dug a spring in infancy
Of water pure and fair;
We sowed in youth a mustard seed,
We cut an almond rod;
We are now grown up to riper age—
Are they withered in the sod?

‘19 December 1835’

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns.

‘Jane Eyre’ (2nd ed., 1848) preface

Women are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer...it is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.

‘Jane Eyre’ (1847) ch. 12

As his curate, his comrade, all would be right...There would be recesses in my mind which would be only mine, to which he never came; and sentiments growing there, fresh and sheltered, which his austerity could never blight, nor his measured warrior-march trample down. But as his wife...forced to keep the fire of my nature continually low, to compel it to burn inwardly and never utter a cry...this would be unendurable.

‘Jane Eyre’ (1847) ch. 34

Reader, I married him.

‘Jane Eyre’ (1847) ch. 38

Of late years an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the North of England.

‘Shirley’ (1849) opening words

2.202 Emily Brontë 1818-48

No coward soul is mine,

No trembler in the world’s storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven’s glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

‘Last Lines’

Though earth and moon were gone
And suns and universes ceased to be
And thou wert left alone
Every existence would exist in thee.

‘Last Lines’

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see;
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again;
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

‘The Prisoner’

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring.

‘Remembrance’ (1846)

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world’s tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

‘Remembrance’ (1846)

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

‘Remembrance’ (1846)

If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods; time will change it, I’m well aware, as winter changes the trees—My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath:—a source of little visible delight, but necessary.

‘Wuthering Heights’ (1847) ch. 9

I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

‘Wuthering Heights’ (1847) closing words

2.203 Patrick Brontë 1777-1861

No quailing, Mrs Gaskell! no drawing back!

Apropos her undertaking to write the life of Charlotte Brontë, in her letter to Ellen Nussey, 24 July 1855, in J. A. V. Chapple and A. Pollard (eds.) 'The Letters of Mrs Gaskell' (1966) Letter 257

2.204 Henry Brooke 1703-83

For righteous monarchs,
Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see;
To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free.
'Earl of Essex' (performed 1750, published 1761) act 1

2.205 Rupert Brooke 1887-1915

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those that would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
'The Dead' (1914)

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.
'The Dead' (1914)

The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets.
'The Great Lover' (1914)

Fish say, they have their stream and pond;
But is there anything beyond?
'Heaven' (1915)

One may not doubt that, somehow, good
Shall come of water and of mud;
And sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in liquidity.
'Heaven' (1915)

Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.

And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.
‘Heaven’ (1915)

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room.
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose.
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean.
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England’s the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go.
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile.
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I’m told).
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?
‘The Old Vicarage, Grantchester’ (1915)

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.
‘Peace’ (1914)

Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart’s long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.
‘Peace’ (1914)

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

'The Soldier' (1914)

2.206 Anita Brookner 1938—

And what is the most potent myth of all?...The tortoise and the hare...In real life, of course, it is the hare who wins. Every time...You could argue that the hare might be affected by the tortoise lobby's propaganda, might become more prudent, circumspect, slower, in fact. But the hare is always convinced of his own superiority; he simply does not recognize the tortoise as a worthy adversary. That is why the hare wins.

'Hotel du Lac' (1984) ch. 2

Good women always think it is their fault when someone else is being offensive. Bad women never take the blame for anything.

'Hotel du Lac' (1984) ch. 7

2.207 Thomas Brooks 1608-80

For (magna est veritas et praevalebit) great is truth, and shall prevail.

'The Crown and Glory of Christianity' (1662) p. 407.

2.208 Robert Barnabas Brough 1828-60

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
Her Majesty's councils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
And what are his qualifications?—one!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

‘Songs of the Governing Classes’ (1855) ‘My Lord Tomnoddy’

2.209 Lord Brougham (Henry Peter, Baron Brougham and Vaux) 1778-1868

In my mind, he was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, King, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

‘Hansard’ 7 February 1828, col. 131

Look out, gentlemen, the schoolmaster is abroad!

Speech, London Mechanics’ Institute, 1825

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

Attributed; no source found

2.210 Heywood Broun 1888-1939

Just as every conviction begins as a whim so does every emancipator serve his apprenticeship as a crank. A fanatic is a great leader who is just entering the room.

‘New York World’ 6 February 1928, p. 11

2.211 H. Rap Brown (Hubert Geroid Brown) 1943—

I say violence is necessary. It is as American as cherry pie.

Speech at Washington, 27 July 1967, in ‘Washington Post’ 28 July 1967, p. A7

2.212 John Brown 1715-66

I have seen some extracts from Johnson’s Preface to his Shakespeare...No feeling nor pathos in him! Altogether upon the high horse, and blustering about Imperial Tragedy!

Letter to Garrick, 27 October 1765, in ‘The Private Correspondence of David Garrick’ (1831) vol. 1, p. 204

2.213 John Brown 1800-59

Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit: so let it be done!

Last speech to the court, 2 November 1859, in H. S. Commayer ‘Documents of American History’ (7th ed.)

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood.

Last statement, 2 December 1859, in R. J. Hinton ‘John Brown and His Men’

2.214 Lew Brown (Louis Brownstein) 1893-1958

Life is just a bowl of cherries.

Title of song (1931)

2.215 Thomas Brown 1663-1704

A little before you made a leap into the dark.

‘Letters from the Dead to the Living’ (1702) ‘Answer to Mr Joseph Haines’.

I do not love thee, Dr Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr Fell.

Written while an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford.

2.216 T. E. Brown (Thomas Edward Brown) 1830-97

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

‘My Garden’ (1893)

O blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!

‘Vespers’ (1900)

2.217 Cecil Browne 1932—

But not so odd
As those who choose
A Jewish God,
But spurn the Jews.

Reply to verse by William Norman Ewer.

2.218 Coral Browne 1913-91

Listen, dear, you couldn’t write fuck on a dusty venetian blind.

To a Hollywood script-writer who had presumed to criticise the ‘writing’ in Alan Bennett’s An Englishman Abroad, in ‘Guardian’ 31 May 1991, obituary notice

2.219 Sir Thomas Browne 1605-82

Oblivion is a kind of Annihilation.

‘Christian Morals’ (1716) pt. 1, sect. 21

He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself.

‘Christian Morals’ (1716) pt. 1, sect. 34

As for that famous network of Vulcan, which enclosed Mars and Venus, and caused that unextinguishable laugh in heaven, since the gods themselves could not discern it, we shall not pry into it.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 2

Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 4

Flat and flexible truths are beat out by every hammer; but Vulcan and his whole forge sweat to work out Achilles his armour.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 5

The quincunx of heaven runs low, and ’tis time to close the five ports of knowledge.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 5

All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order and mystical mathematics of the city of heaven.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 5

Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dullness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 5

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again?

‘The Garden of Cyrus’ (1658) ch. 5

Old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) Epistle Dedicatory

With rich flames and hired tears they solemnized their obsequies.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 3

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 4

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 4

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit perpetuity.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

Diurnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever.

‘Hydriotaphia’ (Urn Burial, 1658) ch. 5

At my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 3

Many from...an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 6

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 6

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the pia mater of mine; methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 9

I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an O altitudo!

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 9

Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend, ’tis but five days elder than ourselves.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 11

I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 12

We carry within us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 15

All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 16

Obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 25

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 25

Not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense, and observation;not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred among the weeds and tares of mine own brain.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 36

I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof; ’tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife, and children,

stand afraid and start at us.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 40

Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity; the first day of our Jubilee is death.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 44

He forgets that he can die who complains of misery, we are in the power of no calamity, while death is in our own.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 1, sect. 44

All places, all airs make unto me one country: I am in England, everywhere, and under any meridian.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 1

If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do condemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue and religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 1

This trivial and vulgar way of coition; it is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 9

Sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is music wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 9

We all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 9

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place, not to live, but to die in.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 11

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 11

We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits which are the house of life.

‘Religio Medici’ (1643) pt. 2, sect. 12

Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth; and the brother of death exacteth a third part of our lives.

S. Wilkin (ed.) ‘Sir Thomas Browne’s Works’ (1835) vol. 4, p. 355 ‘On Dreams’

That children dream not in the first half year, that men dream not in some countries, are to me

sick men's dreams, dreams out of the ivory gate, and visions before midnight.
S. Wilkin (ed.) 'Sir Thomas Browne's Works' (1835) vol. 4, p. 359 'On Dreams'

2.220 William Browne c.1590-1643

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
'Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke'

2.221 Sir William Browne 1692-1774

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.
Reply to Trapp's epigram, in J. Nichols 'Literary Anecdotes' vol. 3 (1812) p. 330.

2.222 Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1806-61

The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 1, l. 456

Near all the birds
Will sing at dawn,—and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 1, l. 951

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in't.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 2, l. 952

I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
and social comfort, in a hospital.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 3, l. 1121

Nay, if there's room for poets in this world
A little overgrown (I think there is)

Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's...
King Arthur's self
Was commonplace to Lady Guenever;
And Camelot to minstrels seemed as flat
As Fleet Street to our poets.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 5, l. 210

Since when was genius found respectable?
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 6, l. 275

The devil's most devilish when respectable.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 7, l. 105

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more, from the first similitude.
'Aurora Leigh' (1857) bk. 7, l. 821

And kings crept out again to feel the sun.
'Crowned and Buried' (1844) st. 11

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
'The Cry of the Children' (1844) st. 1

And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
'The Cry of the Human' (1844) st. 1

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless.
'Grief' (1844)

Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.
'Grief' (1844)

Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate', which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.
'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' (1844 st. 41

'Yes,' I answered you last night;

‘No,’ this morning, sir, I say.
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
‘The Lady’s Yes’ (1844)

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.
‘A Musical Instrument’ (1862)

Straightway I was ’ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair
And a voice said in mastery while I strove...
‘Guess now who holds thee?’—’Death’, I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang...’Not Death, but Love.’
‘Sonnets from the Portuguese’ (1850) no. 1

For frequent tears have run
The colours from my life.
‘Sonnets from the Portuguese’ (1850) no. 8

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
‘Sonnets from the Portuguese’ (1850) no. 43

I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.
‘Sonnets from the Portuguese’ (1850) no. 43

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man.
‘To George Sand—A Desire’ (1844)

And the rolling anapaestic
Curled like vapour over shrines!
‘Wine of Cyprus’ (1844) st. 10

2.223 Sir Frederick Browning 1896-1965

I think we might be going a bridge too far.
Expressing reservations about the Arnhem ‘Market Garden’ operation to Field Marshal Montgomery on 10 September 1944, in R. E. Urquhart ‘Arnhem’ (1958) p. 4

2.224 Robert Browning 1812-89

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.

‘Abt Vogler’ (1864) st. 2

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.
‘Abt Vogler’ (1864) st. 9

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.
‘Abt Vogler’ (1864) st. 10

I feel for the common chord again...
The C Major of this life.
‘Abt Vogler’ (1864) st. 12

Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?
‘Andrea del Sarto’ (1855) l. 97

Re-coin thyself and give it them to spend,—
It all comes to the same thing at the end,
Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shalt be.
‘Any Wife to Any Husband’ (1855) st. 16

But, thanks to wine-lees and democracy,
We’ve still our stage where truth calls spade a spade!
‘Aristophanes’ Apology’ (1875) l. 409

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
‘Asolando’ (1889) ‘Epilogue’

Greet the unseen with a cheer!
‘Asolando’ (1889) ‘Epilogue’

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All’s blue.
‘At the “Mermaid”’ (1876) st. 12

There spoke up a brisk little somebody,
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
To set things right.
‘Balaustion’s Adventure’ (1871) l. 306

Don’t you know,
I promised, if you’d watch a dinner out,

We’d see truth dawn together?—truth that peeps
Over the glasses’ edge when dinner’s done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 15

Just when we are safest, there’s a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one’s death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that’s enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as nature’s self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again,—
The grand Perhaps!

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 182

All we have gained then by our unbelief
Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt:
We called the chess-board white,—we call it black.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 209

Our interest’s on the dangerous edge of things,
The honest thief, the tender murderer,
The superstitious atheist, demirep
That loves and saves her soul in new French books—
We watch while these in equilibrium keep
The giddy line midway.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 395

You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man who write apace,
Read somewhat seldomer, think perhaps even less.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 420

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man’s worth something.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 693

He said true things, but called them by wrong names.

‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology’ (1855) l. 996

And have I not Saint Praxed’s ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That’s if ye carve my epitaph aright.

‘The Bishop Orders his Tomb’ (1845) l. 73

And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!

‘The Bishop Orders his Tomb’ (1845) l. 80

I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell.

‘A Blot in the ‘Scutcheon’ (1843) act 1, sc. 3, l. 237

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

‘Boot and Saddle’ (1842)

How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come.

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 1

I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O’er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 2

I will speak now,
No longer watch you as you sit
Reading by fire-light, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it,
Mutely.

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 23

When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 27.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 39

If two lives join, there is oft a scar,
They are one and one, with a shadowy third;
One near one is too far.

‘By the Fireside’ (1855) st. 46

And it is good to cheat the pair, and gibe,
Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!
‘Thinketh, He dwelleth i’ the cold o’ the moon.
‘Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars; the stars came otherwise.
‘Caliban upon Setebos’ (1864) l. 22

‘Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
‘Caliban upon Setebos’ (1864) l. 102

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. ‘Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.’
‘Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came’ (1855) st. 34.

In the natural fog of the good man’s mind.
‘Christmas-Eve’ (1850) l. 226

The raree-show of Peter’s successor.
‘Christmas Eve’ (1850) l. 1242

For the preacher’s merit or demerit,
It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessel, holding treasure
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer;
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters!
‘Christmas Eve’ (1850) l. 1311

And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again.
‘Cleon’ (1855) l. 57

What is he buzzing in my ears?
‘Now that I come to die,
Do I view the world as a vale of tears?’
Ah, reverend sir, not I!
‘Confessions’ (1864) st. 1

We loved, sir—used to meet:
How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!
‘Confessions’ (1864) st. 9

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought.
‘A Death in the Desert’ (1864) l. 59

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
When a man’s loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,

And lack of love from love made manifest.
‘A Death in the Desert’ (1864) l. 482

Progress, man’s distinctive mark alone,
Not God’s, and not the beasts’: God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.
‘A Death in the Desert’ (1864) l. 586

With the beanflowers’ boon,
And the blackbird’s tune,
And May, and June!
‘De Gustibus’ (1855) pt. 1, l. 11

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary’s saying serves for me—
(When fortune’s malice
Lost her—Calais)—
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, ‘Italy’.
‘De Gustibus’ (1855) pt. 2, l. 39

Reads verse and thinks she understands.
‘Dîs Aliter Visum’ (1864) st. 4

Sure of the Fortieth spare Arm-chair
When gout and glory seat me there.
‘Dîs Aliter Visum’ (1864) st. 12

’Tis well averred,
A scientific faith’s absurd.
‘Easter-Day’ (1850) l. 123

At last awake
From life, that insane dream we take
For waking now.
‘Easter-Day’ (1850) l. 479

Karshish, the picker-up of learning’s crumbs,
The not-incurious in God’s handiwork.
‘An Epistle...of Karshish’ (1855)

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
‘Evelyn Hope’ (1855)

You will wake, and remember, and understand.
‘Evelyn Hope’ (1855)

So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts
The teller.
‘Fifine at the Fair’ (1872) st. 32

I must learn Spanish, one of these days,

Only for that slow sweet name’s sake.
‘The Flower’s Name’ (1845)

If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents.
‘Fra Lippo Lippi’ (1855) l. 217

This world’s no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
‘Fra Lippo Lippi’ (1855) l. 313

Our low life was the level’s and the night’s;
He’s for the morning.
‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 23

This is our master, famous calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 27

Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain:
‘Time to taste life,’ another would have said,
‘Up with the curtain!’
‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 53

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus!)
That before living he’d learn how to live—
No end to learning.
‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 75

He said, ‘What’s time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever.’
‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 83

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred’s soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.

‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 113

Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

‘A Grammarian’s Funeral’ (1855) l. 145

The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.

‘Holy-Cross Day’ (1855) st. 13

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now!

‘Holy-Cross Day’ (1855) st. 18

Oh, to be in England
Now that April’s there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

‘Home-Thoughts, from Abroad’ (1845)

That’s the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

‘Home-Thoughts, from Abroad’ (1845)

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay.

‘Home-Thoughts, from the Sea’ (1845)

‘Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?’—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove’s planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

‘Home-Thoughts, from the Sea’ (1845)

‘With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart,’ once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

‘House’ (1876).

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.

‘How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix’ (1845) l. 1

A man can have but one life and one death,

One heaven, one hell.

‘In a Balcony’ (1855) l. 13

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul’s strength on, educe the man.

‘In a Balcony’ (1855) l. 651

The moth’s kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up...
The bee’s kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday.

‘In a Gondola’ (1842) l. 49

‘You’re wounded!’ ‘Nay,’ the soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
‘I’m killed, Sire!’ And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

‘Incident of the French Camp’ (1842) st. 5

Ignorance is not innocence but sin.

‘The Inn Album’ (1875) canto 5

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks sea-ward.

‘James Lee’s Wife’ (1864) pt. 3, st. 1

Oh, good gigantic smile o’ the brown old earth,
This autumn morning!

‘James Lee’s Wife’ (1864) pt. 7, st. 1

Good, to forgive;
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.

‘La Saisiaz’ (1878) prologue

I said—Then, dearest, since ’tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim

Only a memory of the same.
‘The Last Ride Together’ (1855) st. 1

Who knows but the world may end tonight?
‘The Last Ride Together’ (1855) st. 2

My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
‘The Last Ride Together’ (1855) st. 4

Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
‘The Last Ride Together’ (1855) st. 4

Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
‘The Last Ride Together’ (1855) st. 5

’Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one’s own.
‘A Light Woman’ (1855) st. 12

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.
‘The Lost Leader’ (1845) (referring to Wordsworth)

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
‘The Lost Leader’ (1845)

Never glad confident morning again!
‘The Lost Leader’ (1845)

All’s over, then: does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes?
‘The Lost Mistress’ (1845)

Oppression makes the wise man mad.
‘Luria’ (1846) act 4, l. 16

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop

And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts ’em their treasonous parles!

‘Marching Along’ (1842)

And find a poor devil has ended his cares
At the foot of your rotten-runged rat-riddled stairs?
Do I carry the moon in my pocket?

‘Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha’ (1855) st. 29

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

‘Meeting at Night’ (1845)

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

‘Memorabilia’ (1855)

There’s a more hateful form of foolery—
The social sage’s, Solomon of saloons
And philosophic diner-out.

‘Mr Sludge, “The Medium”’ (1864) l. 773

That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive.

‘My Last Duchess’ (1842) l. 1

She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate’er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.

‘My Last Duchess’ (1842) l. 21

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!

‘Never the Time and the Place’ (1883)

A lion who dies of an ass’s kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.

‘Old Pictures in Florence’ (1855) st. 6

What’s come to perfection perishes.
Things learned on earth, we shall practise in heaven:

Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes.
‘Old Pictures in Florence’ (1855) st. 17

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving.
‘One Word More’ (1855) st. 5

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!
‘One Word More’ (1855) st. 17

God is the perfect poet,
Who in his person acts his own creations.
‘Paracelsus’ (1835) pt. 2, l. 648

Measure your mind’s height by the shade it casts!
‘Paracelsus’ (1835) pt. 3, l. 821

I give the fight up: let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
I want to be forgotten even by God.
‘Paracelsus’ (1835) pt. 5, l. 363

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain’s rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.
‘Parting at Morning’ (1849)

It was roses, roses, all the way.
‘The Patriot’ (1855)

The air broke into a mist with bells.
‘The Patriot’ (1855)

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever!
‘Pauline’ (1833) l. 151 (referring to Shelley)

Ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
‘Pictor Ignotus’ (1845)

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks’ own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men’s Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women’s chats
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.
‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ (1842) st. 2

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ (1842) st. 7

The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hill-side’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn:
God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!
‘Pippa Passes’ (1841) pt. 1, l. 221

You’ll look at least on love’s remains,
A grave’s one violet:
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains.
What’s death? You’ll love me yet!
‘Pippa Passes’ (1841) pt. 3, l. 314

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
‘Pippa Passes’ (1841) epilogue ad fin.

Stand still, true poet that you are!
I know you; let me try and draw you.
Some night you’ll fail us: when afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!
‘Popularity’ (1855) st. 1

All her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
‘Porphyria’s Lover’ (1842) l. 38

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face.
‘Prospice’ (1864)

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
'Prospice' (1864)

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 1

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 7

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 16

Fancies that broke through language and escaped.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 25

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 27

Time's wheel runs back or stops: potter and clay endure.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 27

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance.
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 28

My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!
'Rabbi Ben Ezra' (1864) st. 32

Youth means love,

Vows can’t change nature, priests are only men.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 1, l. 1056

O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 1, l. 1391

So, Pietro craved an heir,
(The story always old and always new).
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 2, l. 213

Go practise if you please
With men and women: leave a child alone
For Christ’s particular love’s sake!
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 3, l. 88

In the great right of an excessive wrong.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 3, l. 1055

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i’ the dark to rise by. And I rise.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 7, l. 1843

Faultless to a fault.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 9, l. 1175.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph?
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 10, l. 1184

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life’s business being just the terrible choice.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 10, l. 1235

There’s a new tribunal now
Higher than God’s,—the educated man’s!
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 10, l. 1975

Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain; which must not be.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 10, l. 2129

It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
‘The Ring and the Book’ (1868-9) bk. 12, l. 838

’Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!

‘Saul’ (1855) st. 18

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute!

‘Shop’ (1876) st. 21

There’s a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.

‘Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister’ (1842) st. 7

Sidney’s self, the starry paladin.

‘Sordello’ (1840) bk. 1, l. 69

Still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

‘Sordello’ (1840) bk. 1, l. 476

A touch divine—
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod;
Visibly through his garden walketh God.

‘Sordello’ (1840) bk. 1, l. 502

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose.

‘Sordello’ (1840) bk. 6, l. 881

The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream.

‘The Statue and the Bust’ (1855) l. 152

The soldier-saints, who row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss.

‘The Statue and the Bust’ (1855) l. 222

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.

‘The Statue and the Bust’ (1863 revision) l. 246

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, ’tis with such a heavy mind!

‘A Toccata of Galuppi’s’ (1855) st. 1

Hark, the dominant’s persistence till it must be answered to!

‘A Toccata of Galuppi’s’ (1855) st. 8

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

‘A Toccata of Galuppi’s’ (1855) st. 14

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what’s become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

‘A Toccata of Galuppi’s’ (1855) st. 15

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

‘The Twins’ (1855)

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.

‘Two in the Campagna’ (1855) st. 8

I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak—
Then the good minute goes.

‘Two in the Campagna’ (1855) st. 10

Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

‘Two in the Campagna’ (1855) st. 12

Let’s contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

‘A Woman’s Last Word’ (1855) st. 1

I knew you once: but in Paradise,
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face.

‘The Worst of It’ (1864) st. 19

Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return your thanks would pass my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by Hers.

Rejoinder to Edward Fitzgerald, who had ‘thanked God my wife was dead’, in ‘Athenaeum’ 13 July 1889.

2.225 Robert I the Bruce 1554-1631

Now, God be with you, my children: I have breakfasted with you and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night.

In Robert Fleming ‘The Fulfilling of the Scripture’ (3rd ed., 1693) p. 372

2.226 Beau Brummell (George Bryan Brummell) 1778-1840

Who's your fat friend?

Referring to the Prince of Wales, in Capt. Jesse 'Life of George Brummell' (1844) vol. 1, p. 273

[Brummell] used to say that, whether it was summer or winter, he always liked to have the morning well-aired before he got up.

Charles Macfarlane 'Reminiscences of a Literary Life' (1917) ch. 27

No perfumes, but very fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing.

In 'Memoirs of Harriette Wilson' (1825) vol. 1, p. 42

Shut the door, Wales.

To the Prince of Wales (attributed)

2.227 William Jennings Bryan 1860-1925

The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error.

Speech at the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, 1896, in 'The First Battle. A Story of the Campaign of 1896' (1896) vol. 1, ch. 10

You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

Speech at the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, 1896, in 'The First Battle. A Story of the Campaign of 1896' (1896) vol. 1, ch. 10

2.228 Martin Buber 1878-1965

Der Mensch wird am Du zum Ich.

Through the Thou a person becomes I.

'Ich und Du' (1923) in 'Werke' (1962) vol. 1, p. 97

2.229 John Buchan (first Baron Tweedsmuir) 1875-1940

'Back to Glasgow to do some work for the cause,' I said lightly.
'Just so,' he said, with a grin. 'It's a great life if you don't weaken.'

'Mr Standfast' (1919) ch. 5

An atheist is a man who has no invisible means of support.

In H. E. Fosdick 'On Being a Real Person' (1943) ch. 10

2.230 Robert Buchanan 1841-1901

She just wore
Enough for modesty—no more.

'White Rose and Red' (1873) pt. 1, sect. 5, l. 60

The sweet post-prandial cigar.

'De Berny' (1874)

2.231 Frank Buchman 1878-1961

I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defence against the anti-Christ of Communism.

'New York World-Telegram' 26 August 1936

Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? There is enough in the world for everyone's need, but not enough for everyone's greed.

'Remaking the World' (1947) p. 56

2.232 Gene Buck (Edward Eugene Buck) 1885-1957 and Herman Ruby 1891-1959

That Shakespearian rag,—
Most intelligent, very elegant.

'That Shakespearian Rag' (1912 song).

2.233 George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham 1628-87

The world is made up for the most part of fools and knaves, both irreconcilable foes to truth.

'The Dramatic Works' (1715) vol. 2 'To Mr Clifford On his Humane Reason'

What a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

'The Rehearsal' (1672) act 3, sc. 1

Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

'The Rehearsal' (1672) act 3, sc. 2

2.234 John Sheffield, First Duke of Buckingham and Normanby 1648-1721

Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

'An Essay upon Satire' (1689) last line

2.235 H. J. Buckoll 1803-71

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive.
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve.

'Psalms and Hymns for the Use of Rugby School Chapel' (1850) 'Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing'

2.236 J. B. Buckstone 1802-79

On such an occasion as this,
All time and nonsense scorning,
Nothing shall come amiss,
And we won't go home till morning.

'Billy Taylor' (performed 1829) act 1, sc. 2

2.237 Eustace Budgell 1686-1737

What Cato did, and Addison approved

Cannot be wrong.

Lines found on his desk after he too committed suicide, 4 May 1737, in Colley Cibber ‘The Lives of the Poets’ (1753) vol. 5 ‘The Life of Eustace Budgell’

2.238 Comte de Buffon (George-Louis Leclerc) 1707-88

Ces choses sont hors de l’homme, le style est l’homme même.

These things [subject matter] are external to the man; style is the man.

‘Discours sur le style’; address given to the Acadèmie Française, 25 August 1753

Le gènie n’est qu’une plus grande aptitude á la patience.

Genius is only a greater aptitude for patience.

In Hèrault de Sèchelles ‘Voyage á Montbar’ (1803) p. 15

2.239 Arthur Buller 1874-1944

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.

‘Relativity’ in ‘Punch’ 19 December 1923

2.240 Ivor Bulmer-Thomas 1905—

If he ever went to school without any boots it was because he was too big for them.

Referring to Harold Wilson in a speech at the Conservative Party Conference, in ‘Manchester Guardian’ 13 October 1949

2.241 Count von Bülow 1849-1929

Mit einem Worte: wir wollen niemand in den Schatten stellen aber wir verlangen auch unseren Platz an der Sonne.

In a word, we desire to throw no one into the shade [in East Asia], but we also demand our own place in the sun.

Reichstag, 6 December 1897

2.242 Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (first Baron Lytton) 1803-73

Here Stanley meets,—how Stanley scorns, the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of Debate.

Referring to Edward Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby, in ‘The New Timon’ (1846) pt. 1, sect. 3, l. 202.

Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats.

Referring to Tennyson, in ‘The New Timon’ (1846) pt. 2, sect. 1, l. 62

Beneath the rule of men entirely great

The pen is mightier than the sword.
'Richelieu' (1839) act 2, sc. 2, l. 307.

2.243 Edward Robert Bulwer, Earl of Lytton

See Owen Meredith (1.114) in Volume II

2.244 Alfred Bunn c.1796-1860

I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs at my side.
'The Bohemian Girl' (1843) act 2 'The Gipsy Girl's Dream'

2.245 Luis Buñuel 1900-83

Le charme discret de la bourgeoisie.

The discreet charm of the bourgeoisie.
Title of film (1972)

Grâce á Dieu, je suis toujours athèe.

Thanks to God, I am still an atheist.
In 'Le Monde' 16 December 1959

2.246 John Bunyan 1628-88

As I walked through the wilderness of this world.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1, opening words

The name of the slough was Despond.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1

Christian: Gentlemen, Whence came you, and whither do you go? formalist and
Hypocrisy: We were born in the land of Vainglory, and we are going for praise to Mount Sion.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1

It is an hard matter for a man to go down into the valley of Humiliation...and to catch no slip by the way.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1

A foul Fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1

It beareth the name of Vanity-Fair, because the town where 'tis kept, is lighter than vanity.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1.

Hanging is too good for him, said Mr Cruelty.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1

Yet my great-grandfather was but a water-man, looking one way, and rowing another: and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.
'The Pilgrim's Progress' (1678) pt. 1.

They are for religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his golden

slippers, in the sunshine and with applause.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

A grievous crab-tree cudgel.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

They came to the Delectable Mountains.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

Sleep is sweet to the labouring man.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1.

Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the gates of heaven.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1678) pt. 1

A man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hand.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2.

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride.
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2 ‘Shepherd Boy’s Song’

A very zealous man...difficulties, lions, or Vanity-Fair, he feared not at all: ’Twas only sin, death, and Hell that was to him a terror.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2 (of Mr Fearing)

A man there was, tho’ some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2

Mercy laboured much for the poor...an ornament to her profession.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There’s no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2

The last words of Mr Despondency were, Farewell night, welcome day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2

I am going to my Fathers, and tho’ with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles, who will now be my rewarder...So he passed over, and the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2 (Mr Valiant-for-Truth)

I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself.

‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (1684) pt. 2 (Mr Standfast)

2.247 Samuel Dickinson Burchard 1812-91

We are Republicans and don’t propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents are rum, Romanism, and rebellion.

Speech, New York City, 29 October 1884

2.248 Anthony Burgess 1917—

A clockwork orange.

Title of novel (1962)

It was the afternoon of my eighty-first birthday, and I was in bed with my catamite when Ali announced that the archbishop had come to see me.

‘Earthly Powers’ (1980) p. 7

He said it was artificial respiration, but now I find I am to have his child.

‘Inside Mr Enderby’ (1963) pt. 1, ch. 4

2.249 Gelett Burgess 1866-1951

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I’d rather see than be one!

‘The Burgess Nonsense Book’ (1914) ‘The Purple Cow’

Ah, yes! I wrote the ‘Purple Cow’—
I’m sorry, now, I wrote it!

But I can tell you anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it!
'The Burgess Nonsense Book' (1914) 'Confessional'

2.250 John William Burgon 1813-88

Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,—
A rose-red city—'half as old as Time'!
'Petra' (1845) l. 131.

2.251 Sir John Burgoyne 1722-92

You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-pimini—the lips cannot fail of taking their plie.
'The Heiress' (1786) act 3, sc. 2

2.252 Edmund Burke 1729-97

The conduct of a losing party never appears right: at least it never can possess the only infallible criterion of wisdom to vulgar judgements—success.
'Letter to a Member of the National Assembly' (1791) p. 7

Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have derived any kind of emolument from it, even though for but one year, can never willingly abandon it.
'Letter to a Member of the National Assembly' (1791) p. 12

Tyrants seldom want pretexts.
'Letter to a Member of the National Assembly' (1791) p. 25

You can never plan the future by the past.
'Letter to a Member of the National Assembly' (1791) p. 73

To innovate is not to reform.
'A Letter to a Noble Lord' (1796) p. 20

The king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm,—the triple cord, which no man can break.
'A Letter to a Noble Lord' (1796) p. 54.

I know many have been taught to think that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason.
'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the Affairs of America' (1777) p. 30

Between craft and credulity, the voice of reason is stifled.
'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol' (1777) p. 34

Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed.
'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol' (1777) p. 55

Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant.
'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol' (1777) p. 59

Among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist.

‘Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol’ (1777) p. 71

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.
‘Letters on a Regicide Peace’ Letter 1 (1796)

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.
‘Letters on a Regicide Peace’ Letter 1 (1796)

Never, no never, did Nature say one thing and Wisdom say another.
‘Letters on a Regicide Peace’ Letter 3 (1797)

Well it is known that ambition can creep as well as soar.
‘Letters on a Regicide Peace’ Letter 3 (1797)

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
‘Observations on a late Publication on the Present State of the Nation’ (1769)

It is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.
‘Observations on...the Present State of the Nation’ (1769)

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear.
‘On the Sublime and Beautiful’ (1757) pt. 2, sect. 2

Custom reconciles us to everything.
‘On the Sublime and Beautiful’ (1757) pt. 4, sect. 18

I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as any gentleman.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 7

Whenever our neighbour’s house is on fire, it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 10

A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 29

Make the Revolution a parent of settlement, and not a nursery of future revolutions.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 38

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 47

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 88

The age of chivalry is gone.—That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 112

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 113

This barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 115

In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 115.

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 116

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 117

Man is by his constitution a religious animal; atheism is against not only our reason, but our instincts.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 135.

A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 139

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 205

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 234

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 246

Our patience will achieve more than our force.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 249

Good order is the foundation of all good things.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 351

Every politician ought to sacrifice to the graces; and to join compliance with reason.
‘Reflections on the Revolution in France’ (1790) p. 352

The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse.
Speech on the Middlesex Election, 7 February 1771, in ‘The Speeches’ (1854)

It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact; and great trade will always be attended with considerable abuses.
Speech ‘On American Taxation’ 19 April 1774

Falsehood has a perennial spring.
Speech ‘On American Taxation’ 19 April 1774

To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men.
Speech ‘On American Taxation’ 19 April 1774

Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgement; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.
Speech to the Electors of Bristol, 3 November 1774

I have in general no very exalted opinion of the virtue of paper government.
Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth; invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

The use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Nothing less will content me, than whole America.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

It is not, what a lawyer tells me I may do; but what humanity, reason, and justice, tell me I ought to do.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Freedom and not servitude is the cure of anarchy; as religion, and not atheism, is the true remedy for superstition.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Instead of a standing revenue, you will have therefore a perpetual quarrel.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Parties must ever exist in a free country.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire: and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

Speech ‘On Conciliation with America’ 22 March 1775

Individuals pass like shadows; but the commonwealth is fixed and stable.

Speech, ‘Hansard’ 11 February 1780, col. 48

The people are the masters.

Speech, ‘Hansard’ 11 February 1780, col. 67

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny.

‘Speech at Bristol, previous to the Late Election’ (1780)

Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the orang-outang or the tiger.

Speech on Fox’s East India Bill, 1 December 1783

Your governor stimulates a rapacious and licentious soldiery to the personal search of women, lest these unhappy creatures should avail themselves of the protection of their sex to secure any supply for their necessities.

Speech on Fox’s East India Bill, 1 December 1783 (referring to Warren Hastings)

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.

Speech at County Meeting of Buckinghamshire, 1784

Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety.

Speech, 18 February 1788, in E. A. Bond (ed.) ‘Speeches...in the Trial of Warren Hastings’ (1859) vol. 1, p. 104

An event has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent.

Speech, 5 May 1789, in E. A. Bond (ed.) ‘Speeches...in the Trial of Warren Hastings’ (1859) vol. 2, p. 109

At last dying in the last dyke of prevarication.

Speech, 7 May 1789, in E. A. Bond (ed.) ‘Speeches...in the Trial of Warren Hastings’ (1859) vol. 2, p. 179

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law—the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity, the law of nature and of nations.

Speech, 28 May 1794, in E. A. Bond (ed.) ‘Speeches...in the Trial of Warren Hastings’ (1859) vol. 4, p. 377

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians, 11 May 1792, in ‘The Works’ vol. 5 (1812).

Dangers by being despised grow great.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians, 11 May 1792, in ‘The Works’ vol. 5 (1812)

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.

‘Thoughts and Details on Scarcity’ (1800)

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 4

I am not one of those who think that the people are never in the wrong. They have been so, frequently and outrageously, both in other countries and in this. But I do say, that in all disputes between them and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 7

The power of the crown, almost dead and rotten as Prerogative, has grown up anew, with much more strength, and far less odium, under the name of Influence.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 10

We must soften into a credulity below the milkiness of infancy to think all men virtuous. We must be tainted with a malignity truly diabolical, to believe all the world to be equally wicked and corrupt.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 30

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 71

Of this stamp is the cant of Not men, but measures; a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 75

It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots, as not to forget we are gentlemen.

‘Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents’ (1770) p. 77

Laws, like houses, lean on one another.

‘A Tract on the Popery Laws’ (planned c.1765) ch. 3, pt. 1 in ‘The Works’ vol. 5 (1812)

In all forms of Government the people is the true legislator.

‘A Tract on the Popery Laws’ ch. 3, pt. 1 in ‘The Works’ vol. 5 (1812)

People crushed by law have no hopes but from power. If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws; and those, who have much to hope and nothing to lose, will always be dangerous, more or less.

Letter to Charles James Fox, 8 October 1777, in ‘The Correspondence of Edmund Burke’ vol. 3 (1961)

The silent touches of time.

Letter to William Smith, 29 January 1795, in ‘The Correspondence of Edmund Burke’ vol. 8 (1969)

Somebody has said, that a king may make a nobleman but he cannot make a gentleman.

Letter to William Smith, 29 January 1795, in ‘The Correspondence of Edmund Burke’ vol. 8 (1969)

His virtues were his arts.

Inscription on the pedestal of the statue of the Marquis of Rockingham in Wentworth Park

Not merely a chip of the old ‘block’, but the old block itself.

On the younger Pitt’s First Speech, 1781

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

J. P. Brissot ‘To his Constituents’ (1794) ‘Translator’s Preface’ (written by Burke)

It is necessary only for the good man to do nothing for evil to triumph.

Attributed (in a number of forms) to Burke, but not found in his writings.

2.253 Johnny Burke 1908-64

Every time it rains, it rains
Pennies from heaven.
Don’t you know each cloud contains
Pennies from heaven?
You’ll find your fortune falling
All over town
Be sure that your umbrella
Is upside down.

‘Pennies from Heaven’ (1936 song)

Like Webster’s Dictionary, we’re Morocco bound.

‘The Road to Morocco’ (1942 film) title song

2.254 Lord Burleigh

See William Cecil (3.60)

2.255 Fanny Burney (Mme d’Arblay) 1752-1840

A little alarm now and then keeps life from stagnation.

‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 3, ch. 11

There is nothing upon the face of the earth so insipid as a medium. Give me love or hate! a friend that will go to jail for me, or an enemy that will run me through the body!

‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 3, ch. 12

It’s a delightful thing to think of perfection; but it’s vastly more amusing to talk of errors and absurdities.

‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 3, ch. 12

Vice is detestable; I banish all its appearances from my coteries; and I would banish its reality, too, were I sure I should then have any thing but empty chairs in my drawing-room.

‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 5, ch. 6

The cure of a romantic first flame is a better surety to subsequent discretion, than all the exhortations of all the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, and maiden aunts in the universe.

‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 5, ch. 6

O, we all acknowledge our faults, now; ’tis the mode of the day: but the acknowledgement

passes for current payment; and therefore we never amend them.
‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 6, ch. 2

No man is in love when he marries. He may have loved before; I have even heard he has sometimes loved after: but at the time never. There is something in the formalities of the matrimonial preparations that drive away all the little cupidons.
‘Camilla’ (1796) bk. 6, ch. 10

Travelling is the ruin of all happiness! There’s no looking at a building here after seeing Italy.
‘Cecilia’ (1782) bk. 4, ch. 2

‘True, very true, ma’am,’ said he, yawning, ‘one really lives no where; one does but vegetate, and wish it all at an end.’
‘Cecilia’ (1782) bk. 7, ch. 5

‘The whole of this unfortunate business,’ said Dr Lyster, ‘has been the result of pride and prejudice.’
‘Cecilia’ (1782) bk. 10, ch. 10

‘Do you come to the play without knowing what it is?’ ‘O yes, Sir, yes, very frequently; I have no time to read play-bills; one merely comes to meet one’s friends, and show that one’s alive.’
‘Evelina’ (1778) Letter 20

The freedom with which Dr Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing.
‘Diary and Letters...1778-1840’ 23 August 1778

The delusive seduction of martial music.
‘Diary and Letters...1778-1840’ 5-6 May 1802

Such a set of tittle tattle, prittle prattle visitants! Oh dear! I am so sick of the ceremony and fuss of these fall lall people! So much dressing—chit chat—complimentary nonsense—In short, a country town is my detestation.
‘Journal’ 17 July 1768 in ‘The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney’ (ed. L. E. Troide, 1988) vol. 1

O! how short a time does it take to put an end to a woman’s liberty!
‘Journal’ 20 July 1768 in ‘The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney’ (ed. L. E. Troide, 1988) vol. 1 (referring to a wedding)

2.256 John Burns 1858-1943

The Thames is liquid history.
To an American who had compared the Thames disparagingly with the Mississippi, in ‘Daily Mail’ 25 January 1943

2.257 Robert Burns 1759-96

O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie.
‘Address to the Deil’ (1786)

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,

Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o’ cases:
A dear-lov’d lad, convenience snug,
A treach’rous inclination—
But, let me whisper in your lug,
Ye’re aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho’ they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

‘Address to the Unco Guid’ (1787); aiblins perhaps

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!

‘Ae fond Kiss’ (1792)

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise.
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

‘Afton Water’ (1792)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?

‘Auld Lang Syne’ (1796)

We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

‘Auld Lang Syne’ (1796)

And there’s a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie’s a hand o’thine!

‘Auld Lang Syne’ (1796)

Freedom and Whisky gang thegither!

‘The Author’s Earnest Cry and Prayer’ (1786) l. 185

Ay, waulkin, Oh,
Waulkin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

‘Ay Waukin O’ (1790)

Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu’ o’ care!

‘The Banks o’ Doon’ (1792)

Thou minds me o’ departed joys,
Departed, never to return.
‘The Banks o’ Doon’ (1792)

And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.
‘The Banks o’ Doon’ (1792)

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o’er the border?
She’s gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is
And never made anither!
‘Bonnie Lesley’ (1798)

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro’ the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?
‘Comin thro’ the rye’ (1796)

Contented wi’ little and cantie wi’ mair,
Whene’er I forgather wi’ Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp, as they’re creeping alang,
Wi’ a cog o’ gude swats and an auld Scotish sang.
‘Contented wi’ little’ (1796)

Th’ expectant wee-things, toddlin’, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi’ flichterin’ noise an’ glee.
‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’ (1786) st. 3

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’ (1786) st. 6

The healsome porritch, chief of Scotia’s food.
‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’ (1786) st. 11

The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,
The big ha’-Bible, ance his father’s pride.
‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’ (1786) st. 12

From scenes like these old Scotia’s grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and Lords are but the breath of kings,
‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God.’
‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’ (1786) st. 19.

I wasna fou, but just had plenty.
‘Death and Dr Hornbook’ (1787) st. 3

On ev’ry hand it will allow’d be,
He’s just—nae better than he shou’d be.
‘A Dedication to G[avin] H[amilton]’ (1786) l. 25

There’s threesome reels, there’s foursome reels,
There’s hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e’er cam to the land
Was, the deil’s awa wi’ th’ Exciseman.
‘The Deil’s awa wi’ th’Exciseman’ (1792)

Perhaps it may turn out a sang;
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.
‘Epistle to a Young Friend’ (1786) st. 1

I waive the quantum o’the sin;
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a’ within,
And petrifies the feeling!
‘Epistle to a Young Friend’ (1786) st. 6

An atheist-laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended!
‘Epistle to a Young Friend’ (1786) st. 9

Gie me ae spark o’ Nature’s fire,
That’s a’ the learning I desire.
‘Epistle to J. L[aprai]k’ (1786) st. 13

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
‘The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate’er he be,
’Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan,
And none but he’
‘To the same’ [John Lapraik] st. 15

The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that!
‘For a’ that and a’ that’ (1790)

A man’s a man for a’ that.
‘For a’ that and a’ that’ (1790)

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e’er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

‘Green Grow the Rashes’ (1787)

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han’ she tried on man,
An’ then she made the lasses, O.

‘Green Grow the Rashes’ (1787)

O, gie me the lass that has acres o’ charms,
O, gie me the lass wi’ the weel-stockit farms.

‘Hey for a Lass wi’ a Tocher’ (1799)

Here, some are thinkin’ on their sins,
An’ some upo’ their claes.

‘The Holy Fair’ (1786) st. 10

Leeze me on drink! it gi’es us mair
Than either school or college.

‘The Holy Fair’ (1786) st. 19

There’s some are fou o’ love divine;
There’s some are fou o’ brandy.

‘The Holy Fair’ (1786) st. 27

O L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin’ there, and dancin’ here,
    Wi’ great an’ sma’;
For I am keepet by thy fear,
    Free frae them a’.

But yet—O L—d—confess I must—
At times I’m fash’d wi’ fleshly lust...

O L—d—yestreen—thou kens—wi’ Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg!
O may ’t ne’er be a living plague,
    To my dishonour!
And I’ll ne’er lift a lawless leg
    Again upon her.

‘Holy Willie’s Prayer’ (1785)

There’s death in the cup—so beware!

‘Inscription on a Goblet’ (published 1834)

It was a’ for our rightfu’ King
We left fair Scotland’s strand.

‘It was a’ for our Rightfu’ King’ (1796)

John Anderson my jo, John,

When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.
‘John Anderson my Jo’ (1790)

I once was a maid, tho’ I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men.
‘The Jolly Beggars’ (1799) l. 57 (also known as ‘Love and Liberty—A Cantata’)

Partly wi’ love o’ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
‘The Jolly Beggars’ (1799) l. 183

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty’s a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.
‘The Jolly Beggars’ (1799) l. 254

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose.
‘The Jolly Beggars’ (1799) l. 270

Some have meat and cannot eat,
Some cannot eat that want it:
But we have meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
‘The Kirkudbright Grace’ (1790) (also known as ‘The Selkirk Grace’)

I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown:
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
‘Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn’ (1793)

Nature’s law,
That man was made to mourn
‘Man was made to Mourn’ st. 4 (1786)

Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!
‘Man was made to Mourn’ st. 7 (1786)

O Death, the poor man’s dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
‘Man was made to Mourn’ st. 11 (1786)

May coward shame distain his name,

The wretch that dares not die!

‘McPherson’s Farewell’ (1788)

Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine,
An’ fill it in a silver tassie.

‘My Bonnie Mary’ (1790)

My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart’s in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart’s in the Highlands, wherever I go.

‘My Heart’s in the Highlands’ (1790)

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North;
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth.

‘My Heart’s in the Highlands’ (1790)

The minister kiss’d the fiddler’s wife,
An’ could na preach for thinkin’ o’t.

‘My Love She’s but a Lassie yet’ (1790)

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh.

‘Open the door to me, Oh’ (1793)

O, my Luve’s like a red, red rose
That’s newly sprung in June;
O my Luve’s like the melodie
That’s sweetly play’d in tune.

‘A Red Red Rose’ (1796) (derived from various folk-songs)

Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,—
Or to victorie.

Now’s the day, and now’s the hour;
See the front o’ battle lour;
See approach proud Edward’s power,
Chains and slaverie.

‘Robert Bruce’s March to Bannockburn’ (1799) (also known as ‘Scots, Wha Hae’)

Liberty’s in every blow!
Let us do—or die!!!

‘Robert Bruce’s March to Bannockburn’ (1799)

Good Lord, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he’s a problem must puzzle the devil.

‘Sketch’ inscribed to Charles James Fox (1800)

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
Tam lo’ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 42

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O’er a’ the ills o’ life victorious!
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 57

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow’r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 59

Nae man can tether time or tide.
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 67

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi’ tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi’ usquebae, we’ll face the devil!
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 105

As Tammie glowr’d, amaz’d, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 143

Tam tint his reason a’ thegither,
And roars out—’Weel done, Cutty-sark!’
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 185

Ah Tam! ah Tam! thou’ll get thy fairin’!
In hell they’ll roast thee like a herrin!
‘Tam o’ Shanter’ (1791) l. 201

A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.
‘There was a Lass’ (1788)

Fair fa’ your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o’ the puddin’-race!
Aboon them a’ ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o’ a grace
As lang’s my arm.

‘To a Haggis’ (1787)

O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

‘To a Louse’ (1786)

Wee, sleekit, cow’rin’, tim’rous beastie,
O what a panic’s in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi’ bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an’ chase thee,
Wi’ murd’ring pattle!

‘To a Mouse’ (1786)

I’m truly sorry Man’s dominion
Has broken Nature’s social union,
An’ justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An’ fellow-mortal!

‘To a Mouse’ (1786)

The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley.

‘To a Mouse’ (1786)

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o’ carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne’er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

‘To Dr Blacklock’ (1800)

Just now I’ve taen the fit o’ rhyme,
My barmie noddle’s working prime.

‘To J. S[mith]’ (1786) st. 4

Some rhyme a neebor’s name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu’ cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An’ raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

‘To J. S[mith]’ (1786) st. 5

An’ fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!
‘To J. S[mith]’ (1786) st. 14

Their sighan’, cantan’, grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces.
‘To the Rev. John M’Math’ (published 1808)

We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a’ the comfort we’re to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.
‘The Tree of Liberty’ (published 1838)

His lockéd, lettered, braw brass collar,
Shew’d him the gentleman and scholar.
‘The Twa Dogs’ (1786) l. 13

An’ there began a lang digression
About the lords o’ the creation.
‘The Twa Dogs’ (1786) l. 45

Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs.
‘The Twa Dogs’ (1786) l. 236

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus’d on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu’ prime
An’ done nae-thing,
But stringing blethers up to rhyme
For fools to sing.
‘The Vision’ (1785)

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi’ an auld man?
‘What can a Young Lassie do wi’ an Auld Man’ (1792)

O whistle, an’ I’ll come to you, my lad:
O whistle, an’ I’ll come to you, my lad:
Tho’ father and mither and a’ should gae mad,
O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad.
‘Whistle, an’ I’ll come to you, my Lad’ (1788).

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That’s blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she’ll wait a wee!
‘Willie Brew’d a Peck o’ Maut’ (1790)

Don’t let the awkward squad fire over me.

As he was dying, in A. Cunningham ‘The Works of Robert Burns; with his Life’ vol. 1 (1834) p. 344

2.258 William S. Burroughs 1914—

What we on earth call God is a little tribal God who has made an awful mess.

‘Paris Review’ Fall 1965

2.259 Sir Fred Burrows 1887-1973

Unlike my predecessors I have devoted more of my life to shunting and hooting than to hunting and shooting.

Speech as last Governor of undivided Bengal (1946-7), having been a former President of the National Union of Railwaymen. ‘Daily Telegraph’ 24 April 1973, obituary notice

2.260 Benjamin Hapgood Burt 1880-1950

One evening in October, when I was one-third sober,
An’ taking home a ‘load’ with manly pride;
My poor feet began to stutter, so I lay down in the gutter,
And a pig came up an’ lay down by my side;
Then we sang ‘It’s all fair weather when good fellows get together,’
Till a lady passing by was heard to say:
‘You can tell a man who “boozes” by the company he chooses’
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

‘The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away’ (1933 song)

When you’re all dressed up and no place to go.

Title of song (1913)

2.261 Nat Burton

There’ll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover,
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.

‘The White Cliffs of Dover’ (1941 song)

2.262 Sir Richard Burton 1821-90

Don’t be frightened; I am recalled. Pay, pack, and follow at convenience.

Note to Isabel Burton, 19 August 1871, on being replaced as British Consul to Damascus, in Isabel Burton ‘The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton’ (1893) vol. 1, ch. 21

2.263 Robert Burton (‘Democritus Junior’) 1577-1640

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) ‘The Author’s Abstract of Melancholy’

I write of melancholy, by being busy to avoid melancholy.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) ‘Democritus to the Reader’

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'

I had not time to lick it into form, as she [a bear] doth her young ones.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'

Like watermen, that row one way and look another.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'.

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'

Frascatorius...freely grants all poets to be mad, so doth Scaliger, and who doth not.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'.

A loose, plain, rude writer.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) 'Democritus to the Reader'

What, if a dear year come or dearth, or some loss? And were it not that they are loath to lay out money on a rope, they would be hanged forthwith, and sometimes die to save charges.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 1, sect. 2, member 3, subsect. 12

I may not here omit those two main plagues, and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people. They go commonly together.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 1, sect. 2, member 3, subsect. 13

Hinc quam sit calamus saevior ense patet.

From this it is clear how much the pen is worse than the sword.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 1, sect. 2, member 4, subsect. 4.

See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 1, sect. 2, member 4, subsect. 7

One was never married, and that's his hell; another is, and that's his plague.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 1, sect. 2, member 4, subsect. 7

The gods are well pleased when they see great men contending with adversity.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 1, subsect. 1

Every thing, saith Epictetus, hath two handles, the one to be held by, the other not.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 3, subsect. 1

Who cannot give good counsel? 'tis cheap, it costs them nothing.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 3, subsect. 1

What is a ship but a prison?

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 4, subsect. 1.

All places are distant from Heaven alike.

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 2, sect. 3, member 4, subsect. 1

'Let me not live,' saith Aretine's Antonia, 'if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play!'

'The Anatomy of Melancholy' (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 1, member 1, subsect. 1

To enlarge or illustrate this power and effect of love is to set a candle in the sun.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 2, member 1, subsect. 2.

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 2, member 1, subsect. 2

To these crocodile’s tears they will add sobs, fiery sighs, and sorrowful countenance, pale colour, leanness.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 2, member 2, subsect. 4

Diogenes struck the father when the son swore.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 2, member 2, subsect. 4

England is a paradise for women, and hell for horses: Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the diverb goes.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 3, member 1, subsect. 2

One religion is as true as another.

‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 4, member 2, subsect. 1

Be not solitary, be not idle.

Final words, in ‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’ (1621-51) pt. 3, sect. 4, member 2, subsect. 6

2.264 Hermann Busenbaum 1600-68

Cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita.

The end justifies the means.

‘Medulla Theologiae Moralis’ (1650)

2.265 Comte de Bussy-Rabutin 1618-1693

L’amour vient de l’aveuglement,
L’amitiè de la connaissance.

Love comes from blindness,
Friendship from knowledge.

‘Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules: Maximes d’Amour’ (1665) pt. 1

L’absence est á l’amour ce qu’est au feu le vent;
Il èteint le petit, il allume le grand.

Absence is to love what wind is to fire;
It extinguishes the small, it enkindles the great.

‘Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules: Maximes d’Amour’ (1665) pt. 2.

Comme vous savez, Dieu est d’ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits.

As you know, God is usually on the side of the big squadrons against the small.

Letter to the Comte de Limoges, 18 October 1677, in ‘Lettres de...Comte de Bussy’ (1697) vol. 4.

2.266 Joseph Butler 1692-1752

It has come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious.

‘The Analogy of Religion’ (1736) ‘Advertisement’

But to us, probability is the very guide of life.

'The Analogy of Religion' (1736) 'Introduction'

Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we desire to be deceived?

'Fifteen Sermons preached at the Rolls Chapel' (1726) no. 7

2.267 Nicholas Murray Butler 1862-1947

No artificial class distinction can long prevail in a society like ours [the USA] of which it is truly said to be often but three generations 'from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves'.

'True and False Democracy' (1907) ch. 2

An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less.

Commencement address at Columbia University

2.268 Samuel Butler 1612-80

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 77

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 81

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 89

A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 93

What ever sceptic could inquire for;
For every why he had a wherefore.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 131

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 149

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 159

And still be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

'Hudibras' pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 202

Compound for sins, they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 213

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 357

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 457

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 1, l. 877

Cleric before, and Lay behind;
A lawless linsy-woolsy brother,
Half of one order, half another.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 3, l. 1226

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 1 (1663), canto 3, l. 1339

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 2 (1664), canto 1, l. 591

Love is a boy, by poets styled,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 2 (1664), canto 1, l. 843

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 2 (1664), canto 2, l. 107

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler’s sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th’ admire his sleight of hand.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 2 (1664), canto 3, l. 1

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 3 (1680), canto 1, l. 1277

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 3 (1680), canto 3, l. 547

For Justice, though she’s painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 3 (1680), canto 3, l. 709

For money has a power above
The stars and fate, to manage love.
‘Hudibras’ pt. 3 (1680) ‘The Lady’s Answer to the Knight’ l. 131

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets, until ’tis fine;
But when ’tis settled on the lee,
And from th’ impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still, the older,
And proves the pleasanter, the colder.
‘Genuine Remains’ (1759) ‘Miscellaneous Thoughts’

The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for’t.
‘Genuine Remains’ (1759) ‘Miscellaneous Thoughts’

2.269 Samuel Butler 1835-1902

It has been said that though God cannot alter the past, historians can; it is perhaps because they can be useful to Him in this respect that He tolerates their existence.
‘Erewhon Revisited’ (1901) ch. 14.

Adversity, if a man is set down to it by degrees, is more supportable with equanimity by most people than any great prosperity arrived at in a single lifetime.
‘The Way of All Flesh’ (1903) ch. 5

All animals, except man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.
‘The Way of All Flesh’ (1903) ch. 19

The advantage of doing one’s praising for oneself is that one can lay it on so thick and exactly in the right places.
‘The Way of All Flesh’ (1903) ch. 34

Young as he was, his instinct told him that the best liar is he who makes the smallest amount of lying go the longest way.
‘The Way of All Flesh’ (1903) ch. 39

’Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.
‘The Way of All Flesh’ (1903) ch. 67.

It was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four, besides being very amusing.
‘Letters between Samuel Butler and Miss E. M. A. Savage 1871-1885’ (1935) 21 November 1884

Life is one long process of getting tired.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 1

All progress is based upon a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 1

The history of art is the history of revivals.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 8

An apology for the Devil: It must be remembered that we have only heard one side of the case. God has written all the books.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 14

A definition is the enclosing a wilderness of idea within a wall of words.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 14

To live is like to love—all reason is against it, and all healthy instinct for it.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 14

The public buys its opinions as it buys its meat, or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered.
‘Notebooks’ (1912) ch. 17

An honest God’s the noblest work of man.
‘Further Extracts from Notebooks’ (1934) p. 26.

The three most important things a man has are, briefly, his private parts, his money, and his religious opinions.
‘Further Extracts from Notebooks’ (1934) p. 93

Jesus! with all thy faults I love thee still.
‘Further Extracts from Notebooks’ (1934) p. 117

Conscience is thoroughly well-bred and soon leaves off talking to those who do not wish to hear it.
‘Further Extracts from Notebooks’ (1934) p. 279

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.
Speech at the Somerville Club, 27 February 1895, in R. A. Streatfield ‘Essays on Life, Art and Science’ (1904) p. 69

Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed, and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic, and no man regardeth.
O God! O Montreal!
‘Psalm of Montreal’, in ‘Spectator’ 18 May 1878

Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.
‘Athenaeum’ 4 January 1902

2.270 William Butler 1535-1618

Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.

On the strawberry, in Izaak Walton ‘The Compleat Angler’ (3rd ed., 1661) pt. 1, ch. 5

2.271 Max Bygraves 1922—

See Eric Sykes and Max Bygraves (7.193) in Volume II

2.272 John Byrom 1692-1763

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me.
‘Careless Content’

Some say, that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel’s a mere ninny;
Others aver, to him, that Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such high dispute should be
’Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
‘Miscellaneous Poems’ (1773) ‘On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini’

Stones towards the earth descend;
Rivers to the ocean roll;
Ev’ry motion has some end;—
What is thine, beloved soul?
‘The Soul’s Tendency towards its True Centre’

God bless the King, I mean the Faith’s Defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all—that’s quite another thing.
‘Miscellaneous Poems’ (1773) vol. 1 ‘To an Officer in the Army, Extempore, Intended to allay the Violence of Party-Spirit’

2.273 Lord Byron (George Gordon, Sixth Baron Byron) 1788-1824

Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curled,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!
‘The Age of Bronze’ (1823) st. 13

For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
‘The Age of Bronze’ (1823) st. 14

Year after year they voted cent per cent
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
‘The Age of Bronze’ (1823) st. 14

Did’st ever see a gondola?...
It glides along the water looking blackly,

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe.

‘Beppo’ (1818) st. 19

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seemed a hero.

‘Beppo’ (1818) st. 33.

Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women.

‘Beppo’ (1818) st. 49

A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o’er a new inn door.

‘Beppo’ (1818) st. 57

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

‘Beppo’ (1818) st. 34

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.

‘The Bride of Abydos’ (1813) canto 1, st. 1

Such was Zuleika, such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark’d by her alone—
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

‘The Bride of Abydos’ (1813) canto 1, st. 6

I have looked out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequered
By the far-flashing of the cherubs’ swords,
I watched for what I thought his coming: for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What ’twas which shook us all—but nothing came.

‘Cain’ (1821) act 1, sc. 1, l. 266

The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 1, st. 11

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 1, st. 13

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,

His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 1, st. 39

Here all were noble, save Nobility.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 1, st. 85

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 15

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 24

Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 39

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more! though fallen, great!
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 73

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 76

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 2, st. 98

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 3, st. 2

The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind.
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812-18) canto 3, st. 3

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 8

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll’d the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 13

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 16

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 23

The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 28

But life will suit
Itself to Sorrow’s most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea’s shore,
All ashes to the taste.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 34

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 42

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 69

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me,
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 72

His love was passion’s essence:—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 78

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 107 (of Edward Gibbon)

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee.

‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 113

I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 3, st. 113

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli’s mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 27

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 42

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 78

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 120

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 122

Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 130

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that withini me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 137

There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 141

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 143

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;

And when Rome falls—the World.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 145

The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 161

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 177

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and, music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 178

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 179

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity.
‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage’ (1812-18) canto 4, st. 183 (the sea)

The glory and the nothing of a name.
‘Churchill’s Grave’ (1816)

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one.
‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 1, st. 8

There was a laughing devil in his sneer.
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell!
‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 1, st. 9

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,

Then trembles into silence as before.

‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 1, st. 14 ‘Medora’s Song’

The spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe, rebel—the weak alone repent!

‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 2, st. 10

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman’s eye the unanswerable tear!

‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 2, st. 15

And she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!

‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 3, st. 17

He left a Corsair’s name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 3, st. 24

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

‘The Curse of Minerva’ (1812) l. 1 and ‘The Corsair’ (1814) canto 3, st. 1

A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.

‘The Curse of Minerva’ (1812) l. 138 (of Scotland)

Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat’ry head o’erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.

‘The Curse of Minerva’ (1812) l. 139 (of Scotland)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

‘The Destruction of Sennacherib’ (1815) st. 1

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed.

‘The Destruction of Sennacherib’ (1815) st. 3

And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But, like a hawk encumber’d with his hood,
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation.

‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, dedication st. 2

The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh.

‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, dedication st. 11

My way is to begin with the beginning.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 7

But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 22

Married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 59 (Donna Julia)

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate’s sultry.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 63

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 83

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;
And then he thought of Donna Julia’s eyes.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 92

’Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
His brain about the action of the sky;
If you think ’twas philosophy that this did,
I can’t help thinking puberty assisted.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 93

A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering ‘I will ne’er consent’—consented.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 117

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 124.

Pleasure’s a sin, and sometimes sin’s a pleasure.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 133

Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,
’Tis woman’s whole existence.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 194

A panoramic view of hell’s in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,

So that my name of Epic’s no misnomer.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 200

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 1, st. 216

There’s nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 34

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 53

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 178

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication;
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 179

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave’s splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other’s dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 185

And thus they form a group that’s quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 194

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing!
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 2, st. 199

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 3

’Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,

Although they both are born in the same clime;
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour,
Down to a very homely household savour.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 5

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch’s wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 8

All tragedies are finished by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 9

Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 35

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 41

But Shakespeare also says, ’tis very silly
‘To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.’
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 76.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 86 (3)

For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 86 (6)

Milton’s the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 91

A drowsy frowzy poem, called the ‘Excursion’,
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 94

We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes sleeps;
We feel without him: Wordsworth sometimes wakes.

‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 98.

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of love!
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 3, st. 103

Now my sere fancy ‘falls into the yellow
Leaf,’ and imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o’er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 4, st. 3.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
’Tis that I may not weep.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 4, st. 4

‘Whom the gods love die young’ was said of yore.
And many deaths do they escape by this.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 4, st.12.

I’ve stood upon Achilles’ tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 4, st. 101

When amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves.
They little think what mischief is in store.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 5, st. 1

And is this blood, then, form’d but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?
And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things?
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 5, st. 39

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 5, st. 49

Why don’t they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife?
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 5, st. 158

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 6, st. 2.

A lady of a ‘certain age’, which means
Certainly aged.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 6, st. 69

‘Let there be light! said God, and there was light!’
‘Let there be blood!’ says man, and there’s a sea!
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 7, st. 41

That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 10, st. 63

When Bishop Berkeley said ‘there was no matter’,
And proved it—’twas no matter what he said.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 11, st. 1

And, after all, what is a lie? ’Tis but
The truth in masquerade.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 11, st. 37

’Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 11, st. 60 (on Keats ‘who was killed off by one critique’)

For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 12, st. 59

Merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 12, st. 63

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 13, st. 4.

Cervantes smiled Spain’s chivalry away.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 13, st. 11

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 13, st. 42

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 13, st. 95

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, ‘I told you so.’
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 14, st. 50

’Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 14, st. 101

All present life is but an Interjection,
An ‘Oh!’ or ‘Ah!’ of joy or misery,

Or a ‘Ha! ha!’ or ‘Bah!’—a yawn, or ‘Pooh!’
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 15, st. 1

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 15, st. 43

’Tis wonderful what fable will not do!
’Tis said it makes reality more bearable:
But what’s reality? Who has it’s clue?
Philosophy? No; she too much rejects.
Religion? Yes; but which of all her sects?
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 15, st. 89

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
’Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon’s verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be!
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 15, st. 99

The worlds beyond this world’s perplexing waste
Had more of her existence for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as space.
‘Don Juan’ (1819-24) canto 16, st. 48

The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
‘The Dream’ (1816) st. 1

I’ll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 5

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 63

Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 138

Who, both by precept and example, shows

That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
Convinving all by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 241 (of Wordsworth)

Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 306

The petrifactions of a plodding brain.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 416

Then let Ausonia, skilled in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her erotic follies o’er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 618

Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And ’tis some praise in peers to write at all.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 719

Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 917

And glory, like the phoenix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.
‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers’ (1809) l. 959

Dusky like night, but night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite’s in her shell,
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep.
‘The Island’ (1823) canto 2, st. 7

Beside the jutting rock the few appeared,
Like the last remnant of the red-deer’s herd;
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
But still the hunter’s blood was on their horn,
A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it might,
Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cliff to crag with saltless spray...
To this young spring they rushed,—all feelings first

Absorbed in passion’s and in nature’s thirst,—
Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
Their arms aside to revel in its dew;
Cooled their scorched throats, and washed the gory stains
From wounds whose only bandage might be chains.
‘The Island’ (1823) canto 3, st. 3

Friendship is Love without his wings!
‘L’Amitiè est l’amour sans ailes’

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o’er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
‘Manfred’ (1817) act 1, sc. 1, l. 10

How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix’d essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride.
‘Manfred’ (1817) act 1, sc. 2, l. 37

I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.
‘Manfred’ (1817) act 3, sc. 4, l. 2

Old man! ’tis not so difficult to die.
‘Manfred’ (2nd ed., 1819) act 3, sc. 4, l. 151

You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win.
‘Marino Faliero’ (1821) act 1, sc. 2

’Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
‘Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte’ (1814) st. 1

The Arbiter of others’ fate
A Suppliant for his own!
‘Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte’ (1814) st. 5

The Cincinnatus of the West.

‘Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte’ (1814) st. 19 (of George Washington)

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

‘On hearing that Lady Byron was ill’ (published 1832)

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

‘On This Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year’ (1824).

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men’s have grown from sudden fears.

‘The Prisoner of Chillon’ (1816) st. 1

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

‘She Walks in Beauty’ (1815) st. 1

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress’ head.

‘A Sketch from Private Life’ (1816)

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art.

‘Sonnet on Chillon’ (1816)

So, we’ll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

‘So we’ll go no more a-roving’ (written 1817, published 1830)

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

‘Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa’ November 1821

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

‘Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa’ November 1821

There’s not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

‘Stanzas for Music’ March 1815

I am ashes where once I was fire.

‘To the Countess of Blessington’ (written 1823, published 1830)

Still I can’t contradict, what so oft has been said,
‘Though women are angels, yet wedlock’s the devil.’

‘To Eliza’ (1806)

And when we think we lead, we are most led.

‘The Two Foscari’ (1821) act 2, sc. 1, l. 361

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 2

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 10 (on the burial of George III)

In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 12

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne’er to be entered more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He pattered with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 25

Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 35

Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 36

And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,

I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

‘The Vision of Judgement’ (1822) st. 106

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss.

‘When we two parted’ (1816)

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

‘When we two parted’ (1816)

The man is mad, Sir, mad, frightful as a Mandrake, and lean as a rutting Stag, and all about a bitch not worth a Bank token.

Referring to the Revd. Robert Bland in a letter to John Cam Hobhouse, 16 November 1811: L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 2 (1973)

My Princess of Parallelograms.

Referring to Annabella Milbanke, a keen amateur mathematician, in a letter to Lady Melbourne, 18 October 1812: L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 2 (1973). Byron explains: ‘Her proceedings are quite rectangular, or rather we are two parallel lines prolonged to infinity side by side but never to meet’

We have progressively improved into a less spiritual species of tenderness—but the seal is not yet fixed though the wax is preparing for the impression.

On his relationship with Lady Frances Webster, in a letter to Lady Melbourne, 14 October 1813: L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 3 (1974)

I by no means rank poetry high in the scale of intelligence—this may look like affectation—but it is my real opinion—it is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake.

Letter to Annabella Milbanke, 29 November 1813, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 3 (1974)

I prefer the talents of action—of war—of the senate—or even of science—to all the speculations of those mere dreamers of another existence.

Letter to Annabella Milbanke, 29 November 1813, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 3 (1974)

What is hope? nothing but the paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

Letter to Thomas Moore, 28 October 1815, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 4 (1975)

Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk.

Letter to Thomas Moore, 31 October 1815, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) ‘Byron’s Letters and Journals’ vol. 4

(1975)

Wordsworth—stupendous genius! damned fool! These poets run about their ponds though they cannot fish.

Fragment of a letter, recorded in the diary of Henry Crabb Robinson, December 1 1816: L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 5 (1976) p. 13

Love in this part of the world is no sinecure.

Letter to John Murray from Venice, 27 December 1816, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 5 (1976)

I hate things all fiction...there should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric and pure invention is but the talent of a liar.

Letter to John Murray from Venice, April 2 1817, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 5 (1976)

Is it not life, is it not the thing?—Could any man have written it—who has not lived in the world?—and tooled in a post-chaise? in a hackney coach? in a gondola? Against a wall? in a court carriage? in a vis a vis?—on a table?—and under it?

On 'Don Juan' in a letter to Douglas Kinnaird, October 26 1819: L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 6 (1978)

The reading or non-reading a book—will never keep down a single petticoat.

Letter to Richard Hoppner, October 29 1819, in L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 6 (1978)

Such writing is a sort of mental masturbation—he is always f—gg—g his imagination.—I don't mean that he is indecent but viciously soliciting his own ideas into a state which is neither poetry nor any thing else but a Bedlam vision produced by raw pork and opium.

On Keats in a letter to John Murray, November 9 1820: L. A. Marchand (ed.) 'Byron's Letters and Journals' vol. 7 (1979)

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Referring to the instantaneous success of 'Childe Harold', in Thomas Moore 'Letters and Journals of Lord Byron' (1830) vol. 1, p. 346

You should have a softer pillow than my heart.

To his wife, who had rested her head on his breast, in E. C. Mayne (ed.) 'The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella, Lady Noel Byron' (1929) ch. 11

3.0 C

3.1 James Branch Cabell 1879-1958

A man possesses nothing certainly save a brief loan of his own body.

'Jurgen' (1919) ch. 20

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.

'The Silver Stallion' (1926) bk. 4, ch. 26

3.2 Augustus Caesar

See Augustus (1.118)

3.3 Irving Caesar 1895—

Picture you upon my knee,
Just tea for two and two for tea.

‘Tea for Two’ (1925 song)

3.4 Julius Caesar c.100-44 B.C.

Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.

Gaul as a whole is divided into three parts.

‘De Bello Gallico’ bk. 1, sect. 1

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.

Men are nearly always willing to believe what they wish.

‘De Bello Gallico’ bk. 3, sect. 18

Caesar’s wife must be above suspicion.

Oral tradition based on Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Julius Caesar’ ch. 10, sect. 9

Caesar, when he first went into Gaul, made no scruple to profess ‘That he had rather be first in a village than second at Rome’.

Francis Bacon ‘The Advancement of Learning’ pt. 2, ch. 23, sect. 36, based on Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Julius Caesar’ ch. 11

Thou hast Caesar and his fortune with thee.

Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Julius Caesar’ ch. 38, sect. 3 (translated by T. North, 1579)

The die is cast.

At the crossing of the Rubicon, in Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Julius’ sect. 32 (often quoted in Latin ‘Iacta alea est’ but originally spoken in Greek). Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Pompey’ ch. 60, sect. 2

Veni, vidi, vici.

I came, I saw, I conquered.

Inscription displayed in Caesar’s Pontic triumph, according to Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Julius’ sect. 37 or, according to Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Julius Caesar’ ch. 50, sect. 2, written in a letter by Caesar, announcing the victory of Zela which concluded the Pontic campaign

Et tu, Brute?

You too Brutus?

Traditional rendering of Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Divus Julius’ sect. 82: Some have written that when Marcus Brutus rushed at him, he said in Greek, ‘You too, my child?’.

3.5 John Cage 1912—

I have nothing to say and I am saying it and that is poetry.

‘Lecture on nothing’ (1961)

3.6 James M. Cain 1892-1977

The postman always rings twice.

Title of novel (1934) and play (1936)

3.7 Sir Joseph Cairns 1920—

The betrayal of Ulster, the cynical and entirely undemocratic banishment of its properly elected Parliament and a relegation to the status of a fuzzy wuzzy colony is, I hope, a last betrayal contemplated by Downing Street because it is the last that Ulster will countenance.

Speech on retiring as Lord Mayor of Belfast, 31 May 1972, in 'Daily Telegraph' 1 June 1972

3.8 Pedro Calderón de La Barca 1600-81

Aun en sueños
no se pierde el hacer bien.

Even in dreams good works are not wasted.

'La Vida es Sueño' (1636) 'Segunda Jornada' l. 2146

Què es la vida? Un frenesí.
Què es la vida? Una ilusión,
una sombra, una ficción,
y el mayor bien es pequeño;
que toda la vida es sueño,
y los sueños, sueños son.

What is life? a frenzy. What is life? An illusion, a shadow, a fiction. And the greatest good is of slight worth, as all life is a dream, and dreams are dreams.

'La Vida es Sueño' (1636) 'Segunda Jornada' l. 2183.

3.9 Caligula (Gaius Julius Caesar Germanicus) A.D. 12-41

Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet!

Would that the Roman people had but one neck!

In Suetonius 'Lives of the Caesars' 'Gaius Caligula' sect. 30

3.10 James Callaghan (Baron Callaghan of Cardiff) 1912—

A lie can be half-way around the world before truth has got his boots on.

'Hansard' 1 November 1976, col. 976

3.11 Callimachus c.305-c.240 B.C.

I abhor, too, the roaming lover, nor do I drink from every well; I loathe all things held in common.

Epigram 28 in R. Pfeiffer (ed.) 'Callimachus' (1949-53)

A great book is like great evil.

Fragment 465 in R. Pfeiffer (ed.) 'Callimachus' (1949-53); proverbially reduced to 'Great book, great evil'

3.12 Charles Alexandre de Calonne 1734-1802

Madame, si c'est possible, c'est fait; impossible? cela se fera.

Madam, if a thing is possible, consider it done; the impossible? that will be done.

In J. Michelet 'Histoire de la Rèvolution Française' (1847) vol. 1, pt. 2, sect. 8; better known as the US Armed Forces slogan, 'The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer.'

3.13 C. S. Calverley 1831-84

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

'Ballad' (1872)

And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

'Ballad' (1872)

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!

'Beer' (1861)

Life is with such all beer and skittles;
They are not difficult to please
About their victuals.

'Contentment' (1872)

For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good.

'Dover to Munich' (1861)

For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks prefer in fact a hovel to your dreary marble halls.

'In the Gloaming' (1872)

How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a murderer,
Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of mankind.

'Of Reading' (1861)

3.14 General Cambronne 1770-1842

La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.

The Guards die but do not surrender.

Attributed to Cambronne when called upon to surrender at Waterloo, 1815, and reported in the newspapers. Cambronne denied the saying at a banquet at Nantes, 19 September 1830. H. Houssaye 'La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas' (1907)

3.15 Lord Camden (Charles Pratt, Earl Camden) 1714-94

Taxation and representation are inseparable...whatever is a man's own, is absolutely his own; no man hath a right to take it from him without his consent either expressed by himself or representative; whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury; whoever does it, commits a robbery; he throws down and destroys the distinction between liberty and slavery.

Speech in the House of Lords, on the taxation of Americans by the British parliament, 'Hansard' 10 February 1766, col. 177.

3.16 William Camden 1551-1623

A gentleman falling off his horse brake his neck ... A good friend made this good epitaph...

My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee.
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I asked, mercy I found.

'Remains Concerning Britain' (1605) 'Epitaphs'

3.17 Mrs Patrick Campbell (Beatrice Stella Campbell) 1865-1940

It doesn't matter what you do in the bedroom as long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the horses.

In Daphne Fielding 'The Duchess of Jermyn Street' (1964) ch. 2

The deep, deep peace of the double-bed after the hurly-burly of the chaise-longue.

Describing her recent marriage, in Alexander Woollcott 'While Rome Burns' (1934) 'The First Mrs Tanqueray'

3.18 Roy Campbell 1901-57

Giraffes!—a People
Who live between the earth and skies,
Each in his lone religious steeple,
Keeping a light-house with his eyes.

'Dreaming Spires' (1946)

You praise the firm restraint with which they write—
I'm with you there, of course:
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

'On Some South African Novelists' (1930)

3.19 Thomas Campbell 1777-1844

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

‘Battle of the Baltic’ (1809)

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

‘Battle of the Baltic’ (1809)

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

‘The Beech-Tree’s Petition’.

To-morrow let us do or die!

‘Gertrude of Wyoming’ (1809) pt. 3, st. 37

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

‘The Harper’ (1799)

Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all.

‘The Jilted Nymph’ (1843)

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, ‘Boatman, do not tarry!
And I’ll give thee a silver pound
To row us o’er the ferry.’

‘Lord Ullin’s Daughter’ (1809)

’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

‘Pleasures of Hope’ (1799) pt. 1, l. 7

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

‘Pleasures of Hope’ (1799) pt. 1, l. 381

What millions died—that Caesar might be great!

‘Pleasures of Hope’ (1799) pt. 2, l. 174

What though my wingéd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between?

‘Pleasures of Hope’ (1799) pt. 2, l. 375

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below.

‘Ye Mariners of England’ (1801)

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?

For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.
‘To a Young Lady, Who Asked Me to Write Something Original for Her Album’ (1843)

Now Barabbas was a publisher.
Attributed

3.20 Thomas Campion 1567-1620

My sweetest Lesbia let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them: Heav’n’s great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.
‘A Book of Airs’ (1601) no. 1; translation of Catullus ‘Carmina’ no. 5.

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And both in highest notes appear,
As any challenged echo clear.
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev’n with her sighs the strings do break.
‘A Book of Airs’ (1601) no. 6

Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet;
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet.
‘A Book of Airs’ (1601) no. 10

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.
‘A Book of Airs’ (1601) no. 18

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heav’nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till ‘Cherry ripe’ themselves do cry.
‘The Fourth Book of Airs’ (1617) no. 7.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.

‘The Fourth Book of Airs’ (1617) no. 7

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty’s
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

‘Laura’ (1602)

Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.

‘The Third Book of Airs’ (1617) no. 7

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim’s limbs affected slumber more.

‘Two Books of Airs’ (1612/1613) no. 11

3.21 Albert Camus 1913-60

Intellectuel = celui qui se dèdouble.

An intellectual is someone whose mind watches itself.

‘Carnets, 1935-42’ p. 41

La politique et le sort des hommes sont formès par des hommes sans idèal et sans grandeur. Ceux qui ont une grandeur en eux ne font pas de politique.

Politics and the fate of mankind are formed by men without ideals and without greatness. Those who have greatness within them do not go in for politics.

‘Carnets, 1935-42’ p. 99

Vous savez ce qu’est le charme: une maniére de s’entendre rèpondre oui sans avoir posè aucune question claire.

You know what charm is: a way of getting the answer yes without having asked any clear question.

‘La Chute’ p. 62

Nous sommes tous des cas exceptionnels. Nous voulons tous faire appel de quelque chose! Chacun exige d’être innocent, á tout prix, même si, pour cela, il faut accuser le genre humain et le ciel.

We are all special cases. We all want to appeal to something! Everyone insists on his innocence, at all costs, even if it means accusing the rest of the human race and heaven.

‘La Chute’ p. 95

Nous nous confions rarement á ceux qui sont meilleurs que nous.

We seldom confide in those who are better than ourselves.

‘La Chute’ p. 97

Je vais vous dire un grand secret, mon cher. N’attendez pas le jugement dernier. Il a lieu tous

les jours.

I'll tell you a great secret, my friend. Don't wait for the last judgement. It happens every day.

'La Chute' p. 129

Aujourd'hui, maman est morte. Ou peut-être hier, je ne sais pas.

Mother died today. Or perhaps it was yesterday, I don't know.

'L'Ètranger' p. 9

Qu'est-ce qu'un homme rèvoltè ? Un homme qui dit non.

What is a rebel? A man who says no.

'L'Homme rèvoltè' p. 25

Toutes les rèvolutions modernes ont abouti á un renforcement de l'Ètat.

All modern revolutions have ended in a reinforcement of the State.

'L'Homme rèvoltè' p. 221

Tout rèvolutionnaire finit en oppresseur ou en hèrètique.

Every revolutionary ends as an oppressor or a heretic.

'L'Homme rèvoltè' p. 306

La lutte elle-même vers les sommets suffit á remplir un coeur d'homme. Il faut imaginer Sisyphe heureux.

The struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a human heart. One must imagine that Sisyphus is happy.

'Le Mythe de Sisyphe' p. 168

3.22 Elias Canetti 1905—

Alles was man vergessen hat, schreit im Traum um Hilfe.

All the things one has forgotten scream for help in dreams.

'Die Provinz der Menschen' (1973) p. 269

3.23 George Canning 1770-1827

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.

Dispatch, in cipher, to the English Ambassador at the Hague, 31 January 1826, in Sir Harry Poland 'Mr Canning's Rhyming 'Dispatch' to Sir Charles Bagot' (1905)

A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country but his own.

Referring to the Jacobin, in 'New Morality' (1821) l. 113.

And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so very white.

'New Morality' (1821) l. 199

Give me the avowed, erect and manly foe;
Firm I can meet, perhaps return the blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save me, oh, save me, from the candid friend.

'New Morality' (1821) l. 207

Pitt is to Addington
As London is to Paddington.

'The Oracle' (c.1803)

Man, only—rash, refined, presumptuous man,
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.

'The Progress of Man' (1799) l. 55

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those Companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—NIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN,—
—NIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

'Song'

Away with the cant of 'Measures not men'!—the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along. If the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures comparatively nothing.

House of Commons, 1801

I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old.

Speech on the affairs of Portugal, in 'Hansard' 12 December 1826, col. 397

You well know how soon one of these stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness, would upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion: how soon it would ruffle, as it were its swelling plumage, how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength and waken its dormant thunder...Such is England herself; while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.

Speech at Plymouth, 12 December 1823, referring to the men of war lying at anchor in the harbour, in R. W. Seton Watson 'Britain in Europe 1789-1914' (1945) p. 85

3.24 Hughie Cannon 1877-1912

Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home?

'Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home' (1902 song)

3.25 Truman Capote 1924-84

Other voices, other rooms.

Title of novel (1948)

3.26 Al Capp (Alfred Gerard Caplin) 1907-79

A product of the untalented, sold by the unprincipled to the utterly bewildered.

On abstract art, in 'National Observer' 1 July 1963.

3.27 Marquis Domenico Caracciolo 1715-89

Il y a en Angleterre soixante sectes religieuses diffèrentes, et une seule sauce.

In England there are sixty different religions, and only one sauce.

Attributed in 'Notes and Queries' December 1968

3.28 Ethna Carbery (Anna MacManus) 1866-1902

Oh, Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your road's a thorny way,
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew grey.

'The Passing of the Gael' (1902)

3.29 Richard Carew 1555-1620

Will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age,
Sir Philip Sidney.

William Camden 'Remains concerning Britain' (1614) 'The Excellency of the English Tongue'

3.30 Thomas Carew c.1595-1640

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

'Disdain Returned'

The Muses' garden with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purged by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted.

'An Elegy upon the Death of Dr John Donne'

Here lies a king, that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit.

'An Elegy upon the Death of Dr John Donne'

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement.

'Epitaph On the Lady Mary Villiers'

Know, Celia (since thou art so proud,)
’Twas I that gave thee thy renown.
Thou had’st in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse extolled thy name,
And with it imped the wings of fame.
‘Ingrateful Beauty Threatened’

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.
‘Inscription on the Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth’

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every Grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died.
‘Inscription on the Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth’

Give me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone:
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none.
‘Mediocrity in Love Rejected’

Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case:
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.
‘On the Lady Mary Villiers’

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty’s orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.
‘A Song’

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.
‘A Song’

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.
‘A Song’

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

‘To My Inconstant Mistress’

3.31 Henry Carey c.1687-1743

Let your little verses flow
Gently, sweetly, row by row;
Let the verse the subject fit,
Little subject, little wit.

‘Namby-Pamby: or, A Panegyric on the New Versification’ (1725)

As an actor does his part,
So the nurses get by heart
Namby-pamby’s little rhymes,
Little jingle, little chimes.

‘Namby-Pamby: or, A Panegyric on the New Versification’ (1725)

Of all the girls that are so smart
There’s none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

‘Sally in our Alley’ (1729)

3.32 Jane Carlyle (Jane Baille Welsh Carlyle) 1801-66

I am not at all the sort of person you and I took me for.

Letter to Thomas Carlyle, 7 May 1822, in C. R. Sanders et al. (eds.) ‘The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle’ (1970) vol. 2

3.33 Thomas Carlyle 1795-1881

A witty statesman said, you might prove anything by figures.

‘Chartism’ (1839) ch. 2

Surely of all ‘rights of man’, this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest.

‘Chartism’ (1839) ch. 6

In epochs when cash payment has become the sole nexus of man to man.

‘Chartism’ (1839) ch. 6

The ‘golden-calf of self-love.’

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Burns’

The foul sluggard’s comfort: ‘It will last my time.’

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Count Cagliostro. Flight Last’

Thou wretched fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor?

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Francia’

What is all knowledge too but recorded experience, and a product of history; of which, therefore, reasoning and belief, no less than action and passion, are essential materials?

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘On History’

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘On History’.

A well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Jean Paul Friedrich Richter’

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Sir Walter Scott’

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Sir Walter Scott’.

To the very last he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of La carriére ouverte aux talents, The tools to him that can handle them.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Sir Walter Scott’ (La carriére... Career open to the talents)

It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a man’s life along with him.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Sir Walter Scott’

This idle habit of ‘accounting for the moral sense’...The moral sense, thank God, is a thing you will never ‘account for’...By no greatest happiness principle, greatest nobleness principle, or any principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Shooting Niagara: and After?’

It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Signs of the Times’

The Bible-Society...is found, on inquiry, to be...a machine for converting the Heathen.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Signs of the Times’

Thought, he [Dr Cabanis] is inclined to hold, is still secreted by the brain; but then Poetry and Religion (and it is really worth knowing) are ‘a product of the smaller intestines’!

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘Signs of the Times’

The three great elements of modern civilization, Gunpowder, Printing, and the Protestant Religion.

‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (1838) ‘The State of German Literature’.

‘Genius’ (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all).

‘History of Frederick the Great’ (1858) bk. 4, ch. 3.

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books!

‘History of Frederick the Great’ (1858) bk. 16, ch. 1.

A whiff of grapeshot.

‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 1, bk. 5, ch. 3

History a distillation of rumour.

‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 1, bk. 7, ch. 5

The difference between Orthodoxy or My-doxy and Heterodoxy or Thy-doxy.

‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 2, bk. 4, ch. 2

The seagreen Incorruptible.

Referring to Robespierre, in ‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 2, bk. 4, ch. 4

France was long a despotism tempered by epigrams.

‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 3, bk. 7, ch. 7

Aristocracy of the Moneybag.

‘History of the French Revolution’ (1837) vol. 3, bk. 7, ch. 7

Worship is transcendent wonder.

‘On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic’ (1841) ‘The Hero as Divinity’

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.

‘On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic’ (1841) ‘The Hero as Man of Letters’

The true University of these days is a collection of books.

‘On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic’ (1841) ‘The Hero as Man of Letters’

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

‘On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic’ (1841) ‘The Hero as Man of Letters’

I hope we English will long maintain our grand talent pour le silence.

‘On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic’ (1841) ‘The Hero as King’

Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the ‘ologies’.

‘Inaugural Address at Edinburgh’, 2 April 1866, on being installed as Rector of the University

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools.

‘Latter-Day Pamphlets’ (1850) ‘Parliaments’.

The Dismal Science.

On political economy in ‘Latter-Day Pamphlets’ (1850) ‘The Present Time’

Little other than a redtape talking-machine, and unhappy bag of parliamentary eloquence.

Describing himself, in ‘Latter-Day Pamphlets’ (1850) ‘The Present Time’

Transcendental moonshine.

‘The Life of John Sterling’ (1851) pt. 1, ch. 15

Captains of industry.

‘Past and Present’ (1843) bk. 4, ch. 4 (title)

He who first shortened the labour of copyists by device of Movable Types was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new democratic world: he had invented the art of printing.

‘Sartor Resartus’ (1834) bk. 1, ch. 5

Man is a tool-using animal...Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 1, ch. 5

Whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 1, ch. 5

Language is called the garment of thought: however, it should rather be, language is the flesh-garment, the body, of thought.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 1, ch. 11

The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 2, ch. 6

The everlasting No.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 2, ch. 7 (title)

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 2, ch. 9

Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! Produce!
Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then.
'Sartor Resartus' (1834) bk. 2, ch. 9

A good book is the purest essence of a human soul.
Speech in support of the London Library, 24 June 1840, in F. Harrison 'Carlyle and the London Library' (1907) p. 66

'Gad! she'd better!'
On hearing that Margaret Fuller 'accept [ed] the universe', in William James 'The Varieties of Religious Experience' (1902) lecture 2, p. 41

Macaulay is well for a while, but one wouldn't live under Niagara.
In R. M. Milnes 'Notebook' (1838) p. 157

If Jesus Christ were to come to-day, people would not even crucify him.
They would ask him to dinner, and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it.
In D. A. Wilson 'Carlyle at his Zenith' (1927) p. 238

3.34 Andrew Carnegie 1835-1919

The man who dies...rich dies disgraced.
'North American Review' June 1889 'Wealth'

3.35 Dale Carnegie 1888-1955

How to win friends and influence people.
Title of book (1936)

3.36 Julia A. Carney 1823-1908

Little drops of water,

Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.
‘Little Things’ (1845)

3.37 Joseph Edwards Carpenter 1813-85

What are the wild waves saying
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing,
I hear but their low lone song?
‘What are the Wild Waves Saying?’ (1854)

3.38 J. L. Carr

You have not had thirty years’ experience...You have had one year’s experience 30 times.
‘The Harpole Report’ (1972) p. 128

3.39 Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) 1832-98

‘What is the use of a book’, thought Alice, ‘without pictures or conversations?’
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 1

‘Curiouser and curiouser!’ cried Alice.
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 2

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 2.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 2

‘I’ll be judge, I’ll be jury,’ said cunning old Fury;
‘I’ll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death.’
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 3

‘You are old, Father William,’ the young man said,
‘And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?’
‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 5.

‘I have answered three questions, and that is enough,’

Said his father; ‘don’t give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I’ll kick you downstairs!’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 5.

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 6

‘Then you should say what you mean,’ the March Hare went on. ‘I do,’ Alice hastily replied; ‘at least—at least I mean what I say—that’s the same thing, you know.’ ‘Not the same thing a bit!’ said the Hatter. ‘Why, you might just as well say that “I see what I eat” is the same thing as “I eat what I see!”’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 7

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you’re at!
Up above the world you fly!
Like a teatray in the sky.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 7.

‘Take some more tea,’ the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly. ‘I’ve had nothing yet,’ Alice replied in an offended tone, ‘so I can’t take more.’ ‘You mean you can’t take less,’ said the Hatter: ‘it’s very easy to take more than nothing.’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 7

Everything’s got a moral, if you can only find it.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 9

Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 9.

‘That’s nothing to what I could say if I chose,’ the Duchess replied.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 9

‘That’s the reason they’re called lessons,’ the Gryphon remarked: ‘because they lessen from day to day.’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 9

‘Will you walk a little faster?’ said a whiting to a snail,
‘There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 10

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 10

‘Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?’ he asked. ‘Begin at the beginning,’ the King said, gravely, ‘and go on till you come to the end: then stop.’

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 12

No! No! Sentence first—verdict afterwards.

‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ (1865) ch. 12

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

‘Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 1

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

‘And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!’
He chortled in his joy.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 1

Curtsey while you’re thinking what to say. It saves time.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 2

Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 2

Speak in French when you can’t think of the English for a thing.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 2

If you think we’re wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren’t made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4

‘Contrariwise,’ continued Tweedledee, ‘if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be: but as it isn’t, it ain’t. That’s logic.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:

‘If this were only cleared away,’
They said, ‘it would be grand!’

‘If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,’ the Walrus said,
‘That they could get it clear?’
‘I doubt it,’ said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4

‘The time has come,’ the Walrus said,
‘To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4

But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd because
They’d eaten every one.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4.

‘You know,’ he said very gravely, ‘it’s one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one’s head cut off.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 4

The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 5

‘It’s a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,’ the Queen remarked.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 5

Consider anything, only don’t cry!

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 5

Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 5

With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

They gave it me,—for an un-birthday present.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

‘There’s glory for you!’
‘I don’t know what you mean by “glory”,’ Alice said.
‘I meant, “there’s a nice knock-down argument for you!”’
‘But “glory” doesn’t mean “a nice knock-down argument”,’ Alice objected.
‘When I use a word,’ Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, ‘it means just what I

choose it to mean—neither more nor less.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

You see it’s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

‘I can repeat poetry as well as other folk if it comes to that—’ ‘Oh, it needn’t come to that!’ Alice hastily said.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.
The little fishes’ answer was
‘We cannot do it, Sir, because—’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 6

He’s an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 7

The other Messenger’s called Hatta. I must have two you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 7

‘There’s nothing like eating hay when you’re faint.’...’I didn’t say there was nothing better,’ the King replied, ‘I said there was nothing like it.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 7

‘I’m sure nobody walks much faster than I do!’ ‘He can’t do that,’ said the King, ‘or else he’d have been here first.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 7

It’s as large as life, and twice as natural!

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 7

I’ll tell thee everything I can:
There’s little to relate.
I saw an aged, aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 8

He said, ‘I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.’

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 8

Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe.

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 8

No admittance till the week after next!

‘Through the Looking-Glass’ (1872) ch. 9

It isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint.

'Through the Looking-Glass' (1872) ch. 9

Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle.

'Through the Looking-Glass' (1872) ch. 9

He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry,
Such as 'Fry me!' or 'Fritter-my-wig!'

'The Hunting of the Snark' (1876) 'Fit the First: The Landing'

His intimate friends called him 'Candle-ends',
And his enemies, 'Toasted-cheese'.

'The Hunting of the Snark' (1876) 'Fit the First: The Landing'

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he had hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,
That the ship would not travel due West!

'The Hunting of the Snark' (1876) 'Fit the Second: The Bellman's Speech'

But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!

'The Hunting of the Snark' (1876) 'Fit the Third: The Baker's Tale'

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

'The Hunting of the Snark' (1876) 'Fit the Fifth: The Beaver's Lesson'

I never loved a dear Gazelle—
Nor anything that cost me much:
High prices profit those who sell,
But why should I be fond of such?

'Phantasmagoria' (1869) 'Theme with Variations'.

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
'At length I realize,' he said,
'The bitterness of life!'

'Sylvie and Bruno' (1889) ch. 5

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek,
He looked again and found it was

The Middle of Next Week.
‘The one thing I regret,’ he said,
‘Is that it cannot speak!’

‘Sylvie and Bruno’ (1889) ch. 6

3.40 William Herbert Carruth 1859-1924

Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

‘Each In His Own Tongue, and Other Poems’ (1908).

3.41 Edward Carson (Baron Carson) 1854-1935

My only great qualification for being put at the head of the Navy is that I am very much at sea.

In Ian Colvin ‘Life of Lord Carson’ (1936) vol. 3, ch. 23

3.42 Henry Carter d. 1806

From distant climes, o’er widespread seas we come,
Though not with much èclat or beat of drum;
True patriots we; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country’s good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country’s weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

Prologue, written for, but not recited at, the opening of the Playhouse, Sydney, New South Wales, 16 January 1796, when the actors were principally convicts. A. W. Jose and H. J. Carter (eds.) ‘The Australian Encyclopaedia’ (1927) p. 139. Previously attributed to George Barrington (b. 1755).

3.43 Sydney Carter 1915—

It’s God they ought to crucify
Instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
A-hanging on the tree.

‘Friday Morning’ (1967)

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth—
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Dance then wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

'Lord of the Dance' (1967)

3.44 John Cartwright 1740-1824

One man shall have one vote.

'The People's Barrier Against Undue Influence' (1780) ch. 1 'Principles, maxims, and primary rules of politics' no. 68

3.45 Lucius Cassius Longinus Ravilla late 2nd cent. B.C.

Cui bono?

To whose profit?

In Cicero 'Pro Roscio Amerino' ch. 84 and 'Pro Milone' ch. 12, sect. 32

3.46 Ted Castle (Baron Castle of Islington) 1907-79

In place of strife.

Title of Labour Government's White Paper, 17 January 1969, suggested by Castle to his wife, Barbara Castle, then Secretary of State for Employment. Barbara Castle 'Diaries' (1984) 15 January 1969

3.47 Harry Castling and C. W. Murphy

Let's all go down the Strand!
Let's all go down the Strand!
I'll be leader, you can march behind
Come with me, and see what we can find
Let's all go down the Strand!

'Let's All Go Down the Strand!' (1909 song)

3.48 Fidel Castro 1926—

La historia me absolvèra.

History will absolve me.

Title of pamphlet (1953)

3.49 Revd Edward Caswall 1814-78

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast.

'Jesu, The Very Thought of Thee' (1849 hymn) translation of 'Jesu dulcis memoria, dans vera cordis gaudia'; often attributed to St Bernard (1090-1153), though of uncertain origin

My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby.

‘My God, I Love Thee’ (1849 hymn) translation of ‘O deus ego amo te, nec amo te ut salves me’; often attributed to St Francis Xavier (1506-52), though of uncertain origin

3.50 Willa Cather 1873-1947

The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman.

‘O Pioneers!’ (1913) pt. 1, ch. 5

I like trees because they seem more resigned to the way they have to live than other things do.

‘O Pioneers!’ (1913) pt. 2, ch. 8

3.51 Empress Catherine the Great 1729-96

Moi, je serai autocrate: c’est mon mètier. Et le bon Dieu me pardonnera: c’est son mètier.

I shall be an autocrat: that’s my trade. And the good Lord will forgive me: that’s his.

Attributed.

3.52 Cato The Elder or the Censor, (Marcus Porcius Cabo) 234-149 B.C.

Delenda est Carthago.

Carthage must be destroyed.

In Pliny the Elder ‘Naturalis Historia’ bk. 15, ch. 74

Rem tene; verba sequentur.

Grasp the subject, the words will follow.

In Caius Julius Victor ‘Ars Rhetorica’ 1

3.53 Catullus (Gaius Valerius Catullus) c.84-c.54 B.C.

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
Arido modo pumice expolitum?

Here’s my small book out, nice and new,
Fresh-bound—whom shall I give it to?

‘Carmina’ no. 1 (translated by Sir William Marris)

Namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.

For you used to think my trifles were worth something.

‘Carmina’ no. 1

Plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.

May it live and last for more than a century.

‘Carmina’ no. 1

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae.

Mourn, you powers of Charm and Desire,
and all you who are endowed with charm.
My lady's sparrow is dead,
the sparrow which was my lady's darling.

'Carmina' no. 3

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.

Now he goes along the darksome road, thither whence they say no one returns.

'Carmina' no. 3

Sed haec prius fuere.

All this is over now.

'Carmina' no. 4

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

'Carmina' no. 5.

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet another thousand, then a hundred.

'Carmina' no. 5

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.

Poor Catullus, drop your silly fancies, and what you see is lost let it be lost.

'Carmina' no. 8

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle...
O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
Salve O venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude;
Gaudete vosque O Lydiae lacus undae;
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

Sirmio, bright eye of peninsulas and islands...Ah, what is more blessed than to put cares away, when the mind lays by its burden, and tired with labour of far travel we have come to our own home and rest on the couch we have longed for? This it is which alone is worth all these toils. Hail, sweet Sirmio, and make cheer for your master. Rejoice ye too, waters of the Lydian lake, and laugh out aloud all the laughter you have at your command.

'Carmina' no. 31

Nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

For there is nothing sillier than a silly laugh.

'Carmina' no. 39.

Iam ver egelidos refert tepores.

Now Spring restores balmy warmth.

'Carmina' no. 46

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit pessimus omnium poeta,
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium's patronum.

Catullus gives you warmest thanks,
And he the worst of poets ranks;
As much the worst of bards confessed,
As you of advocates the best.

'Carmina' no. 49 (translated by Sir William Marris)

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat et audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi.

Like to a god he seems to me,
Above the gods, if so may be,
Who sitting often close to thee
May see and hear
Thy lovely laugh: ah, luckless man!

'Carmina' no. 51 (translated by Sir William Marris, being itself a translation of Sappho).

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes.

O Caelius, our Lesbia, that Lesbia whom Catullus once loved uniquely, more than himself and

more than all his own, now at the crossroads and in the alleyways has it off with the high-minded descendants of Remus.

‘Carmina’ no. 58

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber;
Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae.

As a flower grows concealed in an enclosed garden, unknown to the cattle, bruised by no plough, which the breezes caress, the sun makes strong, and the rain brings out; many boys and many girls long for it.

‘Carmina’ no. 62

Sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

But what a woman says to her lusting lover it is best to write in wind and swift-flowing water.

‘Carmina’ no. 70

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri,
Aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.

Give up wanting to deserve any thanks from anyone, or thinking that anybody can be grateful.

‘Carmina’ no. 73

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
Est homini.

If a man can take any pleasure in recalling the thought of kindnesses done.

‘Carmina’ no. 76

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.

It is difficult suddenly to lay aside a long-cherished love.

‘Carmina’ no. 76

Si vitam puriter egi.

If I have led a pure life.

‘Carmina’ no. 76

O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

O gods, grant me this in return for my piety.

‘Carmina’ no. 76

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias.

Arrius, if he wanted to say ‘amenities’ used to say ‘hamenities’, and for ‘intrigue’ ‘hintrigue’.

‘Carmina’ no. 84

Odi et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

I hate and I love: why I do so you may well ask. I do not know, but I feel it happen and am in agony.

‘Carmina’ no. 85

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
Et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

By many lands and over many a wave
I come, my brother, to your piteous grave,
To bring you the last offering in death
And o’er dumb dust expend an idle breath;
For fate has torn your living self from me,
And snatched you, brother, O, how cruelly!
Yet take these gifts, brought as our fathers bade
For sorrow’s tribute to the passing shade;
A brother’s tears have wet them o’er and o’er;
And so, my brother, hail, and farewell evermore!

‘Carmina’ no. 101 (translated by Sir William Marris)

At non effugies meos iambos.

But you shall not escape my iambics.

R. A. B. Mynors (ed.) ‘Catulli Carmina’ (1958) ‘Fragment 3’

3.54 Charles Causley 1917—

O are you the boy
Who would wait on the quay
With the silver penny
And the apricot tree?

‘Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience’ (1951)

Timothy Winters comes to school
With eyes as wide as a football-pool,
Ears like bombs and teeth like splinters:
A blitz of a boy is Timothy Winters.

‘Timothy Winters’ (1957)

3.55 Constantine Cavafy 1863-1933

When you set out for Ithaka
ask that your way be long.
'Ithaka' (translated by E. Keeley and P. Sherrard)

Have Ithaka always in your mind.
Your arrival there is what you are destined for.
'Ithaka' (translated by E. Keeley and P. Sherrard)

Ithaka gave you the splendid jouney.
Without her you would not have set out.
She hasn't anything else to give you.
'Ithaka' (translated by E. Keeley and P. Sherrard)

What are we all waiting for, gathered together like this on the public square?
The Barbarians are coming today.
(Waiting for the Barbarians, 1904)

And now, what will become of us without the barbarians?
Those people were a kind of solution.
'Waiting for the Barbarians' (translated by E. Keeley and P. Sherrard)

You will find no new places, no other seas,
The town will follow you.
(The Town, 1911)

3.56 Edith Cavell 1865-1915

Standing, as I do, in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.
Words spoken in prison the night before her execution, in 'The Times' 23 October 1915

3.57 Margaret Cavendish (Duchess of Newcastle) c.1624-74

Greek, Latin poets, I could never read,
Nor their historians, but our English Speed;
I could not steal their wit, nor plots out take;
All my plays' plots, my own poor brain did make.
'Plays' (1662) 'To the Readers'

Marriage is the grave or tomb of wit.
'Plays' (1662) p. 525

If Nature had not befriended us with beauty, and other good graces, to help us to insinuate our selves into men's affections, we should have been more enslaved than any other of Nature's creatures she hath made.
'Sociable Letters' (1664) p. 27

But for the most part, women are not educated as they should be, I mean those of quality; oft their education is only to dance, sing, and fiddle, to write complimental letters, to read romances,

to speak some languages that is not their native...their parents take more care of their feet than their head, more of their words than their reason.

'Sociable Letters' (1664) p. 50

3.58 Count Cavour (Camillo Benso di Cavour) 1810-61

Noi siamo pronti a proclamare nell' Italia questo gran principio: Libera Chiesa in libero Stato.

We are ready to proclaim throughout Italy this great principle: a free church in a free state.

Speech, 27 March 1861, in William de la Rive 'Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour' (1862) ch. 13

3.59 William Caxton c.1421-91

The worshipful father and first founder and embellisher of ornate eloquence in our English, I mean Master Geoffrey Chaucer.

Caxton's edition (c.1478) of Chaucer's translation of Boethius 'De Consolacione Philosophie' epilogue

It is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were. That is to wit three paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the paynims they were...the first Hector of Troy...the second Alexander the Great; and the third Julius Caesar... As for the three Jews...the first was Duke Joshua...the second David, King of Jerusalem; and the third Judas Maccabaeus...And sith the said Incarnation...was first the noble Arthur...The second was Charlemagne or Charles the Great...and the third and last was Godfrey of Bouillon.

Sir Thomas Malory 'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) prologue

I, according to my copy, have done set it in imprint, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days.

Sir Thomas Malory 'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) prologue

3.60 William Cecil (Lord Burghley) 1520-98)

What! all this for a song?

To Queen Elizabeth, on being ordered to make a gratuity of £100 to Spenser in return for some poems, in Edmund Spenser 'The Faerie Queene' (1751) 'The Life of Mr Edmund Spenser' by Thomas Birch

3.61 Cervantes Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra 1547-1616

El Caballero de la Triste Figura.

The Knight of the Doleful Countenance.

'Don Quixote' (1605) pt. 1, ch. 19

La mejor salsa del mundo es el hambre.

Hunger is the best sauce in the world.

'Don Quixote' (1605) pt. 2, ch. 5

El pan comido y la compañía deshecha.

With the bread eaten up, up breaks the company.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 7

No todos podemos ser frailes y muchos son los caminos por donde lleva Dios a los suyos al cielo. Religión es la caballeria.

We cannot all be friars, and many are the ways by which God leads his own to eternal life. Religion is knight-errantry.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 8 (to Sancho, on his asking whether, to get to heaven, we ought not all to become monks)

Es un untreverado loco, lleno de lùcidos intervalos.

He’s a muddle-headed fool, with frequent lucid intervals.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 18 (Don Lorenzo of Don Quixote)

Dos linages sólos hay en el mundo, como decía una abuela mía, que son el tenir y el no tenir.

There are only two families in the world, as a grandmother of mine used to say: the haves and the have-nots.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 20

Digo, paciencia y barajar.

What I say is, patience, and shuffle the cards.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 23

La diligencia es madre de la buena ventura y la pereza, su contrario, jam s llegó al tèrmino que pide un buen deseo.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune, and idleness, its opposite, never led to good intention’s goal.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 43

Bien haya el que inventó el sueño, capa que cubre todos los humanos pensamientos, manjar que quita la hambre, agua que ahuyenta la sed, fuego que calienta el frío, frío que templa el ardor, y, finalmente, moneda general con que todas las cosas se compran, balanza y peso que iguala al pastor con el rey y al simple con el discreto.

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that satisfies hunger, the drink that slakes thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the common currency that buys all things, the balance and weight that equalises the shepherd and the king, the simpleton and the sage.

‘Don Quixote’ (1605) pt. 2, ch. 68

Los buenos pintores imitan la naturaleza, pero los malos la vomitan.

Good painters imitate nature, bad ones spew it up.

‘El Licenciado Vidriera’ in ‘Novelas Ejemplares’ (1613)

Puesto ya el pie en el estribo.

With one foot already in the stirrup.

Apprehending his own, imminent death: ‘Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda’ (1617) preface

3.62 John Chalkhill c.1600-42

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved of many.

'Piscator's Song' in Izaac Walton 'The Compleat Angler' (1653-76)

3.63 Joseph Chamberlain 1836-1914

In politics, there is no use looking beyond the next fortnight.

In letter from A. J. Balfour to 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, 24 March 1886, in A. J. Balfour 'Chapters of Autobiography' (1930) ch. 16

Provided that the City of London remains, as it is at present, the clearing-house of the world, any other nation may be its workshop.

Speech at the Guildhall, 19 January 1904, in 'The Times' 20 January 1904

The day of small nations has long passed away. The day of Empires has come.

Speech at Birmingham, 12 May 1904, in 'The Times' 13 May 1904

We are not downhearted. The only trouble is we cannot understand what is happening to our neighbours.

Speech at Smethwick, 18 January 1906 (referring to a constituency which had remained unaffected by an electoral landslide) in 'The Times' 19 January 1906

3.64 Neville Chamberlain 1869-1940

In war, whichever side may call itself the victor, there are no winners, but all are losers.

Speech at Kettering, 3 July 1938, in 'The Times' 4 July 1938

How horrible, fantastic, incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and trying on gas-masks here because of a quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we know nothing.

On Germany's annexation of the Sudetenland: radio broadcast, 27 September 1938, in 'The Times' 28 September 1938

This is the second time in our history that there has come back from Germany to Downing Street peace with honour. I believe it is peace for our time.

Speech from window of 10 Downing Street, 30 September 1938, in 'The Times' 1 October 1938.

Whatever may be the reason—whether it was that Hitler thought he might get away with what he had got without fighting for it, or whether it was that after all the preparations were not sufficiently complete—however, one thing is certain—he missed the bus.

Speech at Central Hall, Westminster, 4 April 1940, in 'The Times' 5 April 1940

3.65 Haddon Chambers 1860-1921

The long arm of coincidence.

'Captain Swift' (1888) act 2

3.66 Nicolas-Sèbastien Chamfort 1741-94

Vivre est une maladie dont le sommeil nous soulage toutes les 16 heures. C'est un palliatif. La

mort est le reméde.

Living is an illness to which sleep provides relief every sixteen hours. It's a palliative. The remedy is death.

'Maximes et Pensèes' (1796) ch. 2

Des qualitès trop supèrieures rendent souvent un homme moins propre á la sociètè. On ne va pas au marchè avec des lingots; on y va avec de l'argent ou de la petite monnaie.

Qualities too elevated often unfit a man for society. We don't take ingots with us to market; we take silver or small change.

'Maximes et Pensèes' (1796) ch. 3

L'amour, tel qu'il existe dans la sociètè, n'est que l'èchange de deux fantaisies et le contact de deux èpidermes.

Love, in the form in which it exists in society, is nothing but the exchange of two fantasies and the superficial contact of two bodies.

'Maximes et Pensèes' (1796) ch. 6

Je dirais volontiers des mètaphysiciens ce que Scaliger disait des Basques, on dit qu'ils s'entendent, mais je n'en crois rien.

I am tempted to say of metaphysicians what Scaliger used to say of the Basques: they are said to understand one another, but I don't believe a word of it.

'Maximes et Pensèes' (1796) ch. 7

Les pauvres sont les négres de l'Europe.

The poor are Europe's blacks.

'Maximes et Pensèes' (1796) ch. 8

Sois mon frére, ou je te tue.

Be my brother, or I kill you.

His interpretation of Fraternitè ou la mort Fraternity or death, in P. R. Anguis (ed.) 'Oeuvres Complétes' (1824) vol. 1 'Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Ècrits de Chamfort'.

3.67 Harry Champion 1866-1942

See Charles Collins, E. A. Sheppard, and Fred Terry (3.145)

3.68 John Chandler 1806-76

Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesu, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

'Hymns Ancient and Modern' (translated from Latin)

3.69 Raymond Chandler 1888-1959

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, mid October, with the sun not shining and a look of hard wet rain in the clearness of the foothills. I was wearing my powder-blue suit, with dark blue shirt, tie and display handkerchief, black brogues, black wool socks with dark blue clocks on them. I was neat, clean, shaved and sober, and I didn't care who knew it.

'The Big Sleep' (1939) ch. 1

It was a blonde. A blonde to make a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window.

'Farewell, My Lovely' (1940) ch. 13

A big hard-boiled city with no more personality than a paper cup.

'The Little Sister' (1949) ch. 26 (of Los Angeles)

Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid.

'Atlantic Monthly' December 1944 'The Simple Art of Murder'

If my books had been any worse, I should not have been invited to Hollywood, and if they had been any better, I should not have come.

Letter to Charles W. Morton, 12 Dec. 1945, in Dorothy Gardiner and Katherine S. Walker 'Raymond Chandler Speaking' (1962) p. 126

Would you convey my compliments to the purist who reads your proofs and tell him or her that I write in a sort of broken-down patois which is something like the way a Swiss waiter talks, and that when I split an infinitive, God damn it, I split it so it will stay split.

Letter to Edward Weeks, 18 January 1947, in F. MacShane 'Life of Raymond Chandler' (1976) ch. 7

3.70 Coco Chanel (Gabrielle Bonheur) 1883-1971

Art is ugly things that become beautiful; fashion is beautiful things that become ugly.

3.71 Charlie Chaplin (Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin) 1889-1977

All I need to make a comedy is a park, a policeman and a pretty girl.

'My Autobiography' (1964) ch. 10

3.72 Arthur Chapman 1873-1935

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.

'Out Where the West Begins' (1916) p. 1

3.73 George Chapman c.1559-c.1634

I know an Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb; threatened, a lion.

'Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany' (1654) act 1

Who to himself is law, no law doth need, Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

'Bussy D'Ambois' (1607-8) act 2, sc. 1

Oh my fame,
Live in despite of murder! Take thy wings
And haste thee where the grey eyed Morn perfumes
Her rosy chariot with Sabaean spices!
Fly, where the Evening from th'Iberian vales
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,
Crowned with a grove of oaks; fly where men feel
The burning axletree, and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear.

'Bussy D'Ambois' (1607-8) act 5, sc. 3

Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summed with all his substance.

'Bussy D'Ambois' (1607-8)

There is no danger to a man, that knows What life and death is; there's not any law, Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful That he should stoop to any other law, He goes before them, and commands them all, That to himself is a law rational.

'The Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron' (1608) act 3, sc. 3

O incredulity! the wit of fools,
That slovenly will spit on all things fair,
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle.

'De Guiana' l. 82, verses prefixed to Lawrence Keymis 'A Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana' (1596)

We have watered our houses in Helicon.

'May-Day' (1611) act 3, sc. 3; occasionally misread as 'We have watered our horses in Helicon'. A. H. Holaday (ed.) 'The Plays of George Chapman: The Comedies' (1970) p. 383

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another, One passion doth expel another still.

'Monsieur D'Olive' (1606) act 5, sc. 1

I am ashamed the law is such an ass.

'Revenge for Honour' (1654) act 3, sc. 2.

They're only truly great who are truly good.

'Revenge for Honour' (1654) act 5, sc. 2, last line

A poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth.

'The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois' (1613) dedication

Danger, the spur of all great minds.

'The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois' (1613) act 5, sc. 1

And let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry,
He will be but a walking dictionary.

'The Tears of Peace' (1609) l. 530

3.74 Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin

Graham Chapman 1941-89

John Cleese 1939—
Terry Gilliam 1940—
Eric Idle 1943—
Terry Jones 1942—
Michael Palin 1943—

I'm a lumberjack
And I'm OK
I sleep all night
And I work all day.

'Monty Python's Big Red Book' (1971)

And now for something completely different.

Catch-phrase popularized in 'Monty Python's Flying Circus' (BBC TV programme, 1969-74)

This parrot is no more! It has ceased to be! It's expired and gone to meet its maker! This is a late parrot! It's a stiff! Bereft of life it rests in peace—if you hadn't nailed it to the perch it would be pushing up the daisies! It's rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible! This is an ex-parrot!

'Monty Python's Flying Circus' (BBC TV programme, 1969)

3.75 King Charles I 1629-49

Never make a defence or apology before you be accused.

Letter to Lord Wentworth, 3 September 1636, in Sir Charles Petrie (ed.) 'Letters of King Charles I' (1935)

I see all the birds are flown.

In the House of Commons, 4 January 1642, after attempting to arrest the Five Members: 'Hansard Parliamentary History to the year 1803' vol. 2 (1807) col. 1010

Sweet-heart, now they will cut off thy father's head. Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say: you must not be a king, so long as your brothers Charles and James do live.

Said to Prince Henry, in 'Reliquiae Sacrae Carolinae' (1650) p. 337

As to the King, the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that...For the people; and truly I desire their liberty and freedom, as much as any body: but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consists in having the government of those laws, by which their life and their goods may be most their own; 'tis not for having share in government [sirs] that is nothing pertaining to 'em. A subject and a sovereign are clean different things...If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the martyr of the people.

Speech on the scaffold, 30 January 1649. J. Rushworth 'Historical Collections' pt. 4, vol. 2 (1701) p. 1429

I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father.

In J. Rushworth 'Historical Collections' pt. 4, vol. 2 (1701) p. 1430

3.76 King Charles II 1660-85

It is upon the navy under the Providence of God that the safety, honour, and welfare of this realm do chiefly attend.

Articles of War (1652) preamble

This is very true: for my words are my own, and my actions are my ministers'.

Reply to Lord Rochester's epitaph on him.

Better than a play.

On the debates in the House of Lords on Lord Ross's Divorce Bill, 1670, in A. Bryant 'King Charles II' (1931) p. 209

He [Charles II] said once to myself, he was no atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way.

Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'History of My Own Time' (1724) vol. 1, bk. 2, p. 93

He [Lauderdale] told me, the king spoke to him to let that [Presbytery] go, for it was not a religion for gentlemen.

Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'History of My Own Time' (1724) vol. 1, bk. 2, p. 107

His nonsense suits their nonsense.

Said of Woolly, afterward Bishop of Clonfert ('a very honest man, but a very great blockhead') who had gone from house to house trying to persuade Nonconformists to go to church, in Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'History of My Own Time' (1724) vol. 1, bk. 2, ch. 11

Let not poor Nelly starve.

Referring to Nell Gwyn, his mistress, in Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'History of My Own Time' (1724) vol. 1, bk. 3, p. 609

Never in the way, nor out of the way.

Of Lord Godolphin, who had been raised as page to the king, in Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'History of My Own Time' (1724) vol. 2, bk. 3, ch. 11, note

I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King.

To his brother James, in William King 'Political & Literary Anecdotes' (1818) p. 62

He had been, he said, an unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it.

Lord Macaulay 'The History of England' (1849) vol. 1, ch. 4

3.77 Emperor Charles V 1500-58

Je parle espagnol á Dieu, italien aux femmes, français aux hommes et allemand á mon cheval.

To God I speak Spanish, to women Italian, to men French, and to my horse—German.

Attributed

3.78 Prince Charles (Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales) 1948—

A monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend.

Describing the proposed extension to the National Gallery, London: speech to Royal Institute of British Architects, 30 May 1984, in 'The Times' 31 May 1984.

3.79 Pierre Charron 1541-1603

La vraye science et le vray ètude de l'homme, c'est l'homme.

The true science and study of man is man.

'De la Sagesse' (1601) bk. 1, preface.

3.80 Salmon Portland Chase 1808-73

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States.

Decision in Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725

3.81 Earl of Chatham

See William Pitt (4.64) in Volume II

3.82 Chateaubriand François-Renè, Viconte de Chateaubriand 1768-1848

L'ècrivain original n'est pas celui qui n'imite personne, mais celui que personne ne peut imiter.

The original writer is not he who refrains from imitating others, but he who can be imitated by none.

'Gènie du Christianisme' (1802)

3.83 Geoffrey Chaucer c.1343-1400

Line references are to The Riverside Chaucer (ed. F. N. Robinson, 3rd ed., 1987)

Ful craftier to pley she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the ches, so was his name.

'The Book of the Duchess' l. 662

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote.

'The Canterbury Tales' 'The General Prologue' l. 1

And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages),
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

'The Canterbury Tales' 'The General Prologue' l. 9

He loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.

'The Canterbury Tales' 'The General Prologue' l. 45

He was a verray, parfit gentil knyght.

'The Canterbury Tales' 'The General Prologue' l. 72

He was as fressh as is the month of May.

'The Canterbury Tales' 'The General Prologue' l. 92

He koude songes make and wel endite.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 95

Curteis he was, lowely, and servysable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 99

Hire gretteste ooth was but by Seinte Loy.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 120

Ful weel she soong the service dyvyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 122

She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous
Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde
With rosted flessh, or milk and wastel-breed.
But soore wepte she if oon of hem were deed.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 144

Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,
And theron heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after Amor vincit omnia.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 158.

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith that hunters ben nat hooly men.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 177

Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his Englissh sweete upon his tonge.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 264

A Clerk there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logyk hadde longe ygo.
As leene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was nat right fat, I undertake,
But looked holwe, and therto sobrely.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 285

For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie.

But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 293

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 308

Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 321

For he was Epicurus owene sone.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 336

It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 345

Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten oother compaignye in youthe—
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nowthe.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 460

This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 496

If gold ruste, what shall iren do?
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 500

But Cristes loore and his apostels twelve
He taughte; but first he folwed it hymselve.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 527

A Somonour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,
For saucefleem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hoot he was and lecherous as a sparwe.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 623

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as blood.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 634

His walet, biforn him in his lappe,
Bretful of pardoun, comen from Rome al hoot.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 686

He hadde a croys of latoun ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwellynge upon lond,
Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye

Than that the person gat in monthes tweye;
And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the peple his apes.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The General Prologue’ l. 699

‘O stormy peple! Unsad and evere untrewe!’
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Clerk’s Tale’ l. 995

Grisilde is deed, and eek hire pacience,
And bothe atones buryed in Ytaille;
For which I crie in open audience
No wedded man so hardy be t’assaille
His wyves pacience in trust to fynde
Grisildis, for in certein he shal faille.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Clerk’s Tale: Lenvoy de Chaucer’ l. 1177

Ye archewyves, stondeth at defense,
Syn ye be strong as is a greet camaille;
Ne suffreth nat that men yow doon offense.
And sklendre wyves, fieble as in bataille,
Beth egre is a tygre yond in Ynde;
Ay clappeth as a mille, I yow consaille.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Clerk’s Tale: Lenvoy de Chaucer’ l. 1195

Be ay of chiere as light as leef on lynde,
And lat hym care, and wepe, and wrynge, and waille!
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Clerk’s Tale: Lenvoy de Chaucer’ l. 1211

For o thyng, sires, saufly dar I seye,
That freendes everych oother moot obeye,
If they wol longe holden compaignye.
Love wol nat been constreyned by maistrye.
When maistrie comth, the God of Love anon
Beteth his wynges, and farewel, he is gon!
Love is a thyng as any spirit free.
Wommen, of kynde, desiren libertee,
And nat to been constreyned as a thral;
And so doon men, if I sooth seyen shal.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Franklin’s Tale’ l. 761

Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe;
For th’ orisonte hath reft the sonne his lyght—
This is as muche to seye as it was nyght.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Franklin’s Tale’ l. 1016

Trouthe is the hyeste thyng that man may kepe.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Franklin’s Tale’ l. 1479

The carl spak oo thing, but he thoghte another.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Friar’s Tale’ l. 1568

And therefore, at the kynges court, my brother,
Ech man for hymself, ther is noon oother.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 1181

And whan a beest is deed he hath no peyne;
But man after his deeth moot wepe and pleyne.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 1319

The bisy larke, messager of day.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 1491

For pitee renneth soone in gentil herte.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 1761

The smylere with the knyf under the cloke.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 1999

Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 2273

What is this world? what asketh men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Knight’s Tale’ l. 2777

She is mirour of alle curteisye.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Man of Law’s Tale’ l. 166

Have ye nat seyn somtyme a pale face,
Among a prees, of hym that hath be lad
Toward his deeth, wher as hym gat no grace,
And swich a colour in his face hath had
Men myghte knowe his fact that was bistad
Amonges alle the faces in that route?
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Man of Law’s Tale’ l. 645

Lat take a cat, and fostre hym wel with milk
And tendre flessh, and make his couche of silk,
And lay hym seen a mous go by the wal,
Anon he weyveth milk and flessh and al,
And every deyntee that is in that hous,
Swich appetit hath he to ete a mous.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Manciple’s Tale’ l. 175

Kepe wel they tonge, and thenk upon the crowe.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Manciple’s Tale’ l. 362

And what is better than wisedoom? Womman. And
what is bettre than a good womman? Nothyng.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Tale of Melibee’ l. 1107

‘Tehee!’ quod she, and clapte the wyndow to.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Miller’s Tale’ l. 3740

For certein, whan that Fortune list to flee,
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Monk’s Tale’ l. 1995

Ful wys is he that kan hymselven knowe!
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Monk’s Tale’ l. 2139

Redeth the grete poete of Ytaille
That highte Dant, for he kan al devyse
Fro point to point; nat o word wol he faille.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Monk’s Tale’ l. 2460

His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailled as it were a castel wal;
His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lyk asure were his legges and his toon;
His nayles whitter than the lylye flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour,
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes for to doon al his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to hym, as of colours;
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped fair damoysele Pertelote.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Nun’s Priest’s Tale’ l. 2859

Whan that the month in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan God first maked man.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Nun’s Priest’s Tale’ l. 3187

And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Nun’s Priest’s Tale’ l. 3341

Mordre wol out; that se we day by day.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Nun’s Priest’s Tale’ l. 3052

Thanne peyne I me to strecche forth the nekke,
And est and west upon the peple I bekke.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Pardoner’s Prologue’ l. 395

O wombe! O bely! O stynkyng cod
Fulfilled of dong and of corrupcioun!
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Pardoner’s Tale’ l. 534

‘What, carl, with sory grace!’
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Pardoner’s Tale’ l. 717

And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Pardoner’s Tale’ l. 781

Yet in oure asshen olde is fyr yreke.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Reeve’s Prologue’ l. 3882

‘The gretteste clerkes been noght wisest men.’
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Reeve’s Tale’ l. 4054

So was hir joly whistle wel ywet.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Reeve’s Tale’ l. 4155

Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare,
For evere upon the ground I se thee stare.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘Prologue to Sir Thopas’ l. 696

He hadde a semely nose.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘Sir Thopas’ l. 729

‘By God,’ quod he, ‘for pleynly, at a word,
Thy drasty rymyng is nat worth a toord!’
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘Sir Thopas’ l. 929

Experience, though noon auctoritee
Were in this world, is right ynogh for me
To speke of wo that is in mariage.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Prologue’ l. 1

Yblessed be god that I have wedded fyve!
Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal.
For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chaast in al.
Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygon,
Som Cristen man shall wedde me anon.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Prologue’ l. 44

But—Lord Crist!—what that it remembreth me
Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee,
It tikleth me aboute myn herte roote.
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
That I have had my world as in my time.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Prologue’ l. 469

And for to se, and eek for to be seye
Of lusty folk.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Prologue’ l. 552

But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Prologue’ l. 602

Of which mayde anon, maugree hir heed,
By verray force, he rafte hire maydenhed.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Tale’ l. 887

‘My lige lady, generally,’ quod he,
‘Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee
As wel over hir housbond as hir love.’
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Tale’ l. 1037

That he is gentil that dooth gentil dedis.
‘The Canterbury Tales’ ‘The Wife of Bath’s Tale’ l. 1170

Venus clerk Ovide,
That hath ysowen wonder wide
The grete god of Loves name.
‘The House of Fame’ l. 1487

A thousand tymes have I herd men telle
That ther ys joy in hevene and peyne in helle,
And I acorde wel that it ys so;
But, natheles, yet wot I wel also
That ther nis noon dwellyng in this contree
That eyther hath in hevene or helle ybe,
Ne may of hit noon other weyes witen
But as he hath herd seyd or founde it writen;
For by assay ther may no man it preve.
But God forbede but men shulde leve
Wel more thing then men han seen with ye!
Men shal not wenen every thing a lye
But yf himself yt seeth, or elles dooth;
For, God wot, thing is never the lasse sooth,
Thogh every wight ne may it nat ysee.
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat all, pardee!
‘The Legend of Good Women’ ‘The Prologue’ l. l

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yive I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldom on the holyday,
Save, certeynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farewel my bok and my devocioun!
‘The Legend of Good Women’ ‘The Prologue’ l. 29

Of al the floures in the mede,

Thanne love I most thise floures white and rede,
Swiche as men callen daysyes in our toun.
‘The Legend of Good Women’ ‘The Prologue’ l. 41

That wel by reson men it calle may
The ‘dayesye,’ or elles the ‘ye of day,’
The emperice and flour of floures alle.
I pray to God that faire mote she falle,
And alle that loven floures, for hire sake!
‘The Legend of Good Women’ ‘The Prologue’ l. 183

And she was fayr as is the rose in May.
‘The Legend of Good Women’ ‘Cleopatra’ l. 613

That lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th’ assay so hard, so sharp the conquerynge.
‘The Parliament of Fowls’ l. 1.

Thou shalt make castels thanne in Spayne
And dreme of joye, all but in vayne.
‘The Romaunt of the Rose’ l. 2573

For it is seyd, ‘Man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is hymself ybeten
In sondry manere.’
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 1, l. 740

But love a womman that she woot it nought,
And she wol quyte it that show shalt nat fele;
Unknowe, unkist, and lost, that is unsought.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 1, l. 807

O wynd, O wynd, the weder gynneth clere.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 2, l. 2

So longe mote ye lyve, and alle proude,
Til crowes feet be growe under youre yë.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 2, l. 402

And we shall speek of the somwhat, I trowe,
Whan thow art gon, to don thyn eris glowe!
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 2, l. 1021

It is nought good a slepyng hound to wake.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 3, l. 764

For I have seyn of a ful misty morwe
Folowen ful ofte a myrie someris day.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 3, l. 1060

Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 3, l. 1200

And as the newe abaysed nygthyngale,
That stynteth first whan she bygynneth to synge.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 3, l. 1233

For of fortunes sharpe adversitee
The worst kynde of infortune is this,
A man to han ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passed is.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 3, l. 1625.

Oon ere it herde, at tother out it wente.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 4, l. 434

But manly sette the world on six and sevene;
And if thow deye a martyr, go to hevene!
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 4, l. 622

For tyme ylost may nought recovered be.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 4, l. 1283

Ye, fare wel al the snow of ferne yere!
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1176

Ek gret effect men write in place lite;
Th’ entente is al, and nat the lettres space.
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1629

Go, litel bok, go, litel myn tragedye,
Ther God thi makere yet, er that he dye,
So sende myght to make in som comedye!
But litel bok, no makyng thow n’envie,
But subgit be to alle poesye;
And kis the steppes, where as thow seest pace
Virgile, Ovide, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for ther is so gret diversite
In Englissh and in writyng of oure tonge,
So prey I God that non myswrite the,
Ne the mysmetre for defaute of tonge;
And red wherso thow be, or elles songe,
That thow be understonde, God I biseche!
‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1786

And whan that he was slayn in this manere,
His lighte goost ful blisfully is went
Up to the holughnesse of the eighthe spere,
In convers letyng everich element;
And ther he saugh, with ful avysement
The erratik sterres, herkenyng armonye

With sownes ful of hevenyssh melodie.

And down from thennes faste he gan avyse
This litel spot of erthe, that with the se
Embraced is, and fully gan despise
This wrecched world, and held al vanite
To respect of the pleyn felicite
That is in hevene above.

‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1807

O yonge, fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with youre age,
Repeyreth hom fro worldly vanyte,
And of youre herte up casteth the visage
To thilke God that after his ymage
Yow made, and thynketh al nys but a faire,
This world that passeth soone as floures faire.

And loveth hym the which that right for love
Upon a crois, our soules for to beye,
First start, and roos, and sit in hevene above;
For he nyl falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al holly on hym leye.
And syn he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feynede loves for to seke?

Lo here, of payens corsed olde rites!
Lo here, what alle hire goddes may availle!
Lo here, thise wrecched worldes appetites!
Lo here, the fyn and guerdoun for travaille
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille!

‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1835

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To the.

‘Troilus and Criseyde’ bk. 5, l. 1856

Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse.

‘Truth: Balade de Bon Conseyle’ l. 1

Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the heye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede,
And trowth thee shal delivere, it is no drede.

‘Truth: Balade de Bon Conseyle’ l. 18

3.84 Anton Chekhov 1860-1904

When a lot of remedies are suggested for a disease, that means it can't be cured.

'The Cherry Orchard' (1904) act 2

Great God in Heaven, the Cherry Orchard is now mine...I've bought the estate where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed inside the kitchen. I must be dreaming, I must be imagining it all.

'The Cherry Orchard' (1904) act 3

Medvedenko: Why do you wear black all the time?

Masha: I'm in mourning for my life, I'm unhappy.

'The Seagull' (1896) act 1

Nina: Your play's hard to act, there are no living people in it.

Treplev: Living people! We should show life neither as it is nor as it ought to be, but as we see it in our dreams.

'The Seagull' (1896) act 1

Women can't forgive failure.

'The Seagull' (1896) act 2

Nina: I'm a seagull. No, that's wrong. Remember you shot a seagull? A man happened to come along, saw it and killed it, just to pass the time. A plot for a short story.

'The Seagull' (1896) act 4

People don't notice whether it's winter or summer when they're happy. If I lived in Moscow I don't think I'd care what the weather was like.

'The Three Sisters' (1901) act 2

Man has been endowed with reason, with the power to create, so that he can add to what he's been given. But up to now he hasn't been a creator, only a destroyer. Forests keep disappearing, rivers dry up, wild life's become extinct, the climate's ruined and the land grows poorer and uglier every day.

'Uncle Vanya' (1897) act 1

A woman can become a man's friend only in the following stages—first an acquaintance, next a mistress, and only then a friend.

'Uncle Vanya' (1897) act 2

When a woman isn't beautiful, people always say, 'You have lovely eyes, you have lovely hair.'

'Uncle Vanya' (1897) act 3

In Anna Karenina and Onegin not a single problem is solved, but they satisfy you completely just because all their problems are correctly presented. The court is obliged to submit the case fairly, but let the jury do the deciding, each according to its own judgement.

Letter to Alexei Suvorin, 27 October 1888, in L. Hellman (ed.) 'Selected Letters of Anton Chekhov' (1955, translated by S. Lederer)

It is necessary that on the stage everything should be as complex and simple as life. People are having dinner, and while they're having it, their future happiness may be decided or their lives may be about to be shattered.

Letter to Alexei Suvorin, 4 May 1889

3.85 Apsley Cherry-Garrard 1882-1959

See E. L. Atkinson (1.111)

3.86 Lord Chesterfield (Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield) 1694-1773

Unlike my subject will I frame my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long.

Epigram on 'Long' Sir Thomas Robinson in the 'Dictionary of National Biography'

The picture, placed the busts between,
Gives satire all his strength:
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

'On Mr Nash's Present of his own Picture at Full Length, fixed between the Busts of Mr Pope and Sir Is. Newton'

In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

'Advice to his Son' (1775) 'Rules for Conversation: Private Scandal'

In matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice; because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge.

'Letters to Arthur Charles Stanhope, Esq.' (1817) Letter to A. C. Stanhope, 12 October 1765

Religion is by no means a proper subject of conversation in a mixed company.

Letter 142 in the Earl of Carnarvon (ed.) 'Letters...to his Godson and Successor'(1890)

Cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity.

Letter to his godson and heir, to be delivered after his own death, in the Earl of Carnarvon (ed.) 'Letters...to his Godson and Successor'(1890)

In my opinion, parsons are very like men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 5 April 1746

The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 4 October 1746

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 9 October 1746

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 2 October 1747

Take the tone of the company that you are in.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 9 October 1747

Do as you would be done by is the surest method that I know of pleasing.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 16 October 1747

I recommend to you to take care of minutes: for hours will take care of themselves.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 6 November 1747.

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most always like it the least.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 29 January 1748

Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 27 February 1748

Wear your learning, like your watch in a private pocket: and do not merely pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 22 February 1748

In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred, as audible laughter.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 9 March 1748.

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 5 September 1748.

It must be owned, that the Graces do not seem to be natives of Great Britain; and I doubt, the best of us here have more of rough than polished diamond.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 18 November 1748

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 20 July 1749

Putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must still be allowed to be a collateral security, at least, to virtue; and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 8 January 1750

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 8 May 1750

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) 6 February 1752.

The chapter of knowledge is very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one.

'Letters to his Son' (1774) Letter to Solomon Dayrolles, 16 February 1753

I...could not help reflecting in my way upon the singular ill-luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted.

M. Maty (ed.) 'Miscellaneous Works' (1777) vol. 2 'Miscellaneous Pieces' no. 45 (first published in 'The World' 7 October 1756)

Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934) (3 April 1773)

Give Dayrolles a chair.

Last words, in W. H. Craig 'Life of Lord Chesterfield' (1907) p. 343

3.87 G. K. Chesterton 1874-1936

I tell you naught for your comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher.

‘The Ballad of the White Horse’ (1911) bk. 1, p. 18

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad.

‘The Ballad of the White Horse’ (1911) bk. 2, p. 35

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

‘The Donkey’ (1900)

They died to save their country and they only saved the world.

‘English Graves’ (1922)

Why do you rush through the fields in trains,
Guessing so much and so much.
Why do you flash through the flowery meads,
Fat-head poet that nobody reads;
And why do you know such a frightful lot
About people in gloves and such?

‘The Fat White Woman Speaks’ (1933) (an answer to Frances Cornford).

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

‘A Hymn’ (1915)

Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war.

‘Lepanto’ (1915)

John Grubby, who was short and stout
And troubled with religious doubt,
Refused about the age of three
To sit upon the curate’s knee.

‘The New Freethinker’ (1915)

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

‘The Rolling English Road’ (1914)

For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

‘The Rolling English Road’ (1914)

Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget.
For we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet.

‘The Secret People’ (1915)

We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea,
And a new people takes the land: and still it is not we.

‘The Secret People’ (1915)

And I dream of the days when work was scrappy,
And rare in our pockets the mark of the mint,
When we were angry and poor and happy,
And proud of seeing our names in print.

‘A Song of Defeat’ (1915)

They haven’t got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve.

‘The Song of Quoodle’ (1914)

And goodness only knowses
The Noselessness of Man.

‘The Song of Quoodle’ (1914)

And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine, ‘I don’t care where the water goes if it doesn’t get into the wine.’

‘Wine and Water’ (1914)

An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered. An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered.

‘All Things Considered’ (1908) ‘On Running after one’s Hat’

Literature is a luxury; fiction is a necessity.

‘The Defendant’ (1901) ‘A Defence of Penny Dreadfuls’

The rich are the scum of the earth in every country.

‘The Flying Inn’ (1914) ch. 15

Bigotry may be roughly defined as the anger of men who have no opinions.

‘Heretics’ (1905) ch. 20

Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it.

'The Man who was Thursday' (1908) ch. 4

The human race, to which so many of my readers belong, has been playing at children's games from the beginning, and will probably do it till the end, which is a nuisance for the few people who grow up.

'The Napoleon of Notting Hill' (1904) bk. 1, ch. 1

Democracy means government by the uneducated, while aristocracy means government by the badly educated.

'New York Times' 1 February 1931, pt. 5, p. 1

Tradition means giving votes to the most obscure of all classes, our ancestors. It is the democracy of the dead.

'Orthodoxy' (1908) ch. 4

Democrats object to men being disqualified by the accident of birth; tradition objects to their being disqualified by the accident of death.

'Orthodoxy' (1908) ch. 4

All conservatism is based upon the idea that if you leave things alone you leave them as they are. But you do not. If you leave a thing alone you leave it to a torrent of change.

'Orthodoxy' (1908) ch. 7

He could not think up to the height of his own towering style.

'The Victorian Age in Literature' (1912) ch. 3 (on Tennyson)

The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult; and left untried.

'What's Wrong with the World' (1910) pt. 1 'The Unfinished Temple'

The prime truth of woman, the universal mother...that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly.

'What's Wrong with the World' (1910) pt. 4 'Folly and Female Education'

3.88 Erskine Childers 1870-1922

The riddle of the sands.

Title of novel (1903)

Come closer, boys. It will be easier for you.

Addressed to the firing squad at his execution, in Burke Wilkinson 'The Zeal of the Convert' (1976) ch. 26

3.89 William Chillingworth 1602-44

The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants.

'The Religion of Protestants' (1637)

I once knew a man out of courtesy help a lame dog over a stile, and he for requital bit his fingers.

'The Religion of Protestants' (1637)

3.90 Charles Chilton 1914—

See Joan Littlewood (12.104)

3.91 Rufus Choate 1799-1859

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to the Maine Whig State Central Committee, 9 August 1856, in S. G. Brown 'The Works of Rufus Choate with a Memoir of his Life' (1862) vol. 1, p. 215.

3.92 Noam Chomsky 1928—

The notion 'grammatical' cannot be identified with 'meaningful' or 'significant' in any semantic sense. Sentences (1) and (2) are equally nonsensical, but...only the former is grammatical. (1) Colourless green ideas sleep furiously. (2) Furiously sleep ideas green colourless.

'Syntactic Structures' (1957) ch. 2

As soon as questions of will or decision or reason or choice of action arise, human science is at a loss.

Television interview, 30 March 1978, in 'The Listener' 6 April 1978

3.93 Dame Agatha Christie (nèe Miller) 1890-1976

War settles nothing...to win a war is as disastrous as to lose one!

'An Autobiography' (1977) pt. 10

He tapped his forehead. 'These little grey cells. It is "up to them."'

'The Mysterious Affair at Styles' (1920) ch. 10 (Hercule Poirot)

Trust the train, Mademoiselle, for it is le bon Dieu who drives it.

'The Mystery of the Blue Train' (1928) ch. 36

3.94 Chuang Tzu 4th-3rd cent. B.C.

I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man.

'Chuang Tzu' (1889, translated by H. A. Giles) ch. 2

3.95 Mary, Lady Chudleigh 1656-1710

'Tis hard we should be by the men despised,
Yet kept from knowing what would make us prized;
Debarred from knowledge, banished from the schools,
And with the utmost industry bred fools.

'The Ladies Defence' (1701)

Wife and servant are the same,
But only differ in the name.

‘Poems’ (1703) ‘To the Ladies’

Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state
And all the fawning flatterers hate:
Value yourselves, and men despise
You must be proud if you’ll be wise.

‘Poems’ (1703) ‘To the Ladies’ (on marriage)

3.96 Charles Churchill 1731-64

Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read.

‘The Candidate’ (1764) l. 57

The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is in, the other out.

‘The Conference’ (1763) l. 165

The danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime’s so great as daring to excel.

‘An Epistle to William Hogarth’ (1763) l. 51

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still.

‘The Farewell’ (1764) l. 27.

It can’t be Nature, for it is not sense.

‘The Farewell’ (1764) l. 200

England—a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow.

‘The Ghost’ (1763) bk. 1, l. 111

And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made.

‘The Ghost’ (1763) bk. 2, l. 545

Just to the windward of the law.

‘The Ghost’ (1763) bk. 3, l. 56

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash; but where’s the book?
No matter where; wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?

‘The Ghost’ (1763) bk. 3, l. 801 (satirizing Samuel Johnson)

A joke’s a very serious thing.

‘The Ghost’ (1763) bk. 4, l. 1386

Happy, thrice happy now the savage race,

Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read.
'Gotham' (1764) bk. 1, l. 67

Our vices, with more zeal than holy prayers,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs.
'Gotham' (1764) bk. 1, l. 73

Old-age, a second child, by Nature cursed
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death.
'Gotham' (1764) bk. 1, l. 215

Keep up appearances; there lies the test;
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
'Night' (1761) l. 311

Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.
'Night' (1761) l. 321

Grave without thought, and without feeling gay.
'The Prophecy of Famine' (1763) l. 60 (on pretentious poets)

Me,...no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgement tempers when rash genius fires,
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time.
'The Prophecy of Famine' (1763) l. 79

Apt Alliteration's artful aid.
'The Prophecy of Famine' (1763) l. 86

He sickened at all triumphs but his own.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 64 (of Thomas Franklin, Professor of Greek at Cambridge University)

To mischief trained, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom.
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights, which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,

Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 69 (referring to Alexander Wedderburn, later Lord Loughborough)

Ne'er blushed unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blundered on some virtue unawares.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 137

So much they talked, so very little said.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 550

Learned without sense, and venerably dull.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 592

Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 699

But, spite of all the criticizing elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 961

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 1005

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
'The Rosciad' (1761) l. 1025

With the persuasive language of a tear.
'The Times' (1764) l. 308

3.97 Frank E. Churchill 1901-42

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Title of song from the 1933 cartoon film 'The Three Little Pigs'; probably written in collaboration with Ann Ronell

3.98 Lord Randolph Churchill 1849-94

For the purposes of recreation he [Gladstone] has selected the felling of trees, and we may usefully remark that his amusements, like his politics, are essentially destructive...The forest laments in order that Mr Gladstone may perspire.
Speech on Financial Reform, delivered in Blackpool, 24 January 1884, in F. Banfield (ed.) 'The Life and Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill' (1884)

He [Gladstone] told them that he would give them and all other subjects of the Queen much legislation, great prosperity, and universal peace, and he has given them nothing but chips. Chips to the faithful allies in Afghanistan, chips to the trusting native races of South Africa, chips to the Egyptian fellah, chips to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer and the artisan, chips to the agricultural labourer, chips to the House of Commons itself.
Speech on Financial Reform, delivered in Blackpool, 24 January 1884, in F. Banfield (ed.) 'The Life and

Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill' (1884)

Ulster will fight; Ulster will be right.

Public letter, 7 May 1886, in R. F. Foster 'Lord Randolph Churchill' (1981) p. 258

An old man in a hurry.

Referring to Gladstone, in election Address to the Electors of South Paddington, 19 June 1886, in W. S. Churchill 'Lord Randolph Churchill' (1906) vol. 2, p. 491

All great men make mistakes. Napoleon forgot Blücher, I forgot Goschen.

In 'Leaves from the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill' (1907) p. 21

3.99 Sir Winston Churchill 1874-1965

A labour contract into which men enter voluntarily for a limited and for a brief period, under which they are paid wages which they consider adequate, under which they are not bought or sold and from which they can obtain relief...on payment of £17.10s, the cost of their passage, may not be a healthy or proper contract, but it cannot in the opinion of His Majesty's Government be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word without some risk of terminological inexactitude.

Speech, 'Hansard' 22 February 1906, col. 555

He is one of those orators of whom it was well said, 'Before they get up, they do not know what they are going to say; when they are speaking, they do not know what they are saying; and when they have sat down, they do not know what they have said.'

Speech, 'Hansard' 20 December 1912, col. 1893 (referring to Lord Charles Beresford)

Business carried on as usual during alterations on the map of Europe.

The motto of the British people, in speech at Guildhall, 9 November 1914: 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 3, p. 2341

The whole map of Europe has been changed...but as the deluge subsides and the waters fall short we see the dreary steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone emerging once again.

Speech, 'Hansard' 16 February 1922, col. 1270

I remember, when I was a child, being taken to the celebrated Barnum's circus, which contained an exhibition of freaks and monstrosities, but the exhibit on the programme which I most desired to see was the one described as 'The Boneless Wonder'. My parents judged that that spectacle would be too revolting and demoralizing for my youthful eyes, and I have waited 50 years to see the boneless wonder sitting on the Treasury Bench.

Speech, 'Hansard' 28 January 1931, col. 1021 (referring to Ramsay Macdonald)

So they [the Government] go on in strange paradox, decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all-powerful to be impotent.

Speech, 'Hansard' 12 November 1936, col. 1107

Dictators ride to and fro upon tigers which they dare not dismount. And the tigers are getting hungry.

Letter, 11 November 1937, in 'Step by Step' (1939) p. 186. 'Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs' under rides

The utmost he has been able to gain for Czechoslovakia and in the matters which were in dispute has been that the German dictator, instead of snatching his victuals from the table, has been content to have them served to him course by course.

Speech, 'Hansard' 5 October 1938, col. 361 (referring to Neville Chamberlain)

I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.

Radio broadcast, 1 October 1939, in 'Into Battle' (1941) p. 131

I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this Government: 'I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.'

Speech, 'Hansard' 13 May 1940, col. 1502

What is our policy?...to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime.

Speech, 'Hansard' 13 May 1940, col. 1502

What is our aim?...Victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror; victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival.

Speech, 'Hansard' 13 May 1940, col. 1502

We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.

Speech, 'Hansard' 4 June 1940, col. 796

Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Commonwealth and its Empire lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'

Speech, 'Hansard' 18 June 1940, col. 60

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

Speech, 'Hansard' 20 August 1940, col. 1166 (on the skill and courage of British airmen)

No one can guarantee success in war, but only deserve it.

Letter to Lord Wavell, 26 November 1940, in 'The Second World War' vol. 2 (1949) ch. 27.

Here is the answer which I will give to President Roosevelt...Give us the tools and we will finish the job.

Radio broadcast, 9 February 1941, in 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 6, p. 6350

When I warned them [the French Government] that Britain would fight on alone whatever they did, their generals told their Prime Minister and his divided Cabinet, 'In three weeks England will have her neck wrung like a chicken.' Some chicken! Some neck!

Speech to Canadian Parliament, 30 December 1941, in 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 6, p. 6544

Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.

Speech at the Mansion House, London, 10 November 1942, in 'The End of the Beginning' (1943) p. 214 (on

the Battle of Egypt)

We make this wide encircling movement in the Mediterranean, having for its primary object the recovery of the command of that vital sea, but also having for its object the exposure of the under-belly of the Axis, especially Italy, to heavy attack.

Speech, 'Hansard' 11 November 1942, col. 28 (often misquoted as 'the soft under-belly of the Axis')

There is no finer investment for any community than putting milk into babies.

Radio broadcast, 21 March 1943, in 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 7, p. 6761

National compulsory insurance for all classes for all purposes from the cradle to the grave.

Radio broadcast, 21 March 1943, in 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 7

The empires of the future are the empires of the mind.

Speech at Harvard, 6 September 1943, in 'Onwards to Victory' (1944) p. 238

From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic an iron curtain has descended across the Continent.

Speech at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, 5 March 1946, in 'Complete Speeches' (1974) vol. 7, p. 7290. The expression 'iron curtain' had been previously applied by others to the Soviet Union or her sphere of influence, e.g. Ethel Snowden 'Through Bolshevik Russia' (1920), Dr Goebbels 'Das Reich' (25 February 1945), and by Churchill himself in a cable to President Truman (4 June 1945)

No one pretends that democracy is perfect or all-wise. Indeed, it has been said that democracy is the worst form of Government except all those other forms that have been tried from time to time.

Speech, 'Hansard' 11 November 1947, col. 206

To jaw-jaw is always better than to war-war.

Speech at White House, 26 June 1954, in 'New York Times' 27 June 1954, p. 1

Mr Gladstone read Homer for fun, which I thought served him right.

'My Early Life' (1930) ch. 2

In war: resolution. In defeat: defiance. In victory: magnanimity. In peace: goodwill.

'The Second World War' vol. 1 (1948) epigraph, which according to Sir Edward Marsh in 'A Number of People' (1939) p. 152, occurred to Churchill shortly after the First World War

The loyalties which centre upon number one are enormous. If he trips he must be sustained. If he makes mistakes they must be covered. If he sleeps he must not be wantonly disturbed. If he is no good he must be pole-axed. But this last extreme process cannot be carried out every day; and certainly not in the days just after he has been chosen.

'The Second World War' vol. 2 (1949) ch. 1

I did not suffer from any desire to be relieved of my responsibilities. All I wanted was compliance with my wishes after reasonable discussion.

'The Second World War' vol. 4 (1951) ch. 5

Jellicoe was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon.

'The World Crisis' (1927) pt. 1, ch. 5

The ability to foretell what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, and next year. And to have the ability afterwards to explain why it didn't happen.

Describing the qualifications desirable in a prospective politician, in B. Adler ‘Churchill Wit’ (1965) p. 4

This is the sort of English up with which I will not put.
In Ernest Gowers ‘Plain Words’ (1948) ‘Troubles with Prepositions’

Don’t talk to me about naval tradition. It’s nothing but rum, sodomy and the lash.
In Sir Peter Gretton ‘Former Naval Person’ (1968) ch. 1

A sheep in sheep’s clothing.
Describing Clement Attlee, in Lord Home ‘The Way the Wind Blows’ (1976) ch. 6.

Take away that pudding—it has no theme.
In Lord Home ‘The Way the Wind Blows’ (1976) ch. 16

As far as I can see you have used every clichè except “God is Love” and “Please adjust your dress before leaving”.
Note to Sir Anthony Eden, in reply to a long-winded report on the latter’s tour of the Near East, in ‘Life’ 9 December 1940 (later disclaimed by Churchill)

In defeat unbeatable: in victory unbearable.
Describing Viscount Montgomery, in Edward Marsh ‘Ambrosia and Small Beer’ (1964) ch. 5

The candle in that great turnip has gone out.
Describing Stanley Baldwin, in Harold Nicolson (ed.) ‘Nigel Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1945-62’ (1968) diary 17 August 1950

I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me.
In Quentin Reynolds ‘By Quentin Reynolds’ (1964) ch. 11

3.100 Count Galeazzo Ciano 1903-44

La vittoria trova cento padri, e nessuno vuole riconoscere l’insuccesso.

Victory has a hundred fathers, but defeat is an orphan.
‘Diary’ (1946) vol. 2, 9 September 1942

3.101 Colley Cibber 1671-1757

Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho’ a poor blind boy.
‘The Blind Boy’

Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring!
‘The Double Gallant’ (1707) act 1, sc. 2

One had as good be out of the world, as out of the fashion.
‘Love’s Last Shift’ (1696) act 2

Off with his head—so much for Buckingham.
‘Richard III’ (1700) act 4, adapted from Shakespeare.

Perish the thought!
‘Richard III’ (1700) act 5, adapted from Shakespeare

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away, My soul’s in arms, and eager for the fray.
‘Richard III’ (1700) act 5, adapted from Shakespeare

Stolen sweets are best.

‘The Rival Fools’ (1709) act 1, sc. 1

3.102 Cicero (Marcus Tullius Cicero) 106-43 B.C.

Dicit enim tamquam in Platonis politeia, non tamquam in Romuli faece sententiam.

For he delivers his opinions as though he were living in Plato’s Republic rather than among the dregs of Romulus.

‘Ad Atticum’ bk. 2, letter 1, sect. 8 (of M. Porcius Cato, the Younger)

Sed nescio quo modo nihil tam absurde dici potest quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum

There is nothing so absurd but some philosopher has said it.

‘De Divinatione’ bk. 2, ch. 119

Vulgo enim dicitur: Iucundi acti labores.

For it is commonly said: completed labours are pleasant.

‘De Finibus’ bk. 2, ch. 105

Salus populi suprema est lex.

The good of the people is the chief law.

‘De Legibus’ bk. 3, ch. 8

‘Ipse dixit.’ ‘Ipse’ autem erat Pythagoras.

‘He himself said’, and this ‘himself’ was Pythagoras.

‘De Natura Deorum’ bk. 1, ch. 10

Summum bonum.

The highest good.

‘De Officiis’ bk. 1, ch. 5

Cedant arma togae, concedant laurea laudi.

Let war yield to peace, laurels to paeans.

‘De Officiis’ bk. 1, ch. 77

Numquam se minus otiosum esse quam cum otiosus, nec minus solum quam cum solus esset.

Never less idle than when wholly idle, nor less alone than when wholly alone.

‘De Officiis’ bk. 3, ch. 1

Mens cuiusque is est quisque.

The spirit is the true self.

‘De Republica’ bk. 6, ch. 26

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?

How long will you abuse our patience, Catiline?

‘In Catilinam’ speech 1, ch. 1

O tempora, O mores!

Oh, the times! Oh, the manners!

‘In Catilinam’ speech 1, ch. 1

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.

He departed, he withdrew, he strode off, he broke forth.

‘In Catilinam’ speech 2, ch. 1

Civis Romanus sum.

I am a Roman citizen.

‘In Verrem’ speech 5, ch. 147

Quod di omen avertant.

May the gods avert this omen.

‘Third Phillippic’ ch. 35

Nervos belli, pecuniam infinitam.

The sinews of war, unlimited money.

‘Fifth Phillippic’ ch. 5

Silent enim leges inter arma.

Laws are silent in time of war.

‘Pro Milone’ ch. 11

Id quod est praestantissimum maximeque optabile omnibus sanis et bonis et beatis, cum dignitate otium.

The thing which is the most outstanding and chiefly to be desired by all healthy and good and well-off persons, is leisure with honour.

‘Pro Sestio’ ch. 98

Errare mehercule malo cum Platone...quam cum istis vera sentire

I would rather be wrong, by God, with Plato...than be correct with those men.

‘Tusculanae disputationes’ bk. 1, ch. 39 (on Pythagoreans)

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

O happy Rome, born when I was consul!

In Juvenal ‘Satires’ poem 10, l. 122

3.103 John Clare 1793-1864

When badgers fight then everyone’s a foe.

‘Badger’

He could not die when the trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.

‘The Dying Child’

My life hath been one chain of contradictions,
Madhouses, prisons, whore-shops.

‘The Exile’

They took me from my wife, and to save trouble
I wed again, and made the error double.

‘The Exile’

Here let the Muse Oblivion’s curtain draw,
And let man think—for God hath often saw
Things here too dirty for the light of day;
For in a madhouse there exists no law
Now stagnant grows my too refinéd clay;
I envy birds their wings to fly away.

‘The Exile’

Pale death, the grand physician, cures all pain;
The dead rest well who lived for joys in vain.

‘The Exile’

Hopeless hope hopes on and meets no end,
Wastes without springs and homes without a friend.

‘The Exile’

When words refuse before the crowd
My Mary’s name to give,
The muse in silence sings aloud:
And there my love will live.

‘First Love’

A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

‘The Gypsy Camp’ (1841)

I am—yet what I am, none cares or knows;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:
I am the self-consumer of my woes.

‘I Am’ (1848)

I long for scenes where man hath never trod
A place where woman never smiled or wept
There to abide with my Creator God
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie
The grass below, above, the vaulted sky.

‘I Am’ (1848)

The present is the funeral of the past,
And man the living sepulchre of life.

‘The Past’

Summers pleasures they are gone like to visions every one
And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on
I tried to call them back but unbidden they are gone
Far away from heart and eye and for ever far away.

‘Remembrances’

3.104 Earl of Clarendon 1609-74

Without question, when he first drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard.

'The History of the Rebellion' (1703) ed. W. D. Macray (1888) vol. 3, bk. 7, sect. 84 (of Hampden)

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.

'The History of the Rebellion' (1703) ed. W. D. Macray (1888) vol. 3, bk. 7, sect. 84 (of Hampden).

He...would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace.

'The History of the Rebellion' (1703) ed. W. D. Macray (1888) vol. 3, bk. 7, sect. 233 (of Falkland)

So enamoured on peace that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price.

'The History of the Rebellion' (1703) ed. W. D. Macray (1888) vol. 3, bk. 7, sect. 233 (of Falkland)

He will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

'The History of the Rebellion' (1703) ed. W. D. Macray (1888) vol. 6, bk. 15, last line (of Cromwell)

3.105 Claribel (Mrs C. A. Barnard) 1840-69

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow.

'The Old Songs' (1865)

3.106 Brian Clark 1932—

Whose life is it anyway?

Title of play (1977)

3.107 Kenneth Clark (Baron Clark) 1903-83

Medieval marriages were entirely a matter of property, and, as everyone knows, marriage without love means love without marriage.

'Civilisation' (1969) ch. 3

It's a curious fact that the all-male religions have produced no religious imagery—in most cases have positively forbidden it. The great religious art of the world is deeply involved with the female principle.

'Civilisation' (1969) ch. 7

Perrault's façade [of the Louvre] reflects the triumph of an authoritarian state...It was the work not of craftsmen, but of wonderfully gifted civil servants.

'Civilisation' (1969) ch. 9

3.108 Arthur C. Clarke 1917—

If an elderly but distinguished scientist says that something is possible he is almost certainly right, but if he says that it is impossible he is very probably wrong.

In 'New Yorker' 9 August 1969

3.109 Grant Clarke 1891-1931 and Edgar Leslie 1885-1976

He'd have to get under, get out and get under
And fix up his automobile.

'He'd Have to Get Under—Get Out and Get Under' (1913 song)

3.110 James Stanier Clarke c.1765-1834

Perhaps when you again appear in print you may choose to dedicate your volumes to Prince Leopold: any historical romance, illustrative of the history of the august House of Coburg, would just now be very interesting.

Letter to Jane Austen, 27 March 1816, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) 'Jane Austen's Letters' (1952)

3.111 John Clarke d. 1658

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven.

'Paraemiologia Anglo-Latina' (1639) 'Diligentia'

Home is home, though it be never so homely.

'Paraemiologia Anglo-Latina' (1639) 'Domi vivere'

3.112 Claudius Caecus, Appius fl. 312-279 B.C.

Faber est suae quisque fortunae.

Each man is the smith of his own fortune.

In Sallust 'Ad Caesarem Senem de Re Publica Oratio' ch. 1, sect. 2

3.113 Karl von Clausewitz 1780-1831

Der Krieg ist nichts als eine Fortsetzung des politischen Verkehrs mit
Einmischung anderer Mittel.

War is nothing but a continuation of politics with the admixture of other means.

'Vom Kriege' (1832-4) bk. 8, ch. 6, sect. B, commonly rendered in the form 'War is the continuation of politics by other means'.

3.114 Henry Clay 1777-1852

How often are we forced to charge fortune with partiality towards the unjust!

Letter, 4 December 1801

If you wish to avoid foreign collision, you had better abandon the ocean.

Speech in the House of Representatives, 22 January 1812

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] can not have forgotten his own sentiments, uttered even on the floor of this House, 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must'.

Speech, 8 January 1813, in C. Colton (ed.) 'The Works of Henry Clay' (1904) vol. 1, p. 197.

The arts of power and its minions are the same in all countries and in all ages. It marks its victim; denounces it; and excites the public odium and the public hatred, to conceal its own abuses and encroachments.

Speech in the Senate, 14 March 1834

I had rather be right than be President.

To Senator Preston of South Carolina, 1839

I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance...The Union, sir, is my country.

Speech in the Senate (1848)

3.115 Eldridge Cleaver 1935—

What we're saying today is that you're either part of the solution or you're part of the problem.

Speech in San Francisco, 1968, in R. Scheer 'Eldridge Cleaver, Post Prison Writings and Speeches' (1969) p. 32

3.116 John Cleese 1939—

See Graham Chapman et al. (3.74)

3.117 John Cleese 1939—and Connie Booth

They're Germans. Don't mention the war.

'Fawlty Towers' (BBC TV comedy series) 'The Germans' (1975)

Pretentious? Moi?

'Fawlty Towers' (BBC TV comedy series) 'The Psychiatrist' (1979)

3.118 John Cleland 1710-89

Truth! stark naked truth, is the word.

'Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure' a.k.a. 'Fanny Hill' (1749) vol. 1

3.119 Georges Clemenceau 1841-1929

La guerre, c'est une chose trop grave pour la confier á des militaires.

War is too serious a matter to entrust to military men.

Attributed to Clemenceau, e.g. in Hampden Jackson 'Clemenceau and the Third Republic' (1946) p. 228, but also to Briand and Talleyrand

Politique intèrieure, je fais la guerre; politique extèrieure, je fais toujours la guerre. Je fais toujours la guerre.

My home policy: I wage war; my foreign policy: I wage war. All the time I wage war.

Speech to French Chamber of Deputies, 8 March 1918, in 'Discours de Guerre' (1968) p. 172

Il est plus facile de faire la guerre que la paix.

It is easier to make war than to make peace.

Speech at Verdun, 20 July 1919, in ‘Discours de Paix’ (1938) p. 122

3.120 Pope Clement XIII 1693-1769

Sint ut sunt aut non sint.

Let them be as they are or not be at all.

Reply to request for changes in the constitutions of the Society of Jesus, in J. A. M. Crètineau-Joly ‘Clèment XIV et les Jèsuites’ (1847) p. 370 n.

3.121 Grover Cleveland 1837-1908

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honour.

Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, 5 July 1888

The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson taught that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their government, its functions do not include the support of the people.

Inaugural Address, 4 March 1893

3.122 Harlan Cleveland 1918—

The revolution of rising expectations.

Phrase coined, 1950, in Arthur Schlesinger ‘A Thousand Days’ (1965) ch. 16

3.123 John Cleveland 1613-58 English Cavalier poet

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up, ’twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
’Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist...
Riddles lie here, or in a word,
Here lies blood; and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

‘Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford’ (1647)

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom
Nor forced him wander, but confined him home.

‘The Rebel Scot’ (1647)

3.124 Lord Clive (Robert, Baron Clive of Plassey) 1725-74

By God, Mr Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation!

Reply during Parliamentary cross-examination, 1773, in G. R. Gleig ‘The Life of Robert, First Lord Clive’ (1848) p. 6

I feel that I am reserved for some end or other.

When his pistol failed to go off twice, while attempting to commit suicide, in G. R. Gleig ‘The Life of Robert,

First Lord Clive' (1848) ch. 1

3.125 Arthur Hugh Clough 1819-61

Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte Testaceo,
Merely a marvellous mass of broken and castaway wine-pots.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 1, pt. 2

The horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 1, pt. 11

Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?
Really, who knows? ...
Ah, for a child in the street I could strike; for the full-blown lady—
Somehow, Eustace, alas! I have not felt the vocation.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 2, pt. 4

I do not like being moved: for the will is excited; and action
Is a most dangerous thing: I tremble for something factitious,
Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process;
We are so prone to these things with our terrible notions of duty.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 2, pt. 11

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,
Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage-procession?
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 3, pt. 6

Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 3, pt. 6

Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters.
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 3, pt. 9

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle,
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them?
'Amours de Voyage' (1858) canto 5, pt. 6

Sesquipedalian blackguard.
'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich' (1848) pt. 2, l. 223

Good, too, Logic, of course; in itself, but not in fine weather.
'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich' (1848) pt. 2, l. 249

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market.
'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich' (1848) pt. 4, l. 159

Afloat. We move: Delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
'Dipsychus' (1865) sc. 5

This world is bad enough may-be;
We do not comprehend it;
But in one fact can all agree

God won’t, and we can’t mend it.
‘Dipsychus’ (1865) sc. 5

I drive through the street, and I care not a d-mn;
The people they stare, and they ask who I am;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage if ever so bad.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
So pleasant it is to have money.
‘Dipsychus’ (1865) sc. 5

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one’s self,
And how pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking—
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.
‘Dipsychus’ (1865) sc. 5

‘There is no God,’ the wicked saith,
‘And truly it’s a blessing,
For what he might have done with us
It’s better only guessing.’
‘Dipsychus’ (1865) sc. 6

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him.
‘Dipsychus’ (1865) sc. 6

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
‘The Latest Decalogue’ (1862)

Thou shalt not kill; but need’st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
‘The Latest Decalogue’ (1862)

Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
‘The Latest Decalogue’ (1862)

Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it’s so lucrative to cheat.
‘The Latest Decalogue’ (1862)

Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

‘The Latest Decalogue’ (1862)

’Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.

‘Peschiera’ (1854).

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

‘Qua Curam Ventus’ (1849)

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, things remain.

‘Say not the struggle naught availeth’ (1855)

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.

‘Say not the struggle naught availeth’ (1855)

In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

‘Say not the struggle naught availeth’ (1855)

What shall we do without you? Think where we are. Carlyle has led us all out into the desert, and he has left us there.

Parting words to Ralph Waldo Emerson, 15 July 1848, in David Williams ‘Too Quick Despairer’ (1969) ch. 4

3.126 William Cobbett 1762-1835

Resolve to free yourselves from the slavery of the tea and coffee and other slop-kettle.

‘Advice to Young Men’ (1829) letter 1, sect. 31

Nouns of number, or multitude, such as Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King’s Bench, Den of Thieves, and the like.

‘English Grammar’ (1817) letter 17 ‘Syntax as Relating to Pronouns’

From a very early age, I had imbibed the opinion, that it was every man’s duty to do all that lay in his power to leave his country as good as he had found it.

‘Political Register’ 22 December 1832

But what is to be the fate of the great wen of all? The monster, called...’the metropolis of the empire’?

‘Rural Rides’ (1830) referring to London

3.127 Alison Cockburn (nèe Rutherford) 1713-94

I’ve seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I’ve felt all its favours and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,

But now it is fled, fled far, far away.

‘The Flowers of the Forest’ (1765)

O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Why thus torment us poor sons of day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are a’ wade away.

‘The Flowers of the Forest’ (1765); wade weeded (often quoted ‘For the flowers of the forest are withered away’)

3.128 Claud Cockburn 1904—

Small earthquake in Chile. Not many dead.

Winning entry in a ‘dullest headline’ competition at The Times, in ‘In Time of Trouble’ (1956) ch. 10

3.129 Jean Cocteau 1889-1963

Le tact dans l’audace c’est de savoir jusqu’oû on peut aller trop loin.

Being tactful in audacity is knowing how far one can go too far.

‘Le Rappel á l’ordre’ (1926) ‘Le Coq et l’Arlequin’ p. 2

Le pire drame pour un poéte, c’est d’être admirè par malentendu.

The worst tragedy for a poet is to be admired through being misunderstood.

‘Le Rappel á l’ordre’ (1926) ‘Le Coq et l’Arlequin’ p. 20

S’il faut choisir un crucifiè, la foule sauve toujours Barabbas.

If it has to choose who is to be crucified, the crowd will always save Barabbas.

‘Le Rappel á l’ordre’ (1926) ‘Le Coq et l’Arlequin’ p. 39

L’Histoire est un alliage de rèel et de mensonge. Le rèel de l’Histoire devient un mensonge. L’irrèel de la fable devient vèritè .

History is a combination of reality and lies. The reality of History becomes a lie. The unreality of the fable becomes the truth.

‘Journal d’un inconnu’ (1953) p. 143

Vivre est une chute horizontale.

Life is a horizontal fall.

‘Opium’ (1930) p. 37

Victor Hugo ètait un fou qui se croyait Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo was a madman who thought he was Victor Hugo.

‘Opium’ (1930) p. 77

3.130 George M. Cohan 1878-1942

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square,
Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street

That I will soon be there.

‘Give My Regards to Broadway’ (1904 song)

I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee Doodle, do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam’s,
Born on the fourth of July.
I’ve got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She’s my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London,
Just to ride the ponies;
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy.

‘Yankee Doodle Boy’ (1904 song).

3.131 Sir Aston Cokayne 1608-84

Sydney, whom we yet admire
Lighting our little torches at his fire.

Funeral Elegies, no. 1 ‘On the Death of my very good Friend Mr Michael Drayton’ (1658)

3.132 Desmond Coke 1879-1931

His blade struck the water a full second before any other: the lad had started well. Nor did he flag as the race wore on...as the boats began to near the winning-post, his oar was dipping into the water nearly twice as often as any other.

‘Sandford of Merton’ (1903) ch. 12 (often quoted ‘All rowed fast, but none so fast as stroke’)

3.133 Sir Edward Coke 1552-1634

How long soever it hath continued, if it be against reason, it is of no force in law.

‘The First Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England’ (1628) bk. 1, ch. 10, sect. 80, p. 62 recto

Reason is the life of the law, nay the common law itself is nothing else but reason...The law, which is the perfection of reason.

‘The First Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England’ (1628) bk. 2, ch. 6, sect. 138, p. 97 verso

The gladsome light of Jurisprudence.

‘The First Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England’ (1628) ‘Epilogus’ last line

For a man’s house is his castle, et domus sua cuique est tutissimum refugium [and each man’s home is his safest refuge].

‘The Third Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England’ (1628) ch. 73, p. 162

Six hours in sleep, in law’s grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix.

Translation of a quotation taken by Coke from Justinian ‘The Pandects’ (or ‘Digest’) bk. 2, ch. 4 ‘De in Jus Vocando’.

They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.

‘The Reports of Sir Edward Coke’ (1658) vol. 5, pt. 10 ‘The case of Sutton’s Hospital’ p. 32 verso

Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign.

On the Lords’ Amendment to the Petition of Right, 17 May 1628 in J. Rushworth ‘Historical Collections’ (1659) vol. 1, p. 562

3.134 Hartley Coleridge 1796-1849

But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good.

‘Liberty’ (1833)

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

‘She is not fair’ (1833)

3.135 Lord Coleridge 1820-94

I speak not of this college or of that, but of the University as a whole; and, gentlemen, what a whole Oxford is!

In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 29

3.136 Mary Coleridge 1861-1907

Egypt’s might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice’ pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain
Shadowy as the shadows seemed
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain.

‘Egypt’s might is tumbled down’ (1908)

3.137 Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772-1834

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
‘By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?’

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 1

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 1

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 1

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 1

‘God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look’st thou so?’—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 1

Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 2

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 2

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 2

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yes, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 2

Her lips were red, save her looks were free,

Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The Night-mare life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 3

The Sun’s rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 3

We listened and looked sideways up!
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 3

The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 3

‘I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.’
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 4

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 4

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 4

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 4

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 5

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 5

We were a ghastly crew.
‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 5

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 5

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 6

No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 6

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 7

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 7

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’ (1798) pt. 7

Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!

‘Christabel’ pt. 1 (1797) (l. 252)

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

‘Christabel’ pt. 2 (1800) (l. 408)

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light.
'Christabel' pt. 2, conclusion (1801) (l. 656)

I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 2

I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 3

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 4

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 4

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 6

But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.
'Dejection: an Ode' (1802) st. 6.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
'The Devil's Thoughts' (1799)

Oh! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.
'The Eolian Harp' (1796) l. 26

And what if all animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,

That tremble into thought, as o’er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and god of all?
‘The Eolian Harp’ (1796) l. 44

What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.
‘Epigram’ (1802)

O, life one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
‘Epitaph for Himself’ (1834)

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care:
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.
‘Epitaph on an Infant’ (1794)

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringéd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, ‘Where is it?’
‘Fears in Solitude’ (1798)

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind.
‘Frost at Midnight’ (1798) l. 1

Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams!
‘Frost at Midnight’ (1798) l. 11

Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
‘Frost at Midnight’ (1798) l. 15

Whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.
‘Frost at Midnight’ (1798) l. 70

O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars.

‘Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni’ (1809) l. 30

On awaking he...instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock.

‘Kubla Khan’ (written 1798, published 1816) preliminary note

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round.

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e’er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced.

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

And ’mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

‘Kubla Khan’ (1798)

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

‘Love’ (1800)

With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots.
Rhyme’s sturdy cripple, fancy’s maze and clue,
Wit’s forge and fire-blast, meaning’s press and screw.

‘On Donne’s Poetry’ (1818)

But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

‘The Piccolomini’ (1800) act 2, sc. 4 (translated from the German of Friedrich von Schiller)

So for the mother’s sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

‘Sonnet to a Friend Who Asked How I Felt When the Nurse First Presented My Infant to Me’ (1797)

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison!

‘This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison’ (1797) l. 1

When the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air.

‘This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison’ (1797) l. 68

‘Alas!’ said she, ‘we ne’er can be
Made happy by compulsion!’

‘The Three Graves’ (1798) pt. 4, st. 12

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb:
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.

‘The Three Graves’ (1798) pt. 4, st. 16

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

‘Work Without Hope’ (1825)

Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

‘Youth and Age’ (1832)

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all.

‘Aids to Reflection’ (1825) ‘Moral and Religious Aphorisms’ no. 25

Until you understand a writer’s ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding.

‘Biographia Literaria’ (1817) ch. 12

The primary imagination I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I am.

‘Biographia Literaria’ (1817) ch. 13

That willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.

‘Biographia Literaria’ (1817) ch. 14

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare. Footnote. a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a Patriarch of Constantinople.

‘Biographia Literaria’ (1817) ch. 15

The dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the giant’s shoulder to mount on.

‘The Friend’ (1818) vol. 2 ‘On the Principles of Political Knowledge’.

Iago’s soliloquy—the motive-hunting of motiveless malignity.

‘The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge’ (1836) bk. 2 ‘Notes on the Tragedies of Shakespeare: Othello’

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, &c., if they could; they have tried their talents at one or at the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.

‘Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton’ (delivered 1811-12, published 1856) lecture 1

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 4 January 1823

To see him act, is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 27 April 1823 (on Edmund Kean)

Prose = words in their best order;—poetry = the best words in the best order.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 12 July 1827

The man’s desire is for the woman; but the woman’s desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 23 July 1827

Poetry is certainly something more than good sense, but it must be good sense at all events; just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 9 May 1830

Swift was anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 15 June 1830

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 5 October 1830

That passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 20 January 1834

Shakespeare...is of no age—nor of any religion, or party or profession. The body and substance

of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind.

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 15 March 1834

Bygone images and scenes of early life have stolen into my mind, like breezes from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those twin realities of this phantom world!

‘Table Talk’ (1835) 10 July 1834

If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

In Thomas Allsop ‘Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge’ (18 December 1831)

Summer has set in with its usual severity.

Quoted in a letter from Charles Lamb to V. Novello, 9 May 1826

3.138 Colette (Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette) 1873-1954

Le monde des èmotions qu’on nomme, á la lègére, physiques.

The world of the emotions that are so lightly called physical.

‘Le Blè en herbe’ (1923) p. 161

Life as a child and then as a girl had taught her patience, hope, silence; and given her a prisoner’s proficiency in handling these virtues as weapons.

‘Chèri’ (1920)

Let’s go out and buy playing-cards, good wine, bridge-scorers, knitting needles—all the paraphernalia to fill a gaping void, all that’s required to disguise that monster, an old woman.

‘Chèri’ (1920)

If one wished to be perfectly sincere, one would have to admit there are two kinds of love—well-fed and ill-fed. The rest is pure fiction.

‘La Fin de Chèri’ (1926)

3.139 Mary Collier c.1690-c.1762

So the industrious bees do hourly strive
To bring their loads of honey to the hive;
Their sordid owners always reap the gains,
And poorly recompense their toils and pains.

‘The Woman’s Labour’ (1739) p. 17

Though we all day with care our work attend,
Such is our fate, we know when ’twill end.
When evening’s come, you homeward take your way.
We, till our work is done, are forced to stay.

‘The Woman’s Labour’ (1739)

The greatest heroes that the world can know,
To women their original must owe.

‘The Three Wise Sentences, from the First Book of Esdras’ (1740) l. 132

3.140 William Collingbourne d. 1484

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell our dog
Rule all England under a hog.

Referring to Sir William Catesby (d. 1485), Sir Richard Ratcliffe (d. 1485), Lord Lovell (1454-c.1487), whose crest was a dog, and King Richard III, whose emblem was a wild boar. Collingbourne was executed on Tower Hill. Robert Fabyan 'The Concordance of Chronicles' (ed. H. Ellis, 1811) p. 672

3.141 Admiral Collingwood (Cubert, Baron Collingwood) 1748-1810

Now, gentlemen, let us do something today which the world may talk of hereafter.

Said before the Battle of Trafalgar, 21 October 1805, in G. L. Newnham Collingwood (ed.) 'A Selection from the Correspondence of Lord Collingwood' (1828) vol. 1, p. 168

3.142 R. G. Collingwood 1889-1943

Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do.

'Speculum Mentis' (1924) p. 25.

3.143 Charles Collins and Fred W. Leigh

My old man said, 'Follow the van,
Don't dilly-dally on the way!'
Off went the cart with the home packed in it,
I walked behind with my old cock linnet.
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied,
Lost the van and don't know where to roam.
You can't trust the 'specials' like the old time 'coppers'
When you can't find your way home.

'Don't Dilly-Dally on the Way' (1919 song, popularized by Marie Lloyd)

3.144 Charles Collins and Fred Murray

Boiled beef and carrots.

Title of song (1910, popularized by Harry Champion)

3.145 Charles Collins, E. A. Sheppard, and Fred Terry

Any old iron, any old iron,
Any any old old iron?
You look neat
Talk about a treat,
You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand new tile,
And your father's old green tie on,
But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain;

Old iron, old iron?

‘Any Old Iron’ (1911 song, popularized by Harry Champion; the second line often sung ‘Any any any old iron?’)

3.146 Churton Collins (John Churton Collins) 1848-1908

To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery.

In L. C. Collins ‘Life of John Churton Collins’ (1912) p. 316

3.147 Michael Collins 1890-1922

Think—what I have got for Ireland? Something which she has wanted these past seven hundred years. Will anyone be satisfied at the bargain? Will anyone? I tell you this—early this morning I signed my death warrant. I thought at the time how odd, how ridiculous—a bullet may just as well have done the job five years ago.

Letter, 6 December 1921, in T. R. Dwyer ‘Michael Collins and the Treaty’ (1981) ch. 4

3.148 William Collins 1721-59

To fair Fidele’s grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

‘Dirge’ (1744) from Shakespeare’s ‘Cymbeline’

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises ’midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.

‘Ode to Evening’ (1747)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest!

‘Ode Written in the Year 1746’ (1748)

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

‘Ode Written in the Year 1746’ (1748)

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured thro’ the mellow horn her pensive soul.

‘The Passions, an Ode for Music’ (1747).

Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

‘The Passions, an Ode for Music’ (1747)

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic’s part,
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

‘Verses addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer’ (1743)

3.149 George Colman the Elder 1732-94, and David Garrick 1717-79

Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny! Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!

‘The Clandestine Marriage’ (1766) act 1

3.150 George Colman the Younger 1762-1836

Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city,
Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty.

‘The Heir at Law’ (performed 1797, published 1808) act 1, sc. 2

Says he, ‘I am a handsome man, but I’m a gay deceiver.’

‘Love Laughs at Locksmiths’ (1808) act 2

Johnson’s style was grand and Gibbon’s elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flute and hautboys: Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.

‘Random Records’ (1830) vol. 1, p. 122

My father was an eminent button maker—but I had a soul above buttons—I panted for a liberal profession.

‘Sylvester Daggerwood’ (1795) act 1, sc. 10

As the lone Angler, patient man,
At Mewry-Water, or the Banne,
Leaves off, against his placid wish,
Impaling worms to torture fish.

‘The Lady of the Wreck’ (1813) canto 2, st. 18

And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:—
When taken,
To be well shaken.

‘The Newcastle Apothecary’ (1797)

3.151 Charles Caleb Colton c.1780-1832

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.
‘Lacon’ (1820) vol. 1, no. 183

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.
‘Lacon’ (1820) vol. 1, no. 322

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city.
‘Lacon’ (1820) vol. 1, no. 334

Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions.
‘Lacon’ (1820) vol. 1, no. 408

3.152 Betty Comden 1919-and Adolph Green 1915—

New York, New York,—a helluva town,
The Bronx is up but the Battery’s down,
And people ride in a hole in the ground:
New York, New York,—It’s a helluva town.
‘New York, New York’ (1945 song; music by Leonard Bernstein)

The party’s over.
Title of song (1956; music by Jule Styne)

3.153 Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett 1884-1969

Time has too much credit...It is not a great healer. It is an indifferent and perfunctory one. Sometimes it does not heal at all. And somtimes when it seems to, no healing has been necessary.
‘Darkness and Day’ (1951) ch. 7

‘Well, of course, people are only human...But it really does not seem much for them to be.’
‘A Family and a Fortune’ (1939) ch. 2

People don’t resent having nothing nearly as much as too little.
‘A Family and a Fortune’ (1939) ch. 4

‘The more we ask, the more we have. And, it is fair enough: asking is not always easy.’ ‘And it is said to be hard to accept...So no wonder we have so little.’
‘The Mighty and their Fall’ (1961) ch. 6

There are different kinds of wrong. The people sinned against are not always the best.
‘The Mighty and their Fall’ (1961) ch. 7

We must use words as they are used or stand aside from life.
‘Mother and Son’ (1955) ch. 9

3.154 Auguste Comte 1798-1857

M. Comte used to reproach his early English admirers with maintaining the ‘conspiracy of silence’ concerning his later performances.
In J. S. Mill ‘Auguste Comte and Positivism’ (1865) p. 199

3.155 Prince de Condè 1621-86

Silence! Voilá l'ennemi!

Hush! Here comes the enemy!

As Bourdaloue mounted the pulpit at St Sulpice, in P. M. Lauras 'Bourdalou: sa vie et ses oeuvres' (1881) vol. 2, p. 72

3.156 William Congreve 1670-1729

It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) epistle dedicatory

Retired to their tea and scandal, according to their ancient custom.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 1, sc. 1

There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; Jesu,
'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion!

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 1, sc. 4.

Tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves 'em still two fools.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 2, sc. 3

She lays it on with a trowel.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 3, sc. 10

See how love and murder will out.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 4, sc. 6

No mask like open truth to cover lies, As to go naked is the best disguise.

'The Double Dealer' (1694) act 5, sc. 6

I am always of the opinion with the learned, if they speak first.

'Incognita' (1692)

Has he not a rogue's face?...a hanging-look to me...has a damned
Tyburn-face, without the benefit o' the Clergy.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 2, sc. 7

I came upstairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 2, sc. 7

I know that's a secret, for it's whispered every where.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 3, sc. 3

He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has stolen the treasure.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 3, sc. 14

Women are like tricks by slight of hand, Which, to admire, we should not understand.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 4, sc. 21

A branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 5, sc. 2

To find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task.

'Love for Love' (1695) act 5, sc. 2

Aye, ’tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an University. But the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman.

‘Love for Love’ (1695) act 5, sc. 3

Nay, for my part I always despised Mr Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

‘Love for Love’ (1695) act 5, sc. 11

In my conscience I believe the baggage loves me, for she never speaks well of me herself, nor suffers any body else to rail at me.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 1, sc. 1

Man was by Nature Woman’s cully made: We never are, but by ourselves, betrayed.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 3, sc. 1

Bilbo’s the word, and slaughter will ensue.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 3, sc. 7

If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 3, sc. 10

Eternity was in that moment.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 4, sc. 7

Now am I slap-dash down in the mouth.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 4, sc. 9

Sharper: Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure:
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
Setter: Some by experience find those words mis-placed:
At leisure married, they repent in haste.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 5, sc. 8

I could find it in my heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 5, sc. 10

Courtship to marriage, as a very witty prologue to a very dull play.

‘The Old Bachelor’ (1693) act 5, sc. 10

They come together like the Coroner’s Inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week.

‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 1, sc. 1

Ay, ay, I have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 1, sc. 3

I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt, or of ill breeding.

‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 1, sc. 9

Say what you will, ’tis better to be left than never to have been loved.

‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 2, sc. 1.

Here she comes i’ faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.

‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 2, sc. 4

Witwoud: Madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters?
Millamant: Only with those in verse, Mr Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 2, sc. 4

Beauty is the lover’s gift.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 2, sc. 4

A little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 3, sc. 5

O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 4, sc. 1

Don’t let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde-Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after...Let us be very strange and well-bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 4, sc. 5

These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 4, sc. 5

I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.
‘The Way of the World’ (1700) act 4, sc. 12

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.
‘Amoret’ (1704)

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand’ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.
‘Hymn to Harmony’

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast.
‘The Mourning Bride’ (1697) act 1, sc. 1

Heaven has no rage, like love to hatred turned, Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorned.
‘The Mourning Bride’ (1697) act 3, sc. 8

Is he then dead?
What, dead at last, quite, quite for ever dead!
‘The Mourning Bride’ (1697) act 5, sc. 11

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.
‘Pious Selinda Goes to Prayers’ (song)

For ’tis some virtue, virtue to commend.

‘To Sir Godfrey Kneller’

3.157 James M. Connell 1852-1929

The people’s flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their heart’s blood dyed its every fold.
Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we’ll live or die.
Tho’ cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We’ll keep the red flag flying here.

‘The Red Flag’ (1889) in H. E. Piggot ‘Songs that made History’ ch. 6

3.158 Billy Connolly 1942—

Marriage is a wonderful invention; but, then again, so is a bicycle repair kit.

In Duncan Campbell ‘Billy Connolly’ (1976) p. 92

3.159 Cyril Connolly 1903-74

‘I ask very little. Some fragments of Pamphilides, a Choctaw blood-mask, the prose of Scaliger the Elder, a painting by Fuseli, an occasional visit to the all-in wrestling, or to my meretrix; a cook who can produce a passable ‘poulet á la Khmer’, a Pong vase. Simple tastes, you will agree, and it is my simple habit to indulge them.’

‘The Condemned Playground’ ‘Told in Gath’, a parody of Aldous Huxley

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first call promising.

‘Enemies of Promise’ (1938) ch. 13

There is no more sombre enemy of good art than the pram in the hall.

‘Enemies of Promise’ (1938) ch. 14

The Mandarin style...is beloved by literary pundits, by those who would make the written word as unlike as possible to the spoken one. It is the style of those writers whose tendency is to make their language convey more than they mean or more than they feel, it is the style of most artists and all humbugs.

‘Enemies of Promise’ (1938) ch. 20

It is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair.

‘Horizon’ December 1949—January 1950, p. 362

Life is a maze in which we take the wrong turning before we have learnt to walk.

‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 1

Civilization is an active deposit which is formed by the combustion of the
Present with the Past.

‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 2

Imprisoned in every fat man a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out.
‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 2.

The true index of a man’s character is the health of his wife.
‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 2

We are all serving a life-sentence in the dungeon of self.
‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 2

Peeling off the kilometres to the tune of ‘Blue Skies’, sizzling down the long black liquid reaches of Nationale Sept, the plane trees going sha-sha-sha through the open window, the windscreen yellowing with crushed midges, she with the Michelin beside me, a handkerchief binding her hair.
‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 3

Our memories are card-indexes consulted, and then put back in disorder by authorities whom we do not control.
‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) pt. 3

Destroy him as you will, the bourgeois always bounces up—execute him, expropriate him, starve him out en masse, and he reappears in your children.
In ‘Observer’ 7 March 1937

Perfect fear casteth out love.
In ‘Observer’ 1 December 1974, obituary notice by Philip Toynbee, to whom Connolly addressed the remark during the Blitz

3.160 James Connolly 1868-1916

The worker is the slave of capitalist society, the female worker is the slave of that slave.
‘The Re-conquest of Ireland’ (1915) p. 38

3.161 Joseph Conrad (Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski) 1857-1924

In plucking the fruit of memory one runs the risk of spoiling its bloom.
‘The Arrow of Gold’ (author’s note, 1920, to 1924 Uniform Edition) p. viii

The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it.
‘Heart of Darkness’ (1902) ch. 1

We live, as we dream—alone.
‘Heart of Darkness’ (1902) ch. 1

Exterminate all the brutes!
‘Heart of Darkness’ (1902) ch. 2

The horror! The horror!
‘Heart of Darkness’ (1902) ch. 3

Mistah Kurtz—he dead.
‘Heart of Darkness’ (1902) ch. 3

A man that is born falls into a dream like a man who falls into the sea. If he tries to climb out into the air as inexperienced people endeavour to do, he drowns...to the destructive element submit yourself, and with the exertions of your hands and feet in the water make the deep, deep sea keep you up.

'Lord Jim' (1900) ch. 20

You shall judge of a man by his foes as well as by his friends.

'Lord Jim' (1900) ch. 34

My task which I am trying to achieve is by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything.

'The Nigger of the Narcissus' (1897) preface

Action is consolatory. It is the enemy of thought and the friend of flattering illusions.

'Nostromo' (1904) pt. 1, ch. 6

It's only those who do nothing that make no mistakes, I suppose.

'Outcast of the Islands' (1896) pt. 3, ch. 2

The terrorist and the policeman both come from the same basket.

'The Secret Agent' (1907) ch. 4

All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upwards on the miseries or credulities of mankind.

'Some Reminiscences' (1912; in USA 'A Personal Record') preface

Only in men's imagination does every truth find an effective and undeniable existence. Imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art, as of life.

'Some Reminiscences' (1912) ch. 1

The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane, and devoted natures; the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement—but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims.

'Under Western Eyes' (1911) pt. 2, ch. 3

A belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness.

'Under Western Eyes' (1911) pt. 2, ch. 4

I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

'Youth' (1902) p. 41

3.162 Shirley Conran 1932—

Life is too short to stuff a mushroom.

'Superwoman' (1975) p. 15

3.163 Henry Constable 1562-1613

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily.

‘Diaphenia’

3.164 John Constable 1776-1837

The sound of water escaping from mill-dams, etc., willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts, and brickwork...those scenes made me a painter and I am grateful.

Letter to John Fisher, 23 October 1821, in C. R. Leslie ‘Memoirs of the Life of John Constable’ (1843) ch. 5

There is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for let the form of an object be what it may,—light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful.

In C. R. Leslie ‘Memoirs of the Life of John Constable’ (1843) ch. 17

In Claude’s landscape all is lovely—all amiable—all is amenity and repose;—the calm sunshine of the heart.

Lecture 2, 2 June 1836, of a course of lectures to the Royal Institution, in C. R. Leslie ‘Memoirs of the Life of John Constable’ (1843) ch. 18

3.165 Benjamin Constant (Henri Benjamin Constant de Rebecque) 1767-1834

L’art pour l’art, sans but, car tout but dènature l’art. Mais l’art atteint au but qu’il n’a pas.

Art for art’s sake, with no purpose, for any purpose perverts art. But art achieves a purpose which is not its own.

‘Journal intime’ 11 February 1804, in ‘Revue Internationale’ 10 January 1887 p. 96 (describing a conversation with Crabb Robinson about the latter’s work on Kant’s aesthetics).

3.166 Constantine I, the Great (Flavius Valerius Constantinus Augustus) c.288-337

In hoc signo vinces.

In this sign shalt thou conquer.

Traditional form of words of Constantine’s vision (312), reported in Greek—Eusebius ‘Life of Constantine’ bk. 1, ch. 28

3.167 A. J. Cook 1885-1931

Not a penny off the pay, not a second on the day.

Referring to the miners’ slogan in speech at York, 3 April 1926: ‘The Times’ 5 April 1926

3.168 Dan Cook

The opera ain’t over ’til the fat lady sings.

In ‘Washington Post’ 3 June 1978. ‘Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs’

3.169 Eliza Cook 1818-89

Better build schoolrooms for ‘the boy’,
Than cells and gibbets for ‘the man’.

‘A Song for the Ragged Schools’

3.170 Calvin Coolidge 1872-1933

Civilization and profits go hand in hand.

Speech in New York, 27 November 1920, in ‘New York Times’ 28 November 1920, p. 20

The chief business of the American people is business.

Speech in Washington, 17 January 1925, in ‘New York Times’ 18 January 1925, p. 19

They hired the money, didn’t they?

On the subject of war debts incurred by England and others (1925) in John H. McKee ‘Coolidge: Wit and Wisdom’ (1933) p. 118

3.171 Duff Cooper (Viscount Norwich) 1890-1954

Small, but perfectly formed.

Describing himself (October 1914) in a letter to Lady Diana Manners (later his wife): Artemis Cooper ‘Durable Fire’ (1983) p. 17

3.172 Wendy Cope 1945—

It’s nice to meet serious people
And hear them explain their views:
Your concern for the rights of women
Is especially welcome news.

I’m sure you’d never exploit one;
I expect you’d rather be dead;
I’m thoroughly convinced of it—
Now can we go to bed?

‘From June to December’ (1986)

3.173 Richard Corbet 1582-1635

Farewell, rewards and Fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.

‘The Fairies’ Farewell’

Who of late for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

‘The Fairies’ Farewell’

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Marys,
Their dances were procession.

‘The Fairies’ Farewell’

I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.

'To his Son, Vincent Corbet'

3.174 Pierre Corneille 1606-84

A vaincre sans pèril, on triomphe sans gloire.

When there is no peril in the fight, there is no glory in the triumph.

'Le Cid' (1637) act 2, sc. 2

Faites votre devoir et laissez faire aux dieux.

Do your duty, and leave the outcome to the Gods.

'Horace' (1640) act 2, sc. 8

Un premier mouvement ne fut jamais un crime.

A first impulse was never a crime.

'Horace' (1640) act 5, sc. 3.

3.175 Bernard Cornfeld 1927—

Do you sincerely want to be rich?

Cornfeld's stock question to salesmen, in Charles Raw et al. 'Do You Sincerely Want to be Rich?' (1971) p. 67

3.176 Frances Cornford 1886-1960

Whoso maintains that I am humbled now
(Who wait the Awful Day) is still a liar;
I hope to meet my Maker brow to brow
And find my own the higher.

'Epitaph for a Reviewer' (1954)

How long ago Hector took off his plume,
Not wanting that his little son should cry,
Then kissed his sad Andromache goodbye—
And now we three in Euston waiting-room.

'Parting in Wartime' (1948)

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves

And shivering-sweet to the touch?
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

‘To a Fat Lady seen from the Train’ (1910).

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

‘Youth’ (1910) (on Rupert Brooke)

3.177 Francis Macdonald Cornford 1874-1943

Every public action, which is not customary, either is wrong, or, if it is right, is a dangerous precedent. It follows that nothing should ever be done for the first time.

‘Microcosmographia Academica’ (1908) p. 28

3.178 Mme Cornuel 1605-94

Il n’y a point de hèros pour son valet de chambre.

No man is a hero to his valet.

In ‘Lettres de Mlle Aïssè á Madame C’ (1787) letter 13 ‘De Paris, 1728’

3.179 Coronation Service

We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God.

The Presenting of the Holy Bible. L. G. Wickham Legge ‘English Coronation Records’ (1901) p. 334

3.180 Correggio (Antonio Allegri Correggio) c.1489-1534

Anch’io sono pittore!

I, too, am a painter!

On seeing Raphael’s ‘St Cecilia’ at Bologna, c.1525

3.181 William Cory (William Johnson, later Cory) 1823-92

Jolly boating weather,
And a hay harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees
Swing, swing together
With your body between your knees.

‘Eton Boating Song’ in ‘Eton Scrap Book’ (1865). E. Parker ‘Floreat’ (1923) p. 109

Nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now.

‘Eton Boating Song’ in ‘Eton Scrap Book’ (1865). E. Parker ‘Floreat’ (1923) p. 109

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

‘Heraclitus’; translation of Callimachus ‘Epigram 2’ in R. Pfeiffer (ed.) ‘Callimachus’ (1949-53)

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know.

‘Mimnermus in Church’

All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of space and time decay.
But Oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

‘Mimnermus in Church’

3.182 Charles Cotton 1630-87

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

‘Evening Quatrains’ (1689) st. 3

3.183 Baron Pierre de Coubertin 1863-1937

L’important dans la vie ce n’est point le triomphe mais le combat; l’essentiel ce n’est pas d’avoir vaincu mais de s’être bien battu.

The important thing in life is not the victory but the contest; the essential thing is not to have won but to be well beaten.

Speech at government banquet in London, 24 July 1908, in T. A. Cook ‘Fourth Olympiad’ (1909) p. 793

3.184 Èmile Couè 1857-1926

Tous les jours, á tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux.

Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better.

To be repeated 15 to 20 times, morning and evening, in ‘De la suggestion et de ses applications’ (1915) p. 17

3.185 Victor Cousin 1792-1867

Il faut de la religion pour la religion, de la morale pour la morale, comme de l’art pour l’art...le

beau ne peut être la voie ni de l'utile, ni du bien, ni du saint; il ne conduit qu'á lui-même.

We must have religion for religion's sake, morality for morality's sake, as with art for art's sake...the beautiful cannot be the way to what is useful, or to what is good, or to what is holy; it leads only to itself.

'Du vrai, du beau, et du bien' (Sorbonne lecture, 1818).

3.186 Thomas Coventry (first Baron Coventry) 1578-1640

The dominion of the sea, as it is an ancient and undoubted right of the crown of England, so it is the best security of the land. The wooden walls are the best walls of this kingdom.

Speech to the Judges, 17 June 1635, in J. Rushworth 'Historical Collections' (1680) vol. 2, p. 297. Wooden walls refers to ships; see Herodotus 'Histories' bk. 7, ch. 141-3

3.187 Noël Coward 1899-1973

Dance, dance, dance, little lady!
Leave tomorrow behind.

'Dance, Little Lady' (1928 song)

Don't let's be beastly to the Germans
When our Victory is ultimately won.

'Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans' (1943 song)

There's sand in the porridge and sand in the bed,
And if this is pleasure we'd rather be dead.

'The English Lido'

I believe that since my life began
The most I've had is just
A talent to amuse.
Heigho, if love were all!

'If Love Were All' (1929 song)

I'll see you again,
Whenever Spring breaks through again.

'I'll See You Again' (1929 song)

Mad about the boy,
It's pretty funny but I'm mad about the boy.
He has a gay appeal
That makes me feel
There may be something sad about the boy.

'Mad about the Boy' (1932 song)

Mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.
The Japanese don't care to,
The Chinese wouldn't dare to,

The Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one,
But Englishmen detest a siesta.

In the Philippines, there are lovely screens
To protect you from the glare;
In the Malay states, they have hats like plates
Which the Britishers won't wear.
At twelve noon, the natives swoon,
And no further work is done;
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

'Mad Dogs and Englishmen' (1931 song)

Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs Worthington,
Don't put your daughter on the stage.

'Mrs Worthington' (1935 song)

Poor little rich girl
You're a bewitched girl,
Better beware!

'Poor Little Rich Girl' (1925 song)

Someday I'll find you,
Moonlight behind you,
True to the dream I am dreaming.

'Someday I'll Find You' (1930 song)

The Stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
To prove the upper classes
Have still the upper hand.

'The Stately Homes of England' (1938 song).

Never mind, dear, we're all made the same, though some more than others.

'The Cafè de la Paix'

Very flat, Norfolk.

'Private Lives' (1930) act 1

Extraordinary how potent cheap music is.

'Private Lives' (1930) act 1

Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs.

'Private Lives' (1930) act 3

3.188 Abraham Cowley 1618-67

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

‘Drinking’ (1656)

Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

‘Drinking’ (1656)

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

‘Essays, in Verse and Prose’ (1668) ‘The Garden’.

Hence, ye profane; I hate ye all;
Both the great vulgar, and the small.

‘Essays, in Verse and Prose’ ‘Of Greatness’; translation of Horace ‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 1.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

‘Essays, in Verse and Prose’ (1668) ‘Of Myself’

Acquaintance I would have, but when’t depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

‘Essays, in Verse and Prose’ (1668) ‘Of Myself’

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love’s always seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

‘The Mistress: or...Love Verses’ (1647) ‘The Change’

The world’s a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy.

‘The Mistress: or...Love Verses’ (1647) ‘Inconstancy’

Lukewarmness I account a sin
As great in love as in religion.

‘The Mistress: or...Love Verses’ ‘The Request’

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne’er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

‘The Mistress: or...Love Verses’ (1647) ‘The Wish’

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
As praises from the men, whom all men praise.

‘Ode upon a Copy of Verses of My Lord Broghill’s’ (1663)

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven.
‘On the Death of Mr Crashaw’ (1656)

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets Militant below!
‘On the Death of Mr Crashaw’ (1656)

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
‘On the Death of Mr William Hervey’ (1656)

Life is an incurable disease.
‘To Dr Scarborough’ (1656) st. 6

3.189 Hannah Cowley (nèe Parkhouse) 1743-1809

Five minutes! Zounds! I have been five minutes too late all my life-time!
‘The Belle’s Stratagem’ (1780) act 1, sc. 1

Vanity, like murder, will out.
‘The Belle’s Stratagem’ (1780) act 1, sc. 4

But what is woman?—only one of Nature’s agreeable blunders.
‘Who’s the Dupe?’ (1779) act 2

3.190 William Cowper 1731-1800

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.
‘The Castaway’ (written 1799) l. 61

Grief is itself a med’cine.
‘Charity’ (1782) l. 159

He found it inconvenient to be poor.
‘Charity’ (1782) l. 189 (of a burglar)

Spare the poet for his subject sake.
‘Charity’ (1782) l. 636

’Tis hard if all is false that I advance
A fool must now and then be right, by chance.
‘Conversation’ (1782) l. 95

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well linked;
Tell not as new what ev’ry body knows,
And new or old, still hasten to a close.
‘Conversation’ (1782) l. 235

The pipe with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
‘Conversation’ (1781) l. 245

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society’s chief joys.
‘Conversation’ (1782) l. 251 (on tobacco)

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.
‘Conversation’ (1782) l. 303

Thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book’s outside who ne’er look within.
‘Expostulation’ (1782) l. 388 (on oath-taking)

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
‘Friendship’ (1782) l. 169

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was.
‘Hatred and vengeance, my eternal portion’ (written c.1774)

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me.
‘Hatred and vengeance, my eternal portion’ (written c.1774)

Men deal with life, as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.
‘Hope’ (1782) l. 127

Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
‘Hope’ (1782) l. 316

And differing judgements serve but to declare
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
‘Hope’ (1782) l. 423

John Gilpin was a citizen

Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.
‘John Gilpin’ (1785) l. 1

My sister and my sister’s child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.
‘John Gilpin’ (1785) l. 13

O’erjoy’d was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.
‘John Gilpin’ (1785) l. 30

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day
(Live till tomorrow) will have passed away.
‘The Needless Alarm’ (written c.1790) l. 132

No dancing bear was so genteel,
Or half so dègagè.
‘Of Himself’ (written 1752)

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Light Shining out of Darkness’

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Light Shining out of Darkness’

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Light Shining out of Darkness’

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.
‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Light Shining out of Darkness’

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
’Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;

‘Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?’

‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Lovest Thou Me?’

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Praise for the Fountain Opened’

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav’nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

‘Olney Hymns’ (1779) ‘Walking with God’

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man!

‘On a Spaniel called Beau, killing a young bird’ (written 1793)

Toll for the brave—
The brave! that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

‘On the Loss of the Royal George’ (written 1782)

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

‘On Observing Some Names of Little Note Recorded in the Biographia Britannica’ (1782)

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum.

‘On the Receipt of My Mother’s Picture out of Norfolk’ (written 1790, published 1798) l. 60

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams op’ning wide, and compass lost.

‘On the Receipt of My Mother’s Picture out of Norfolk’ (written 1790, published 1798) l. 102

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds confabulate or no.

‘Pairing Time Anticipated’ (written c.1788, published 1795)

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade.

‘The Poplar-Field’ (written 1784)

Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassocked huntsman and a fiddling priest!

‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 110

Himself a wand’rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 118

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid.
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 239

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon,
So sophistry, cleaves close to, and protects
Sin’s rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 285

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 415

Thou god of our idolatry, the press...
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden’s dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 461

Laugh at all you trembled at before.
‘The Progress of Error’ (1782) l. 592

The disencumbered Atlas of the state.
‘Retirement’ (1781) l. 394 (the statesman)

He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it, when he studies it in town.
‘Retirement’ (1782) l. 573

Philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah’s ark.
‘Retirement’ (1782) l. 691

‘Till authors hear at length, one gen’ral cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand from year to year the same,
Beggars invention and makes fancy lame.
‘Retirement’ (1782) l. 707

Admirals extolled for standing still,
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill.
‘Table Talk’ (1782) l. 192

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,

That slaves, howe’er contented, never know.
‘Table Talk’ (1782) l. 260

Stamps God’s own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
‘Table Talk’ (1782) l. 420 (Perjury)

But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And ev’ry warbler has his tune by heart.
‘Table Talk’ (1782) l. 654 (on Pope)

Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplished sofa last.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 1 ‘The Sofa’ l. 86

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom, snoring, she disturbs.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 1 ‘The Sofa’ l. 89

God made the country, and man made the town.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 1 ‘The Sofa’ l. 749.

Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 2 ‘The Timepiece’ l. 40.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country!
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 2 ‘The Timepiece’ l. 206.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 2 ‘The Timepiece’ l. 285

Variety’s the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 2 ‘The Timepiece’ l. 606

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 108.

Charge
His mind with meanings that he never had.
‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 148

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 161

Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 187

Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 252

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another’s pain.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 326 (on hunting)

Studious of laborious ease.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 361

To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 3 ‘The Garden’ l. 686

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 4 ‘The Winter Evening’ l. 34.

’Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 4 ‘The Winter Evening’ l. 88

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 4 ‘The Winter Evening’ l. 139

A Roman meal...
...a radish and an egg.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 4 ‘The Winter Evening’ l. 168

The slope of faces, from the floor to th’ roof,
(As if one master-spring controlled them all),
Relaxed into a universal grin.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 4 ‘The Winter Evening’ l. 202 (on the theatre)

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 5 ‘The Winter Morning Walk’ l. 45

But war’s a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 5 ‘The Winter Morning Walk’ l. 187

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 6 ‘The Winter Walk at Noon’ l. 89

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 6 ‘The Winter Walk at Noon’ l. 96

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 6 ‘The Winter Walk at Noon’ l. 223

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 6 ‘The Winter Walk at Noon’ l. 304

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho’ graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

‘The Task’ (1785) bk. 6 ‘The Winter Walk at Noon’ l. 560

Public schools ’tis public folly feeds.

‘Tirocinium’ (1785) l. 250

The parson knows enough who knows a duke.

‘Tirocinium’ (1785) l. 403

As a priest,
A piece of mere church furniture at best.

‘Tirocinium’ (1785) l. 425

Tenants of life’s middle state,
Securely placed between the small and great.

‘Tirocinium’ (1785) l. 807

He has no hope that never had a fear.

‘Truth’ (1782) l. 298

But what is man in his own proud esteem?
Hear him, himself the poet and the theme;
A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,
His mind his kingdom and his will his law.

‘Truth’ (1782) l. 403

Oh! I could thresh his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets.

On Johnson’s inadequate treatment of ‘Paradise Lost’, in a letter to the Revd William Unwin, 31 October

1779: J. King and C. Ryskamp (eds.) ‘The Letters and Prose Writings of William Cowper’ vol. 1 (1979) p. 308

Our severest winter, commonly called the spring.

Letter to the Revd William Unwin, 8 June 1783, in J. King and C. Ryskamp (eds.) ‘The Letters and Prose Writings of William Cowper’ vol. 2 (1981) p. 139

Mr Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman.

Letter to the Revd John Newton, 29 March 1784, in J. King and C. Ryskamp (eds.) ‘The Letters and Prose Writings of William Cowper’ vol. 2 (1981) p. 229

3.191 George Crabbe 1754-1832

‘What is a church?’—Our honest sexton tells,
‘’Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells.’

‘The Borough’ (1810) Letter 2 ‘The Church’ l. 11

Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb.

‘The Borough’ (1810) Letter 2 ‘The Church’ l. 133

Ye Lilies male! think (as your tea you sip,
While the Town small-talk flows from lip to lip;
Intrigues half-gathered, conversation-scraps,
Kitchen-cabals, and nursery-mishaps,)
If the vast World may not some scene produce,
Some state where your small talents might have use.

‘The Borough’ (1810) Letter 3 ‘The Vicar’ l. 69

Habit with him was all the test of truth,
‘It must be right: I’ve done it from my youth.’

‘The Borough’ (1810) Letter 3 ‘The Vicar’ l. 138

There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he’d lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawled their crooked race...
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sad’ning sound;

Where all presented to the eye or ear,
Oppressed the soul, with misery, grief, and fear.
‘The Borough’ (1810) Letter 22 ‘Peter Grimes’ l. 185

Lo! the poor toper whose untutored sense,
Sees bliss in ale, and can with wine dispense;
Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer,
Beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer.
‘Inebriety’ (in imitation of Pope, 1775) pt. 1, l. 132.

With awe, around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead.
‘The Library’ (1808) l. 105

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios first, a lordly band;
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain;
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos.
‘The Library’ (1808) l. 128

Fashion, though Folly’s child, and guide of fools,
Rules e’en the wisest, and in learning rules.
‘The Library’ (1808) l. 167

Coldly profane and impiously gay.
‘The Library’ (1808) l. 265

The murmuring poor, who will not fast in peace.
‘The Newspaper’ (1785) l. 158

A master passion is the love of news.
‘The Newspaper’ (1785) l. 279

Our farmers round, well pleased with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain.
‘The Parish Register’ (1807 pt. 1, l. 273

That all was wrong because not all was right.
‘Tales’ (1812) ‘The Convert’ l. 313

He tried the luxury of doing good.
‘Tales of the Hall’ (1819) ‘Boys at School’ l. 139

‘The game’, said he, ‘is never lost till won.’
‘Tales of the Hall’ (1819) ‘Gretna Green’ l. 334

The face the index of a feeling mind.
‘Tales of the Hall’ (1819) ‘Lady Barbara’ l. 124

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise.

‘Tales of the Hall’ (1819) ‘The Maid’s Story’ l. 84

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants’ pipes, but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 21

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms,
For him that gazes or for him that farms.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 39

I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 53

Where Plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few,
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 136

The cold charities of man to man.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 245

A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd’rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

‘The Village’ (1783) bk. 1, l. 282

3.192 Hart Crane 1899-1932

Cowslip and shad-blow, flaked like tethered foam
Around bared teeth of stallions, bloomed that spring
When first I read thy lines, rife as the loam
Of prairies, yet like breakers cliffward leaping!
...My hand
in yours,
Walt Whitman—
so—

‘The Bridge’ (1930) pt. 4

O Sleepless as the river under thee,
Vaulting the sea, the prairies’ dreaming sod,
Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend
And of the curveship lend a myth to God.

‘To Brooklyn Bridge’ (1927)

You who desired so much—in vain to ask—
Yet fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,
Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!

‘To Emily Dickinson’ (1927)

3.193 Stephen Crane 1871-1900

The red badge of courage.

Title of novel (1895)

3.194 Thomas Cranmer 1489-1556

This was the hand that wrote it, therefore it shall suffer first punishment.

At the stake, 21 March 1556, in John Richard Green ‘A Short History of the English People’ (1874) ch. 7, sect. 2

3.195 Richard Crashaw c.1612-49

Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.

‘Epigrammata Sacra’ (1634) ‘Aquae in Vinum Versae’ (Crashaw’s translation)

Love’s passives are his activ’st part.
The wounded is the wounding heart.

‘The Flaming Heart upon the Book of Saint Teresa’ (1652) l. 73

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove.

‘The Flaming Heart upon the Book of Saint Teresa’ (1652) l. 95

Love, thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death.

‘Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa’ (1652) l. 1

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The Babe looked up and showed his face;
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from thine eyes.

‘Hymn of the Nativity’ (1652)

Poor World (said I) what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powers of heav’n and earth

To fit a bed for this huge birth.
‘Hymn of the Nativity’ (1652)

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span.
‘Hymn of the Nativity’ (1652)

I would be married, but I’d have no wife,
I would be married to a single life.
‘On Marriage’ (1646)

Lo here a little volume, but large book.
‘Prayer...prefixed to a little Prayer-book’

It is love’s great artillery
Which here contracts itself and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom.
‘Prayer...prefixed to a little Prayer-book’

Two walking baths; two weeping motions;
Portable, and compendious oceans.
‘Saint Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper’ (1652) st. 19

All is Caesar’s; and what odds
So long as Caesar’s self is God’s?
‘Steps to the Temple’ (1646) ‘Mark 12’

And when life’s sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away.
‘Temperance’ (1652)

Whoe’er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where’er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.
‘Wishes to His Supposed Mistress’ (1648)

3.196 Julia Crawford fl. 1835

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking;
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?

It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
‘Kathleen Mavourneen’ in ‘Metropolitan Magazine’, London (1835)

3.197 James Creelman 1901-41 and Ruth Rose

Oh no, it wasn’t the aeroplanes. It was Beauty killed the Beast.
‘King Kong’ (1933 film) final words

3.198 Mandell Creighton 1843-1901

No people do so much harm as those who go about doing good.
In Louise Creighton ‘Life’ (1904) vol. 2, p. 503

3.199 Sir Ranulphe Crewe 1558-1646

And yet time hath his revolution; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, finis rerum, an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of De Vere? Where is Bohun, where’s Mowbray, where’s Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God.
‘Oxford Peerage Case’, 1625. ‘Dictionary of National Biography’

3.200 Quentin Crisp 1908—

Some roughs are queer, and some queers are rough.
‘The Naked Civil Servant’ (1968)

There was no need to do any housework at all. After the first four years the dirt doesn’t get any worse.
‘The Naked Civil Servant’ (1968) ch. 15

I became one of the stately homos of England.
‘The Naked Civil Servant’ (1968) ch. 24

An autobiography is an obituary in serial form with the last instalment missing.
‘The Naked Civil Servant’ (1968) ch. 29

3.201 Sir Julian Critchley 1930—

The only safe pleasure for a parliamentarian is a bag of boiled sweets.
‘Listener’ 10 June 1982

3.202 Richmal Crompton (Richmal Crompton Lamburn) 1890-1969

I’ll thcream and thcream and thcream till I’m thick.
‘Still—William’ (1925) ch. 8

3.203 Oliver Cromwell 1599-1658

A few honest men are better than numbers.

Letter to Sir William Spring, September 1643, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (2nd ed., 1846)

I would rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call ‘a gentleman’ and is nothing else.

Letter to Sir William Spring, September 1643, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (2nd ed., 1846)

I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken.

Letter to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, 3 August 1650, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845)

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy.

Letter to William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England, 4 September 1651, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845)

Take away that fool’s bauble, the mace.

At the dismissal of the Rump Parliament, 20 April 1653, in Bulstrode Whitelock ‘Memorials of the English Affairs’ (1732 ed.) p. 529 (often quoted as ‘Take away these baubles’)

You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!

Addressing the Rump Parliament, 20 April 1653, in Bulstrode Whitelock ‘Memorials’ (1682) p. 554 (quoted by Leo Amery (q.v.), ‘Hansard’ 7 May 1940, col. 1150)

It’s a maxim not to be despised, ‘Though peace be made, yet it’s interest that keeps peace.’

Speech to Parliament, 4 September 1654, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845)

Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities...are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.

Speech to Parliament, 12 September 1654, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845)

Your poor army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither.

Speech to Parliament, 21 April 1657, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845).

You have accounted yourselves happy on being environed with a great ditch from all the world besides.

Speech to Parliament, 25 January 1658, in Thomas Carlyle ‘Oliver Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches’ (1845)

Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it.

In Horace Walpole ‘Anecdotes of Painting in England’ vol. 3 (1763) ch. 1 (commonly quoted as ‘warts and all’)

My design is to make what haste I can to be gone.

Last words, in John Morley ‘Oliver Cromwell’ (1900) bk. 5, ch. 10

3.204 Bing Crosby (Harry Lillis Crosby) 1903-77

An average guy who could carry a tune.

Suggestion for his own epitaph, in ‘Newsweek’ 24 October 1977 p. 102

3.205 Bing Crosby 1903-77, Roy Turk 1892-1934, and Fred Ahlert 1892-1933

Where the blue of the night
Meets the gold of the day,
Someone waits for me.

'Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day' (1931 song)

3.206 Richard Assheton, Viscount Cross 1823-1914

I hear a smile.

When the House of Lords laughed at his speech in favour of Spiritual Peers, in G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' (1898) ch. 29

3.207 Richard Crossman 1907-74

The Civil Service is profoundly deferential—'Yes, Minister! No, Minister!
If you wish it, Minister!'

'Diaries of a Cabinet Minister' vol. 1 (1975) 22 October 1964

3.208 Samuel Crossman 1624-83

My song is love unknown,
My saviour's love for me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh and die?

'My song is love unknown' (1664; set to music as a hymn, from 1868, and by John Ireland in 1919)

3.209 Aleister Crowley 1875-1947

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

'Book of the Law' (1909) l. 40.

3.210 Robert Crumb 1943—

Keep on truckin'.

Cartoon catch-phrase, from c.1972

3.211 Richard Cumberland 1631-1718

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

In George Horne 'The Duty of Contending for the Faith' (1786) p. 21n.

3.212 Bruce Frederick Cummings

See W. N. P. Barbellion (2.25)

3.213 e. e. cummings (Edward Estlin Cummings) 1894-1962

anyone lived in a pretty how town
(with up so floating many bells down)
spring summer autumn winter
he sang his didn’t he danced his did.

‘50 Poems’ (1949) no. 29

‘next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn’s early my
country ’tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut—
iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voices of liberty be mute?

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water.

‘is 5’ (1926) p. 62

Humanity i love you because
when you’re hard up you pawn your
intelligence to buy a drink.

‘La Guerre’ no. 2 (1925)

a politician is an arse upon
which everyone has sat except a man.

‘1 x 1’ (1944) no. 10

plato told

him: he couldn’t
believe it (jesus

told him; he
wouldn’t believe
it) lao

tsze
certainly told
him, and general
(yes

mam)
sherman.

‘1 x 1’ (1944) no. 13

pity this busy monster, manunkind,
not. Progress is a comfortable disease.

‘1 x 1’ (1944) no. 14

We doctors know
a hopeless case if—listen: there’s a hell
of a good universe next door; let’s go.

‘1 x 1’ (1944) no. 14

when god decided to invent
everything he took one
breath bigger than a circustent
and everything began

when man determined to destroy
himself he picked the was
of shall and finding only why
smashed it into because.

‘1 x 1’ (1944) no. 26

Buffalo Bill’s
defunct
who used to
ride a watersmooth-silver
stallion
and break onetwothreefourfive pigeons—
justlikethat
Jesus
he was a handsome man
and what i want to know is
how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death.

‘Portraits’ no. 8 (1923)

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all noses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands.

‘somewhere I have never travelled’ (1931)

i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
Muscles better and nerves more.

i like your body. i like what it does,
i like its hows.

‘Sonnets-Actualities’ no. 8 (1925)

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds.

‘Sonnets-Realities’ no. 1 (1923)

3.214 William Thomas Cummings 1903-45

There are no atheists in the foxholes.

In Carlos P. Romulo ‘I Saw the Fall of the Philippines’ (1943) ch. 15

3.215 Allan Cunningham 1784-1842

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast.

‘A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea’

It’s hame and it’s hame, hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!

‘It’s hame and It’s hame’, in James Hogg ‘Jacobite Relics of Scotland’ (1819) vol. 1, p. 134. In his notes, vol. 1, p. 294, he says he took it from R. H. Cromek’s Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song (1810) and supposes that it owed much to Cunningham

3.216 John Philpot Curran 1750-1817

The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime, and the punishment of his guilt.

Speech on the Right of Election of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, 10 July 1790

3.217 Michael Curtiz 1888-1962

Bring on the empty horses!

Said while directing the 1936 film ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade’, in David Niven ‘Bring on the Empty Horses’ (1975) ch. 6

3.218 Lord Curzon (George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston) 1859-1925

Gentlemen do not take soup at luncheon.

In E. L. Woodward ‘Short Journey’ (1942) ch. 7

3.219 St Cyprian (Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus) c.AD 200-58

Habere non potest Deum patrem qui ecclesiam non habet matrem.

He cannot have God for his father who has not the church for his mother.

‘De Cath. Eccl. Unitate’ 6.

4.0 D

4.1 Samuel Daniel 1563-1619

Princes in this case
Do hate the traitor, though they love the treason.
‘The Tragedy of Cleopatra’ (1594) act 4, sc. 1.

Custom that is before all law, Nature that is above all art.
‘A Defence of Rhyme’

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T’enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th’yet unformed Occident
May come refined with th’ accents that are ours?
‘Musophilus’ (1599) l. 957

But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
‘Philotas’ (1605) ‘To the Prince’ (dedication) l. 108

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night’s untruth.
‘Sonnets to Delia’ (1592) no. 54

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
‘To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland’ st. 12

4.2 Dante Alighieri 1265-1321

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.
In the middle of the road of our life.
‘Divina Commedia’ ‘Inferno’ canto 1, l. 1

Per me si va nella citt dolente,
Per me si va nell’ etorno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente...

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate!

This way for the sorrowful city. This way for eternal suffering. This way to join the lost people...Abandon all hope, you who enter!

Inscription at the entrance to Hell, 'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 3, l. 1

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass on.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 3, l. 51

Il gran rifiuto.

The great refusal.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 3, l. 60

Onorate l'altissimo poeta.

Honour to the greatest poet.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 4, l. 80

Il maestro di color che sanno.

The master of them that know.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 4, l. 131 (of Aristotle)

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

There is no greater sorrow than to recall a time of happiness in misery.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 5, l. 121.

Noi leggiavamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancialotto, come amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo, e sanza alcun sospetto.

We were reading one day for recreation of Lancelot, how love constrained him: we were alone and completely unsuspecting.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 5, l. 127

Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.

A Galeotto [a pander] was the book and writer too: that day therein we read no more.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 5, l. 137

Siete voi qui, ser Brunetto?

Are you here, Advocate Brunetto?

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 15, l. 30 (referring to Brunetto Latini, old and respected friend of Dante, encountered in hell with other 'Sodomites')

La cara e buona imagine paterna.

The dear and kindly paternal image.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 15, l. 83

Considerate la vostra semenza:
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

Consider your origins: you were not made that you might live as brutes, but so as to follow virtue and knowledge.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 26, l. 118

E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.

Thence we came forth to see the stars again.

'Divina Commedia' 'Inferno' canto 34, l. 139

Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle.

Pure and ready to mount to the stars.

'Divina Commedia' 'Purgatorio' canto 33, l. 145

E 'n la sua volontade è nostra pace.

In His will is our peace.

'Divina Commedia' 'Paradiso' canto 3, l. 85

Tu proverai sí come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale.

You shall find out how salt is the taste of another man's bread, and how hard is the way up and down another man's stairs.

'Divina Commedia' 'Paradiso' canto 17, l. 58

L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.

The love that moves the sun and the other stars.

'Divina Commedia' 'Paradiso' canto 33, l. 145

4.3 Georges Jaques Danton 1759-94

De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!

Boldness, and again boldness, and always boldness!

Speech to the Legislative Committee of General Defence, 2 September 1792, in 'Le Moniteur' 4 September 1792.

Thou wilt show my head to the people: it is worth showing.

Last words to the executioner, 5 April 1794, in Thomas Carlyle 'History of the French Revolution'(1837) vol. 3, bk. 6, ch. 2

4.4 Joe Darion 1917—

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run where the brave dare not go.

‘The Impossible Dream’ or ‘The Quest’ (1965 song from ‘Man of La Mancha’)

4.5 George Darley 1795-1846

O blest unfabled Incense Tree,
That burns in glorious Araby.

‘Nepenthe’ l. 147

4.6 Clarence Darrow 1857-1938

I do not pretend to know where many ignorant men are sure—that is all that agnosticism means.

Speech at the trial of John Thomas Scopes, 15 July 1925, in ‘The World’s Most Famous Court Trial’ (1925) ch. 4

4.7 Charles Darwin 1809-82

The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognize that we ought to control our thoughts.

‘The Descent of Man’ (1871) ch. 4

A hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits.

‘The Descent of Man’ (1871) ch. 21 (on man’s probable ancestors)

Man with all his noble qualities...still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

‘The Descent of Man’ (1871) closing words

I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term of Natural Selection.

‘On the Origin of Species’ (1859) ch. 3

We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence.

‘On the Origin of Species’ (1859) ch. 3

The expression often used by Mr Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.

‘On the Origin of Species’ (1859) ch. 3.

From the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows.

‘On the Origin of Species’ (1859) ch. 3

What a book a devil’s chaplain might write on the clumsy, wasteful, blundering, low, and horribly cruel works of nature!

Letter to J. D. Hooker, 13 July 1856

4.8 Erasmus Darwin 1731-1802

A fool...is a man who never tried an experiment in his life.

In a letter from Maria Edgeworth to Sophy Ruxton, 9 March 1792: F. V. Barry (ed.) ‘Maria Edgeworth: Chosen Letters’ (1931)

No, Sir, because I have time to think before I speak, and don't ask impertinent questions.

When asked if he found his stammering very inconvenient, in 'Reminiscences of My Father's Everyday Life', an appendix by Francis Darwin to his edition of Charles Darwin 'Autobiography' (1877)

4.9 Sir Francis Darwin 1848-1925

In science the credit goes to the man who convinces the world, not to the man to whom the idea first occurs.

'Eugenics Review' April 1914, 'Francis Galton'

4.10 Jules Dassin 1911—

Never on Sunday.

Title of film (1959)

4.11 Charles D'Avenant 1656-1714

Custom, that unwritten law,
By which the people keep even kings in awe.

'Circe' (1677) act 2, sc. 3

4.12 Sir William D'Avenant 1606-68

Had laws not been, we never had been blamed;
For not to know we sinned is innocence.

'Dryden Miscellany' vi, l. 226

In every grave make room, make room!
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.

'The Law against Lovers' (1673) act 3, sc. 1

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

'The Soldier Going to the Field'

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings.

'Song' (1638)

4.13 John Davidson 1857-1909

A runnable stag, a kingly crop.

'A Runnable Stag'

In anguish we uplift
A new unhallowed song:
The race is to the swift,
The battle to the strong.

‘War Song’ st. 1

And blood in torrents pour
In vain—always in vain,
For war breeds war again.

‘War Song’ st. 7

4.14 Sir John Davies 1569-1626

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in
And they that are within would fain go out.

‘A Contention Betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid for Precedence’ l. 193

Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.

‘Nosce Teipsum’ st. 19

For this, the wisest of all moral men
Said he knew nought, but that he nought did know;
And the great mocking master mocked not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

‘Nosce Teipsum’ st. 20.

I know my life’s a pain and but a span,
I know my sense is mocked in every thing;
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

‘Nosce Teipsum’ st. 45

4.15 Scrope Davies c.1783-1852

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 1835, in ‘A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes’ (1856) vol. 2, p. 113. Addison, in ‘The Spectator’ no. 421 (3 July 1712) also remarked of ‘a distracted person’ that ‘Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle’

4.16 W. H. Davies (William Henry Davis) 1871-1940

And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long—
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song.

‘April’s Charms’ (1916)

A rainbow and a cuckoo’s song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb.

‘A Great Time’ (1914)

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues.
'Kingfisher' (1910)

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
'Leisure' (1911)

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
'Sweet Stay-At-Home' (1913)

4.17 Elmer Davis 1890-1958

The first and great commandment is, Don't let them scare you.
'But We Were Born Free' (1954) ch. 1

4.18 Sammy Davis Jnr. 1925—

Being a star has made it possible for me to get insulted in places where the average Negro could never hope to go and get insulted.
In Sammy Davis Jnr., J., and B. Boyar 'Yes I Can' (1965) pt. 3, ch. 23

4.19 Thomas Davis 1814-45

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.
'The Welcome'

4.20 Lord Dawson of Penn (Bertrand Edward Dawson, Viscount Dawson of Penn) 1864-1945

The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close.
Bulletin, drafted on a menu card at Buckingham Palace, on the eve of the king's death, 20 January 1936, in Kenneth Rose 'King George V' (1983) ch. 10

4.21 C. Day-Lewis 1904-72

Hurry! We burn
For Rome so near us, for the phoenix moment
When we have thrown off this traveller's trance,
And mother-naked and ageless-ancient
Wake in her warm nest of renaissance.
'Flight to Italy' (1953)

Do not expect again a phoenix hour,

The triple-towered sky, the dove complaining,
Sudden the rain of gold and heart's first ease
Traced under trees by the eldritch light of sundown.

'From Feathers to Iron' (1935)

Tempt me no more; for I
Have known the lightning's hour,
The poet's inward pride,
The certainty of power.

'The Magnetic Mountain' (1933) pt. 3, no. 24

You that love England, who have an ear for her music,
The slow movement of clouds in benediction,
Clear arias of light thrilling over her uplands,
Over the chords of summer sustained peacefully.

'The Magnetic Mountain' (1933) pt. 4, no. 32

It is the logic of our times,
No subject for immortal verse—
That we who lived by honest dreams
Defend the bad against the worse.

'Where are the War Poets?' (1943)

4.22 Simone de Beauvoir 1908-86

On ne naît pas femme: on le devient.

One is not born a woman: one becomes one.

'Le deuxiéme sexe' (1949) vol. 2, pt. 1, ch. 1

It is not in giving life but in risking life that man is raised above the animal; that is why superiority has been accorded in humanity not to the sex that brings forth but to that which kills.

'Le deuxiéme sexe' (1949) pt. 2, ch. 4

4.23 Edward de Bono 1933—

Some people are aware of another sort of thinking which...leads to those simple ideas that are obvious only after they have been thought of...the term 'lateral thinking' has been coined to describe this other sort of thinking; 'vertical thinking' is used to denote the conventional logical process.

'The Use of Lateral Thinking' (1967) preface

4.24 Eugene Victor Debs 1855-1926

When great changes occur in history, when great principles are involved, as a rule the majority are wrong. The minority are right.

Speech at his trial for sedition in Cleveland, Ohio, 11 September 1918, in 'Speeches' (1928) p. 66

While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there

is a soul in prison, I am not free.

Speech at his trial for sedition in Cleveland, Ohio, 14 September 1918: 'Liberator' November 1918, p. 12

4.25 Stephen Decatur 1779-1820

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

Decatur's toast at Norfolk, Virginia, April 1816, in A. S. Mackenzie 'Life of Stephen Decatur' (1846) ch. 14

4.26 Daniel Defoe 1660-1731

We must distinguish between a man of polite learning and a mere scholar: the first is a gentleman and what a gentleman should be; the last is a mere book-case, a bundle of letters, a head stuffed with the jargon of languages, a man that understands every body but is understood by no body.

'The Complete English Gentleman' (written 1728-9)

Pleasure is a thief to business.

'The Complete English Tradesman' (1725) vol. 1

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear.

'An Essay Upon Projects' (1697)

Why then should women be denied the benefits of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God almighty would never have given them capacities.

'An Essay Upon Projects' (1697) 'Proposal for an Academy for Women'

Vice came in always at the door of necessity, not at the door of inclination.

'Moll Flanders' (1721)

As covetousness is the root of all evil, so poverty is the worst of all snares.

'Moll Flanders' (1721)

Give me not poverty lest I steal.

'Moll Flanders' (1721)

He told me...that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness.

'Robinson Crusoe' (1719)

I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

'Robinson Crusoe' (1719) on his shipmates

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. 'O drug!' said I aloud, 'what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee, e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.' However, upon second thoughts I took it away.

‘Robinson Crusoe’ (1719)

My island was now peopled, and I thought my self very rich in subjects; and it was a merry reflection which I frequently made, how like a king I looked.

‘Robinson Crusoe’ (1719)

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man’s naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition.

‘Robinson Crusoe’ (1719)

My man Friday.

‘Robinson Crusoe’ (1719)

In trouble to be troubled
Is to have your trouble doubled.

‘The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe’ (1719)

Necessity makes an honest man a knave.

‘The Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe’ (1720) ch. 2

The best of men cannot suspend their fate:
The good die early, and the bad die late.

‘Character of the late Dr S. Annesley’ (1715)

We loved the doctrine for the teacher’s sake.

‘Character of the late Dr S. Annesley’ (1715)

Actions receive their tincture from the times,
And as they change are virtues made or crimes.

‘A Hymn to the Pillory’ (1703) l. 29

Nature has left this tincture in the blood,
That all men would be tyrants if they could.

‘The Kentish Petition’ (1712-13) addenda l. 11

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) introduction, l. 7

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And ’twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 1.

In their religion they are so uneven,
That each one goes his own by-way to heaven.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 104

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 132

Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 139

His lazy, long, lascivious reign.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 236 (of Charles II)

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 1, l. 374

And of all plagues with which mankind are curst,
Ecclesiastic tyranny’s the worst.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 2, l. 299

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
They are no kings, though they possess the crown.
Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
The good of subjects is the end of kings.

‘The True-Born Englishman’ (1701) pt. 2, l. 313

4.27 Edgar Degas 1834-1917

L’art, c’est le vice. On ne l’èpouse pas lègitimement, on le viole.

Art is vice. You don’t marry it legitimately, you rape it.

In Paul Lafond ‘Degas’ (1918) p. 140

4.28 Charles De Gaulle 1890-1970

La France a perdu une bataille! Mais la France n’a pas perdu la guerre!

France has lost a battle. But France has not lost the war!

Proclamation, 18 June 1940, in ‘Discours, messages et dèclarations du Gènèral de Gaulle’ (1941) p. 15

Les traitès, voyez-vous, sont comme les jeunes filles et comme les roses:
ça dure ce que ça dure.

Treaties, you see, are like girls and roses: they last while they last.

Speech at Elysèe Palace, 2 July 1963, in Andrè Passeron ‘De Gaulle parle 1962-6’ (1966) p. 340

Vive Le Quèbec Libre.

Long Live Free Quebec.

Speech in Montreal, 24 July 1967, in ‘Discours et messages’ (1970) p. 192

Politics are too serious a matter to be left to the politicians.

Replying to Clement Attlee’s remark that ‘De Gaulle is a very good soldier and a very bad politician’, in Attlee ‘A Prime Minister Remembers’ (1961) ch. 4

Comment voulez-vous gouverner un pays qui a deux cent quarante-six variètès de fromage?

How can you govern a country which has 246 varieties of cheese?

In Ernest Mignon ‘Les Mots du Gènèral’ (1962) p. 57

Comme un homme politique ne croit jamais ce qu’il dit, il est tout ètonnè quand il est cru sur parole.

Since a politician never believes what he says, he is quite surprised to be taken at his word.
In Ernest Mignon ‘Les Mots du Gènèral’ (1962) p. 67

4.29 Thomas Dekker 1570-1641

That great fishpond (the sea).
‘The Honest Whore’ (1604) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2

The best of men
That e’er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
‘The Honest Whore’ (1604) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O, sweet content, O, sweet, O, sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.
‘Patient Grissil’ (1603) act 1, sc. 1

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swim’st thou in wealth, yet sink’st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
‘Patient Grissil’ (1603) act 1, sc. 1

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
‘Patient Grissil’ (1603) act 4, sc. 2

Prince I am not, yet I am nobly born.
‘The Shoemaker’s Holiday’ (1600) sc. 7

4.30 J. de Knight (James E. Myers) 1919—and M. Freedman 1893-1962

(We’re gonna) rock around the clock.
Title of song (1953)

4.31 Walter de la Mare 1873-1956

Ann, Ann!
Come! quick as you can!
There’s a fish that talks
In the frying-pan.

‘Alas, Alack’ (1913)

Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose.

‘All That’s Past’ (1912)

He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away.

‘Arabia’ (1912)

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

‘Epitaph’ (1912)

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

‘Fare Well’ (1918)

A face peered. All the grey night
In chaos of vacancy shone;
Nought but vast Sorrow was there—
The sweet cheat gone.

‘The Ghost’ (1918)

Hi! handsome hunting man
Fire your little gun.
Bang! Now the animal
Is dead and dumb and done.
Nevermore to peep again, creep again, leap again,

Eat or sleep or drink again, Oh, what fun!
‘Hi!’ (1930)

Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.
‘The Huntsmen’ (1913)

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest’s ferny floor.
‘The Listeners’ (1912)

‘Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,’ he said.
‘The Listeners’ (1912)

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.
‘The Listeners’ (1912)

What is the world, O soldiers?
It is I:
I, this incessant snow,
This northern sky;
Soldiers, this solitude
Through which we go
Is I.
‘Napoleon’ (1906)

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.
‘Nod’ (1912)

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon.
‘Silver’ (1913)

4.32 Shelagh Delaney 1939—

Women never have young minds. They are born three thousand years old.
‘A Taste of Honey’ (1959) act 1, sc. 2

4.33 Jack Dempsey 1895-1983

Honey, I just forgot to duck.

To his wife, on losing the World Heavyweight title, 23 September 1926, in J. and B. P. Dempsey 'Dempsey' (1977) p. 202. After a failed attempt on his life in 1981, Ronald Reagan quipped: 'Honey, I forgot to duck'

4.34 Sir John Denham 1615-69

Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

'Cooper's Hill'

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

'Cooper's Hill'

Youth, what man's age is like to be doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.

'Of Prudence' l. 225

Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art,
Of slower Nature got the start.

'On Mr Abraham Cowley'

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate.

'To Richard Fanshaw' (1648)

4.35 Lord Denman (Thomas, first Baron Denman) 1779-1854

If it is possible that such a practice as that which has taken place in the present instance should be allowed to pass without a remedy...trial by jury itself, instead of being a security to persons who are accused, will be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

House of Lords speech, 4 September 1844, in the case of O'Connell and others versus The Queen in E. W. Cox (ed.) 'Reports of Cases in Criminal Law' (1846) vol. 1, p. 519

4.36 John Dennis 1657-1734

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.

The Gentleman's Magazine (1781) p. 324 (editorial note)

The great design of art is to restore the decays that happened to human nature by the fall, by

restoring order.

‘The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry’ (1704) ch. 2

Damn them! They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!

In William S. Walsh ‘A Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities’ (1893) p. 1052

4.37 Nigel Dennis 1912—

I am a well-to-do, revered and powerful figure. That Establishment which we call England has taken me in: I am become her Fortieth Article. I sit upon her Boards, I dominate her stage, her museums, her dances and her costumes; I have an honoured voice in her elected House. To her—and her alone—I bend the knee, and in return for my homage she is gently blind to my small failings, asking only that I indulge them privately.

‘Cards of Identity’ (1955) pt. 2, p. 230

4.38 Thomas De Quincey 1785-1859

The burden of the incommunicable.

‘Confessions of an English Opium Eater’ (1822) pt. 1

So, then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee.

‘Confessions of an English Opium Eater’ (1822) pt. 1

It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London.

‘Confessions of an English Opium Eater’ (1822) pt. 2 ‘The Pleasures of Opium’

Thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!

‘Confessions of an English Opium Eater’ (1822) pt. 2 ‘The Pleasures of Opium’

Everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

‘Confessions of an English Opium Eater’ (1822) pt. 3 ‘The Pains of Opium’

Murder considered as one of the fine arts.

Title of essay in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ February 1827

If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination.

‘On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts’ Second Paper in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ November 1839

There is first the literature of knowledge, and secondly, the literature of power.

‘Essays on the Poets’ ‘Pope’

Books, we are told, propose to instruct or to amuse. Indeed!...The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not pleasure, but power. All that is literature seeks to communicate power; all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge.

‘Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected’ no. 3, in the ‘London Magazine’ January-July 1823. De Quincey adds that he is indebted for this distinction to ‘many years’ conversation with Mr Wordsworth’

4.39 Edward Stanley, fourteenth Earl Of Derby 1799-1869

The duty of an Opposition [is] very simple...to oppose everything, and propose nothing.

Quoting 'Mr Tierney, a great Whig authority', in House of Commons, 4 June 1841

Meddle and muddle.

Summarising Earl Russell's foreign policy: Speech on the Address, House of Lords, 4 February 1864

4.40 Renè Descartes 1596-1650

Le bon sens est la chose du monde la mieux partagèe, car chacun pense en être bien pourvu.

Common sense is the best distributed commodity in the world, for every man is convinced that he is well supplied with it.

'Le Discours de la mèthode' (1637) pt. 1, opening words

Cogito, ergo sum.

I think, therefore I am.

'Le Discours de la mèthode' (1637) pt. 4

Repugnare ut detur vacuum sive in quo nulla plane sit res.

It is contrary to reason to say that there is a vacuum or space in which there is absolutely nothing.

'Principia Philosophiae' (1644) pt. 2, sect. 6 (translated by E. S. Haldane and G. R. T. Ross)

4.41 Camille Desmoulins 1760-94

My age is that of the bon Sansculotte Jèsus; an age fatal to Revolutionists.

Answer given at his trial, in Thomas Carlyle 'History of the French Revolution' (1837) bk. 6, ch. 2

4.42 Destouches (Philippe Nèricault) 1680-1754

Les absents ont toujours tort.

The absent are always in the wrong.

'L'Obstacle imprèvu' (1717) act 1, sc. 6

4.43 Buddy De Sylva (George Gard De Sylva) 1895-1950 and Lew Brown 1893-1958

The best things in life are free.

Title of song (1927)

4.44 Edward De Vere, Earl Of Oxford

See Oxford (3.43) in Volume II

4.45 Robert Devereux, Earl Of Essex

See Essex (5.46)

4.46 Bernard De Voto 1897-1955

The proper union of gin and vermouth is a great and sudden glory; it is one of the happiest marriages on earth and one of the shortest lived.

‘The Hour’ (1951)

4.47 Peter De Vries 1910—

It is the final proof of God’s omnipotence that he need not exist in order to save us.

‘The Mackerel Plaza’ (1958) ch. 1

The value of marriage is not that adults produce children but that children produce adults.

‘The Tunnel of Love’ (1954) ch. 8

4.48 Lord Dewar 1864-1930

[There are] only two classes of pedestrians in these days of reckless motor traffic—the quick, and the dead.

In George Robey ‘Looking Back on Life’ (1933) ch. 28

4.49 Sergei Diaghilev 1872-1929

Ètonne-moi.

Astonish me.

To Jean Cocteau, in ‘Journals of Jean Cocteau’ (1957) ch. 1

4.50 Charles Dibdin 1745-1814

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.

‘Captain Wattle and Miss Roe’

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a-day.

‘Charity’

In every mess I finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

‘Jack in his Element’

What argufies sniv’ling and piping your eye?

‘Poor Jack’

But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!

‘The Round Robin’

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.

‘Tom Bowling’

Faithful, below, he did his duty;

But now he’s gone aloft.
‘Tom Bowling’

4.51 Thomas Dibdin 1771-1841

Oh! what a snug little Island,
A right little, tight little Island!
‘The Snug Little Island’

4.52 Charles Dickens 1812-70

4.52.1 Barnaby Rudge

Something will come of this. I hope it mayn’t be human gore.
‘Barnaby Rudge’ (1841) ch. 4 (Simon Tappertit)

There are strings...in the human heart that had better not be wibrated.
‘Barnaby Rudge’ (1841) ch. 22 (Mr Tappertit)

4.52.2 Bleak House

Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the Court, perennially hopeless.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 1

This is a London particular...A fog, miss.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 3

The wind’s in the east...I am always conscious of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when the wind is blowing in the east.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 6 (Mr Jarndyce)

‘Not to put too fine a point upon it’—a favourite apology for plain-speaking with Mr Snagsby.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 11

He wos wery good to me, he wos!
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 11 (Jo)

He is celebrated, almost everywhere, for his Deportment.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 14 (Caddy)

What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 19 (Mr Chadband)

You are a human boy, my young friend. A human boy.
O glorious to be a human boy!...
O running stream of sparkling joy
To be a soaring human boy!
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 19 (Mr Chadband)

Jobling, there are chords in the human mind.
‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 20 (Mr Guppy)

‘It is,’ says Chadband, ‘the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the light of Terewth.’

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 25

Lo, the city is barren, I have seen but an eel.

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 25 (Mr Chadband)

It’s my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained.

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 27 (Mr Bagnet)

The one great principle of the English law is, to make business for itself.

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 39

Dead, your Majesty, Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every Order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us, every day.

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 47 (on the death of Jo)

I call them the Wards in Jarndyce. They are caged up with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!

‘Bleak House’ (1853) ch. 60 (Miss Flite’s birds)

4.52.3 The Chimes

O let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations.

‘The Chimes’ (1844) ‘The Second Quarter’

4.52.4 A Christmas Carol

‘God bless us every one!’ said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

‘A Christmas Carol’ (1843) stave 3

It was a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped ’em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

‘A Christmas Carol’ (1843) stave 5

4.52.5 David Copperfield

I am a lone lorn creetur...and everythink goes contrairy with me.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 3 (Mrs Gummidge)

I’d better go into the house, and die and be a riddance!

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 3 (Mrs Gummidge)

She’s been thinking of the old ’un!

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 3 (Mr Peggotty of Mrs Gummidge)

Barkis is willin’.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 5

I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 5 (The Waiter)

‘When a man says he’s willin’...it’s as much as to say, that a man’s waitin’ for a answer.’

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 8 (Mr Barkis)

Experientia does it—as papa used to say.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 11 (Mrs Micawber). Tacitus ‘The Histories’ bk. 5, ch. 6: Experientia docuit experience has taught, commonly quoted Experientia docet experience teaches

I have known him come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows to the house, ‘in case anything turned up,’ which was his favourite expression.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 11 (on Mr Micawber)

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 12 (Mr Micawber)

We live in a numble abode.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 16 (Uriah Heep)

We are so very ’umble.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 17 (Uriah Heep)

‘Orses and dorgs is some men’s fancy. They’re wittles and drink to me—lodging, wife, and children—reading, writing and ’rithmetic—snuff, tobacker, and sleep.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 19 (The Gentleman on the Canterbury Coach)

I only ask for information.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 20 (Miss Rosa Dartle)

It was as true...as taxes is. And nothing’s truer than them.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 21 (Mr Barkis).

What a world of gammon and spinnage it is, though, ain’t it!

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 22 (Miss Mowcher)

Other things are all very well in their way, but give me Blood!

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 25 (Mr Waterbrook)

I assure you she’s the dearest girl.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 27 (Traddles)

Accidents will occur in the best-regulated families.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 28 (Mr Micawber)

He told me, only the other day, that it was provided for. That was Mr Micawber’s expression, ‘Provided for.’

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 28 (Traddles)

‘People can’t die, along the coast,’ said Mr Peggotty, ‘except when the tide’s pretty nigh out. They can’t be born, unless it’s pretty nigh in—not properly born, till flood. He’s a going out with

the tide.’

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 30

Mrs Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn’t room to swing a cat there; but, as Mr Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, ‘You know, Trotwood, I don’t want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore, what does that signify to me!’

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 35

It’s only my child-wife.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 44 (of Dora)

Circumstances beyond my individual control.

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 49 (Mr Micawber)

I’m Gormed—and I can’t say no fairer than that!

‘David Copperfield’ (1850) ch. 63 (Mr Pegotty)

4.52.6 Dombey and Son

He’s tough, ma’am, tough is J.B. Tough, and devilish sly!

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 7 (Major Bagstock)

Papa! What’s money?

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 8 (Paul Dombey)

There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber...she was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 11

As to Mr Feeder, B.A., Doctor Blimber’s assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 11

If I could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum (beau-ti-ful Tusculum), I could have died contented.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 11 (Mrs Blimber)

In the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, ‘May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!’ When found, make a note of.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 15 (Captain Cuttle)

What the waves were always saying.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) title of ch. 16

Cows are my passion.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 21 (Mrs Skewton)

It’s of no consequence.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 22 (Mr Toots)

The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 23 (Bunsby)

Say, like those wicked Turks, there is no What’s-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet!

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 27 (Mrs Skewton)

I positively adore Miss Dombey;—I—I am perfectly sore with loving her.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 30 (Mr Toots)

If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you’d form some idea of what unrequited affection is.

‘Dombey and Son’ (1848) ch. 48 (Mr Toots)

4.52.7 The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Stranger, pause and ask thyself the question, Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire.

‘The Mystery of Edwin Drood’ (1870) ch. 4

‘Dear me,’ said Mr Grewgious, peeping in, ‘it’s like looking down the throat of Old Time.’

‘The Mystery of Edwin Drood’ (1870) ch. 9

4.52.8 Great Expectations

Your sister is given to government.

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 7 (Joe Gargery)

‘He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy,’ said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out.

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 8

In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt, as injustice.

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 8

I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks.

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 8

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home.

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 14

On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip; such is Life!

‘Great Expectations’ (1861) ch. 15 (Joe Gargery)

4.52.9 Hard Times

Now, what I want is, Facts...Facts alone are wanted in life.

‘Hard Times’ (1854) bk. 1, ch. 1 (Mr Gradgrind)

Ah, Rachael, aw a muddle! Fro’ first to last, a muddle!

‘Hard Times’ (1854) bk. 3, ch. 6 (Stephen Blackpool)

People mutht be amuthed. They can’t be alwayth a learning, nor yet they can’t be alwayth a working, they an’t made for it.

‘Hard Times’ (1854) bk. 3, ch. 8 (Mr Sleary)

4.52.10 Little Dorrit

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 1, ch. 10

Look here. Upon my soul you mustn’t come into the place saying you want to know, you know.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 1, ch. 10 (Barnacle Junior)

There’s milestones on the Dover Road!

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 1, ch. 23 (Mr F.’s Aunt)

I revere the memory of Mr F. as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention Asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 1, ch. 24 (Flora Finching)

As to marriage on the part of a man, my dear, Society requires that he should retrieve his fortunes by marriage. Society requires that he should gain by marriage. Society requires that he should found a handsome establishment by marriage. Society does not see, otherwise, what he has to do with marriage.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 1, ch. 33 (Mrs Merdle)

Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips: especially prunes and prism.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 2, ch. 5 (Mrs General)

Once a gentleman, and always a gentleman.

‘Little Dorrit’ (1857) bk. 2, ch. 28 (Rigaud)

4.52.11 Martin Chuzzlewit

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he’s well dressed. There an’t much credit in that.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 5 (Mark Tapley)

Affection beaming in one eye, and calculation shining out of the other.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 8 (Mrs Todgers)

Charity and Mercy. Not unholy names, I hope?

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 9 (Mr Pecksniff)

Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 9 (Mr Pecksniff)

Here’s the rule for bargains: ‘Do other men, for they would do you.’ That’s the true business precept.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 11 (Jonas Chuzzlewit)

‘Mrs Harris,’ I says, ‘leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don’t ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged.’

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 19 (Mrs Gamp)

Some people...may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans; they are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other naturs thinks different.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 19 (Mrs Gamp)

Therefore I do require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg’lar and draw’d mild.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 25 (Mrs Gamp on her ‘half a pint of porter’)

She’s the sort of woman...one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing: and do it neatly, too!

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 25 (Mould)

He’d make a lovely corpse.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 25 (Mrs Gamp)

All the wickedness of the world is print to him.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 26 (Mrs Gamp)

‘Sairey,’ says Mrs Harris, ‘sech is life. Vich likeways is the hend of all things!’

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 29 (Mrs Gamp)

We never knows wot’s hidden in each other’s hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we’d need keep the shutters up, some on us, I do assure you!

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 29 (Mrs Gamp)

Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur’s mould!...Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers. But he is the child of Natur’, and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin Sun.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 34 (Pogram)

‘Mind and matter,’ said the lady in the wig, ‘glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination.’

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 34

‘The Ankworks package,’...’I wish it was in Jonadge’s belly, I do,’ cried Mrs Gamp; appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 40

And what a Life Young Bailey’s was!

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 49 (Poll Sweedlepipe)

‘Who deniges of it?’ Mrs Gamp enquired.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 49

His ’owls was organs.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 49 (Mrs Gamp)

No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 49 (Mrs Gamp)

The words she spoke of Mrs Harris, lambs could not forgive...nor worms forget.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 49 (Mrs Gamp)

Farewell! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me!...Unalterably, never yours, Augustus.

‘Martin Chuzzlewit’ (1844) ch. 54 (Augustus Moddle)

4.52.12 Nicholas Nickleby

United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 2

Education.—At Mr Wackford Squeers’s Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 3

He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 4 (Mr Squeers)

Serve it right for being so dear.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 5 (Mr Squeers)

Here’s richness!

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 5 (Mr Squeers)

Subdue your appetites my dears, and you’ve conquered human natur.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 5 (Mr Squeers)

C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 8 (Mr Squeers)

As she frequently remarked when she made any such mistake, it would be all the same a hundred years hence.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 9 (Mrs Squeers)

There are only two styles of portrait painting; the serious and the smirk.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 10 (Miss La Creevy)

Sir, My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuvver the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 15 (Fanny Squeers)

‘It’s very easy to talk,’ said Mrs Mantalini. ‘Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,’ replied Mr Mantalini; ‘for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit.’

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 17

Language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 23

The unities, sir...are a completeness—a kind of universal dovetailedness with regard to place and time.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 24 (Mr Curdle)

She’s the only sylph I ever saw, who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 25 (Mr Crummles)

Bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 49 (The Gentleman in the Small-clothes)

All is gas and gaiters.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 49 (The Gentleman in the Small-clothes)

My life is one demd horrid grind!

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 64 (Mr Mantalini)

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows.

‘Nicholas Nickleby’ (1839) ch. 64 (Mr Mantalini)

4.52.13 The Old Curiosity Shop

What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather!

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 2 (Dick Swiveller)

Fan the sinking flame of hilarity with the wing of friendship; and pass the rosy wine.

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 7 (Dick Swiveller)

Codlin’s the friend, not Short.

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 19 (Codlin)

If I know’d a donkey wot wouldn’t go
To see Mrs Jarley’s waxwork show,
Do you think I’d acknowledge him,
Oh no no!

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 27 (Codlin)

I never nursed a dear Gazelle, to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to marry a market-gardener.

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 56 (Dick Swiveller).

It was a maxim with Foxey—our revered father, gentlemen—’Always suspect everybody.’

‘The Old Curiosity Shop’ (1841) ch. 66 (Sampson Brass)

4.52.14 Oliver Twist

Please, sir, I want some more.

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 2 (Oliver)

Known by the sobriquet of ‘The artful Dodger.’

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 8

There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast.

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 10

I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys, and beef-faced boys.

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 14 (Mr Grimwig)

Oh, Mrs Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a jining of hearts and house-keepings!

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 27 (Bumble)

This ain’t the shop for justice.

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 43 (The Artful Dodger)

‘If the law supposes that,’ said Mr Bumble ... ‘the law is a ass—a idiot.’

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 51 (Bumble).

Strike them all dead! What right have they to butcher me?

‘Oliver Twist’ (1838) ch. 52 (Fagin)

4.52.15 Our Mutual Friend

A literary man—with a wooden leg.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk.1, ch. 5 (Mr Boffin, on Silas Wegg)

Professionally he declines and falls, and as a friend he drops into poetry.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk.1, ch. 5 (Mr Boffin, on Silas Wegg)

Meaty jelly, too, especially when a little salt, which is the case when there’s ham, is mellering to the organ.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk.1, ch. 5 (Silas Wegg)

There is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk.1, ch. 11 (Mr Podsnap)

A slap-up gal in a bang-up chariot.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk. 2, ch. 8

He’d be sharper than a serpent’s tooth, if he wasn’t as dull as ditch water.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk. 3, ch. 10 (Fanny Cleaver)

I want to be something so much worthier than the doll in the doll’s house.

‘Our Mutual Friend’ (1865) bk. 4, ch. 5 (Bella)

4.52.16 Pickwick Papers

Heads, heads, take care of your heads....Five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother’s head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking!

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 2 (Jingle)

‘I was ruminating,’ said Mr Pickwick, ‘on the strange mutability of human affairs.’ ‘Ah, I see—in at the palace door one day, out at the window the next. Philosopher, sir?’ ‘An observer of human nature, sir,’ said Mr Pickwick.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 2

Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 2 (Jingle)

I wants to make your flesh creep.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 8 (The Fat Boy)

‘It’s always best on these occasions to do what the mob do.’ ‘But suppose there are two mobs?’ suggested Mr Snodgrass. ‘Shout with the largest,’ replied Mr Pickwick.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 13

‘Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 15 (Mrs Leo Hunter)

Battledore and shuttlecock’s a wery good game, vhen you an’t the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin’ to be pleasant.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 20 (Mr Weller)

The wictim o’ connubiality, as Blue Beard’s domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 20 (Mr Weller)

It’s a wery remarkable circumstance...that poverty and oysters always seem to go together.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 22 (Sam Weller)

It’s over, and can’t be helped, and that’s one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man’s head off.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 23 (Sam Weller)

Dumb as a drum vith a hole in it, sir.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 25 (Sam Weller)

Ven you’re a married man, Samivel, you’ll understand a good many things as you don’t understand now; but vether it’s worth while goin’ through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o’ taste.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 27 (Mr Weller)

‘Eccentricities of genius, Sam,’ said Mr Pickwick.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch.30

A double glass o’ the inwariable.

Mr Weller in ‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 33

It’s my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk, sir!

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 33 (Mr Stiggins)

‘Do you spell it with a “ V” or a “ W”?’ inquired the judge. ‘That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord,’ replied Sam [Weller].

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 34

‘Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?’ said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

‘Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes,’ replied Sam.

‘You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir,’ interposed the judge; ‘it’s

not evidence.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 34

‘Yes, I have a pair of eyes,’ replied Sam, ‘and that’s just it. If they wos a pair o’ patent double million magnifyin’ gas microscopes of hextra power, p’raps I might be able to see through a flight o’ stairs and a deal door; but bein’ only eyes, you see my wision’s limited.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 34

A good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 37 (The Gentleman in Blue)

‘And a bird-cage, sir,’ says Sam. ‘Veels vithin veels, a prison in a prison.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 40

‘It would make anyone go to sleep, that bedstead would, whether they wanted to or not.’ ‘I should think,’ said Sam...’poppies was nothing to it.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 41

The have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun of the blessedest things as wos ever made.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 43 (Sam Weller)

Anythin’ for a quiet life, as the man said wen he took the sitivation at the lighthouse.

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 43 (Sam Weller).

‘Never...see...a dead postboy, did you?’ inquired Sam...

‘No,’ rejoined Bob, ‘I never did.’

‘No!’ rejoined Sam triumphantly. ‘Nor never vill; and there’s another thing that no man never see, and that’s a dead donkey.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 51

‘‘Cos a coachman’s a privileged indiwidual,’ replied Mr Weller, looking fixedly at his son. ‘‘Cos a coachman may do vithout suspicion wot other men may not; ’cos a coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms with eighty mile o’ females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among them.’

‘Pickwick Papers’ (1837) ch. 52

4.52.17 Sketches by Boz

Minerva House...where some twenty girls...acquired a smattering of everything, and a knowledge of nothing.

‘Sketches by Boz’ (1839) Tales, ch. 3 ‘Sentiment’

4.52.18 A Tale of Two Cities

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 1, ch. 1

I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 1, ch. 4 (Mr Lorry)

A likely thing...If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 1, ch. 4 (Miss Pross)

If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to ’em.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 2, ch. 1 (Jerry Cruncher)

‘It is possible—that it may not come, during our lives...We shall not see the triumph.’
‘We shall have helped it,’ returned madame.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 2, ch. 16 (Monsieur and Madame Defarge)

There might be medical doctors...a cocking their medical eyes.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 3, ch. 9 (Jerry Cruncher)

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.

‘A Tale of Two Cities’ (1859) bk. 3, ch. 15 (Sydney Carton’s thoughts on the scaffold)

4.52.19 Speech at Birmingham and Midland Institute

My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in The People governed is, on the whole, illimitable.

Speech at Birmingham and Midland Institute, 27 September 1869, in K. J. Fielding (ed.) ‘The Speeches of Charles Dickens’ (1960)

4.53 Emily Dickinson 1830-86

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

‘After great pain, a formal feeling comes’ (1862)

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go.

‘After great pain, a formal feeling comes’ (1862)

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

‘Because I could not stop for Death’ (c.1863)

Since then—’tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses Heads
Were toward Eternity.

‘Because I could not stop for Death’ (c.1863)

The Bustle in a House
The Morning after Death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon Earth—

The Sweeping up the Heart
And putting Love away
We shall not want to use again
Until Eternity.

‘The Bustle in a House’ (c.1866)

What fortitude the Soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming Foot—
The opening of a Door.

‘Elysium is as far as to’ (c.1882)

There interposed a Fly—
With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz—
Between the light—and me—
And then the Windows failed—and then
I could not see to see.

‘I heard a Fly buzz—when I died’ (c.1862)

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befel.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

‘My life closed twice before its close’

The Soul selects her own Society—
Then—shuts the Door—
To her divine Majority—
Present no more.

‘The Soul selects her own Society’ (c.1862)

I’ve known her—from an ample nation—

Choose One—
Then—close the Valves of her attention—
Like Stone.

‘The Soul selects her own Society’ (c.1862)

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne’er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

‘Success is counted sweetest’ (1859)

There’s a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons—
That oppresses like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes—

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us—
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are.

‘There’s a certain Slant of light’ (c.1861)

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies
And Lads and Girls—
Was laughter and ability and Sighing
And Frocks and Curls.

‘This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies’ (c.1864)

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures—
These Gentlewomen are—
One would as soon assault a Plush—
Or violate a Star—

Such Dimity Convictions—
A Horror so refined
Of freckled Human Nature—
Of Deity—ashamed.

‘What Soft—Cherubic Creatures’ (c.1862)

Friday I tasted life. It was a vast morsel. A Circus passed the house—still I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out. The Lawn is full of south and the odors tangle, and I hear to-day for the first time the river in the tree.

Letter to Mrs J. G. Holland, 1866, in R. N. Linscott (ed.) ‘Selected Letters and Poems of Emily Dickinson’ (1959)

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—
The simple news that Nature told,

With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her sweet countrymen
Judge tenderly of me.

In R. N. Linscott (ed.) ‘Selected Letters and Poems of Emily Dickinson’ (1959)

4.54 Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson 1862-1932

Dissatisfaction with the world in which we live and determination to realize one that shall be better, are the prevailing characteristics of the modern spirit.

‘The Greek View of Life’ (1898) ch. 5

4.55 John Dickinson 1732-1808

We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery... Our cause is just, our union is perfect.

Declaration of reasons for taking up arms against England, presented to Congress, 8 July 1775, in C. J. Stillè ‘The Life and Times of John Dickinson’ (1891) ch. 5

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,—
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

‘The Liberty Song’ (1768), in ‘The Writings of John Dickinson’ vol. 1 (1895) p. 421

4.56 Paul Dickson 1939—

Rowe’s Rule: the odds are five to six that the light at the end of the tunnel is the headlight of an oncoming train.

‘Washingtonian’ November 1978.

4.57 Denis Diderot 1713-84

L’esprit de l’escalier.

Staircase wit.

The witty riposte one thinks of only when one has left the drawing-room and is already on the way downstairs, in ‘Paradoxe sur le Comèdien’ (written 1773-8, published 1830)

Voyez-vous cet oeuf. C’est avec cela qu’on renverse toutes les ècoles de thèologie, et tous les temples de la terre.

See this egg. It is with this that all the schools of theology and all the temples of the earth are to be overturned.

‘Le Rêve de d’Alembert’ (written 1769, published 1830) pt. 1

4.58 Joan Didion 1934—

Was there ever in anyone’s life span a point free in time, devoid of memory, a night when choice was any more than the sum of all the choices gone before?

‘Run River’ (1963) ch. 4

When we start deceiving ourselves into thinking not that we want something or need something, not that it is a pragmatic necessity for us to have it, but that it is a moral imperative that we have it, then is when we join the fashionable madmen, and then is when the thin whine of hysteria is heard in the land, and then is when we are in bad trouble.

'Slouching towards Bethlehem' (1968) 'On Morality'

4.59 Wentworth Dillon, Earl Of Roscommon c.1633-1685

But words once spoke can never be recalled.

'Art of Poetry' (1680) l. 438.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.

'Essay on Translated Verse' (1684) l. 96

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

'Essay on Translated Verse' (1684) l. 113

The multitude is always in the wrong.

'Essay on Translated Verse' (1684) l. 183

4.60 Ernest Dimnet

Architecture, of all the arts, is the one which acts the most slowly, but the most surely, on the soul.

'What We Live By' (1932) pt. 2, ch. 12

4.61 Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) 1885-1962

A herd of elephant...pacing along as if they had an appointment at the end of the world.

'Out of Africa' (1937) pt. 1, ch. 1

The giraffe, in their queer, inimitable, vegetative gracefulness...a family of rare, long-stemmed, speckled gigantic flowers slowly advancing.

'Out of Africa' (1937) pt. 1, ch. 1

The true aristocracy and the true proletariat of the world are both in understanding with tragedy. To them it is the fundamental principle of God, and the key, the minor key, to existence. They differ in this way from the bourgeoisie of all classes, who deny tragedy, who will not tolerate it, and to whom the word tragedy means in itself unpleasantness.

'Out of Africa' (1937) pt. 5, ch. 1

What is man, when you come to think upon him, but a minutely set, ingenious machine for turning, with infinite artfulness, the red wine of Shiraz into urine?

'Seven Gothic Tales' (1934) p. 275

4.62 Diogenes c.400-c.325 B.C.

Alexander...asked him if he lacked anything. 'Yes,' said he, 'that I do: that you stand out of my sun a little.'

Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Alexander’ ch. 14, sect. 4 (translated by T. North, 1579)

4.63 Dionysius of Halicarnassus fl. 30-7 B.C.

History is philosophy from examples.
‘Ars Rhetorica’ ch. 11, sect. 2

4.64 Benjamin Disraeli (First Earl of Beaconsfield) 1804-81

Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.
Maiden speech in the House of Commons, ‘Hansard’ 7 December 1837

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world.
‘Hansard’ 15 March 1838

Thus you have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church, and in addition the weakest executive in the world. That is the Irish Question.
‘Hansard’ 16 February 1844

The noble Lord is the Rupert of Parliamentary discussion.
‘Hansard’ 24 April 1844 (referring to Lord Stanley).

The right hon. Gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes.
‘Hansard’ 28 February 1845 (referring to Sir Robert Peel)

Protection is not a principle, but an expedient.
‘Hansard’ 17 March 1845

A Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy.
‘Hansard’ 17 March 1845, col. 1028. Bagehot, quoting Disraeli in ‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ‘The House of Lords’, elaborated on the theme with the words ‘so much did the ideas of its “head” differ from the sensations of its “tail”.’

He traces the steam-engine always back to the tea-kettle.
‘Hansard’ 11 April 1845, col. 558 (Sir Robert Peel)

Justice is truth in action.
‘Hansard’ 11 February 1851

I read this morning an awful, though monotonous, manifesto in the great organ of public opinion, which always makes me tremble: Olympian bolts; and yet I could not help fancying amid their rumbling terrors I heard the plaintive treble of the Treasury Bench.
‘Hansard’ 13 February 1851

He has to learn that petulance is not sarcasm, and that insolence is not invective.
‘Hansard’ 16 December 1852, col. 1653 (Sir Charles Wood)

England does not love coalitions.
‘Hansard’ 16 December 1852

Finality is not the language of politics.
‘Hansard’ 28 February 1859

It is, I say, in the noble Lord’s power to come to some really cordial understanding...between this country and France...and to put an end to these bloated armaments which only involve states

in financial embarrassment.

‘Hansard’ 8 May 1862, col. 1425

He seems to think that posterity is a pack-horse, always ready to be loaded.

‘Hansard’ 3 June 1862

Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent.

‘Hansard’ 5 February 1863

You are not going, I hope, to leave the destinies of the British Empire to prigs and pedants.

‘Hansard’ 5 February 1863

I hold that the characteristic of the present age is craving credulity.

Speech at Oxford, 25 November 1864, in ‘The Times’ 26 November 1864

Man, my Lord, is a being born to believe.

Speech at Oxford, 25 November 1864, in ‘The Times’ 26 November 1864

Party is organized opinion.

Speech at Oxford, 25 November 1864, in ‘The Times’ 26 November 1864

Is man an ape or an angel? Now I am on the side of the angels.

Speech at Oxford, 25 November 1864, in ‘The Times’ 26 November 1864

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.

‘Hansard’ 1 May 1865, col. 1246

I had to prepare the mind of the country, and...to educate our party.

Speech at Edinburgh, 29 October 1867, in ‘The Times’ 30 October 1867

Change is inevitable in a progressive country. Change is constant.

Speech at Edinburgh, 29 October 1867, in ‘The Times’ 30 October 1867

We have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned high treason.

‘Hansard’ 27 February 1871

I believe that without party Parliamentary government is impossible.

Speech at Manchester, 3 April 1872, in ‘The Times’ 4 April 1872

You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes.

Speaking of the Treasury Bench at Manchester, 3 April 1872, in ‘The Times’ 4 April 1872.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.

Speech at Manchester, 3 April 1872, in ‘The Times’ 4 April 1872

A University should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning.

‘Hansard’ 11 March 1873, col. 1814

An author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.

At a banquet given by Glasgow on his installation as Lord Rector, 19 November 1873, in ‘The Times’ 20 November 1873

Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends.

‘Hansard’ 15 June 1874, col. 1618

He is a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers.

‘Hansard’ 5 August 1874, col. 1358 (on the Marquis of Salisbury)

The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a state depend.

Speech, 24 July 1877

Cosmopolitan critics, men who are the friends of every country save their own.

Speech at Guildhall, 9 November 1877, in 'The Times' 10 November 1877.

Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace—but a peace I hope with honour.

'Hansard' 16 July 1878.

A series of congratulatory regrets.

Referring to Lord Harrington's Resolution on the Berlin Treaty in a speech at a banquet in The Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, 27 July 1878: 'The Times' 29 July 1878

A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Referring to Gladstone in a speech at a banquet in The Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, 27 July 1878: 'The Times' 29 July 1878

I admit that there is gossip...that the government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers...or by the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.

Speech at Guildhall, London, 9 November 1878, in 'The Times' 11 November 1878

The key of India is London.

'Hansard' 4 March 1881, col. 299

In the 'Town' yesterday, I am told 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended to stand. "On my head," was the reply.'

Letter, 8 April 1833, in 'Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister 1832-1852' (1886) p. 18

There can be no economy where there is no efficiency.

Address to his Constituents, 1 October 1868, in 'The Times' 3 October 1868

No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition.

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 2, ch. 1

A government of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or Humdrum?

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 2, ch. 4

Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future.

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 2, ch. 5

'A sound Conservative government,' said Taper, musingly.

'I understand: Tory men and Whig measures.'

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 2, ch. 6

Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret.

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 3, ch. 1

It seems to me a barren thing this Conservatism—an unhappy cross-breed, the mule of politics that engenders nothing.

'Coningsby' (1844) bk. 3, ch. 5

The depositary of power is always unpopular.
‘Coningsby’ (1844) bk. 4, ch. 13

Where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries?
‘Coningsby’ (1844) bk. 4, ch. 13

Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions.
‘Coningsby’ (1844) bk. 4, ch. 13

Read no history: nothing but biography, for that is life without theory.
‘Contarini Fleming’ (1832) pt. 1, ch. 23.

The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word—dissimulation.
‘Contarini Fleming’ (1832) pt. 5, ch. 10

His Christianity was muscular.
‘Endymion’ (1880) ch.14

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.
‘Endymion’ (1880) ch. 91.

I believe they went out, like all good things, with the Stuarts.
‘Endymion’ (1880) ch. 99

Time is the great physician.
‘Henrietta Temple’ (1837) bk. 6, ch. 9

They mean well; their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place.
‘The Infernal Marriage’ (1832) pt. 1, 1 (on the Furies)

The blue ribbon of the turf.
‘Lord George Bentinck’ (1852) ch. 26 (on the Derby)

Every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family was not unworthy of him.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 1

A Protestant, if he wants aid or advice on any matter, can only go to his solicitor.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 27

London; a nation, not a city.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 27

The gondola of London.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 27 (a hansom cab)

When a man fell into his anecdotage it was a sign for him to retire from the world.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 28

You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.
‘Lothair’ (1870) ch. 35.

To do nothing and get something, formed a boy’s ideal of a manly career.
‘Sybil’ (1845) bk. 1, ch. 5

‘Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other’s habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or

inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws.'

'You speak of—' said Egremont, hesitatingly, 'the rich and the poor.'

'Sybil' (1845) bk. 2, ch. 5

Mr Kremlin himself was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea,—and that was wrong.

'Sybil' (1845) bk. 4, ch. 5.

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations.

'Sybil' (1845) bk. 4, ch. 8

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.

'Sybil' (1845) bk. 6, ch. 13

That fatal drollery called a representative government.

'Tancred' (1847) bk. 2, ch. 13

A majority is always the best repartee.

'Tancred' (1847) bk. 2, ch. 14

The East is a career.

'Tancred' (1847) bk. 2, ch. 14

London is a modern Babylon.

'Tancred' (1847) bk. 5, ch. 5

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We cannot learn men from books.

'Vivian Grey' (1826) bk. 5, ch. 1

I repeat...that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise—that, from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist.

'Vivian Grey' (1826) bk. 6, ch. 7

All Paradise opens! Let me die eating ortolans to the sound of soft music!

'The Young Duke' (1831) bk. 1, ch. 10

'The age of chivalry is past,' said May Dacre. 'Bores have succeeded to dragons.'

'The Young Duke' (1831) bk. 2, ch. 5

We came here for fame.

To John Bright, in the House of Commons, in Robert Blake 'Disraeli' (1966) ch. 4

The school of Manchester.

Describing the free trade politics of Cobden and Bright, in Robert Blake 'Disraeli' (1966) ch. 10

I will not go down to posterity talking bad grammar.

Said while correcting proofs of his last Parliamentary speech, 31 March 1881, in Robert Blake 'Disraeli' (1966) ch. 32

Take away that emblem of mortality.

On being offered an air cushion to sit on, 1881, in Robert Blake 'Disraeli' (1966) ch. 32

Damn your principles! Stick to your party.

Attributed to Disraeli and believed to have been said to Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in E. Latham 'Famous

Sayings and their Authors' (1904) p. 11

I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget.
Said to Lord Esher of his relations with Queen Victoria, in Elizabeth Longford 'Victoria R. I' (1964) ch. 27

Protection is not only dead, but damned.
In W. Monypenny and G. Buckle 'The Life of Benjamin Disraeli' vol. 3 (1914) ch. 8

Pray remember, Mr Dean, no dogma, no Dean.
In W. Monypenny and G. Buckle 'The Life of Benjamin Disraeli' vol. 4 (1916) ch. 10

I am dead; dead, but in the Elysian fields.
To a peer, on his elevation to the House of Lords, in W. Monypenny and G. Buckle 'The Life of Benjamin Disraeli' vol. 5 (1920) ch. 13

When I want to read a novel, I write one.
In W. Monypenny and G. Buckle 'The Life of Benjamin Disraeli' vol. 6 (1920) ch. 17.

Never complain and never explain.
In J. Morley 'The Life of William Ewart Gladstone' (1903) vol. 1, p. 123.

Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel.
To Matthew Arnold, in G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' (1898) ch. 23

Coffee house babble.
On the Bulgarian Atrocities, 1876, in R. W. Seton Watson 'Britain in Europe 1789-1914' (1955) p. 515

There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics.
Attributed to Disraeli by Mark Twain in his 'Autobiography' (1924) vol. 1, p. 246

No it is better not. She would only ask me to take a message to Albert.
On his death-bed, declining a proposed visit from Queen Victoria, in Robert Blake 'Disraeli' (1966 ch. 32

4.65 Isaac D'Israeli 1766-1848

It is a wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us.
'Curiosities of Literature' (9th ed., 1834) 'On Quotation'

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses.
'Curiosities of Literature' (9th ed., 1834) vol. 1, p. 20 (on Pierre Bayle)

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing.
'The Literary Character' (1795) ch. 11

4.66 Austin Dobson (Henry Austin Dobson) 1840-1921

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius.
'Ars Victrix'

Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
I have no stomach for such meat.
'Fame is a Food' (1906)

The ladies of St James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.
'The Ladies of St James's' (1883)

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, we go.
'The Paradox of Time' (1877)

4.67 Ken Dodd 1931—

The trouble with Freud is that he never played the Glasgow Empire Saturday night.
In 'The Times' 7 August 1965

4.68 Philip Doddridge 1702-51

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word
And watchful at his gate.
'Hymns' (1755) 'The active Christian'

My thoughts with ecstasy unknown,
While from his grave they view his throne,
Through mine own sepulchre can see
A paradise reserved for me.
'Hymns' (1755) 'Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden'

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
'Hymns' (1755) 'O God of Bethel'

4.69 Mary Abigail Dodge

See Gail Hamilton (8.21)

4.70 Bubb Dodington (first Bara Melcombe) 1691-1762

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,

’Tis enough, that when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.
In Joseph Spence (1699-1768) ‘Anecdotes’

4.71 Aelius Donatus

Latin Pereant, inquit, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.

Confound those who have said our remarks before us.
In St Jerome ‘Commentary on Ecclesiastes’ bk 1; J.-P. Migne ‘Patrologia Latinae’ vol. 23, col. 1019.

4.72 J. P. Donleavy 1926—

When you don’t have any money, the problem is food. When you have money, it’s sex. When you have both it’s health.
‘The Ginger Man’ (1955) ch. 5

4.73 John Donne 1572-1631

And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sun is lost, and th’earth, and no man’s wit
Can well direct him, where to look for it.
‘An Anatomy of the World: The First Anniversary’ (1611) l. 205

She, she is dead; she’s dead; when thou know’st this,
Thou know’st how dry a cinder this world is.
‘An Anatomy of the World: The First Anniversary’ (1611) l. 427

Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies.
‘Elegies’ ‘The Anagram’ (1593-6)

No spring, nor summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
‘Elegies’ ‘The Autumnal’ (1599-1601)

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he’s one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
‘Elegies’ ‘Love’s Progress’ (1599-1601)

The straight Hellespont between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts.
‘Elegies’ ‘Love’s Progress’ (1599-1601)

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue.
‘Elegies’ ‘On His Mistress’ (1599-1601)

Nurse, O my love is slain; I saw him go
O’er the white Alps, alone; I saw him, I,

Assailed, fight, taken, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die.
‘Elegies’ ‘On His Mistress’ (1599-1601)

We easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite,
They set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
‘Elegies’ ‘To His Mistress Going to Bed’ (1593-6)

Licence my roving hands, and let them go,
Behind, before, above, between, below.
O my America, my new found land,
My kingdom, safeliest when with one man manned.
‘Elegies’ ‘To His Mistress Going to Bed’ (1593-6)

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy Diocese.
‘An Epithalamion...on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine being Married on St Valentine’s Day’ (1613)

The household bird, with the red stomacher.
‘An Epithalamion...on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine...’ (1613)

Clothed in her virgin white integrity.
‘A Funeral Elegy’ (1610) l. 75

At the round earth’s imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go.
‘Holy Sonnets’ (1609) no. 4 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain.
‘Holy Sonnets’ (1609) no. 4 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think’st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
‘Holy Sonnets’ (1609) no. 6 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death thou shalt die.
‘Holy Sonnets’ (1609) no. 6 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
‘Holy Sonnets’ (after 1609) no. 10 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

‘Holy Sonnets’ (after 1609) no. 10 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements, and an angelic sprite.

‘Holy Sonnets’ (after 1609) no. 15 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

What if this present were the world’s last night?

‘Holy Sonnets’ (after 1609) no. 19 (in J. Carey’s edition, OUP, 1990)

As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov’st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soul; who ever gives, takes liberty:
O, if thou car’st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov’st not me.

‘A Hymn to Christ, at the Author’s last going into Germany’ (1619)

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all.

‘A Hymn to Christ, at the Author’s last going into Germany’ (1619)

To see God only, I go out of sight:
And to ’scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

‘A Hymn to Christ, at the Author’s last going into Germany’ (1619)

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins, through which I run
And do them still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For, I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I have won
Others to sin? and, made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
When thou has done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

‘A Hymn to God the Father’ (1623)

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think now before.

‘Hymn to God my God, in my Sickness’ (1623)

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb,
Now leaves his well-beloved imprisonment.

‘La Corona’ (1609) ‘Nativity’

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room.

‘Of the Progress of the Soul: The Second Anniversary’ (1612) l. 85

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.

‘Of the Progress of the Soul: The Second Anniversary’ (1612) l. 244

I sing the progress of a deathless soul.

‘The Progress of the Soul’ (1601) st. 1

Great Destiny the commissary of God.

‘The Progress of the Soul’ (1601) st. 4

So, of a lone unhaunted place possessed,
Did this soul’s second inn, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

‘The Progress of the Soul’ (1601) st. 16

Nature’s great masterpiece, an elephant,
The only harmless great thing.

‘The Progress of the Soul’ (1601) st. 39

On a huge hill,
Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must, and about must go.

‘Satire’ no. 3 (1594-5) l. 79

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Air and Angels’

Just such disparity
As is ’twixt air and angels’ purity,
’Twixt women’s love, and men’s will ever be.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Air and Angels’

All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Anniversary’

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove

Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Bait’

A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kind of ghost.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Blossom’ l. 27

For God’s sake hold your tongue, and let me love.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Canonization’

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,
Therefore thou waked’st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok’st not, but continued’st it.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Dream’ (‘Dear love, for nothing less than thee’)

So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Dream’ (‘Image of her whom I love’)

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet’s reclining head,
Sat we two, one another’s best.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Ecstasy’

But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They’re ours, though they’re not we, we are
The intelligencies, they the sphere.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Ecstasy’

So must pure lovers’ souls descend
T’ affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Ecstasy’

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away,
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day.
We asked none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheap a death, as saying, Go.
‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Expiration’

Oh wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Fever’

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For ’tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Funeral’

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then?
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers den?

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Good-Morrow’

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Good-Morrow’

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in love’s philosophy.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Lecture in the Shadow’

When I died last, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers’ hours be full eternity.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Legacy’

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Lovers’ Infiniteness’

I long to talk with some old lover’s ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Love’s Deity’

’Tis the year’s midnight, and it is the day’s.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Nocturnal upon St Lucy’s Day’

The world’s whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th’ hydroptic earth hath drunk.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Nocturnal upon St Lucy’s Day’

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learnt that woman-head
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone?

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Relic’

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil’s foot.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Song: Go and catch a falling star’

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, ’tis best,
To use my self in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘Song: Sweetest love, I do not go’

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers’ seasons run?

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Sun Rising’

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Sun Rising’

This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Sun Rising’

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Triple Fool’

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,

Which is, to keep that hid.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘The Undertaking’

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
’Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Valediction: forbidding mourning’

Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Valediction: forbidding mourning’

O more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,
Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea what it may do too soon.

‘Songs and Sonnets’ ‘A Valediction: of Weeping’

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls.

‘To Sir Henry Wotton’ (1597-8)

And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world’s thy gaol.

‘To Sir Henry Wotton’ (1597-8)

We have a winding sheet in our mother’s womb, which grows with us from our conception, and we come into the world, wound up in that winding sheet, for we come to seek a grave.

‘Death’s Duel’ (1632)

That which we call life, is but hebdomada mortium, a week of death, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying, a dying seven times over; and there is an end.

‘Death’s Duel’ (1632)

There we leave you, in that blessed dependancy, to hang upon him that hangs upon the Cross, there bathe in his tears, there suck at his wounds, and lie down in peace in his grave, till he vouchsafe you a resurrection, and an ascension into that Kingdom, which he hath prepared for you, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

‘Death’s Duel’ (1632)

But I do nothing upon my self, and yet I am mine own Executioner.

‘Devotions upon Emergent Occasions’ (1624) ‘Meditation XII’

No man is an Island, entire of it self; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main;

if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

'Devotions upon Emergent Occasions' (1624) 'Meditation XVII'

My God, my God, thou art a direct God, may I not say a literal God, a God that wouldst be understood literally and according to the plain sense of all that thou sayest? But thou art also...a figurative, a metaphorical God too.

'Devotions upon Emergent Occasions' (1624) 'Expostulation XIX'

From this I testify her holy cheerfulness, and religious alacrity, (one of the best evidences of a good conscience), that as she came to this place, God's house of Prayer...she ever hastened her family, and her company hither, with that cheerful provocation, For God's sake let's go, For God's sake let's be there at the Confession.

'A Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers' [George Herbert's mother] (1627)

Man is but earth; 'Tis true; but earth is the centre. That man who dwells upon himself, who is always conversant in himself, rests in his true centre.

'LXXX Sermons' (1640) Christmas Day, 1627

[Death] comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney, are no epitaph of that Oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing: As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran.

'LXXX Sermons' (1640) 8 March 1621/2

There is nothing that God hath established in a constant course of nature, and which therefore is done every day, but would seem a Miracle, and exercise our admiration, if it were done but once.

'LXXX Sermons' (1640) Easter Day, 25 March 1627

Poor intricated soul! Riddling, perplexed, labyrinthical soul!

'LXXX Sermons' (1640) 25 January 1628/9

A day that hath no pridie, nor postridie, yesterday doth not usher it in, nor tomorrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth, to this day, And all the four Monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful Kings and all the beautiful Queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, All in one Morning, in respect of this Day.

'LXXX Sermons' (1640) 30 April 1626 'Eternity'

I throw myself down in my Chamber, and I call in, and invite God, and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a

coach, for the whining of a door.

‘LXXX Sermons’ (1640) 12 December 1626 ‘At the Funeral of Sir William Cokayne’

A memory of yesterday’s pleasures, a fear of tomorrow’s dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is there nothing, nothing in spiritual things, perfect in this world.

‘LXXX Sermons’ (1640) 12 December 1626 ‘At the Funeral of Sir William Cokayne’

They shall awake as Jacob did, and say as Jacob said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and this is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven, And into that gate they shall enter, and in that house they shall dwell, where there shall be no Cloud nor Sun, no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light, no noise nor silence, but one equal music, no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession, no foes nor friends, but one equal communion and identity, no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity.

‘XXVI Sermons’ (1660) 29 February 1627/8

John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done.

On being dismissed from the service of his father-in-law, Sir George Moore: letter to his wife, in Izaak Walton ‘The Life of Dr Donne’ (first printed in ‘LXXX Sermons’, 1640)

4.74 Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith 1899-1977

Let ‘Dig for Victory’ be the motto of every one with a garden and of every able-bodied man and woman capable of digging an allotment in their spare time.

Radio broadcast, 3 October 1939, in ‘The Times’ 4 October 1939

4.75 Lord Alfred Douglas 1870-1945

I am the Love that dare not speak its name.

‘Two Loves’ (1896)

4.76 Gavin Douglas c.1475-1522

And all small fowlys singis on the spray:
Welcum the lord of lycht and lamp of day.

‘Eneados’ bk. 12, prologue l. 251

4.77 James Douglas, fourth Earl Of Morton c1516-81

Here lies he who neither feared nor flattered any flesh.

Of John Knox, said as he was buried, 26 November 1572, in George R. Preedy ‘The Life of John Knox’ (1940) ch. 7

4.78 Keith Douglas 1920-44

If at times my eyes are lenses
through which the brain explores
constellations of feeling

my ears yielding like swinging doors
admit princes to the corridors
into the mind, do not envy me.
I have a beast on my back.

‘Bête Noire’ (1944)

And all my endeavours are unlucky explorers
come back, abandoning the expedition;
the specimens, the lilies of ambition
still spring in their climate, still unpicked:
but time, time is all I lacked
to find them, as the great collectors before me.

‘On Return from Egypt, 1943-4’ (1946)

Remember me when I am dead
And simplify me when I’m dead.

‘Simplify me when I’m Dead’ (1941)

But she would weep to see today
how on his skin the swart flies move;
the dust upon the paper eye
and the burst stomach like a cave.

For here the lover and killer are mingled
who had one body and one heart.
And death, who had the soldier singled
has done the lover mortal hurt.

‘Vergissmeinnicht, 1943’

4.79 Norman Douglas 1868-1952

To find a friend one must close one eye. To keep him—two.

‘Almanac’ (1941) p. 77

Many a man who thinks to found a home discovers that he has merely opened a tavern for his friends.

‘South Wind’ (1917) ch. 20

4.80 Sir Alec Douglas-Home 1903—

See Lord Home (8.125)

4.81 Lorenzo Dow 1777-1834

You will be damned if you do—And you will be damned if you don’t.

‘Reflections on the Love of God’ (1836) ch. 6 (on ‘the doctrine of Particular Election’)

4.82 Ernest Dowson 1867-1900

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

'Non Sum Qualis Eram' (also known as 'Cynara').

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

'Vitae Summa Brevis'

4.83 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 1859-1930

Singularity is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult is it to bring it home.

'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (1892) 'The Boscombe Valley Mystery'.

It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside.

'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (1892) 'The Copper Beeches'

A man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it.

'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (1892) 'The Five Orange Pips'

It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes.

'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (1892) 'The Red-Headed League'

You see, but you do not observe.

'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' (1892) 'Scandal in Bohemia'

Of all ruins that of a noble mind is the most deplorable.

'His Last Bow' (1917) 'The Dying Detective'.

Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a changing age.

'His Last Bow' (1917) title story

'Excellent,' I cried. 'Elementary,' said he.

'The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes' (1894) 'The Crooked Man'. 'Elementary, my dear Watson' is not found in any book by Conan Doyle, although a review of the film 'The Return of Sherlock Holmes' in 'New York Times' 19 October 1929, p. 22, states: 'In the final scene Dr Watson is there with his 'Amazing, Holmes', and Holmes comes forth with his 'Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary''

Ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity...is the Napoleon of crime, Watson.

‘The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes’ (1894) ‘The Final Problem’.

I didn’t think there was a soul in England who didn’t know Godfrey
Staunton, the back three-quarter, Cambridge, Blackheath, and five
Internationals. Good Lord! Mr Holmes where have you lived.

‘The Return of Sherlock Holmes’ (1905) ‘The Missing Three-Quarter’

You live in a different world to me, Mr Watson, a sweeter and a healthier one. My ramifications stretch out into many sections of society, but never, I am happy to say, into amateur sport, which is the best and soundest thing in England.

‘The Return of Sherlock Holmes’ (1905) ‘The Missing Three-Quarter’

Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid.

‘The Sign of Four’ (1890) ch. 1

In an experience of women that extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature.

‘The Sign of Four’ (1890) ch. 2

How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?

‘The Sign of Four’ (1890) ch. 6

You know my methods. Apply them.

‘The Sign of Four’ (1890) ch. 6

It is the unofficial force—the Baker Street irregulars.

‘The Sign of Four’ (1890) ch. 8

London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the
Empire are irresistibly drained.

‘A Study in Scarlet’ (1888) ch. 1

Where there is no imagination there is no horror.

‘A Study in Scarlet’ (1888) ch. 5

The vocabulary of ‘Bradshaw’ is nervous and terse, but limited. The selection of words would hardly lend itself to the sending of general messages.

‘The Valley of Fear’ (1915) ch. 1

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.

‘The Valley of Fear’ (1915) ch. 1

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England,
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows.

‘The White Company’ (1891) ‘Song of the Bow’

4.84 Sir Francis Doyle 1810-88

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore.
'The Private of the Buffs'

His creed no parson ever knew,
For this was still his 'simple plan',
To have with clergymen to do
As little as a Christian can.
'The Unobtrusive Christian'

4.85 Sir Francis Drake c.1540-96

There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished yields the true glory.
Dispatch to Sir Francis Walsingham, 17 May 1587, in 'Navy Records Society' vol. 11 (1898) p.134

There is plenty of time to win this game, and to thrash the Spaniards too.
Attributed, in 'Dictionary of National Biography'

The singeing of the King of Spain's Beard.
On the expedition to Cadiz, 1587, in Francis Bacon 'Considerations touching a War with Spain' (1629)

I must have the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman...I would know him, that would refuse to set his hand to a rope, but I know there is not any such here.
In J. S. Corbett 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' (1898) vol. 1, ch. 9

4.86 Joseph Rodman Drake 1795-1820

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
'The American Flag' in New York Evening Post, 29 May 1819 (attributed also to Fitz-Greene Halleck)

4.87 William A. Drake 1899—

See Greta Garbo (7.11)

4.88 Michael Drayton 1563-1631

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry.
'To the Cambro-Britons' (1619) 'Agincourt'

O when shall English men

With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?
‘To the Cambro-Britons’ (1619) ‘Agincourt’

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
Comfort’s a cripple and comes ever slow.
‘The Barrons’ Wars’ (1603) canto 2, st. 28

He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed when Nature him began,
She meant to show all, that might be in man.
‘The Barrons’ Wars’ (1603) canto 3, st. 40

The mind is free, whate’er afflict the man,
A King’s a King, do Fortune what she can.
‘The Barrons’ Wars’ (1603) canto 5, st. 36

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.
‘The Barrons’ Wars’ (1603) canto 6, st. 94

When Time shall turn those amber locks to grey,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay.
‘England’s Heroical Epistles’ (1597) ‘Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to the Lady Geraldine’ l. 123

Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
‘Idea’ (1619) sonnet 6

Since there’s no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done: you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly, I myself can free,
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now at the last gasp of Love’s latest breath,
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life, thou might’st him yet recover.
‘Idea’ (1619) sonnet 61

That shire which we the Heart of England well may call.
‘Poly-Olbion’ (1612-22) song 13, l. 2 (Warwickshire)

Crave the tuneful nightingale to help you with her lay,
The ousel and the throstlecock, chief music of our May.
‘The Shepherd’s Garland’ (1593) eclogue 3, l. 17

To my mild tutor merrily I came
(For I was then a proper goodly page
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
O my dear master! cannot you (quoth I)
Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,
And you shall see, I’ll quickly be a man.
‘To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy’ l. 24

Had in him those brave translunary things,
That the first poets had.
‘To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy’ l.106 (on Marlowe)

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet’s brain.
‘To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy’ l. 109 (on Marlowe)

Next these, learn’d Jonson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring.
‘To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy’ l. 129.

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain the saint adore,
That can, but will not, save me.
‘To His Coy Love’

These poor half-kisses kill me quite.
‘To His Coy Love’

4.89 William Drennan 1754-1820

Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause, or the men, of the Emerald Isle.
‘Erin’ (1795) st. 3

4.90 John Drinkwater 1882-1937

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
On moon-washed apples of wonder.
‘Moonlit Apples’ (1917)

4.91 Thomas Drummond 1797-1840

Property has its duties as well as its rights.

Letter to the Earl of Donoughmore, 22 May 1838, in R. Barry O'Brien 'Thomas Drummond...Life and Letters' (1889) p. 284

4.92 William Drummond of Hawthornden 1585-1649

Only the echoes which he made relent,
Ring from their marble caves repent, repent.

'For the Baptist' (1623)

Phoebus, arise,
And paint the sable skies,
With azure, white, and red.

'Song: Phoebus, arise' (1614)

A morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face.

'Sonnet: Alexis here she stayed' (1614)

I long to kiss the image of my death.

'Sonnet: Sleep, Silence Child' (1614)

4.93 John Dryden 1631-1700

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 1

Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
To wives and slaves: and, wide as his command,
Scattered his Maker's image through the land.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 7

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas natural to please.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 27

Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 83

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst.
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy body to decay:
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 150

Why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 165

In friendship false, implacable in hate:
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 173

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream!

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 238

All empire is no more than power in trust.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 411

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 416

But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 533

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

'Absalom and Achitophel' (1681) pt. 1, l. 545

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his jest, and they had his estate.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 1, l. 559

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail:
But common interest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the people’s wrongs his own.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 1, l. 723

For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might?
Nor is the people’s judgement always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 1, l. 779

Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 1, l. 968

Beware the fury of a patient man.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 1, l. 1005

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blund’ring kind of melody;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 2, l. 412

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck.

‘Absalom and Achitophel’ (1681) pt. 2, l. 486

Happy, happy, happy, pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

‘Alexander’s Feast’ (1697) l. 4

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

‘Alexander’s Feast’ (1697) l. 42

Drinking is the soldier’s pleasure;
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

‘Alexander’s Feast’ (1697) l. 57

Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
'Alexander's Feast' (1697) l. 78

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below.
'Alexander's Feast' (1697) l. 85

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think, it worth enjoying.
'Alexander's Feast' (1697) l. 97

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
'Alexander's Feast' (1697) l. 120

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.
'Alexander's Feast' (1697) l. 177 (on 'Divine Cecilia')

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
'All for Love' (1678) prologue

My love's a noble madness.
'All for Love' (1678) act 2, sc. 1

Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Caesar,
The rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
'All for Love' (1678) act 2, sc. 1

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.
'All for Love' (1678) act 4, sc. 1.

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves.
‘All for Love’ (1678) act 5, sc. 1 (of Love)

By viewing nature, nature’s handmaid art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.
‘Annus Mirabilis’ (1667) st. 155

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
‘Astraea Redux’ (1660) l. 7

Death, in itself, is nothing; but we fear,
To be we know not what, we know not where.
‘Aureng-Zebe’ (1675) act 4, sc. 1

None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of life, think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give.
‘Aureng-Zebe’ (1675) act 4, sc. 1

Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
‘The Character of a Good Parson’ (1700) l. 10

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
‘The Conquest of Granada’ (1670) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 1

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne’er pardon, who have done the wrong.
‘The Conquest of Granada’ (1670) pt. 2, act 1, sc. 2

Thou strong seducer, opportunity!
‘The Conquest of Granada’ (1670) pt. 2, act 4, sc. 3

Bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.
‘Constantine the Great’ (1684) epilogue

He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
‘Cymon and Iphigenia’ (1700) l. 84

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
‘Cymon and Iphigenia’ (1700) l. 367.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
‘Cymon and Iphigenia’ (1700) l. 407

His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only showed the paint, but hid the face.
Epistle ‘To my honoured friend Sir Robert Howard’ l. 75

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.
Epistle ‘To my honoured kinsman John Driden’ l. 92

Even victors are by victories undone.
Epistle ‘To my honoured kinsman John Driden’ l. 164

For he was great, ere fortune made him so.
‘Heroic Stanzas’ (1659, on the death of Oliver Cromwell) st. 6

And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 1, l. 8

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 1, l. 33

My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own...
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
(What more could fright my faith than Three in One?)
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 1, l. 72

Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 1, l. 261

Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 2, l. 285

Much malice mingled with a little wit
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 3, l. 1

For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 3, l. 364

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,

And thus the child imposes on the man.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 3, l. 389

T’abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors and the treason love.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 3, l. 706.

For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
‘The Hind and the Panther’ (1687) pt. 3, l. 1093.

And love’s the noblest frailty of the mind.
‘The Indian Emperor’ (1665) act 2, sc. 2.

Repentance is the virtue of weak minds.
‘The Indian Emperor’ (1665) act 3, sc. 1

For all the happiness mankind can gain
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.
‘The Indian Emperor’ (1665) act 4, sc. 1

That fairy kind of writing which depends only upon the force of imagination.
‘King Arthur’ (1691) dedication

War is the trade of kings.
‘King Arthur’ (1691) act 2, sc. 2

Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures, and of loves;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.
‘King Arthur’ (1691) act 5 ‘Song of Venus’

Ovid, the soft philosopher of love.
‘Love Triumphant’ (1694) act 2, sc. 1

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!
‘Love Triumphant’ (1694) act 3, sc. 1 ‘Song of Jealousy’

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
‘MacFlecknoe’ (1682) l. 1

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell’s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
‘MacFlecknoe’ (1682) l. 19

Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame

In keen iambics, but mild anagram:
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land.
There thou mayest wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
‘MacFlecknoe’ (1682) l. 203

I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle and the reputation of five-and-twenty.
‘The Maiden Queen’ (1668) act 3, sc. 1

I am to be married within these three days; married past redemption.
‘Marriage á la Mode’ (1672) act 1, sc. 1

We loathe our manna, and we long for quails.
‘The Medal’ (1682) l. 131

But treason is not owned when ’tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
‘The Medal’ (1682) l. 207

Whatever is, is in its causes just.
‘Oedipus’ (written jointly with Nathaniel Lee, q.v., 1679) act 3, sc. 1

But love’s a malady without a cure.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 2, l. 110

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers’ perjury.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 2, l. 148.

And Antony, who lost the world for love.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 2, l. 607

Repentance is but want of power to sin.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 3, l. 813

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th’ appointed place we tend;
The world’s an inn, and death the journey’s end.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 3, l. 883

A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
‘Palamon and Arcite’ (1700) bk. 3, l. 927

But ’tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation.
‘The Prologue at Oxford, 1680’; prologue to Nathaniel Lee ‘Sophonisba’ (2nd ed., 1681)

So poetry, which is in Oxford made

An art, in London only is a trade.
‘Prologue to the University of Oxon...at the Acting of The Silent Woman’ (1673)

And this unpolished rugged verse I chose
As fittest for discourse and nearest prose.
‘Religio Laici’ (1682) l. 453

I strongly wish for what I faintly hope:
Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden maze.
‘The Rival Ladies’ (1664) act 3, sc. 1

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
‘The Secular Masque’ (1700) l. 39

Joy ruled the day, and Love the night.
‘The Secular Masque’ (1700) l. 81

All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chase had a beast in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
’Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.
‘The Secular Masque’ (1700) l. 92

For secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children and from fools.
‘Sir Martin Mar-All’ (1667) act 2, sc. 2

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
‘A Song for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1687) st. 1

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
‘A Song for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1687) st. 2

The soft complaining flute.
‘A Song for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1687) st. 4

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.
‘A Song for St Cecilia’s Day’ (1687) ‘Grand Chorus’

There is a pleasure sure,

In being mad, which none but madmen know!
‘The Spanish Friar’ (1681) act 1, sc. 1

And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.
‘The Spanish Friar’ (1681) act 2, sc. 2

Mute and magnificent, without a tear.
‘Threnodia Augustalis’ (1685) st. 2

Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom an English subject’s sole prerogative.
‘Threnodia Augustalis’ (1685) st. 10

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
‘To the Memory of Mr Oldham’ (1684)

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest.
‘To the pious Memory of...Mrs Anne Killigrew’ (1686) l. 1

And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne’er will reach an excellence.
‘Tyrannic Love’ (1669) prologue

All delays are dangerous in war.
‘Tyrannic Love’ (1669) act 1, sc. 1

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.
‘Tyrannic Love’ (1669) act 4, sc. 1

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Translation of Horace ‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 29.

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Translation of Horace ‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 29

I can enjoy her while she’s kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.
Translation of Horace ‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 29 (prostitute Fortune)

Look round the habitable world! how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
Translation of Juvenal ‘Satires’ no. 10

To see and be seen, in heaps they run;

Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Translation of Ovid ‘The Art of Love’ bk. 1, l. 109

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

Translation of Persius ‘Satires’ no. 5, l. 246

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno’s unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.

Translation of Virgil ‘Aeneid’ (‘Aeneis’, 1697) bk. 1, l. 1.

We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure.

‘Aeneis’ (1697) dedication

Every age has a kind of universal genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular studies.

‘An Essay of Dramatic Poesy’ (1668)

A thing well said will be wit in all languages.

‘An Essay of Dramatic Poesy’ (1668)

He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul...He was naturally learn’d; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature: he looked inwards, and found her there...He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great.

‘An Essay of Dramatic Poesy’ (1668) on Shakespeare

He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him.

‘An Essay of Dramatic Poesy’ (1668) on Ben Jonson

If by the people you understand the multitude, the hoi polloi, ’tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong: their judgement is a mere lottery.

‘An Essay of Dramatic Poesy’ (1668)

[Shakespeare] is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other.

‘Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age’ (1672)

What judgement I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or reject; to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose.

‘Fables Ancient and Modern’ (1700) preface

’Tis sufficient to say [of Chaucer], according to the proverb, that here is God’s plenty.

‘Fables Ancient and Modern’ (1700) preface

[Chaucer] is a perpetual fountain of good sense.

‘Fables Ancient and Modern’ (1700) preface

One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but

the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats, for boys and women; but little of solid meat for men.

'Fables Ancient and Modern' (1700) preface (on Abraham Cowley)

How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing.

'Of Satire' (1693)

Sure the poet...spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once.

'On Settle'

A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was only belonging to her husband.

'On Settle'

4.94 Alexander Dubcek 1921—

Ve sluzb ch lidu dclali takovou politiku, aby socialismus neztr cel svou lidskou tv r.

In the service of the people we followed a policy so that socialism would not lose its human face.

In 'Rudé Právo' 19 July 1968. A resolution by the party group in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in 1968, referred to Czechoslovakian foreign policy acquiring 'its own defined face': Rudé Právo 14 March 1968

4.95 Joachim Du Bellay 1522-60

France, mére des arts, des armes et des lois.

France, mother of arts, of warfare, and of laws.

'Les regrets' (1558) sonnet no. 9

Heureux qui comme Ulysse a fait un beau voyage
Ou comme cestuy lá qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retournè, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son aage!

Happy he who like Ulysses has made a great journey, or like that man who won the Fleece and then came home, full of experience and good sense, to live the rest of his time among his family!

'Les regrets' (1558) sonnet no. 31

Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loyre Gaulois, que le Tybre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyrè, que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur angevine.

I love thin slate more than hard marble, my Gallic Loire more than the Latin Tiber, my little Lirè more than the Palatine Hill, and more than the sea air the sweetness of Anjou.

'Les regrets' (1558) sonnet no. 31

4.96 W. E. B. Du Bois (William Eward Burghardt Du Bois) 1868-1963

One thing alone I charge you. As you live, believe in life! Always human beings will live and progress to greater, broader and fuller life. The only possible death is to lose belief in this truth simply because the great end comes slowly, because time is long.

Last message, written 26 June, 1957, and read at his funeral, 1963, in 'Journal of Negro History' April 1964

The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the colour line—the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea.

'The Souls of the Black Folk' (1903) ch. 2

Herein lies the tragedy of the ape: not that men are poor...not that men are wicked...but that men know so little of men.

'The Souls of the Black Folk' (1903)

4.97 Stephen Duck 1705-56

Let those who feast at ease on dainty fare,
Pity the reapers, who their feasts prepare.

'The Thresher's Labour' (1730)

Like Sisyphus, our work is never done;
Continually rolls back the restless stone.

'The Thresher's Labour' (1730)

4.98 Mme Du Deffand (Marie de Vichy-Chamrond) 1697-1780

La distance n'y fait rien; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

The distance is nothing; it is only the first step that is difficult.

Commenting on the legend that St Denis, carrying his head in his hands, walked two leagues: letter to Jean Le Rond d'Alembert, 7 July 1763, in Gaston Maugras 'Trois mois á la cour de Frèdèric' (1886) p. 28

4.99 George Duffield 1818-88

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross.

'Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus' (1858 hymn) in C. D. Cleveland 'Lyra Sacra Americana' (1868), the opening line inspired by the dying words of the American evangelist, Dudley Atkins Tyng, to Duffield: 'Tell them to stand up for Jesus'

4.100 Georges Duhamel 1884-1966

Je respecte trop l'idèe de Dieu pour la rendre responsable d'un monde aussi absurde.

I have too much respect for the idea of God to make it responsible for such an absurd world.

'Le dèsert de Biévres' (1937) in 'Chronique des Pasquier' (1948) vol. 5, p. 249

4.101 Raoul Duke

See Hunter S. Thompson (8.36) in Volume II

4.102 John Foster Dulles 1888-1959

You have to take chances for peace, just as you must take chances in war. Some say that we were brought to the verge of war. Of course we were brought to the verge of war. The ability to get to the verge without getting into the war is the necessary art. If you cannot master it, you inevitably get into war. If you try to run away from it, if you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost. We've had to look it square in the face—on the question of enlarging the Korean war, on the question of getting into the Indochina war, on the question of Formosa. We walked to the brink and we looked it in the face.

In 'Life' 16 January 1956

If...the European Defence Community should not become effective; if France and Germany remain apart...That would compel an agonizing reappraisal of basic United States policy.

Speech to NATO Council in Paris, 14 December 1953, in 'New York Times' 15 December 1953, p. 14

4.103 Alexandre Dumas 1802-70

Cherchons la femme.

Let us look for the woman.

'Les Mohicans de Paris' (1854-5) passim; in the form Cherchez la femme attributed to Joseph Fouchè (1763-1820)

Tous pour un, un pour tous.

All for one, one for all.

'Les Trois Mousquetaires' (1844) ch. 9.

4.104 Dame Daphne Du Maurier 1907-89

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again.

'Rebecca' (1938) ch. 1, opening words

4.105 Charles François du Pèrier Dumouriez 1739-1823

Les courtisans qui l'entourent n'ont rien oubliè et n'ont rien appris.

The courtiers who surround him have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing.

Of Louis XVIII, at the time of the Declaration of Verona, September 1795, in 'Examen impartial d'un Ècrit intitulè Dèclaration de Louis XVII' (1795) p. 40; these words were later used by Napoleon in his Declaration to the French on his return from Elba

4.106 Paul Lawrence Dunbar 1872-1906

I know why the caged bird sings!

'Sympathy' st. 3 (and title of autobiographical novel by Maya Angelou, 1969).

4.107 William Dunbar c.1465-c.1513

I that in heill wes and gladnes
Am trublit now with gret seiknes

And feblit with infirmitie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

‘Lament for the Makaris’ (makaris makers, i.e. poets)

All love is lost but upon God alone.

‘The Merle and the Nightingale’ st. 2

4.108 Isadora Duncan 1878-1927

Adieu, mes amis. Je vais á la gloire.

Farewell, my friends. I go to glory.

Last words before her scarf caught in a car wheel, breaking her neck, in Mary Desti ‘Isadora Duncan’s End’ (1929) ch. 25

4.109 Ian Dunlop

The shock of the new: seven historic exhibitions of modern art.

Title of book (1972)

4.110 John Dunning (Baron Ashburton) 1731-83

The influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Resolution passed in the House of Commons, 6 April, 1780, in ‘Parliamentary History of England’ (T. C. Hansard, 1814) vol. 21, col. 347

4.111 James Duport 1606-79

Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius.

Whom God would destroy He first sends mad.

‘Homeri Gnomologia’ (1660) p. 282.

4.112 Richard Duppa 1770-1831

In language, the ignorant have prescribed laws to the learned.

‘Maxims’ (1830) no. 252

4.113 Leo Durocher 1906-91

I called off his players’ names as they came marching up the steps behind him...All nice guys. They’ll finish last. Nice guys. Finish last.

Casual remark at a practice ground in the presence of a number of journalists, July 1946: in ‘Nice Guys Finish Last’ (as the remark generally is quoted, 1975) pt. 1, p. 14

4.114 Ian Dury 1942—

Sex and drugs and rock and roll.

Title of song (1977)

I could be the catalyst that sparks the revolution.
I could be an inmate in a long term institution

I could lean to wild extremes I could do or die,
I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch them gallop by,
What a waste, what a waste, what a waste, what a waste.
‘What a Waste’ (1978 song)

4.115 Sir Edward Dyer d. 1607

My mind to me a kingdom is.
Such perfect joy therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That world affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
‘In praise of a contented mind’ (1588); attributed

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.
‘In praise of a contented mind’ (1588); attributed

4.116 John Dyer 1699-1757

The care of sheep, the labors of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing.
‘The Fleece’ (1757) bk. 1, l. 1

The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together as a choir of larks:
Such joy arises in the mind employed.
‘The Fleece’ (1757) bk. 3, l. 281

Industry
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns.
‘The Fleece’ (1757) bk. 3, l. 332

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered walls.
‘Grongar Hill’ (1726) l. 82

But transient is the smile of fate:
A little rule, a little sway,

A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
'Grongar Hill' (1726) l. 88

The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
'Grongar Hill' (1726) l. 111

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, mid his orison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs.
'The Ruins of Rome' (1740) l. 38

4.117 John Dyer fl. 1714

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
'Down among the Dead Men' (c.1700)

4.118 Bob Dylan (Robert Zimmerman) 1941—

'No reason to get excited,' the thief, he kindly spoke,
'There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been thro' that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late'
'All Along the Watchtower' (1968 song)

I ain't lookin' to block you up,
Shock or knock or lock you up,
Analyze you, categorize you,
Finalize you or advertise you.
'All I Really Want To Do' (1964 song)

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you can call him a man?
'Blowin' in the Wind' (1962 song)

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, `n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, `n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

‘Blowin’ in the Wind’ (1962 song)

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder...
An’ we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

‘Chimes of Freedom’ (1964 song)

Praise be to Nero’s Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody’s shouting
‘Which Side Are You On?’
And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain’s tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers.

‘Desolation Row’ (1965 song)

I ain’t sayin’ you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don’t mind
You just kinda wasted my precious time
But don’t think twice, it’s all right.

‘Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right’ (1963 song)

The motorcycle black madonna
Two-wheeled gypsy queen.

‘Gates of Eden’ (1965 song)

I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,
I saw guns and sharp swords, in the hands of young children,
And it’s a hard, and it’s a hard, it’s a hard, it’s a hard,
And it’s a hard rain’s a gonna fall.

‘A Hard Rain’s A Gonna Fall’ (1963 song)

It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart.

‘Idiot Wind’ (1974 song)

Money doesn’t talk, it swears.

‘It’s Alright, Ma (I’m Only Bleeding)’ (1965 song)

My love she speaks softly,
She knows there’s no success like failure
And that failure’s no success at all.

‘Love Minus Zero / No Limit’ (1965 song)

Hey! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me.
I’m not sleepy and there is no place I’m going to.

‘Mr Tambourine Man’ (1965 song)

Then take me disappearin’ through the smoke rings of my mind,
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,

The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.

‘Mr Tambourine Man’ (1964 song)

‘Equality,’ I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I’m younger than that now.

‘My Back Pages’ (1964 song)

Sara, Sara
Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress.

‘Sara (1975 song)

Señor, señor, do you know where we’re headin’?
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?

‘Señor (Tale of Yankee Power)’ (1978 song)

Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest.

‘Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again’ (1966 song)

Don’t follow leaders
Watch the parkin’ meters.

‘Subterranean Homesick Blues’ (1965 song)

Come mothers and fathers,
Throughout the land
And don’t criticize
What you can’t understand.
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin’
Please get out of the new one
If you can’t lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin’!

‘The Times They Are A-Changing’ (1964 song)

But I can’t think for you
You’ll have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

‘With God on our Side’ (1963 song)

5.0 E

5.1 Abba Eban 1915—

History teaches us that men and nations behave wisely once they have exhausted all other alternatives.

Speech in London, 16 December 1970, in ‘The Times’ 17 December 1970

5.2 Sir Anthony Eden (Earl of Avon) 1897-1977

We are in an armed conflict; that is the phrase I have used. There has been no declaration of war.

‘Hansard’ 1 November 1956, col. 1641

5.3 Marriott Edgar 1880-1951

There’s a famous seaside place called Blackpool,
That’s noted for fresh air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was young Albert,
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
With a stick with an ’orse’s ’ead ’andle,
The finest that Woolworth’s could sell.

The Magistrate gave his opinion
That no one was really to blame
And he said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing,
‘And thank you, sir, kindly,’ said she.
‘What, waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy Lions? Not me!’

‘The Lion and Albert’ (1932)

5.4 Maria Edgeworth 1768-1849

Well! some people talk of morality, and some of religion, but give me a little snug property.

‘The Absentee’ (1812) ch. 2

To be sure a love match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could any way afford it.

‘Castle Rackrent’ (1800) ‘Continuation of Memoirs’

Come when you’re called;
And do as you’re bid;
Shut the door after you;

And you'll never be chid.

'The Contrast' (1804) ch. 1

Business was his aversion; pleasure was his business.

'The Contrast' (1804) ch. 2

Possessed, as are all the fair daughters of Eve, of an hereditary propensity, transmitted to them undiminished through succeeding generations, to be "soon moved with the slightest touch of blame"; very little precept and practice will confirm them in the habit, and instruct them in all the maxims, of self-justification.

'An Essay on the Noble Science of Self-Justification' (1787)

What a misfortune it is to be born a woman!...Why seek for knowledge, which can prove only that our wretchedness is irremediable? If a ray of light break in upon us, it is but to make darkness more visible; to show us the new limits, the Gothic structure, the impenetrable barriers of our prison.

'Leonora' (1806) Letter 1

Man is to be held only by the slightest chains, with the idea that he can break them at pleasure, he submits to them in sport.

'Letters of Julia and Caroline' (1787) Letter 1

5.5 Duke of Edinburgh 1921—

See Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh (4.54) in Volume II

5.6 Thomas Alva Edison 1847-1931

Genius is one per cent inspiration, ninety-nine per cent perspiration.

In 'Harper's Monthly Magazine' September 1932 (having been said c.1903).

5.7 James Edmeston 1791-1867

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee.

'Sacred Lyrics' (1821) 'Lead Us, Heavenly Father'

5.8 John Maxwell Edmonds 1875-1958

When you go home, tell them of us and say,
'For your tomorrows these gave their today.'

'Inscriptions Suggested for War Memorials' (1919)

5.9 King Edward III 1312-77

Also say to them, that they suffre hym this day to wynne his spurres, for if god be pleased, I woll this journey be his, and the honoure therof.

Speaking of the Black Prince at Crècy, 1345 (commonly quoted as 'Let the boy win his spurs') in 'The

Chronicle of Froissart' translated by Sir John Bourchier Lord Berners (1523-5) ch. 130

5.10 King Edward VII 1841-1910

I thought everyone must know that a short jacket is always worn with a silk hat at a private view in the morning.

To Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who had proposed to accompany him in a tail-coat, in Sir Philip Magnus 'Edward VII' (1964) ch. 19

5.11 King Edward VIII (Duke of Windsor) 1894-1972

These works brought all these people here. Something should be done to get them at work again.

Speaking at the derelict Dowlais Iron and Steel Works, 18 November 1936, in 'Western Mail' 19 November 1936 (generally quoted 'Something must be done')

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own...you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

Radio broadcast following his abdication, 11 December 1936, in 'The Times' 12 December 1936

The thing that impresses me most about America is the way parents obey their children.

'Look' 5 March 1957

5.12 Richard Edwardes c.1523-66

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, 'Now have I found this proverb true to prove:
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.'

'The Paradise of dainty devices' (1576) 'Amantium Irae'

5.13 Jonathan Edwards 1629-1712

The bodies of those that made such a noise and tumult when alive, when dead, lie as quietly among the graves of their neighbours as any others.

'Procrastination'

5.14 Jonathan Edwards 1703-58

Of all Insects no one is more wonderful than the spider especially with Respect to their sagacity and admirable way of working...I...once saw a very large spider to my surprise swimming in the air...and others have assured me that they often have seen spiders fly, the appearance is truly very pretty and pleasing.

‘The Flying Spider—Observations by Jonathan Edwards when a boy’ ‘Of Insects’ (written in his early youth) in ‘Andover Review’ vol. 13 (1890) p. 5

5.15 Oliver Edwards 1711-91

I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don’t know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) 17 April 1778

For my part now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass, in order to get to bed.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) 17 April 1778. Boswell notes: ‘I am not absolutely sure but this was my own suggestion, though it is truly in the character of Edwards’

5.16 Sarah Egerton 1670-1723

From the first dawn of life unto the grave,
Poor womankind’s in every state a slave.

‘The Emulation’ (1703)

We will our rights in learning’s world maintain;
Wit’s empire now shall know a female reign.

‘The Emulation’ (1703)

5.17 John Ehrlichman 1925—

I think we ought to let him hang there. Let him twist slowly, slowly in the wind.

Speaking of Patrick Gray (regarding his nomination as director of the FBI) in a telephone conversation with John Dean: ‘Washington Post’ 27 July 1973, p. A27

5.18 Albert Einstein 1879-1955

Raffiniert ist der Herrgott, aber boshaft ist er nicht.

God is subtle but he is not malicious.

Remark made at Princeton University, c.9 May 1921, in R. W. Clark ‘Einstein’ (1973) ch. 14

Jedenfalls bin ich überzeugt, dass der nicht würfelt.

At any rate, I am convinced that He does not play dice.

Referring to God in a letter to Max Born, 4 December 1926: ‘Einstein und Born Briefwechsel’ (1969) p. 130 (often quoted as Gott würfelt nicht God does not play dice)

If my theory of relativity is proven correct, Germany will claim me as a German and France will declare that I am a citizen of the world. Should my theory prove untrue, France will say that I am a German and Germany will declare that I am a Jew.

Address at the Sorbonne, Paris, possibly early December 1929, in ‘New York Times’ 16 February 1930

The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking and we thus drift toward unparalleled catastrophe.

Telegram sent to prominent Americans, 24 May 1946, in ‘New York Times’ 25 May 1946

If A is a success in life, then A equals x plus y plus z. Work is x; y is play; and z is keeping

your mouth shut.

In ‘Observer’ 15 January 1950

Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

‘Science, Philosophy and Religion: a Symposium’ (1941) ch. 13

Nationalism is an infantile sickness. It is the measles of the human race.

In Helen Dukas and Banesh Hoffman ‘Albert Einstein, the Human Side’ (1979) p. 38

5.19 Dwight D. Eisenhower 1890-1969

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its labourers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children.

Speech in Washington, 16 April 1953, in ‘Public Papers of Presidents 1953’ (1960) p. 182

You have broader considerations that might follow what you might call the ‘falling domino’ principle. You have a row of dominoes set up. You knock over the first one, and what will happen to the last one is that it will go over very quickly. So you have the beginning of a disintegration that would have the most profound influences.

Speech at press conference, 7 April 1954, in ‘Public Papers of Presidents 1954’ (1960) p. 383

I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of the way and let them have it.

Broadcast discussion, 31 August 1959, in ‘Public Papers of Presidents 1959’ (1960) p. 625

5.20 Edward Elgar 1857-1934

To my friends pictured within.

‘Enigma Variations’ (1899) dedication

5.21 George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) 1819-80

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitute a man’s critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch. 29

A maggot must be born i’ the rotten cheese to like it.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch. 32

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch. 33

Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch. 42

We hand folks over to God’s mercy, and show none ourselves.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch.42

The mother’s yearning, that completest type of the life in another life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the debased, degraded man.

‘Adam Bede’ (1859) ch. 43

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

‘Daniel Deronda’ (1876) bk. 2, ch. 13

A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.

‘Daniel Deronda’ (1876) bk. 2, ch. 15

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

‘Daniel Deronda’ (1876) bk. 3, ch. 24

Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up.

‘Daniel Deronda’ (1876) bk. 4, ch. 32

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless; nay, the speech they have resolved not to make.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 2

There is no private life which has not been determined by a wider public life.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 3

An election is coming. Universal peace is declared, and the foxes have a sincere interest in prolonging the lives of the poultry.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 5

A little daily embroidery had been a constant element in Mrs Transome’s life; that soothing occupation of taking stitches to produce what neither she nor any one else wanted, was then the resource of many a well-born and unhappy woman.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 7

Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled egg; and when it takes to cackling will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 15

A woman can hardly ever choose...she is dependent on what happens to her. She must take meaner things, because only meaner things are within her reach.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 27

There’s many a one who would be idle if hunger didn’t pinch him; but the stomach sets us to work.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) ch. 30

‘Abroad’, that large home of ruined reputations.

‘Felix Holt’ (1866) epilogue

Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure

which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) Prelude

A woman dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 1, ch. 9

He said he should prefer not to know the sources of the Nile, and that there should be some unknown regions preserved as hunting-grounds for the poetic imagination.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 1, ch. 9

Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 1, ch. 10

Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with philosophy and investigated by science.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 1, ch. 11

Any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots, sees a slow preparation of effects from one life or another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our unintroduced neighbour.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 1, ch. 11

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel’s heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 2, ch. 20

We do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency, has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 2, ch. 20

A woman, let her be as good as she may, has got to put up with the life her husband makes for her.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 3, ch. 25

It is an uneasy lot at best, to be what we call highly taught and yet not to enjoy: to be present at this great spectacle of life and never to be liberated from a small hungry shivering self.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 3, ch. 29

A man is seldom ashamed of feeling that he cannot love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her: nature having intended greatness for men.

‘Middlemarch’ (1871-2) bk. 4, ch. 39

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.

‘The Mill on the Floss’ (1860) bk. 1, ch. 10

The dead level of provincial existence.

‘The Mill on the Floss’ (1860) bk. 5, ch. 3

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

‘The Mill on the Floss’ (1860) bk. 6, ch. 3.

I should like to know what is the proper function of women, if it is not to make reasons for husbands to stay at home, and still stronger reasons for bachelors to go out.

'The Mill on the Floss' (1860) bk. 6, ch. 6

In every parting there is an image of death.

'Scenes of Clerical Life' (1858) 'Amos Barton' ch. 10

Errors look so very ugly in persons of small means—one feels they are taking quite a liberty in going astray; whereas people of fortune may naturally indulge in a few delinquencies.

'Scenes of Clerical Life' (1858) 'Janet's Repentance' ch. 25

Debasing the moral currency.

'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such' (1879) essay title

Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.

'Oh May I Join the Choir Invisible' (1867)

Life is too precious to be spent in this weaving and unweaving of false impressions, and it is better to live quietly under some degree of misrepresentation than to attempt to remove it by the uncertain process of letter-writing.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 8 June 1856

If art does not enlarge men's sympathies, it does nothing morally.

Letter, 5 July 1859

The idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human.

In G. S. Haight (ed.) 'The George Eliot Letters' vol. 6

She, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words God, Immortality, Duty—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law.

F. W. H. Myers 'George Eliot', in 'Century Magazine' November 1881

5.22 T. S. Eliot (Thomas Stearns Eliot) 1888-1965

Because I do not hope to turn again
Because I do not hope
Because I do not hope to turn.

'Ash-Wednesday' (1930) pt. 1

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans to beat the air
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and dryer than the will
Teach us to care and not to care

Teach us to sit still.

‘Ash-Wednesday’ (1930) pt. 1

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree
In the cool of the day.

‘Ash-Wednesday’ (1930) pt. 2

You’ve missed the point completely, Julia:
There were no tigers. That was the point.

‘The Cocktail Party’ (1950) act 1, sc. 1

What is hell?
Hell is oneself,
Hell is alone, the other figures in it
Merely projections. There is nothing to escape from
And nothing to escape to. One is always alone.

‘The Cocktail Party’ (1950) act 1, sc. 3.

Where are the eagles and the trumpets?

Buried beneath some snow-deep Alps.
Over buttered scones and crumpets
Weeping, weeping multitudes
Droop in a hundred A.B.C.’s.

‘Cooking Egg’ (1920)

Success is relative:
It is what we can make of the mess we have made of things.

‘The Family Reunion’ (1939) pt. 2, sc. 3

Round and round the circle
Completing the charm
So the knot be unknotted
The cross be uncrossed
The crooked be made straight
And the curse be ended.

‘The Family Reunion’ (1939) pt. 2, sc. 3

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
Lean on a garden urn—
Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

‘La Figlia Che Piange’ (1917)

Sometimes these cogitations still amaze
The troubled midnight and the noon’s repose.

‘La Figlia Che Piange’ (1917)

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Burnt Norton’ (1936) pt. 1

Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Burnt Norton’ (1936) pt. 1

Human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Burnt Norton’ (1936) pt. 1.

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Burnt Norton’ (1936) pt. 2

Words strain,
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
Will not stay still.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Burnt Norton’ (1936) pt. 5

In my beginning is my end.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 1.

That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory:
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,
Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
With words and meanings. The poetry does not matter.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 2

The houses are all gone under the sea.
The dancers are all gone under the hill.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 2

O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 3

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer’s art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 4

Each venture

Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘East Coker’ (1940) pt. 5

I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘The Dry Salvages’ (1941) pt. 1

And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 1

Ash on an old man’s sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.
Dust inbreathed was a house—
The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.
The death of hope and despair,
This is the death of air.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 2

Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us
To purify the dialect of the tribe
And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 2

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 5

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 5

A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter’s afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.
‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 5

A condition of complete simplicity

(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

‘Four Quartets’ ‘Little Gidding’ (1942) pt. 5.

Here I am, an old man in a dry month
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.

‘Gerontion’ (1920)

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Think now
History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
Guides us by vanities.

‘Gerontion’ (1920)

Tenants of the house,
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.

‘Gerontion’ (1920)

The hippopotamus’s day
Is passed in sleep; at night he hunts;
God works in a mysterious way—
The Church can feed and sleep at once.

‘The Hippopotamus’ (1919)

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

‘The Hollow Men’ (1925)

Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o’clock in the morning.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow.

‘The Hollow Men’ (1925)

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

‘The Hollow Men’ (1925)

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.

‘Journey of the Magi’ (1927).

But set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

‘Journey of the Magi’ (1927)

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes.
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes.
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do

To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

I grow old...I grow old...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ (1917)

I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.

‘Morning at the Window’ (1917)

Polyphiloprogenitive
The sapient sutlers of the Lord
Drift across window-panes
In the beginning was the Word.

‘Mr Eliot’s Sunday Morning Service’ (1919)

Yet we have gone on living,
Living and partly living.

‘Murder in the Cathedral’ (1935) pt. 1

The last temptation is the greatest treason:
To do the right deed for the wrong reason.

‘Murder in the Cathedral’ (1935) pt. 1

Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind! take the stone from stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle from bone, and wash them.

‘Murder in the Cathedral’ (1935) pt. 2

Macavity, Macavity, there’s no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN’T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known

‘Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats’ (1939) ‘Macavity: the Mystery Cat’

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.
Six o’clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.

‘Preludes’ (1917)

Every street lamp that I pass

Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

‘Rhapsody on a Windy Night’ (1917)

Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

‘The Rock’ (1934) pt. 1

And the wind shall say: ‘Here were decent godless people:
Their only monument the asphalt road
And a thousand lost golf balls.’

‘The Rock’ (1934) pt. 1

Birth, and copulation, and death.
That’s all the facts when you come to brass tacks:
Birth, and copulation, and death.
I’ve been born, and once is enough.

‘Sweeney Agonistes’ (1932) ‘Fragment of an Agon’

Any man has to, needs to, wants to
Once in a lifetime, do a girl in.

‘Sweeney Agonistes’ (1932) ‘Fragment of an Agon’

I gotta use words when I talk to you.

‘Sweeney Agonistes’ (1932) ‘Fragment of an Agon’

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,
And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

‘Sweeney among the Nightingales’ (1919)

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 1

I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 1

And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 1.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 1

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 1

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 2.

And still she cried, and still the world pursues, ‘Jug Jug’ to dirty ears.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 2

I think we are in rats’ alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.
‘Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 2

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—
It’s so elegant
So intelligent.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 2.

Hurry up please it’s time.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 2

But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs Porter in the spring.
O the moon shone bright on Mrs Porter

And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 3.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I, Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 3

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent’s clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 3

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 3.

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 4

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 5

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled.
‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 5

These fragments I have shored against my ruins.

‘The Waste Land’ (1922) pt. 5

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures underground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

‘Whispers of Immortality’ (1919)

Grishkin is nice: her Russian eye
Is underlined for emphasis;
Uncorseted, her friendly bust
Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.

‘Whispers of Immortality’ (1919)

We know too much and are convinced of too little. Our literature is a substitute for religion, and so is our religion.

‘A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry’ (1928)

Comparison and analysis are the chief tools of the critic.

‘The Function of Criticism’ (1925)

In the seventeenth century a dissociation of sensibility set in, from which we have never recovered; and this dissociation, as is natural, was due to the influence of the two most powerful poets of the century, Milton and Dryden.

‘The Metaphysical Poets’ (1921)

Poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be difficult.

‘The Metaphysical Poets’ (1921)

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an ‘objective correlative’; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked.

‘The Sacred Wood’ (1920) ‘Hamlet and his Problems’

Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal.

‘The Sacred Wood’ (1920) ‘Philip Massinger’

Someone said: ‘The dead writers are remote from us because we know so much more than they did.’ Precisely, and they are that which we know.

‘The Sacred Wood’ (1920) ‘Tradition and Individual Talent’

Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality but an escape from personality.

‘The Sacred Wood’ (1920) ‘Tradition and Individual Talent’

To me...[The Wasteland] was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life; it is just a piece of rhythmical grumbling.

‘The Wasteland’ (ed. Valerie Eliot, 1971) epigraph

5.23 Queen Elizabeth I 1533-1603

I am your anointed Queen. I will never be by violence constrained to do anything. I thank God that I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the Realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christome.

Speech to Members of Parliament, 5 November 1566, in J. E. Neale ‘Elizabeth I and her Parliaments 1559-1581’ (1953) pt. 3, ch. 1

As for me, I see no such great cause why I should either be fond to live or fear to die. I have had good experience of this world, and I know what it is to be a subject and what to be a sovereign. Good neighbours I have had, and I have met with bad: and in trust I have found treason.

Speech to Parliament, 1586, in William Camden ‘Annales rerum anglicanum’ (1615) bk. 3

I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm.

Speech to the troops at Tilbury on the approach of the Armada, 1588, in Lord Somers ‘A Third Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts’ (1751) p. 196

Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown: that I have reigned with your loves.

The Golden Speech, 1601, in ‘The Journals of All the Parliaments During the Reign of Queen Elizabeth’... Collected by Sir Simonds D’Ewes (1682) p. 659

Like strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones.

Describing the tactics of the Commission of Sales, in their dealings with her, in Francis Bacon ‘Apophthegms New and Old’ (1625) no. 54

Good-morning, gentlemen both.

To a delegation of eighteen tailors, in F. Chamberlin ‘The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth’ (1923) p. 28. ‘Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs’ ‘Nine tailors make a man’ under nine

I will make you shorter by the head.

To the leaders of her Council, who were opposing her course towards Mary Queen of Scots, in F. Chamberlin ‘The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth’ (1923) p. 224

’Twas God the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the word did make it;
That I believe, and take it.

Answer on being asked her opinion of Christ’s presence in the Sacrament, in S. Clarke ‘The Marrow of Ecclesiastical History’ (1675) pt. 2, bk. 1 ‘The Life of Queen Elizabeth’ p. 94

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

Lines after Sir Walter Ralegh, written on a window-pane: Thomas Fuller ‘Worthies of England’ vol. 1, p. 419.

Must! Is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word.

To Robert Cecil, on his advising her she must go to bed, in J. R. Green ‘A Short History of the English

People' (1874) ch. 7; 'Dodd's Church History of England' vol. 3 (ed. M. A. Tierney, 1840) adds: 'but thou knowest I must die, and that maketh thee so presumptuous'

Madam I may not call you; mistress I am ashamed to call you; and so I know not what to call you; but howsoever, I thank you.

To the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen not approving of married clergy, in Sir John Harington 'A Brief View of the State of the Church of England' (1653) p. 4

God may pardon you, but I never can.

To the dying Countess of Nottingham, in David Hume 'The History of England under the House of Tudor' (1759) vol. 2, ch. 7

The queen of Scots is this day leichter of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock.

To her ladies. 'The Memoirs of Sir James Melville' (1683) p. 70

My Lord, I had forgot the fart.

In 'Oxford Book of Political Anecdotes'

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow.

On Mary Queen of Scots in George Puttenham (ed.) 'The Art of English Poesie' (1589) bk. 3, ch. 20

Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

To Sir Edward Dyer, in T. Tenison (ed.) 'Baconiana' (1679) Apophthegm 5

Semper eadem.

Ever the same.

Motto

I would not open windows into men's souls.

??

All my possessions for a moment of time.

Last words

5.24 Queen Elizabeth II 1926—

I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family to which we all belong.

Broadcast speech (as Princess Elizabeth) to the Commonwealth from Cape Town, 21 April 1947, in 'The Times' 22 April 1947

I think everybody really will concede that on this, of all days, I should begin my speech with the words 'My husband and I'.

Speech at Guildhall, London, on her 25th wedding anniversary, 20 November 1972, in 'The Times' 21 November 1972

5.25 Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother 1900—

I'm glad we've been bombed. It makes me feel I can look the East End in the face.

To a policeman, 13 September 1940, in John Wheeler-Bennett 'King George VI' (1958) pt. 3, ch. 6

How small and selfish sorrow is. But it bangs one about until one is senseless.

Letter to Edith Sitwell, seven months after the death of George VI, in Penelope Mortimer 'Queen Elizabeth' (1986

The children won't leave without me; I shan't leave without the king; and the king will never leave.

On the suggestion that the royal family be evacuated during the Blitz

5.26 Alf Ellerton

Belgium put the kibosh on the Kaiser.

Title of song (1914)

5.27 John Ellerton 1826-93

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest.
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

Hymn (1870) in 'A Liturgy for Missionary Meetings' (1871), the first line being borrowed from an earlier, anonymous hymn

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to Heav'n draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

'This is the day of light' (1867 hymn)

5.28 Jane Elliot 1727-1805

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking.
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

'The Flowers of the Forest' (1769) the most popular version of the traditional lament for Flodden

5.29 Charlotte Elliott 1789-1871

'Christian! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes—
'Watch and pray.'

'Morning and Evening Hymns' (1836) 'Christian! seek not yet repose'

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

'Invalid's Hymn Book' (1834) 'Just as I am'

5.30 Ebenezer Elliott 1781-1849

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
'More Verse and Prose' (1850) 'Epigram'

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
'More Verse and Prose' (1850) 'The People's Anthem'

5.31 George Ellis 1753-1815

Snowy, Flowy, Blowy,
Showery, Flowery, Bowery,
Hoppy, Croppy, Droppy,
Breezy, Sneezy, Freezy.
'The Twelve Months'

5.32 Havelock Ellis (Henry Havelock Ellis) 1859-1939

What we call 'progress' is the exchange of one nuisance for another nuisance.
'Impressions and Comments' (1914) 31 July 1912

All civilization has from time to time become a thin crust over a volcano of revolution.
'Little Essays of Love and Virtue' (1922) ch. 7

5.33 Elstow

With thanks to God we know the way to heaven, to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go.
When threatened with drowning by Henry VIII, in John Stow 'The Annals of England' (1615) p. 543.

5.34 Paul Eluard 1895-1952

Adieu tristesse
Bonjour tristesse
Tu es inscrite dans les lignes du plafond.

Farewell sadness Good-day sadness You are inscribed in the lines of the ceiling.
'A peine dèfigurèe' (1932)

5.35 Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-82

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
'Brahma' (1867)

I am the doubter and the doubt,

And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

‘Brahma’ (1867)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

‘Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument’ 19 April 1836

Good-bye, proud world! I’m going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I’m not thine.

‘Good-bye’ (1847)

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

‘Ode’ Inscribed to W. H. Channing (1847)

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowléd churchman be.

‘The Problem’ (1847)

He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

‘The Problem’ (1847)

The frolic architecture of the snow.

‘The Snowstorm’ (1847)

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill.

‘Solution’ (1847)

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low,
Thou must,
The youth replies,
I can.

‘Voluntaries’ no. 3 (1867)

Make yourself necessary to someone.

‘The Conduct of Life’ (1860) ‘Considerations by the way’

All sensible people are selfish, and nature is tugging at every contract to make the terms of it fair.

‘The Conduct of Life’ (1860) ‘Considerations by the way’

Art is a jealous mistress.

'The Conduct of Life' (1860) 'Wealth'

The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we counted our spoons.

'The Conduct of Life' (1860) 'Worship'.

I feel, in regard to this aged England...that she sees a little better on a cloudy day, and that, in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon.

'English Traits' (1856) 'Speech at Manchester' (1847)

Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature...It will come, as always, unannounced, and spring up between the feet of brave and earnest men.

'Essays' (1841) 'Art'

Conversation is a game of circles. In conversation we pluck up the termini which bound the common of silence on every side.

'Essays' (1841) 'Circles'

People wish to be settled: only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.

'Essays' (1841) 'Circles'

Thou art to me a delicious torment.

'Essays' (1841) 'Friendship'

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.

'Essays' (1841) 'Friendship'

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.

'Essays' (1841) 'Friendship'

We need books of this tart, cathartic virtue, more than books of political science or of private economy.

On Plutarch's Lives, in 'Essays' (1841) 'Heroism'

It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, 'Always do what you are afraid to do.'

'Essays' (1841) 'Heroism'

There is properly no history; only biography.

'Essays' (1841) 'History'.

The faith that stands on authority is not faith.

'Essays' (1841) 'The Over-Soul'

In skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed.

'Essays' (1841) 'Prudence'

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own.

'Essays' (1841) 'Self-Reliance'

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do.

'Essays' (1841) 'Self-Reliance'

Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and

Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

'Essays' (1841) 'Self-Reliance'

To fill the hour—that is happiness.

'Essays. Second Series' (1844) 'Experience'

The years teach much which the days never know.

'Essays. Second Series' (1844) 'Experience'

Men are conservatives when they are least vigorous, or when they are most luxurious. They are conservatives after dinner.

'Essays. Second Series' (1844) 'New England Reformers'

Every man is wanted, and no man is wanted much.

'Essays. Second Series' (1844) 'Nominalist and Realist'

Language is fossil poetry.

'Essays. Second Series' (1844) 'The Poet'

What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered.

'Fortune of the Republic' (1878) p. 3

Old age brings along with its uglinesses the comfort that you will soon be out of it,—which ought to be a substantial relief to such discontented pendulums as we are. To be out of the war, out of debt, out of the drouth, out of the blues, out of the dentist's hands, out of the second thoughts, mortifications, and remorses that inflict such twinges and shooting pains,—out of the next winter, and the high prices, and company below your ambition,—surely these are soothing hints.

Journal, 1864, in Linda Allardt et al. (eds.) 'The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson' vol. 15, 1860-6 (1982) p. 428

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out; and such as are out wish to get in.

'Representative Men' (1850) 'Montaigne'

Every hero becomes a bore at last.

'Representative Men' (1850) 'Uses of Great Men'

Hitch your wagon to a star.

'Society and Solitude' (1870) 'Civilization'

We boil at different degrees.

'Society and Solitude' (1870) 'Eloquence'

America is a country of young men.

'Society and Solitude' (1870) 'Old Age'

Glittering generalities! They are blazing ubiquities.

On Choate (attributed).

If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, tho' he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

Attributed to Emerson in Sarah S. B. Yule 'Borrowings' (1889). Mrs Yule states in The Docket February

1912 that she copied this in her handbook from a lecture delivered by Emerson; the quotation was the occasion of a long controversy, owing to Elbert Hubbard's claim to its authorship

5.36 Sir William Empson 1906-84

Waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end.
'Just a smack at Auden'

It is this deep blankness is the real thing strange.
The more things happen to you the more you can't
Tell or remember even what they were.

The contradictions cover such a range.
The talk would talk and go so far about.
You don't want madhouse and the whole thing there.
'Let it Go'

Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.
It is not the effort nor the failure tires.
The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.
'Missing Dates' (1935)

Seven types of ambiguity.
Title of book (1930)

5.37 Friedrich Engels 1820-95

Der Staat wird nicht 'abgeschaft', er stirbt ab.

The State is not 'abolished', it withers away.
'Anti-Dühring' (1878) pt. 3, ch. 2

See also Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels (1.86) in Volume II

5.38 Thomas Dunn English 1819-1902

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
'Ben Bolt'

5.39 Ennius 239-169 B.C.

O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tyranne tulisti!

O tyrant Titus Tatius, what a lot you brought upon yourself!
'Annals' bk. 1 (l. 104 in O. Skutch (ed.) 'The Annals of Q. Ennius', 1985)

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque.

The Roman state survives by its ancient customs and its manhood.
'Annals' bk. 5 (l. 156 in O. Skutch (ed.) 'The Annals of Q. Ennius', 1985)

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

One man by delaying put the state to rights for us.

‘Annals’ bk. 12 (l. 363 in O. Skutch (ed.) ‘The Annals of Q. Ennius’, 1985); referring to the Roman general Fabius Cunctator (‘The Delayer’)

At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.

And the trumpet in terrible tones went taratantara.

‘Annals’ (l. 451 in O. Skutch (ed.) ‘The Annals of Q. Ennius’, 1985)

5.40 Ephelia fl. 1679

And yet I love this false, this worthless man,
With all the passion that a woman can;
Dote on his imperfections, though I spy
Nothing to love; I love, and know not why.

‘Female Poems’ (1679) ‘To one that asked me why I loved J.G.’

5.41 Sir Jacob Epstein 1880-1959

Why don’t they stick to murder and leave art to us?

Telegram sent to the Warden of New College, Oxford, on hearing of Kruscher’s derogatory remarks on his ‘Lazarus’ in the College chapel

5.42 Julius J. Epstein 1909-, Philip G. Epstein 1909-52, and Howard Koch 1902—

Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine.

‘Casablanca’ (1942 film); spoken by Humphrey Bogart

If she can stand it, I can. Play it!

‘Casablanca’ (1942 film); spoken by Humphrey Bogart and usually misquoted as ‘Play it again, Sam’. Earlier in the film Ingrid Bergman says, ‘Play it, Sam. Play ‘As Time Goes By’’.

Here’s looking at you, kid.

‘Casablanca’ (1942 film); spoken by Humphrey Bogart

Major Strasser has been shot. Round up the usual suspects.

‘Casablanca’ (1942 film); spoken by Claude Rains

5.43 Olaudah Equiano c.1745-c.1797

We are...a nation of dancers, singers and poets.

‘Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano’ (1789) ch. 1 (the Ibo people)

When I recovered a little I found some black people about me...I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and loose hair.

‘Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano’ (1789) ch. 3

5.44 Erasmus (Desiderius Erasmus) c.1467-1536

In regione caecorum rex est lustus.

In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king.

‘Adages’

5.45 Susan Ertz 1894-1985

Someone has somewhere commented on the fact that millions long for immortality who don’t know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

‘Anger in the Sky’ (1943) p. 137

5.46 Robert Devereux, Earl Of Essex 1566-1601

Reasons are not like garments, the worse for wearing.

Letter to Lord Willoughby, 4 January 1599, in ‘Notes and Queries’ 10th Series, vol. 2 (1904) p. 23

5.47 Henri Estienne 1531-98

Si jeunesse savoit; si vieillesse pouvoit.

If youth knew; if age could.

‘Les Prèmices’ (1594) bk. 4, epigram 4

5.48 Sir George Etherege (or Etheredge) c.1635-91

I walk within the purlieus of the Law.

‘Love in a Tub’ (1664) act 1, sc. 3

When love grows diseased, the best thing we can do is put it to a violent death; I cannot endure the torture of a lingering and consumptive passion.

‘The Man of Mode’ (1676) act 2, sc. 2

Writing, Madam, ’s a mechanic part of wit! A gentleman should never go beyond a song or a billet.

‘The Man of Mode’ (1676) act 4, sc. 1

Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct:
Your kindness now will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect:
Chloris, at worst, you’ll in the end
But change your Lover for a friend.

‘New Academy of Compliments’ (1671) ‘Chloris, ’tis not in your power’

5.49 Euclid fl. c.300 B.C.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

Which was to be proved.

‘Elementa’ bk. 1, proposition 5 and passim (Latin translation from the Greek)

A line is length without breadth.

‘Elementa’ bk. 1, definition 2

There is no ‘royal road’ to geometry.

Said to Ptolemy I, in Proclus ‘Commentary on the First Book of Euclid’s Elementa’ prologue, pt. 2

5.50 Euripides c.485-406 B.C.

My tongue swore, but my mind’s unsworn.

‘Hippolytus’ l. 612 (Hippolytus, justifying his breaking of an oath)

5.51 Abel Evans 1679-1737

Under this stone, Reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh’s house of clay.
Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee!

‘Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, Architect of Blenheim Palace’

5.52 John Evelyn 1620-1706

This knight was indeed a valiant Gent: but not a little given to romance, when he spake of himself.

E. S. de Beer (ed.) ‘The Diary of John Evelyn’ (1955) vol. 3, p. 40 (6 September 1651)

Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at.

E. S. de Beer (ed.) ‘The Diary of John Evelyn’ (1955) vol. 3, p. 96 (10 May 1654)

That miracle of a youth, Mr Christopher Wren.

E. S. de Beer (ed.) ‘The Diary of John Evelyn’ (1955) vol. 3, p. 106 (11 July 1654)

I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now the old play began to disgust this refined age.

E. S. de Beer (ed.) ‘The Diary of John Evelyn’ (1955) vol. 3, p. 304 (26 November 1661)

5.53 David Everett 1769-1813

You’d scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don’t view me with a critic’s eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

‘Lines Written for a School Declamation’

5.54 Viscount Eversley

See Charles Shaw-Lefevre (7.71) in Volume II

5.55 William Norman Ewer 1885-1976

I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

‘Five Souls’ (1917)

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

In ‘Week-End Book’ (1924) p. 117.

6.0 F

6.1 F. W. Faber 1814-63

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

‘Oratory Hymns’ (1854) ‘The Pilgrims of the Night’

My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty how bright!

‘Oratory Hymns’ (1854) ‘The Eternal Father’

6.2 Robert Fabyan d. 1513

Finally he paid the debt of nature.

‘The New Chronicles of England and France’ (1516) pt. 1, ch. 41

King Henry [I] being in Normandy, after some writers, fell from or with his horse, whereof he caught his death; but Ranulphe says he took a surfeit by eating of a lamprey, and thereof died.

‘The New Chronicles of England and France’ pt. 1, ch. 229. Ranulphus Higden’s account, Polychronicon vol. 7, p. 42, does not attribute Henry’s death to any direct cause. Fabyan may have derived the notion of ‘surfeit’ from an anonymous and rather fanciful translation of Higden’s nocuerat as ‘chargede his stomake’. Harleian MS 2261, f. 354 b.

The Duke of Clarence...then being a prisoner in the Tower, was secretly put to death and drowned in a barrel of Malmesey wine within the said Tower.

‘The New Chronicles of England and France’ pt. 2 (1477); early editions have the spelling malvesye

6.3 Clifton Fadiman 1904—

Milk’s leap toward immortality.

‘Any Number Can Play’ (1957) p. 105 (definition of cheese)

The mama of dada.

‘Party of One’ (1955) p. 90 (of Gertrude Stein)

6.4 Lucius Cary (second Viscount Falkland) 1610-43

When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change.

‘Discourses of Infallibility’ (1660) ‘A Speech concerning Episcopacy’ 1641

6.5 Sir Richard Fanshawe 1605-66

Ten years the world upon him falsely smiled,
Sheathing in fawning looks the deadly knife
Long aimed at his head; that so beguiled
It more securely might bereave his life:
Then threw him to a scaffold from a throne.
Much doctrine lies under this little stone.

'Il Pastor Fido' (1648) 'The Fall'

White Peace (the beautiful'st of things)
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spreads her downy wings over the nest.

'Il Pastor Fido' (1648) 'An Ode, upon occasion of His Majesty's Proclamation in the Year 1630'

6.6 Michael Faraday 1791-1867

Tyndall, I must remain plain Michael Faraday to the last; and let me now tell you, that if I accepted the honour which the Royal Society desires to confer upon me, I would not answer for the integrity of my intellect for a single year.

On being offered the Presidency of the Royal Society, in J. Tyndall 'Faraday as a Discoverer' (1868) 'Illustrations of Character'

6.7 Eleanor Farjeon 1881-1965

Morning has broken
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
Fresh from the Lord!

'Children's Bells' (1957) 'A Morning Song (for the First Day of Spring)'

6.8 Edward Farmer c.1809-76

I have no pain, dear mother, now;
But oh! I am so dry:
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more;
And, mother, do not cry!

'The Collier's Dying Child'

6.9 King Farouk of Egypt 1920-65

The whole world is in revolt. Soon there will be only five Kings left—the King of England, the King of Spades, the King of Clubs, the King of Hearts and the King of Diamonds.

Said to Lord Boyd-Orr at a conference in Cairo, 1948, in Lord Boyd-Orr ‘As I Recall’ (1966) ch. 21

6.10 George Farquhar c.1677-1707

Sir, you shall taste my Anno Domini.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 1, sc. 1

I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 1, sc. 1

My Lady Bountiful.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 1, sc. 1

There is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 1, sc. 1

There’s some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing ’em rattle a little.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 2, sc. 2

No woman can be a beauty without a fortune.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 2, sc. 2

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 3, sc. 1

’Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.—Anything for the good of one’s country—I’m a Roman for that.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 3, sc. 2

Aimwell: Then you understand Latin, Mr Bonniface?
Bonniface: Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast that I’m sure it must be good.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 3, sc. 2

Spare all I have, and take my life.
‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’ (1707) act 5, sc. 2

I hate all that don’t love me, and slight all that do.
‘The Constant Couple’ (1699) act 1, sc. 2

Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst—...Words, words or I shall burst.
‘The Constant Couple’ (1699) act 5, sc. 3

Charming women can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher’s sake.
‘The Constant Couple’ (1699) act 5, sc. 3.

Crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards.
‘The Inconstant’ (1702) act 4, sc. 2

Money is the sinews of love, as of war.
‘Love and a Bottle’ (1698) act 2, sc. 1.

Poetry’s a mere drug, Sir.
‘Love and a Bottle’ (1698) act 3, sc. 2.

Hanging and marriage, you know, go by Destiny.

‘The Recruiting Officer’ (1706) act 3, sc. 2

I could be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty; Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that’s all.

‘The Recruiting Officer’ (1706) act 3, sc. 2

A lady, if undressed at Church, looks silly,
One cannot be devout in dishabilly.

‘The Stage Coach’ (1704) prologue

I’m privileged to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian.

‘Sir Harry Wildair’ (1701) act 2, sc. 1

6.11 David Glasgow Farragut 1801-70

Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead.

At the battle of Mobile Bay, 5 August 1864 (‘torpedoes’ were mines). Capt. A. T. Mahan ‘Admiral Farragut’ (1892) ch. 10

6.12 William Faulkner 1897-1962

He [the writer] must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed —love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice.

Nobel Prize speech, 1950, in ‘Les Prix Nobel en 1950’ (1951) p. 71

I believe man will not merely endure, he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he, alone among creatures, has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

Nobel Prize speech, 1950, in ‘Les Prix Nobel en 1950’ (1951) p. 71

The writer’s only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is a good one. He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. He has no peace until then. Everything goes by the board...If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the Ode on a Grecian Urn is worth any number of old ladies.

In ‘Paris Review’ Spring 1956, p. 30

A man shouldn’t fool with booze until he’s fifty; then he’s a damn fool if he doesn’t.

In James M. Webb and A. Wigfall Green ‘William Faulkner of Oxford’ (1965) p. 110

6.13 Guy Fawkes 1570-1606

A desperate disease requires a dangerous remedy.

6 November 1605. ‘Dictionary of National Biography’.

6.14 James Fenton 1949—

It is not what they built. It is what they knocked down.
It is not the houses. It is the spaces between the houses.
It is not the streets that exist. It is the streets that no longer exist.

‘German Requiem’ (1981) p. 1

6.15 Edna Ferber 1887-1968

Being an old maid is like death by drowning, a really delightful sensation after you cease to struggle.

In R. E. Drennan ‘Wit’s End’ (1973)

6.16 Emperor Ferdinand I 1503-64

Fiat justitia et pereat mundus.

Let justice be done, though the world perish.

Motto. Johannes Manlius ‘Locorum Communium Collectanea’ (Basle, 1563) vol. 2, p. 290.

6.17 Robert Fergusson 1750-74

For thof ye had as wise a snout on
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgement fouk woud hae a doubt on,
I’ll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi’ a suit on
O’ gude Braid Claith.

‘Braid Claith’

The Lawyers may revere that tree
Where thieves so oft have swung,
Since, by the Law’s most wise decree,
Her thieves are never hung.

‘Epigram on a Lawyer’s desiring one of the Tribe to look with respect to a Gibbet’

6.18 Ludwig Feuerbach 1804-72

Der Mensch ist, was er isst.

Man is what he eats.

In Jacob Moleschott ‘Lehre der Nahrungsmittel: Für das Volk’ (1850) ‘Advertisement’.

6.19 Eric Field

Your King and Country need you.

World War I recruitment slogan, in ‘Advertising’ (1959) ch. 2

6.20 Eugene Field 1850-95

But I, when I undress me
Each night, upon my knees,
Will ask the Lord to bless me,
With apple pie and cheese.

‘Apple Pie and Cheese’

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

‘Wynken, Blynken, and Nod’

He played the King as though under momentary apprehension that someone else was about to play the ace.

Writing of Creston Clarke as King Lear, in a review attributed to Field, in the ‘Denver Tribune’ c.1880

6.21 Henry Fielding 1707-54

It hath been often said, that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible.

‘Amelia’ (1751) bk. 3, ch. 4

One fool at least in every married couple.

‘Amelia’ (1751) bk. 9, ch. 4

Oh! The roast beef of England,
And old England’s roast beef.

‘The Grub Street Opera’ (1731) act 3, sc. 3

He in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

‘Jonathan Wild’ (1743) bk. 3, ch. 7

To whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required.

‘Joseph Andrews’ (1742) bk. 2, ch. 8

I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species.

‘Joseph Andrews’ (1742) bk. 3, ch. 1

Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality.

‘Joseph Andrews’ (1742) bk. 3, ch. 5

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

‘Love in Several Masques’ (1728) act 4, sc. 11

Necessity is a bad recommendation to favours...which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.

‘The Modern Husband’ (1732) act 2, sc. 5

Map me no maps, sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world.

‘Rape upon Rape’ (1730) act 2, sc. 5

When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the
Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the
Protestant religion but the Church of England.

‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 3, ch. 3

Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven.

‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 3, ch. 10

What is commonly called love, namely the desire of satisfying a voracious appetite with a

certain quantity of delicate white human flesh.
‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 6, ch. 1

O! more than Gothic ignorance.
‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 7, ch. 3

His designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage.
‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 11, ch. 4

That monstrous animal, a husband and wife.
‘Tom Jones’ (1749) bk. 15, ch. 9

All Nature wears one universal grin.
‘Tom Thumb the Great’ (1731) act 1, sc. 1

When I’m not thanked at all, I’m thanked enough,
I’ve done my duty, and I’ve done no more.
‘Tom Thumb the Great’ (1731) act 1, sc. 3

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a-hunting we will go.
‘A-Hunting We Will Go’

6.22 Dorothy Fields 1905-74

A fine romance with no kisses.
A fine romance, my friend, this is.
‘A Fine Romance’ (1936 song; music by Jerome Kern)

6.23 W. C. Fields (William Claude Dukenfield) 1880-1946

Never give a sucker an even break.
Title of a W. C. Fields film (1941); the catch-phrase (Fields’s own) is said to have originated in the musical comedy ‘Poppy’ (1923)

Some weasel took the cork out of my lunch.
‘You Can’t Cheat an Honest Man’ (1939 film)

It ain’t a fit night out for man or beast.
Adopted by Fields but claimed by him not to be original. Letter, 8 February 1944, in R. J. Fields (ed.) ‘W. C. Fields by Himself’ (1974) pt. 2

Hell, I never vote for anybody. I always vote against.
In Robert Lewis Taylor ‘W. C. Fields: His Follies and Fortunes’ (1950) p. 228.

See also Leo Rosten (6.87) in Volume II

6.24 Harry Julian Fink, Rita M. Fink, and Dean Riesner

Go ahead, make my day.

‘Dirty Harry’ (1971 film); spoken by Clint Eastwood

6.25 Ronald Firbank 1886-1926

‘O! help me, heaven,’ she prayed, ‘to be decorative and to do right!’

‘The Flower Beneath the Foot’ (1923) ch. 2

I remember the average curate at home as something between a eunuch and a snigger.

‘The Flower Beneath the Foot’ (1923) ch. 4

There was a pause—just long enough for an angel to pass, flying slowly.

‘Vainglory’ (1915) ch. 6

All millionaires love a baked apple.

‘Vainglory’ (1915) ch. 13

‘I know of no joy,’ she airily began, ‘greater than a cool white dress after the sweetness of confession.’

‘Valmouth’ (1919) ch. 4

6.26 L’Abbè Edgeworth De Firmont 1745-1807

Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.

Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven.

Said to Louis XVI as he mounted the steps of the guillotine at his execution, 1793, and attributed to L’Abbè Edgeworth; no documentary proof

6.27 Fred Fisher 1875-1942

See Ada Benson (2.88)

6.28 H. A. L. Fisher 1856-1940

Men wiser and more learned than I have discerned in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. These harmonies are concealed from me. I can see only one emergency following upon another as wave follows upon wave, only one great fact with respect to which, since it is unique, there can be no generalizations, only one safe rule for the historian: that he should recognize in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen.

‘A History of Europe’ (1935) p. vii

Purity of race does not exist. Europe is a continent of energetic mongrels.

‘A History of Europe’ (1935) ch. 1

6.29 John Arbuthnot Fisher (Baron Fisher) 1841-1920

The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is imbecility.

Lecture notes 1899-1902, in R. H. Bacon ‘Life of Lord Fisher’ (1929) vol. 1, ch. 7

Sack the lot!

Letter to ‘The Times’, 2 September 1919

Never contradict Never explain Never apologize (Those are the secrets of a happy life!)

Letter to 'The Times', 5 September 1919.

Favouritism is the secret of efficiency.

Inscribed in the log of HMS Vernon, in W. S. Churchill 'Great Contemporaries' (1937) 'Lord Fisher and his biographer'

Yours till Hell freezes.

Attributed to Fisher, but not original. F. Ponsonby 'Reflections of Three Reigns' (1951) p. 131: 'Once an officer in India wrote to me and ended his letter "Yours till Hell freezes". I used this forcible expression in a letter to Fisher, and he adopted it'

6.30 Marve Fisher

I want an old-fashioned house
With an old-fashioned fence
And an old-fashioned millionaire.

'An Old-Fashioned Girl' (1954 song; popularized by Eartha Kitt)

6.31 Albert H. Fitz

You are my honey, honeysuckle, I am the bee.

'The Honeysuckle and the Bee' (1901 song)

6.32 Charles Fitzgeffrey c.1575-1638

And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake.

'Sir Francis Drake' (1596) st. 213

6.33 Edward Fitzgerald 1809-83

Awake! for Morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light.

'The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' (1859) st. 1

And look—a thousand blossoms with the day
Woke—and a thousand scattered into clay.

'The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' (1859) st. 8

Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?

'The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' (4th ed., 1879) st. 9

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
And wilderness is paradise enow.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 11; ;
‘A book of verses underneath the bough, ;
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou ;
Beside me singing in the wilderness ;
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!’ ;
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 12

Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the rest;
Oh, the brave music of a distant drum!

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 12; ;
‘Ah, take the cash and let the credit go, ;
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!’ ;
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 13

Think, in this battered caravanserai
Whose doorways are alternate night and day,
How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 15;
‘Think, in this battered caravanserai ;
Whose portals are alternate night and day, ;
How sultan after sultan with his pomp ;
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.’ ;
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 17

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 18

Ah, my belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears:
To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday’s seven thousand years.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 20

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans End!

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 23

Oh, come with old Khayy m, and leave the wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies;
The flower that once hath blown for ever dies.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 26; ;
‘Oh threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise! ;
One thing at least is certain—This life flies; ;
One thing is certain and the rest is lies; ;

The flower that once has blown for ever dies.’ ;
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 63

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reaped—
‘I came like water, and like wind I go’.
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 28

Ah, fill the cup:—what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet:
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 37

The grape that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute.
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 43

For in and out, above, about, below,
’Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show,
Played in a box whose candle is the sun,
Round which we phantom figures come and go.
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 46

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too.
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (4th ed., 1879) st. 64

’Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days
Where Destiny with Men for pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 49;

‘But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.’
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 69

The ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here or there as strikes the player goes;
And he that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all—he knows—he knows!
‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (4th ed., 1879) st. 70

The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 51; ‘all your tears’ in 4th ed. (1879) st. 71

And that inverted bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to
It for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 52;
‘...they call the Sky... As impotently moves as you or I.’
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 72

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (4th ed., 1879) st. 74

After a momentary silence spake
Some vessel of a more ungainly make;
‘They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the hand then of the potter shake?’

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (4th ed., 1879) st. 86

‘Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?’

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 60

Then said another—’Surely not in vain
My substance from the common earth was ta’en,
That He who subtly wrought me into shape,
Should stamp me back to common earth again.’

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 61

Indeed the idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this world much wrong:
Have drowned my glory in a shallow cup
And sold my reputation for a song.

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (4th ed., 1879) st. 93

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 72

And when Thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,

And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass!

‘The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ (1859) st. 75;
‘And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass...
And in your joyous errand reach the spot.’
in 4th ed. (1879) st. 101

Mrs Browning’s death is rather a relief to me, I must say: no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children; and perhaps the poor: except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all.

Letter to W. H. Thompson, 15 July 1861.

Taste is the feminine of genius.

Letter to J. R. Lowell, October 1877

6.34 F. Scott Fitzgerald 1896-1940

Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me.

‘All the Sad Young Men’ (1926) ‘Rich Boy’, to which Ernest Hemingway replied, ‘Yes, they have more money’, in ‘Esquire’ August 1936 ‘The Snows of Kilimanjaro’

The beautiful and damned.

Title of novel (1922)

No grand idea was ever born in a conference, but a lot of foolish ideas have died there.

Edmund Wilson (ed.) ‘The Crack-Up’ (1945) ‘Note-Books E’

Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy.

Edmund Wilson (ed.) ‘The Crack-Up’ (1945) ‘Note-Books E’

In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o’clock in the morning.

‘Esquire’ March 1936 ‘Handle with Care’; ‘dark night of the soul’ is a translation of the Spanish title of a work by St John of the Cross, known in English as ‘The Ascent of Mount Carmel’ (1578-80)

In his blue gardens, men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars.

‘The Great Gatsby’ (1925) ch. 3

Her voice is full of money.

‘The Great Gatsby’ (1925) ch. 7

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made.

‘The Great Gatsby’ (1925) ch. 9

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that’s no matter...So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

‘The Great Gatsby’ (1925) ch. 9

There are no second acts in American lives.
Edmund Wilson (ed.) ‘The Last Tycoon’ (1941) ‘Hollywood, etc.’

6.35 Bud Flanagan (Chaim Reeven Weintrop) 1896-1968

Underneath the Arches,
I dream my dreams away,
Underneath the Arches,
On cobble-stones I lay.
‘Underneath the Arches’ (1932 song; additional words by Reg Connelly)

6.36 Michael Flanders 1922-75 and Donald Swann 1923—

Have Some Madeira, M’dear.
Title of song

Mud! Mud! Glorious mud!
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood.
So, follow me, follow,
Down to the hollow,
And there let us wallow
In glorious mud.
‘The Hippopotamus’ (1952)

Eating people is wrong!
‘The Reluctant Cannibal’ (1956 song); adopted as the title of a novel (1959) by Malcolm Bradbury

The English, the English, the English are best!
I wouldn’t give tuppence for all of the rest!
‘Song of Patriotic Prejudice’

That monarch of the road,
Observer of the Highway Code,
That big six-wheeler
Scarlet-painted
London Transport
Diesel-engined
Ninety-seven horse power
Omnibus!
‘A Transport of Delight’

6.37 Thomas Flatman 1637-88

There’s an experienced rebel, Time,
And in his squadrons Poverty;
There’s Age that brings along with him
A terrible artillery:

And if against all these thou keep’st thy crown,
Th’usurper Death will make thee lay it down.
‘Poems’ (1686) ‘The Defiance’

6.38 Gustave Flaubert 1821-80

Language is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, while all the time we long to move the stars to pity.
‘Madame Bovary’ pt. 1, ch. 12

You can calculate the worth of a man by the number of his enemies, and the importance of a work of art by the amount that it is attacked.
Letter to Louise Colet, 14 June 1853

Everything you invent is true: you can be sure of that. Poetry is a subject as precise as geometry.
Letter to Louise Colet, 14 August 1853

Les livres ne se font pas comme les enfants, mais comme les pyramides...et ça ne sert á rien! et ça reste dans le dèsert!...Les chacals pissent au bas et les bourgeois montent dessus.

Books are made not like children but like pyramids...and they’re just as useless! and they stay in the desert!...Jackals piss at their foot and the bourgeois climb up on them.
Letter to Ernest Feydeau, November/December 1857

6.39 James Elroy Flecker 1884-1915

We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that beauty lives though lilies die,
We poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why,—
What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest.
‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘Prologue’

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And earth is but a star, that once had shone.
‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘Prologue’

For lust of knowing what should not be known,
We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.
‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) pt. 1, ‘Epilogue’

And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin.
‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘Yasmin’

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea.
‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘The Gates of Damascus’

A ship, an isle, a sickle moon—
With few but with how splendid stars
The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars!

‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘A Ship, an Isle, and a Sickle Moon’

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
Beauty she was statue cold—there’s blood upon her gown.

‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘The Dying Patriot’

West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides
I must go
Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young
Star captains glow.

‘The Golden Journey to Samarkand’ (1913) ‘The Dying Patriot’

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o’ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire.

‘Old Ships’ (1915)

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

‘Old Ships’ (1915)

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

‘To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence’ (1910)

6.40 Richard Flecknoe d. c.1678

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart.

‘Miscellania’ (1653)

6.41 Ian Fleming 1908-64

A medium Vodka dry Martini—with a slice of lemon peel. Shaken and not stirred.

‘Dr No’ (1958) ch. 14

6.42 Marjory Fleming 1803-11

A direful death indeed they had
That would put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a singel dam.

‘Journal’ p. 29

The most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itselfe cant endure.

‘Journal’ p. 47

To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady’s lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch.

‘Journal’ p. 51

I am going to turn over a new life and am going to be a very good girl and be obedient to Isa Keith, here there is plenty of gooseberries which makes my teeth watter.

‘Journal’ p. 76

I hope I will be religious again but as for regaining my character I despare.

‘Journal’ p. 80

An annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of.

‘Journal’ p. 99

Sentiment is what I am not acquainted with.

‘Journal’ p. 99

My dear Isa, I now sit down on my botom to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me.

‘Letters’ no. 1 ‘To Isabella’

O lovely O most charming pug
Thy graceful air and heavenly mug...
His noses cast is of the roman
He is a very pretty weoman
I could not get a rhyme for roman
And was oblidged to call it weoman.

‘Poems’

6.43 Robert, Marquis de Flers 1872-1927 and Arman de Caillavet 1869-1915

Dèmocratie est le nom que nous donnons au peuple toutes les fois que nous avons besoin de lui.

Democracy is the name we give the people whenever we need them.

‘L’habit vert’ act 1, sc. 12, in ‘La petite illustration sèrie thèâtre’ 31 May 1913

6.44 Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun 1655-1716

I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Chr—’s sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

‘An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Government for the Good of Mankind. In a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose’ (1704) in ‘Political Works’ (1732) pt. 7

6.45 John Fletcher 1579-1625

Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

‘The Bloody Brother’, or ‘Rollo Duke of Normandy’ (with Ben Jonson and others, performed c.1616) act 2, sc. 2 ‘Song’

And he that will go to bed sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.

‘The Bloody Brother’ act 2, sc. 2 ‘Song’

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the Gallows-Tree.

‘The Bloody Brother’ act 3, sc. 2

Come, we are stark naught all, bad’s the best of us.

‘The Bloody Brother’ act 4, sc. 2

Death hath so many doors to let out life.

‘The Custom of the Country’ (with Massinger) act 2, sc. 2.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.

‘Henry VIII’ (with Shakespeare, performed 1613) act 3, sc. 1 ‘Song’

In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

‘Henry VIII’ (with Shakespeare, performed 1613) act 3, sc. 1 ‘Song’

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

‘The Honest Man’s Fortune’ epilogue

Nothing’s so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy.

‘The Nice Valour’ (with Middleton) act 3, sc. 3, song

Are you at ease now? Is your heart at rest?
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella
To keep the scorching world’s opinion
From your fair credit.

‘Rule a Wife and Have a Wife’ (performed 1624) act 3, sc. 1

Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true,
Primrose first born child of Ver,
Merry Springtime’s Harbinger.

‘Two Noble Kinsmen’ (with Shakespeare) act 1, sc. 1

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death.
‘Valentinian’ (performed c.1610-14) act 5, sc. 7 ‘Song’

Come sing now, sing; for I know ye sing well,
I see ye have a singing face.
‘The Wild-Goose Chase’ (performed 1621) act 2, sc. 2

Whistle and she’ll come to you.
‘Wit Without Money’ act 4, sc. 4.

Charity and beating begins at home.
‘Wit Without Money’ act 5, sc. 2

See also Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher (2.58)

6.46 Phineas Fletcher 1582-1650

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.
‘Poetical Miscellanies’ (1633) ‘An Hymn’

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Not let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.
‘Poetical Miscellanies’ (1633) ‘An Hymn’

Love’s tongue is in the eyes.
‘Piscatory Eclogues’ (1633) no. 5, st. 13

Poorly (poor man) he lived; poorly (poor man) he died.
‘The Purple Island’ (1633) canto 1, st. 19

His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father’s face.
‘The Purple Island’ (1633) canto 12, st. 6

Love is like linen often changed, the sweeter.
‘Sicelides’ (performed 1614) act 3, sc. 5

The coward’s weapon, poison.
‘Sicelides’ (performed 1614) act 5, sc. 3

6.47 Jean-Pierre Claris De Florian 1755-94

Plaisir d’amour ne dure qu’un moment,
Chagrin d’amour dure toute la vie.

Love’s pleasure lasts but a moment; love’s sorrow lasts all through life.
‘Celestine.’

6.48 John Florio c.1553-1625

England is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses.

‘Second Frutes’ (1591) ch. 12

6.49 Marshal Ferdinand Foch 1851-1929

Mon centre céde, ma droite recule, situation excellente, j’attaque.

My centre is giving way, my right is retreating, situation excellent, I am attacking.

Message sent during the first Battle of the Marne, September 1914, in R. Recouly ‘Foch’ (1919) ch. 6

Ce n’est pas un traitè de paix, c’est un armistice de vingt ans.

This is not a peace treaty, it is an armistice for twenty years.

At the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, 1919, in Paul Reynaud ‘Mèmoires’ (1963) vol. 2, p. 457

6.50 J. Foley

Old soldiers never die,
They simply fade away.

‘Old Soldiers Never Die’ (1920 song); copyrighted by Foley but possibly a World War I ‘folk-song’

6.51 Josè Da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino fl. 1855

The walls have hearsay.

‘O Novo Guia da Conversaçáo em Portuguez e Inglez’ (1855) ‘Idiotisms and Proverbs’; selections from this book were first published in England by James Millington as English as she is spoke: or a Jest in sober earnest (1883)

Por dinheiro baila o perro.

Nothing some money nothing of Swiss.

‘O Novo Guia da Conversaçáo em Portuguez e Inglez’ (1855) ‘Idiotisms and Proverbs’. A literal translation of the Portuguese proverb would be The dog dances for money: it is suspected that the ‘Novo Guia’ was prepared with the help of a French-English dictionary.

6.52 Michael Foot 1913—

A speech from Ernest Bevin on a major occasion had all the horrific fascination of a public execution. If the mind was left immune, eyes and ears and emotions were riveted.

‘Aneurin Bevan’ (1962) vol. 1, ch. 13

Think of it! A second Chamber selected by the Whips. A seraglio of eunuchs.

‘Hansard’ 3 February 1969, col. 88

It is not necessary that every time he rises he should give his famous imitation of a semi-house-trained polecat.

On Norman Tebbit, ‘Hansard’ 2 March 1978, col. 668

6.53 Samuel Foote 1720-77

Born in a cellar...and living in a garret.

‘The Author’ (1757) act 2

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. ‘What! no soap?’ So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyalies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gun powder ran out at the heels of their boots.

Nonsense composed by Foote to test the vaunted memory of the actor Charles Macklin, in ‘Quarterly Review’ (1854) vol. 95, p. 516

Between the muse and the magistrate there is a natural confederacy; what the last cannot punish the first often corrects.

Letter to the Lord Chamberlain, 1775

He is not only dull in himself, but the cause of dullness in others.

On a dull law lord, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) vol. 4, p. 178.

God’s revenge against vanity.

To David Garrick, who had asked him what he thought of a heavy shower of rain falling on the day of the Shakespeare Jubilee, organised by and chiefly starring Garrick; in W. Cooke ‘Memoirs of Samuel Foote’ vol. 1, p. ??

6.54 Miss C. F. Forbes 1817-1911

The sense of being well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.

In R. W. Emerson ‘Letters and Social Aims’ (1876)

6.55 Gerald Ford 1909—

I am a Ford, not a Lincoln.

Speech on taking the vice-presidential oath, 6 December 1973, in ‘Washington Post’ 7 December 1973

Our long national nightmare is over. Our Constitution works; our great
Republic is a Government of laws and not of men.

On being sworn in as President, 9 August 1974: G. J. Lankevich ‘Gerald R. Ford’ (1977)

If the Government is big enough to give you everything you want, it is big enough to take away everything you have.

In John F. Parker ‘If Elected’ (1960) p. 193

6.56 Henry Ford 1863-1947

History is more or less bunk. It’s tradition. We don’t want tradition. We want to live in the present and the only history that is worth a tinker’s damn is the history we make today.

Interview with Charles N. Wheeler in ‘Chicago Tribune’ 25 May 1916

Any colour—so long as it’s black.

On the colour choice for the Model T Ford, in Allan Nevins ‘Ford’ (1957) vol. 2, ch. 15

What we call evil is simply ignorance bumping its head in the dark.

In ‘Observer’ 16 March 1930

6.57 John Ford 1586-after 1639

Tempt not the stars, young man, thou canst not play
With the severity of fate.
‘The Broken Heart’ (1633) act 1, sc. 3

I am...a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then.
‘The Broken Heart’ (1633) act 1, sc. 3

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life’s paradise, great princess, the soul’s quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratives
Like to a constant woman.
‘The Broken Heart’ (1633) act 2, sc. 2

There’s not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.
‘The Broken Heart’ (1633) act 4, sc. 2

He hath shook hands with time.
‘The Broken Heart’ (1633) act 5, sc. 2

Tell us, pray, what devil
This melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters.
‘The Lady’s Trial’ (1639) act 3, sc. 1

Brother, even by our mother’s dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate.
‘’Tis Pity She’s a Whore’ (1633) act 1, sc. 2

Why, I hold fate
Clasped in my fist, and could command the course
Of time’s eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
‘’Tis Pity She’s a Whore’ (1633) act 5, sc. 4

6.58 Lena Guilbert Ford 1870-1916

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home.

There’s a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

‘‘Till the Boys Come Home!’ (1914 song; music by Ivor Novello)

6.59 Thomas Ford d. 1648

I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

‘Music of Sundry Kinds’ (1607) ‘There is a Lady sweet and kind’

6.60 Howell Forgy 1908-83

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

Said at Pearl Harbour, 7 December 1941, as Forgy, a naval chaplain, moved along a line of sailors passing ammunition by hand to the deck, in ‘New York Times’ 1 November 1942. The words became the title of a song (1942) by Frank Loesser

6.61 E. M. Forster 1879-1970

Everything must be like something, so what is this like?

‘Abinger Harvest’ (1936) ‘Doll Souse’

American women shoot the hippopotamus with eyebrows made of platinum.

‘Abinger Harvest’ (1936) ‘Mickey and Minnie’.

[Public schoolboys] go forth into a world that is not entirely composed of public-school men or even of Anglo-Saxons, but of men who are as various as the sands of the sea; into a world of whose richness and subtlety they have no conception. They go forth into it with well-developed bodies, fairly developed minds, and undeveloped hearts.

‘Abinger Harvest’ (1936) ‘Notes on English Character’

It is not that the Englishman can’t feel—it is that he is afraid to feel. He has been taught at his public school that feeling is bad form. He must not express great joy or sorrow, or even open his mouth too wide when he talks—his pipe might fall out if he did.

‘Abinger Harvest’ (1936) ‘Notes on English Character’

Yes—oh dear yes—the novel tells a story.

‘Aspects of the Novel’ (1927) ch. 2

A dogged attempt to cover the universe with mud, an inverted Victorianism, an attempt to make crossness and dirt succeed where sweetness and light failed.

‘Aspects of the Novel’ (1927) ch. 6 (on James Joyce’s ‘Ulysses’)

Railway termini. They are our gates to the glorious and the unknown.
Through them we pass out into adventure and sunshine, to them, alas! we return.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 2

To trust people is a luxury in which only the wealthy can indulge; the poor cannot afford it.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 5

She felt that those who prepared for all the emergencies of life beforehand may equip themselves at the expense of joy.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 7

The poor cannot always reach those whom they want to love, and they can hardly even escape from those whom they no longer love.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 7

Certainly London fascinates...It lies beyond everything: Nature, with all her cruelty, comes nearer to us than do those crowds of men.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 13

Personal relations are the important thing for ever and ever, and not this outer life of telegrams and anger.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 19

Only connect!...Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 22

Death destroys a man: the idea of death saves him.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 27

Of all means to regeneration Remorse is surely the most wasteful. It cuts away healthy tissue with the poisoned. It is a knife that probes far deeper than the evil.

‘Howards End’ (1910) ch. 41

It’s the worse thing that can ever happen to you in all your life, and you’ve got to mind it... They’ll come saying, ‘Bear up—trust to time.’ No, no; they’re wrong. Mind it.

‘The Longest Journey’ (1907) ch. 5

There is much good luck in the world, but it is luck. We are none of us safe. We are children, playing or quarrelling on the line.

‘The Longest Journey’ (1907) ch. 12

Very notable was his distinction between coarseness and vulgarity (coarseness, revealing something; vulgarity, concealing something).

‘The Longest Journey’ (1907) ch. 26

The so-called white races are really pinko-grey.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 7

Nothing in India is identifiable, the mere asking of a question causes it to disappear or to merge in something else.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 8

Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce ‘boum’.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 14

Most of life is so dull that there is nothing to be said about it, and the books and talk that would describe it as interesting are obliged to exaggerate, in the hope of justifying their own existence.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 14

Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing

has value.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 14

Where there is officialism every human relationship suffers.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 24

Like all gossip—it’s merely one of those half-alive things that try to crowd out real life.

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 31

God si Love. Is this the final message of India?

‘A Passage to India’ (1924) ch. 33

Think before you speak is criticism’s motto; speak before you think creation’s.

‘Two Cheers for Democracy’ (1951) ‘Raison d’être of Criticism’

If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country.

‘Two Cheers for Democracy’ (1951) ‘What I Believe’

So Two cheers for Democracy: one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism. Two cheers are quite enough: there is no occasion to give three. Only Love the Beloved Republic deserves that.

‘Two Cheers for Democracy’ (1951) ‘What I Believe’; ‘Love, the beloved republic’ is borrowed from Swinburne’s poem ‘Hertha’

6.62 Harry Emerson Fosdick 1878-1969

I renounce war for its consequences, for the lies it lives on and propagates, for the undying hatred it arouses, for the dictatorships it puts in the place of democracy, for the starvation that stalks after it.

Sermon in New York on Armistice Day 1933, in ‘The Secret of Victorious Living’ (1934) p. 97

6.63 Charles Foster 1828-1904

Isn’t this a billion dollar country?

At the 51st Congress, responding to a Democratic gibe about a ‘million dollar Congress’; also attributed to Thomas B. Reed, who reported the exchange in ‘The North American Review’ March 1892, vol. 154, p. 319

6.64 Sir George Foster 1847-1931

In these somewhat troublesome days when the great Mother Empire stands splendidly isolated in Europe.

In the Canadian House of Commons, 16 January 1896, in ‘Official Report of the Debates of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada’ (1896) vol. 41, col. 176. On 22 January 1896, ‘The Times’ referred to this speech under the heading ‘Splendid Isolation’

6.65 John Foster 1770-1843

But the two classes [the educated and the uneducated] so beheld in contrast, might they not seem to belong to two different nations?

‘Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance’ (1820) p. 277.

An idea cannot well be accompanied by a stronger kind of interest than the earnest wish to escape from it.

‘Essays’ (1805) ‘On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion’

They [the wealthy] are in a religious diving-bell; religion is not circumambient, but a little is conveyed down into the worldly depth, where they breathe by a sort of artificial inlet—a tube.

‘Journal’ item 420

Is not the pleasure of feeling and exhibiting power over other beings, a principal part of the gratification of cruelty?

‘Journal’ item 772

6.66 Stephen Collins Foster 1826-64

Beautiful dreamer.

Title of song (1864)

Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I’ll bet my money on de bobtail nag—
Somebody bet on de bay.

‘De Camptown Races’ (1850) chorus

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapour, on the soft summer air.

‘Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair’ (1854)

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far, away,
There’s where my heart is turning ever;
There’s where the old folks stay.

‘The Old Folks at Home’ (1851)

All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

‘The Old Folks at Home’ (1851) chorus

6.67 Charles Fourier 1772-1837

L’extension des priviléges des femmes est le principe gènèral de tous progrés sociaux.

The extension of women’s rights is the basic principle of all social progress.

‘Thèorie des Quatre Mouvements’ (1808) vol. 2, ch. 4

6.68 Charles James Fox 1749-1806

No man could be so wise as Thurlow looked.

In Campbell ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors’ (1846) vol. 5, p. 661

He was uniformly of an opinion which, though not a popular one, he was ready to aver, that the right of governing was not property but a trust.

On Pitt's scheme of Parliamentary Reform, in J. L. Hammond 'C. J. Fox' (1903) p. 75

How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!

On the fall of the Bastille, in a letter to Richard Fitzpatrick, 30 July 1789: Lord John Russell 'Life and Times of C. J. Fox' vol. 2, p. 361

I die happy.

Last words, in Lord John Russell 'Life and Times of C. J. Fox' vol. 3, ch. 69

6.69 George Fox 1624-91

I told them I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars.

On being offered, in 1651, a captaincy in the army of the Commonwealth, against the forces of the King, in N. Penney (ed.) 'Journal' (1911) vol. 1, p. 11

I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness.

'Journal' (ed. J. L. Nickalls, 1952, p. 19) 1647

Walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every one.

'Journal' (ed. J. L. Nickalls, 1952, p. 263) 1656

Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord God.

'Journal' (ed. J. L. Nickalls, 1952, p. 346) 1658

All bloody principles and practices, we, as to our own particulars, do utterly deny, with all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons, for any end or under any pretence whatsoever. And this is our testimony to the whole world.

'Journal' (ed. J. L. Nickalls, 1952, p. 399) 1661

6.70 Henry Fox

See 1st Lord Holland (8.119)

6.71 Henry Richard Vassall Fox

See 3rd Lord Holland (8.120)

6.72 Henry Stephen Fox 1791-1846

I am so changed that my oldest creditors would hardly know me.

After an illness; quoted by Byron in a letter to John Murray, 8 May 1817

6.73 Anatole France (Jacques-Anatole-François Thibault) 1844-1924

Dans tout Ètat policè, la richesse est chose sacrèe; dans les dèmocraties elle est la seule chose sacrèe.

In every well-governed state, wealth is a sacred thing; in democracies it is the only sacred thing.

'L'Ile des pingouins' (1908) pt. 6, ch. 2

Ils [les pauvres] y doivent travailler devant la majestueuse ègalitè des lois, qui interdit au riche comme au pauvre de coucher sous les ponts, de mendier dans les rues et de voler du pain.

They [the poor] have to labour in the face of the majestic equality of the law, which forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread.

'Le Lys rouge' (1894) ch. 7

Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'oeuvre.

The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.

'La Vie littèraire' (1888) dedicatory letter

6.74 Francis I 1494-1547

De toutes choses ne m'est demeurè que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulve.

Of all I had, only honour and life have been spared.

Letter to his mother after his defeat at Pavia, 1525, in 'Collection des Documents Inèdits sur l'Histoire de France' (1847) vol. 1, p. 129 (usually cited Tout est perdu fors l'honneur All is lost save honour)

6.75 St Francis de Sales 1567-1622

Ce sont les grans feux qui s'enflamment au vent, mais les petits s'esteignent si on ne les y porte a couvert.

Big fires flare up in a wind, but little ones are blown out unless they are carried in under cover.

'Introduction á la vie dèvote' (1609) pt. 3, ch. 34.

6.76 Georges Franju 1912—

See Jean-Luc Godard (7.53)

6.77 Benjamin Franklin 1706-90

Remember that time is money.

'Advice to a Young Tradesman' (1748)

Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise.

'Poor Richard's Almanac' (1735) February

Necessity never made a good bargain.

'Poor Richard's Almanac' (1735) April

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgement.

'Poor Richard's Almanac' (1741) June

A little neglect may breed mischief...for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

'Poor Richard's Almanac' (1758) 'Maxims'

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

'Poor Richard's Almanac' (1758) preface

Here Skugg

Lies snug
As a bug
In a rug.
Letter to Georgiana Shipley on the death of her squirrel, 26 September 1772 (skug squirrel)

We must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately.
To John Hancock, at the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

There never was a good war, or a bad peace.
Letter to Josiah Quincy, 11 September 1783

In this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.
Letter to Jean Baptiste Le Roy, 13 November 1789

Man is a tool-making animal.
In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934 ed.) 7 April 1778

What is the use of a new-born child?
On being asked what was the use of a new invention, in J. Parton 'Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin' (1864) pt. 4, ch. 17

The body of
Benjamin Franklin, printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms!
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By its Author!
Epitaph for himself.

6.78 Oliver Franks (Baron Franks)

The Pentagon, that immense monument to modern man's subservience to the desk.
In 'Observer' 30 November 1952

A secret in the Oxford sense: you may tell it to only one person at a time.
In 'Sunday Telegraph' 30 January 1977

6.79 Sir James George Frazer 1854-1941

The awe and dread with which the untutored savage contemplates his mother-in-law are amongst the most familiar facts of anthropology.
'The Golden Bough' (2nd ed., 1900) vol. 1, p. 288

6.80 Frederick the Great 1712-86

My people and I have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please.

Attributed

Ihr Racker, wollt ihr ewig leben?

Rascals, would you live for ever?

Addressed to hesitant Guards at Kolin, 18 June 1757

6.81 Cliff Freeman

Where's the beef?

Advertising slogan for Wendy's Hamburgers in campaign launched 9 Jan. 1984 (taken up by Walter Mondale in a televised debate with Gary Hart from Atlanta, 11 March 1984: 'When I hear your new ideas I'm reminded of that ad, "Where's the beef?"')

6.82 E. A. Freeman 1823-92

History is past politics, and politics is present history.

'Methods of Historical Study' (1886) p. 44

A saying which fell from myself in one of the debates in Congregation on the Modern Language Statute has been quoted in several places...'chatter about Shelley'...I mentioned that I had lately read a review of a book about Shelley in which the critic...praised or blamed the author...for his 'treatment of the Harriet problem'.

'Literature and Language' in Contemporary Review October 1887 (often telescoped as 'chatter about Harriet')

6.83 John Freeth c.1731-1808

The loss of America what can repay?
New colonies seek for at Botany Bay.

'Botany Bay' in 'New London Magazine' (1786)

6.84 John Hookham Frere 1769-1846

The feathered race with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear!

'The Progress of Man' l. 34

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?

'The Progress of Man' l. 44

6.85 Sigmund Freud 1856-1939

'Itzig, wohin reit'st Du?' 'Weiss ich, frag das Pferd.'

'Itzig, where are you riding to?' 'Don't ask me, ask the horse.'

Letter to Wilhelm Fliess, 7 July 1898, in 'Aus den Anfängen der Psychoanalyse' (Origins of Psychoanalysis, 1950) p. 275

Die Anatomie ist das Schicksal.

Anatomy is destiny.

‘Gesammelte Schriften’ (1924) vol. 5, p. 210

Vergleiche entscheiden nichts, das ist wahr, aber sie können machen, dass man sich heimischer fühlt.

Analogies decide nothing, that is true, but they can make one feel more at home.

‘Neue Folge der Vorlesungen zur Einführung in die Psychoanalyse’ (New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis, 1933) ch. 31

Wir sind so eingerichtet, dass wir nur den Kontrast intensiv geniessen können, den Zustand nur sehr wenig.

We are so made, that we can only derive intense enjoyment from a contrast, and only very little from a state of things.

‘Das Unbehagen in der Kultur’ (Civilization and its Discontents, 1930) ch. 2

The great question that has never been answered and which I have not yet been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is ‘What does a woman want?’

Letter to Marie Bonaparte, in Ernest Jones ‘Sigmund Freud: Life and Work’ (1955) vol. 2, pt. 3, ch. 16

6.86 Betty Friedan 1921—

The problem that has no name—which is simply the fact that American women are kept from growing to their full human capacities.

‘The Feminine Mystique’ (1963) ch. 14

6.87 Max Frisch 1911—

Technik...Kniff, die Welt so einzurichten, dass wir sie nicht erleben müssen.

Technology...the knack of so arranging the world that we need not experience it.

‘Homo Faber’ (1957) pt. 2

6.88 Charles Frohman 1860-1915

Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life.

Last words before drowning in the ‘Lusitania’, 7 May 1915, in I. F. Marcosson and D. Frohman ‘Charles Frohman’ (1916) ch. 19.

6.89 Erich Fromm 1900-80

Man’s main task in life is to give birth to himself, to become what he potentially is. The most important product of his effort is his own personality.

‘Man for Himself’ (1947) ch. 4

In the nineteenth century the problem was that God is dead; in the twentieth century the problem is that man is dead. In the nineteenth century inhumanity meant cruelty; in the twentieth century it means schizoid self-alienation. The danger of the past was that men became slaves. The danger of the future is that men may become robots.

‘The Sane Society’ (1955) ch. 9

6.90 Robert Frost 1874-1963

I have been one acquainted with the night.

‘Acquainted with the Night’ (1928)

I’d like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate wilfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth’s the right place for love:
I don’t know where it’s likely to go better.

‘Birches’ (1916)

Most of the change we think we see in life
Is due to truths being in and out of favour.

‘The Black Cottage’ (1914)

Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee
And I’ll forgive Thy great big one on me.

‘Cluster of Faith’ (1962)

And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope.

‘The Death of the Hired Man’ (1914)

‘Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in.’
‘I should have called it
Something you somehow haven’t to deserve.’

‘The Death of the Hired Man’ (1914)

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.

‘Desert Places’ (1936)

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favour fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

‘Fire and Ice’ (1923)

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people.
'The Gift Outright' (1942)

Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length.
Title of poem (1942

Never ask of money spent
Where the spender thinks it went.
Nobody was ever meant
To remember or invent
What he did with every cent.
'The Hardship of Accounting' (1936)

And were an epitaph to be my story
I'd have a short one ready for my own.
I would have written of me on my stone:
I had a lover's quarrel with the world.
'The Lesson for Today' (1942)

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it.
'Mending Wall' (1914)

My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbours.'
'Mending Wall' (1914)

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
'Mending Wall' (1914)

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.
'The Pasture' (1914)

I never dared be radical when young
For fear it would make me conservative when old.
'Precaution' (1936)

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.
‘The Road Not Taken’ (1916)

We dance round in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.
‘The Secret Sits’ (1942)

I’ve broken Anne of gathering bouquets.
It’s not fair to the child. It can’t be helped though:
Pressed into service means pressed out of shape.
‘The Self-Seeker’ (1914)

Len says one steady pull more ought to do it.
He says the best way out is always through.
‘A Servant to Servants’ (1914)

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
‘Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening’ (1923)

It should be of the pleasure of a poem itself to tell how it can. The figure a poem makes. It begins in delight and ends in wisdom. The figure is the same as for love.
‘Collected Poems’ (1939) ‘The Figure a Poem Makes’

No tears in the writer, no tears in the reader. No surprise for the writer, no surprise for the reader.
‘Collected Poems’ (1939) ‘The Figure a Poem Makes’

Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting. A poem may be worked over once it is in being, but may not be worried into being.
‘Collected Poems’ (1939) ‘The Figure a Poem Makes’

I’d as soon write free verse as play tennis with the net down.
In Edward Lathem ‘Interviews with Robert Frost’ (1966) p. 203

Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat.
In Elizabeth S. Sergeant ‘Robert Frost: the Trial by Existence’ (1960) ch. 18

Poetry is what is lost in translation. It is also what is lost in interpretation.
In Louis Untermeyer ‘Robert Frost: a Backward Look’ (1964) p. 18

6.91 Christopher Fry 1907—

The dark is light enough.
Title of play (1954)

What after all
Is a halo? It’s only one more thing to keep clean.
‘The Lady’s not for Burning’ (1949) act 1

What is official

Is incontestable. It undercuts
The problematical world and sells us life
At a discount.
'The Lady's not for Burning' (1949) act 1

Where in this small-talking world can I find
A longitude with no platitude?
'The Lady's not for Burning' (1949) act 3

The best
Thing we can do is to make wherever we're lost in
Look as much like home as we can.
'The Lady's not for Burning' (1949) act 3

I hope
I've done nothing so monosyllabic as to cheat,
A spade is never so merely a spade as the word
Spade would imply.
'Venus Observed' (1950) act 2, sc. 1

6.92 Roger Fry 1866-1934

Art is significant deformity.
In Virginia Woolf 'Roger Fry' (1940) ch. 8

6.93 R. Buckminster Fuller 1895-1983

Either war is obsolete or men are.
In 'New Yorker' 8 January 1966, p. 93

God, to me, it seems,
is a verb
not a noun,
proper or improper.
'No More Secondhand God' (1963) p. 28, poem written in 1940.

Now there is one outstandingly important fact regarding Spaceship Earth, and that is that no instruction book came with it.
'Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth' (1969) ch. 4

6.94 Sam Fuller

When you're in the battlefield, survival is all there is. Death is the only great emotion.
In 'Guardian' 26 February 1991

6.95 Thomas Fuller 1608-61

But our captain counts the Image of God nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory.
'The Holy State and the Profane State' (1642) bk. 2 'The Good Sea-Captain'

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.
‘The Holy State and the Profane State’ (1642) bk. 2 ‘Of Travelling’

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul.
‘The Holy State and the Profane State’ (1642) bk. 3 ‘Of Anger’

Light (God’s eldest daughter) is a principal beauty in building.
‘The Holy State and the Profane State’ (1642) bk. 3 ‘Of Building’

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.
‘The Holy State and the Profane State’ (1642) bk. 5 ‘Life of the Duke of Alva’

6.96 Thomas Fuller 1654-1734

We are all Adam’s children but silk makes the difference.
‘Gnomologia’ (1732) no. 5425

6.97 Alfred Funke b. 1869

Gott strafe England!

God punish England!
‘Schwert und Myrte’ (1914) p. 78

6.98 Douglas Furber, Noel Gay, and Arthur Rose

Doin’ the Lambeth walk.
Title of song (1937) from ‘Me and My Girl’

6.99 Sir David Maxwell Fyfe 1900-67

See Lord Kilmuir (11.31)

6.100 Rose Fyleman 1877-1957

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
‘The Fairies’

7.0 G

7.1 Zsa Zsa Gabor (Sari Gabor) 1919—

A man in love is incomplete until he has married. Then he’s finished.
In ‘Newsweek’ 28 March 1960, p. 89

7.2 Thomas Gainsborough 1727-88

Recollect that painting and punctuality mix like oil and vinegar, and that genius and regularity are utter enemies, and must be to the end of time.

Letter to a patron, in John Hayes ‘Thomas Gainsborough’ (1980) p. 14

We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.

Attributed last words in William B. Boulton ‘Thomas Gainsborough’ (1905) ch. 9

7.3 Thomas Gaisford 1779-1855

Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.

Christmas Day Sermon in the Cathedral, Oxford, in W. Tuckwell ‘Reminiscences of Oxford’ (2nd ed., 1907) p. 124

7.4 Hugh Gaitskell 1906-63

There are some of us...who will fight and fight and fight again to save the Party we love.

Speech at Labour Party Conference, 5 October 1960, in ‘Report of 59th Annual Conference’ p. 201

It means the end of a thousand years of history.

On a European federation, in Speech at Labour Party Conference, 3 October 1962: ‘Report of 61st Annual Conference’ p. 159

7.5 Gaius 2nd century A.D.

Damnosa hereditas.

Ruinous inheritance.

‘The Institutes’ bk. 2, ch. 163

7.6 J. K. Galbraith 1908—

These are the days when men of all social disciplines and all political faiths seek the comfortable and the accepted; when the man of controversy is looked upon as a disturbing influence; when originality is taken to be a mark of instability; and when, in minor modification of the scriptural parable, the bland lead the bland.

‘The Affluent Society’ (1958) ch. 1, sect. 3

It is a far, far better thing to have a firm anchor in nonsense than to put out on the troubled seas of thought.

‘The Affluent Society’ (1958) ch. 11, sect. 4

The greater the wealth, the thicker will be the dirt.

‘The Affluent Society’ (1958) ch. 18, sect. 2

In the affluent society no useful distinction can be made between luxuries and necessaries.

‘The Affluent Society’ (1958) ch. 21

Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable.

Letter to President Kennedy, 2 March 1962, in ‘Ambassador’s Journal’ (1969) p. 312.

7.7 Galileo Galilei 1564-1642

Eppur si muove.

But it does move.

Attributed to Galileo after his recantation, that the earth moves around the sun, in 1632. The earliest appearance of the phrase is perhaps in Baretti 'Italian Library' (1757) p. 52

7.8 John Galsworthy 1867-1933

He was afflicted by the thought that where Beauty was, nothing ever ran quite straight, which, no doubt, was why so many people looked on it as immoral.

'In Chancery' (1920) pt. 1, ch. 13

A man of action forced into a state of thought is unhappy until he can get out of it.

'Maid in Waiting' (1931) ch. 3

7.9 John Galt 1779-1839

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

'Canadian Boat Song' translated from the Gaelic in 'Blackwoods Edinburgh Magazine' September 1829 'Noctes Ambrosianae' no. 46; attributed to Galt

7.10 Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi 1869-1948

What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans and the homeless, whether the mad destruction is wrought under the name of totalitarianism or the holy name of liberty or democracy?

'Non-Violence in Peace and War' (1942) vol. 1, ch. 142

The moment the slave resolves that he will no longer be a slave, his fetters fall. He frees himself and shows the way to others. Freedom and slavery are mental states.

'Non-Violence in Peace and War' (1949) vol. 2, ch. 5

Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed.

Speech at Shahi Bag, 18 March 1922, on a charge of sedition, in 'Young India' 23 March 1922

7.11 Greta Garbo (Greta Lovisa Gustafsson) 1905-90

I want to be alone.

'Grand Hotel' (1932 film; script by William A. Drake), the phrase already being associated with Garbo

7.12 Federico García Lorca 1899-1936

A las cinco de la tarde.
Eran las cinco en punto de la tarde.
Un niño trajo la blanca s bana

a las cinco de la tarde

At five in the afternoon.
It was exactly five in the afternoon.
A boy brought the white sheet
at five in the afternoon.

‘Llanto por Ignacio S nchez Mejías’ (1935) ‘La Cogida y la muerte’

Verde que te quiero verde,
Verde viento. Verde ramas.
Verde ramas.
El barco sobre la mar
y el caballo en la montaña.

Green how I love you green.
Green wind.
Green boughs.
The ship on the sea
and the horse on the mountain.

‘Romance son mbulo’ (1924-7)

7.13 Richard Gardiner b. c.1533

Sowe Carrets in your Gardens, and humbly praise God for them, as for a singular and great blessing.

‘Profitable Instructions for the Manuring, Sowing and Planting of Kitchen Gardens’ (1599)

7.14 Ed Gardner 1905-63

Opera is when a guy gets stabbed in the back and, instead of bleeding, he sings.

In ‘Duffy’s Tavern’ (1940s American radio programme)

7.15 James A. Garfield 1831-81

Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives!

Speech on the assassination of President Lincoln, 1865

7.16 Giuseppe Garibaldi 1807-82

Soldati, io esco da Roma. Chi vuole continuare la guerra contro lo straniero venga con me. Non posso offrirgli nè onori nè stipendi; gli offro fame, sete, marcie forzate, battaglie e morte. Chi ama la patria mi segua.

Men, I’m getting out of Rome. Anyone who wants to carry on the war against the outsiders, come with me. I can’t offer you either honours or wages; I offer you hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Anyone who loves his country, follow me.

Guiseppe Guerzoni ‘Garibaldi’ (1882) vol. 1, p. 331. (The speech was not recorded verbatim.)

7.17 John Nance Garner 1868-1967

The vice-presidency isn't worth a pitcher of warm piss.
In O. C. Fisher 'Cactus Jack' (1978) ch. 11

7.18 David Garrick 1717-79

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind
And through the eye correct the heart.
Epitaph on Hogarth's monument in Chiswick churchyard

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men.
'Harlequin's Invasion' (1759) 'Heart of Oak' (song)

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.
'Impromptu Epitaph'.

A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind.
'An Occasional Prologue on Quitting the Theatre' 10 June 1776

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks.
'On Doctor Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery'

Prologues precede the piece—in mournful verse;
As undertakers—walk before the hearse.
Prologue to Arthur Murphy's 'The Apprentice' (1756)

I've that within—for which there are no plaisters.
Prologue to Oliver Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer (1773)

Kitty, a fair, but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I still deplore.
'A Riddle' (1762)

See also George Colman and David Garrick (3.149)

7.19 William Lloyd Garrison 1805-79

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!
'The Liberator' 1 January 1831 Salutatory Address

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind.
'The Liberator' 15 December 1837 Prospectus

The compact which exists between the North and the South is 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell'.

Resolution adopted by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, 27 January 1843, in Archibald H. Grimke 'William Lloyd Garrison: The Abolitionist' (1891) ch. 16.

7.20 Sir Samuel Garth 1661-1719

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
'Claremont' (1715) l. 148

A barren superfluity of words.
'The Dispensary' (1699) canto 2, l. 82

7.21 Elizabeth Gaskell 1810-65

A man...is so in the way in the house!
'Cranford' (1853) ch. 1

'It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor,' said Miss Matty, softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. 'I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!'
'Cranford' (1853) ch. 4

Bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loss.
'Cranford' (1853) ch. 7

We donnot want dainties, we want belly-fulls; we donnot want gimcrack coats and waistcoats, we want warm clothes; and so that we get'em, we'd not quarrel wi' what they're made on.
'Mary Barton' (1848)

That kind of patriotism which consists in hating all other nations.
'Sylvia's Lovers' (1863) ch. 1

7.22 Gavarni (Guillaume Sulpice Chevallier) 1804-66

Les enfants terribles.

The embarrassing young.
Title of a series of prints (1842)

7.23 John Gay 1685-1732

O ruddier than the cherry,
O sweeter than the berry.
'Acis and Galatea' (performed 1718, published 1732) pt. 2

How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
'The Beggar's Opera' (1728) act 1, sc. 4, air 4

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her.
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
'The Beggar's Opera' (1728) act 1, sc. 8, air 7

Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had

been married?

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 8

Can Love be controlled by advice?

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 8, air 8

polly: Then all my sorrows are at an end.

mrs peachum: A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married!

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 8

Money, wife, is the true fuller’s earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 9

The comfortable estate of widowhood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife’s spirits.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 10

If with me you’d fondly stray.
Over the hills and far away.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 1, sc. 13, air 16

We retrench the superfluities of mankind.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 1

Fill ev’ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy.
Women and wine should life employ.
Is there ought else on earth desirous?

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 1, air 19

If the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 3, air 21

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 3

Youth’s the season made for joys;
Love is then our duty.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 4, air 22

To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman!

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 4

I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage?

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 9

In one respect indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 10

How happy could I be with either,
Were t’ other dear charmer away!

‘The Beggar’s Opera’ (1728) act 2, sc. 13, air 35

She who has never loved, has never lived.

‘The Captives’ (1724) act 2, sc. 2

She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

‘The Coquet Mother and the Coquet Daughter’

Behold the victim of Parthenia’s pride!
He saw, he sighed, he loved, was scorned and died.

‘Dione’ (1720) act 1, sc. 1

A woman’s friendship ever ends in love.

‘Dione’ (1720) act 4, sc. 6

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O’er books consumed the midnight oil?

‘Fables’ (1727) introduction, l. 15.

Envy’s a sharper spur than pay,
No author ever spared a brother,
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

‘Fables’ (1727) ‘The Elephant and the Bookseller’ l. 74

And when a lady’s in the case,
You know, all other things give place.

‘Fables’ (1727) ‘The Hare and Many Friends’ l. 41

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

‘Fables’ (1727) ‘The Mastiffs’ l. 1

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who’d give her booby for another?

‘Fables’ (1727) ‘The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy’ l. 33

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

‘Fables’ (1727) ‘The Shepherd’s Dog and the Wolf’ l. 33

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev’ry client.

‘Fables’ (1738) ‘The Dog and the Fox’

Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.

‘Fables’ (1738) ‘The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly’ l. 127

That politician tops his part,

Who readily can lie with art.
'Fables' (1738) 'The Squire and his Cur' l. 27

Give me, kind heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation.
'Fables' (1738) 'The Vulture, the Sparrow, and Other Birds' l. 69
Behold the bright original appear. 'A Letter to a Lady' l. 85

Praising all alike, is praising none.
'A Letter to a Lady' l. 114

Life is a jest; and all things show it.
I thought so once; but now I know it.
'My Own Epitaph'

Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities.
'Polly' (1729) act 1, sc. 1

No, sir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-days men are ashamed of.
'Polly' (1729) act 1, sc. 11

An inconstant woman, tho' she has no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.
'Polly' (1729) act 1, sc. 14

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
'Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan'

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
'Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan'

Adieu, she cries! and waved her lily hand.
'Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan'

A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
'The Toilette'

7.24 Noel Gay (Richard Moxon Armitage) 1898-1954

I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street,
In case a certain little lady comes by.
'Leaning on a Lamp-Post' (1937), sung by George Formby in the film 'Father Knew Best'

7.25 Sir Eric Geddes 1875-1937

The Germans, if this Government is returned, are going to pay every penny; they are going to be squeezed as a lemon is squeezed—until the pips squeak.
Speech at Cambridge, 10 December 1918, in 'Cambridge Daily News' 11 December 1918

7.26 George I 1660-1727

I hate all Boets and Bainters.

In John Campbell ‘The Lives of the Chief Justices’ (1849) ch. 30 ‘Lord Mansfield’

7.27 George II 1683-1760

Non, j’aurai des maîtresses.

No, I shall have mistresses.

To Queen Caroline when, on her death bed, she urged him to marry again; in John Hervey ‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II’ (1848) vol. 2. The Queen replied: ‘Ah! mon dieu! cela n’empêche pas [Oh, my God! That won’t prevent you]’

We are come for your good, for all your goods.

Speech at Portsmouth, probably 1716, in Joseph Spence ‘Anecdotes’ (ed. J. M. Osborn, 1966) no. 903

Mad, is he? Then I hope he will bite some of my other generals.

Replying to the Duke of Newcastle, who had complained that General Wolfe was a madman, in Henry Beckles Willson ‘The Life and Letters of James Wolfe’ (1909) ch. 17

7.28 George III 1738-1820

Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton.

‘The King’s Speech on Opening the Session’ in ‘Hansard’ 18 November 1760, col. 942

Was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so! But what think you?—what?—Is there not sad stuff? what?—what?

To Fanny Burney, in her Diary 19 December 1785

7.29 George IV 1762-1830

Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.

On first seeing Caroline of Brunswick, his future wife; in Earl of Malmesbury ‘Diaries’ 5 April 1795

7.30 George V 1865-1936

I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that the Old Country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her Colonial trade against foreign competitors.

Speech at Guildhall, 5 December 1901, in Harold Nicolson ‘King George V’ (1952) p. 73 (the speech was reprinted in 1911 with the title ‘Wake up, England’)

I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth through the years to come than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war.

Message read at Terlincthun Cemetery, Boulogne, 13 May 1922, in ‘The Times’ 15 May 1922

I said to your predecessor: ‘You know what they’re all saying, no more coals to Newcastle, no more Hoares to Paris.’ The fellow didn’t even laugh.

In conversation with Anthony Eden, 23 December 1935, following Samuel Hoare’s resignation as Foreign Secretary on 18 December 1935, in Earl of Avon ‘Facing the Dictators’ (1962) pt. 2, ch. 1

After I am dead, the boy will ruin himself in twelve months.

On his son, the future Edward VIII, in Keith Middlemas and John Barnes ‘Baldwin’ (1969) ch. 34

Bugger Bognor.

Comment believed to have been made either in 1929, when it was proposed that the town be named Bognor Regis on account of his convalescence there after a serious illness; or on his death-bed in 1936, when someone remarked ‘Cheer up, your Majesty, you will soon be at Bognor again.’ Kenneth Rose ‘King George V’ (1983) ch. 9

How’s the Empire?

To his private secretary on the morning of his death, probably prompted by an article in ‘The Times’, which he held open at the imperial and foreign page. Kenneth Rose ‘King George V’ (1983) ch. 10

7.31 George VI 1895-1952

Personally I feel happier now that we have no allies to be polite to and to pamper.

To Queen Mary, 27 June 1940, in John Wheeler-Bennett ‘King George VI’ (1958) pt. 3, ch. 6

7.32 Daniel George (Daniel George Bunting)

O Freedom, what liberties are taken in thy name!

‘The Perpetual Pessimist’ (1963) p. 58.

7.33 Lloyd George

See David Lloyd George (12.109)

7.34 George Gershwin 1898-1937

See Ira Gershwin (7.35)

7.35 Ira Gershwin 1896-1983

A foggy day in London Town
Had me low and had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm,
The British Museum had lost its charm.
How long, I wondered, could this thing last?
But the age of miracles hadn’t passed,
For, suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town the sun was shining everywhere.

‘A Foggy Day’ (1937 song; music by George Gershwin)

Let’s call the whole thing off!

Title of song (1937)

Holding hands at midnight
‘Neath a starry sky,
Nice work if you can get it,
And you can get it if you try.

‘Nice Work If You Can Get It’ (1937 song; music by George Gershwin)

7.36 Edward Gibbon 1737-94

The various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate, as equally useful. And thus toleration produced not only mutual indulgence, but even religious concord.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 2

The principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost, when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 3

History...is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 3.

In every age and country, the wiser, or at least the stronger, of the two sexes, has usurped the powers of the state, and confined the other to the cares and pleasures of domestic life.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 6

Corruption, the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 21

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 48 (on Comenus)

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 49

Persuasion is the resource of the feeble; and the feeble can seldom persuade.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 68

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (1776-88) ch. 71

The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.

'Memoirs of My Life' (1796) ch. 1

To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College: they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life.

'Memoirs of My Life' (1796) ch. 2

Their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth.

'Memoirs of My Life' (1796) ch. 3 (on the dons at Oxford)

Dr—well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform.

'Memoirs of My Life' (1796) ch. 3

It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries (aged 17).

'Memoirs of My Life' (1796) ch. 4

I saw and loved.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 4

I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 4 n.

Crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 5

The captain of the Hampshire grenadiers...has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 5 (on his own army service)

It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 6

I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 8 (on the completion of ‘Decline and Fall’)

My English text is chaste, and all licentious passages are left in the obscurity of a learned language.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 8 (parodied as ‘decent obscurity’ in the Anti-Jacobin, 1797-8)

The abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

‘Memoirs of My Life’ (1796) ch. 8

7.37 Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

The silver swan, who, living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat.

‘The First Set of Madrigals and Motets of Five Parts’ (1612) ‘The Silver Swan’

7.38 Stella Gibbons 1902-89

Every year, in the fulness o’ summer, when the sukebind hangs heavy from the wains...’tes the same. And when the spring comes her hour is upon her again. ‘Tes the hand of Nature and we women cannot escape it.

‘Cold Comfort Farm’ (1932) ch. 5

Something nasty in the woodshed.

‘Cold Comfort Farm’ (1932) ch. 10

By god, D. H. Lawrence was right when he had said there must be a dumb, dark, dull, bitter belly-tension between a man and a woman, and how else could this be achieved save in the long monotony of marriage?

‘Cold Comfort Farm’ (1932) ch. 20

7.39 Wolcott Gibbs 1902-58

Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind.

‘New Yorker’ 28 November 1936 ‘Time...Fortune...Life...Luce’ (satirizing the style of ‘Time’ magazine)

7.40 Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life’s longing for itself.
They came through you but not from you
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you,
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

‘The Prophet’ (1923) ‘On Children’

Work is love made visible. And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

‘The Prophet’ (1923) ‘On Work’

An exaggeration is a truth that has lost its temper.

‘Sand and Foam’ (1926) p. 59

7.41 Wilfrid Wilson Gibson 1878-1962

But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

‘Lament’ (1918)

7.42 Andrè Gide 1869-1951

M’est avis...que le profit n’est pas toujours ce qui méne l’homme; qu’il y a des actions dèsintèressèes...Par dèsintèressè j’entends: gratuit. Et que le mal, ce que l’on appelle: le mal, peut être aussi gratuit que le bien.

I believe...that profit is not always what motivates man; that there are disinterested actions...By disinterested I mean: gratuitous. And that evil acts, what people call evil, can be as gratuitous as

good acts.

‘Les Caves du Vatican’ (1914) bk. 4, ch. 7

Hugo—hèlas!

Hugo—alas!

When asked who was the greatest 19th-century poet, in Claude Martin ‘La Maturitè d’Andrè Gide’ (1977) p. 502

Not enough dirt.

His comment on Switzerland (attributed)

7.43 Sir Humphrey Gilbert c.1539-83

We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!

In Richard Hakluyt ‘The Third and Last Volume of the Voyages...of the English Nation’ (1600) p. 159.

7.44 W. S. Gilbert 1836-1911

Then they began to sing That extremely lovely thing, ‘Scherzando! ma non troppo ppp.’

‘The ‘Bab’ Ballads’ (1869) ‘Story of Prince Agib’

That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza Toro!

‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 1

Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 1

All shall equal be.
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots.

‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 1

But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 2

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse.

‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 2

Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And dukes were three a penny.
‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 2

When every one is somebodee,
Then no one’s anybody.
‘The Gondoliers’ (1889) act 2

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 1

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that’s excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the Law.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 1

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 1

Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 1

I often think it’s comical
How Nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal,
That’s born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative!
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

When in that House MPs divide,
If they’ve a brain and cerebellum too,
They have to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell ’em to.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

The prospect of a lot
Of dull MPs in close proximity,

All thinking for themselves is what
No man can face with equanimity.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

The House of Peers, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

When you’re lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo’d by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second class carriage.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);
He’s a bit undersized, and you don’t feel surprised when he tells you he’s only eleven.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury
Plain on a bicycle.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing.
‘Iolanthe’ (1882) act 2

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches.
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1.

I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule.
Consequently, my family pride is something in-conceivable. I can’t help it. I was born sneering.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I’ve got a little list—I’ve got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be under ground
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1.

Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a schoolgirl well can be,

Filled to the brim with girlish glee.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

Life is a joke that’s just begun.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies’ seminary.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

Modified rapture!
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 1

Here’s a how-de-doo!
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

Here’s a state of things!
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

Matrimonial devotion
Doesn’t seem to suit her notion.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

The music-hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and ’ops’
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom’s extremely hard—
He’s made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that’s always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls.

‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

I’ve got to take under my wing,
Tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,
Tra la,
With a caricature of a face.
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang ‘Willow, titwillow, titwillow!’
And I said to him, ‘Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing Willow, titwillow, titwillow?’
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

‘Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?’ I cried,
‘Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?’
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
‘Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!’
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide’s grave—
‘Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!’
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

There’s a fascination frantic
In a ruin that’s romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?
‘The Mikado’ (1885) act 2

If you’re anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of culture rare.
‘Patience’ (1881) act 1

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn’t matter if it’s only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
‘Patience’ (1881) act 1

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment á la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not too French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high aesthetic band,

If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your medieval hand.
‘Patience’ (1881) act 1

While this magnetic,
Peripatetic
Lover, he lived to learn,
By no endeavour
Can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn!
‘Patience’ (1881) act 2

‘High diddle diddle’
Will rank as an idyll,
If I pronounce it chaste!
‘Patience’ (1881) act 2

Francesca di Rimini, miminy, piminy,
Je-ne-sais-quoi young man!
‘Patience’ (1881) act 2

A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Galley,
Foot-in-the-grave young man!
‘Patience’ (1881) act 2

I’m called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why.
‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

Though ‘Bother it’ I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—
‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

And so do his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!
‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney’s firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen’s Navee!
‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

I always voted at my party’s call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen’s Navee!

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 1

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream.

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 2

He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it’s greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 2

For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Ital-ian!
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 2

The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

‘H. M. S. Pinafore’ (1878) act 2

It is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.

‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 1

The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?

‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 1

I’m very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 1

About binomial theorem I’m teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square on the hypotenuse.

‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 1

When constabulary duty’s to be done,
A policeman’s lot is not a happy one.

‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 2

They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong!
‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 2

No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.
‘The Pirates of Penzance’ (1879) act 2

To everybody’s prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman’s age in half a minute—and I do!
‘Princess Ida’ (1884) act 1

Man is Nature’s sole mistake!
‘Princess Ida’ (1884) act 2

You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or trust me, you haven’t a chance.
‘Ruddigore’ (1887) act 1

He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist.
‘Ruddigore’ (1887) act 1

If a man can’t forge his own will, whose will can he forge?
‘Ruddigore’ (1887) act 2

Some word that teems with hidden meaning—like Basingstoke.
‘Ruddigore’ (1887) act 2

This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter
Isn’t generally heard, and if it is it doesn’t matter.
‘Ruddigore’ (1887) act 2

I was a pale young curate then.
‘The Sorcerer’ (1877) act 1

So I fell in love with a rich attorney’s
Elderly ugly daughter.
‘Trial by Jury’ (1875)

She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk with a light behind her!
‘Trial by Jury’ (1875)

It’s a song of a merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
‘The Yeoman of the Guard’ (1888) act 1

’Tis ever thus with simple folk—an accepted wit has but to say ‘Pass the mustard’, and they roar their ribs out!

‘The Yeoman of the Guard’ (1888) act 2

7.45 Eric Gill 1882-1940

That state is a state of slavery in which a man does what he likes to do in his spare time and in his working time that which is required of him.

‘Art-nonsense and Other Essays’ (1929) ‘Slavery and Freedom’.

7.46 Terry Gilliam 1940—

See Graham Chapman et al. (3.74)

7.47 Allen Ginsberg 1926—

What if someone gave a war & Nobody came?
Life would ring the bells of Ecstasy and Forever be Itself again.

‘Graffiti’ (1972).

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of the night.

‘Howl’ (1956) p. 9

7.48 George Gipp d. 1920

Win just one for the Gipper.

Catch-phrase associated with Ronald Reagan, who uttered the immortal words in the 1940 film ‘Knute Rockne, All American’. Knut Rockne ‘Gipp the Great’ in ‘Collier’s’ 22 November 1930

7.49 Jean Giraudoux 1882-1944

As soon as war is declared it will be impossible to hold the poets back. Rhyme is still the most effective drum.

‘La Guerre de Troie n’aura pas lieu’ (1935; translated as ‘Tiger at the Gates’ by Christopher Fry, 1955) act 1

Nous savons tous ici que le droit est la plus puissante des ècoles de l’imagination. Jamais poéte n’a interprètè la nature aussi librement qu’un juriste la rèalitè.

We all know here that the law is the most powerful of schools for the imagination. No poet ever interpreted nature as freely as a lawyer interprets the truth.

‘La Guerre de Troie n’aura pas lieu’ (1935; translated as ‘Tiger at the Gates’ by Christopher Fry, 1955) act 2, sc. 5

7.50 W. E. Gladstone 1809-98

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side.

Speech on the Reform Bill, 1866

[The Turks] one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned.

House of Commons, 7 May 1877

The resources of civilization are not yet exhausted.

Speech on the state of Ireland, at Leeds, 7 October 1881, in Henry W. Lucy (ed.) 'Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone' (1885) p. 57

It is perfectly true that these gentlemen wish to march through rapine to disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire, and, I am sorry to say, even to the placing of different parts of the Empire in direct hostility one with the other.

Referring to the Irish Land League in a speech at Knowsley, 27 October 1881, in 'The Times', 28 October 1881

I would tell them of my own intention to keep my own counsel...and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same.

House of Commons, 21 January 1886

All the world over, I will back the masses against the classes.

Speech at Liverpool, 28 June 1886, in 'The Times' 29 June, 1886

This is the negation of God erected into a system of Government.

'A Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government' (1851) p. 9n.

We are bound to lose Ireland in consequence of years of cruelty, stupidity and misgovernment and I would rather lose her as a friend than as a foe.

In Margot Asquith 'More Memories' (1933) ch. 8

It is not a life at all. It is a Reticence, in three volumes.

On J. W. Cross's 'Life of George Eliot' in E. F. Benson 'As We Were' (1930) ch. 6

I absorb the vapour and return it as a flood.

In Lord Riddell 'Some Things That Matter' (1927 ed.) p. 69 (on public speaking)

7.51 Hannah Glasse fl. 1747

Take your hare when it is cased...

'The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy' (1747) ch. 1 (Cased skinned), the proverbial 'First catch your hare', recorded since c.1300, has frequently been misattributed to Hannah Glasse

7.52 Duke of Gloucester 1743-1805

Another damned, thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr Gibbon?

In Henry Best 'Personal and Literary Memorials' (1829) p. 68; also attributed to the Duke of Cumberland and King George III; see D. M. Low 'Edward Gibbon' (1937) p. 315

7.53 Jean-Luc Godard 1930—

La photographie, c'est la vèritè. Le cinèma: la vèritè vingt-quatre fois par seconde.

Photography is truth. The cinema is truth 24 times per second.

'Le Petit Soldat' (1960 film)

'Movies should have a beginning, a middle and an end,' harrumphed French film maker Georges Franju...'Certainly,' replied Jean-Luc Godard. 'But not necessarily in that order.'

'Time' 14 September 1981

7.54 A. D. Godley 1856-1925

Great and good is the typical Don, and of evil and wrong the foe,
Good, and great, I'm a Don myself, and therefore I ought to know.

'The Megalopsychiad'

What is this that roareth thus?
Can it be a Motor Bus?
Yes, the smell and hideous hum
Indicat Motorem Bum!...
How shall wretches live like us
Cincti Bis Motoribus?
Domine, defende nos
Contra hos Motores Bos!

Letter to C. R. L. Fletcher, 10 January 1914, in 'Reliquiae' (1926) vol. 1, p. 292

7.55 Sidney Godolphin 1610-43

Or love me less, or love me more
And play not with my liberty;
Either take all, or all restore,
Bind me at least, or set me free.

'Song'

7.56 William Godwin 1756-1836

Perfectibility is one of the most unequivocal characteristics of the human species.

'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Political Justice' (1793) bk. 1, ch. 2

The illustrious bishop of Cambrai was of more worth than his chambermaid, and there are few of us that would hesitate to pronounce, if his palace were in flames, and the life of only one of them could be preserved, which of the two ought to be preferred.

'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Political Justice' (1793) bk. 2, ch. 2

Love of our country is another of those specious illusions, which have been invented by impostors in order to render the multitude the blind instruments of their crooked designs.

'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Political Justice' (1793) bk. 5, ch. 16

It is a most mistaken way of teaching men to feel they are brothers, by imbuing their mind with perpetual hatred.

'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Political Justice' (1793) bk. 5, ch. 18 (on the subject of war)

What...can be more shameless than for society to make an example of those whom she has goaded to the breach of order, instead of amending her own institutions which, by straining order into tyranny, produced the mischief?

'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Political Justice' (1793) bk. 7, ch. 3 (on the penal laws)

7.57 Joseph Goebbels 1897-1945

Ohne Butter werden wir fertig, aber nicht beispielsweise ohne Kanonen. Wenn wir einmal überfallen werden, dann können wir uns nicht mit Butter, sondern nur mit Kanonen verteidigen.

We can manage without butter but not, for example, without guns. If we are attacked we can only defend ourselves with arms not with butter.

Speech in Berlin, 17 January 1936, in 'Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' 18 January 1936.

7.58 Hermann Goering 1893-1946

We have no butter...but I ask you—would you rather have butter or guns?...preparedness makes us powerful. Butter merely makes us fat.

Speech at Hamburg, 1936, in W. Frischauer 'Goering' (1951) ch. 10.

I herewith commission you to carry out all preparations with regard to...a total solution of the Jewish question in those territories of Europe which are under German influence.

Instructions to Heydrich, 31 July 1941, in W. L. Shirer 'The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich' bk. 5, ch. 27

Shoot first and inquire afterwards, and if you make mistakes, I will protect you.

xxx

7.59 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749-1832

Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt.

Man is in error throughout his strife.

'Faust' pt. 1 (1808) 'Prolog im Himmel'

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust.

Two souls dwell, alas! in my breast.

'Faust' pt. 1 (1808) 'Vor dem Thor'

Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.

I am the spirit that always denies.

'Faust' pt. 1 (1808) 'Studierzimmer'

Entbehren sollst Du! sollst entbehren!
Das ist der ewige Gesang.

Deny yourself! You must deny yourself!
That is the song that never ends.

'Faust' pt. 1 (1808) 'Studierzimmer'

Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

All theory, dear friend, is grey, but the golden tree of actual life springs ever green.

'Faust' pt. 1 (1808) 'Studierzimmer'

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy.

‘Faust’ pt. 1 (1808) ‘Gretchen am Spinnrad’

Die Tat ist alles, nichts der Ruhm.

The deed is all, and not the glory.

‘Faust’ pt. 2 (1832) ‘Hochgebirg’

Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.

Eternal Woman draws us upward.

‘Faust’ pt. 2 (1832) ‘Hochgebirg’ last line

Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,
Oder dienen und verlieren,
Leiden oder triumphieren
Amboss oder Hammer sein.

You must be master and win, or serve and lose, grieve or triumph, be the anvil or the hammer.

‘Der Gross-Cophta’ (1791) act 2

Wenn es eine Freude ist das Gute zu geniessen, so ist es eine grössere das
Bessere zu empfinden, und in der Kunst ist das Beste gut genug.

Since it is a joy to have the benefit of what is good, it is a greater one to experience what is better, and in art the best is good enough.

‘Italienische Reise’ (1816-17) 3 March 1787

Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens.

Superstition is the poetry of life.

‘Sprüche in Prosa’ (1819) 3

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

Talent develops in quiet places, character in the full current of human life.

‘Torquato Tasso’ (1790) act 1, sc. 2

Die Wahlverwandtschaften.

Elective affinities.

Title of novel (1809)

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh’.

Over all the mountain tops is peace.

‘Wanderers Nachtlied’ (1821)

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours

Weeping and watching for the morrow
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.

‘Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre’ (1795-6) bk. 2, ch. 13 (translated by Carlyle)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht—
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!

Know you the land where the lemon-trees bloom? In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow; a soft wind hovers from the sky, the myrtle is still and the laurel stands tall—do you know it well? There, there, I would go, O my beloved, with thee!

‘Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre’ (1795-6) bk. 3, ch. 1

Im übrigen aber ist es zulezt die grösste Kunst, sich zu beschränken und zu isoliren.

For the rest of it, the last and greatest art is to limit and isolate oneself.

Johann Peter Eckermann ‘Gespräche mit Goethe’ (Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, 1836-48), 20 April 1825

Ich kenne mich auch nicht und Gott soll mich auch davor behüten.

I do not know myself, and God forbid that I should.

Johann Peter Eckermann ‘Gespräche mit Goethe’ (Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, 1836-48), 10 April 1829.

Mehr Licht!

More light!

Attributed dying words. (Actually: ‘Macht doch den zweiten Fensterladen auch auf, damit mehr Licht hereinkomme’: ‘Open the second shutter, so that more light can come in.’)

Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast.

Without haste, but without rest.

Motto

7.60 Isaac Goldberg 1887-1938

Diplomacy is to do and say
The nastiest thing in the nicest way.

‘The Reflex’ October 1927, p. 77

7.61 Emma Goldman 1869-1940

Anarchism, then, really, stands for the liberation of the human mind from the dominion of religion; the liberation of the human body from the dominion of property; liberation from the shackles and restraints of government.

‘Anarchism and Other Essays’ (1910) p. 68

7.62 Oliver Goldsmith 1730-74

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 1

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 51

How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 99

The watchdog's voice that bayed the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 141

He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 150

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
'The Deserted Village' (1770) l. 179

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 197

The village all declared how much he knew;
’Twas certain he could write and cypher too.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 207

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e’en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund’ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 211

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed at night, a chest of drawers by day.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 227

How wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 267

In all the silent manliness of grief.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 384

I see the rural virtues leave the land.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 398

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found’st me poor at first, and keep’st me so.

‘The Deserted Village’ (1770) l. 413 (on poetry)

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

‘Edwin and Angelina, or the Hermit’ (1766).

The doctor found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

‘Elegy on Mrs Mary Blaize’

The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

‘Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog’

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

‘Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog’

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

‘Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog’

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other’s throats, for pay.
‘Logicians Refuted’ l. 39

Our Garrick’s a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
‘Retaliation’ (1774) l. 11.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.
‘Retaliation’ (1774) l. 29 (on Edmund Burke)

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.
‘Retaliation’ (1774) l. 93

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
’Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
‘Retaliation’ (1774) l. 101 (on Garrick)

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
‘Retaliation’ (1774) l. 145 (on Reynolds)

Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 7

Such is the patriot’s boast, where’er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home.
‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 73

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.
‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 327

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 386

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 429

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.
‘Essays’ 5 ‘The Use of Language’

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 1

We must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the fault without eradicating the virtue.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 1

All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 1

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 1

Silence is become his mother tongue.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 2

You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

‘The Good-Natured Man’ (1768) act 2

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 1, sc. 1, song

Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 1

The very pink of perfection.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 1

I’ll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 1

It’s a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 1

This is Liberty-Hall, gentlemen.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 2

The first blow is half the battle.

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 2

Was there ever such a cross-grained brute?

‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773) act 3

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1766) ch. 1

I...chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well.

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1766) ch. 1

All our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1766) ch. 1

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1766) ch. 5

It seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them.

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1766) ch. 16

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ (1764) ch. 29

There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) 26 October 1769.

As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) 9 April 1773

7.63 Barry Goldwater 1909—

I would remind you that extremism in the defence of liberty is no vice!
And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue!

Speech accepting the presidential nomination, 16 July 1964, in ‘New York Times’ 17 July 1964, p. 1

7.64 Sam Goldwyn (Samuel Goldfish) 1882-1974

Gentlemen, include me out.

Said on resigning from the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, October 1933, in Michael Freedland ‘The Goldwyn Touch’ (1986) ch. 10

A verbal contract isn’t worth the paper it is written on.

In Alva Johnston ‘The Great Goldwyn’ (1937) ch. 1

That’s the way with these directors, they’re always biting the hand that lays the golden egg.

In Alva Johnston ‘The Great Goldwyn’ (1937) ch. 1

Pictures are for entertainment, messages should be delivered by Western Union.

In Arthur Marx ‘Goldwyn’ (1976) ch. 15

Any man who goes to a psychiatrist should have his head examined.

In Norman Zierold ‘Moguls’ (1969) ch. 3

Why should people go out and pay to see bad movies when they can stay at home and see bad television for nothing?

In ‘Observer’ 9 September 1956

7.65 Adam Lindsay Gordon 1833-70

Life is mostly froth and bubble,

Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.
'Ye Wearie Wayfarer' 'Fytte 8'

7.66 Mack Gordon 1904-59

Pardon me boy is that the Chattanooga Choo-choo,
Track twenty nine,
Boy you can gimme a shine.
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo-choo,
I've got my fare and just a trifle to spare.
You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four,
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore,
Dinner in the diner nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham'n eggs in Carolina.
'Chattanooga Choo-choo' (1941 song)

7.67 Stuart Gorrell 1902-63

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find,
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.
'Georgia on my Mind' (1930 song; music by Hoagy Carmichael)

7.68 Lord Goschen 1831-1907

I have the courage of my opinions, but I have not the temerity to give a political blank cheque to Lord Salisbury.
Speech, 'Hansard' 19 February 1884, col. 1420

7.69 Sir Edmund Gosse 1849-1928

A sheep in sheep's clothing.
Of the 'woolly-bearded poet' Sturge Moore, in F. Greenslet 'Under the Bridge' (1943) ch. 10.

7.70 Dean Goulburn 1818-97

Let the scintillations of your wit be like the coruscations of summer lightning, lambent but innocuous.
Sermon at Rugby School, in W. Tuckwell 'Reminiscences of Oxford' (2nd ed., 1907) p. 272

7.71 John Gower c.1330-1408

It hath and schal ben evermor
That love is maister wher he wile.
'Confessio Amantis' (1386-90) prologue, l. 34

7.72 Sir Ernest Gowers 1880-1966

It is not easy nowadays to remember anything so contrary to all appearances as that officials are the servants of the public; and the official must try not to foster the illusion that it is the other way round.

'Plain Words' ch. 3

We are all esquires now, and we are none of us gentlemen any more.

In 'Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage' (2nd ed., 1965)

7.73 Francisco Josè de Goya y Lucientes 1746-1828

El sueño de la razón produce monstruos.

The dream of reason produces monsters.

7.74 Clementina Stirling Graham 1782-1877

The best way to get the better of temptation is just to yield to it.

'Mystifications' (1859) 'Soirèe at Mrs Russel's'

7.75 D. M. Graham 1911—

That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country.

Motion worded by Graham for debate at the Oxford Union, of which he was Librarian, 9 February 1933 (passed by 275 votes to 153)

7.76 Harry Graham 1874-1936

Weep not for little Lèonie
Abducted by a French Marquis!
Though loss of honour was a wrench
Just think how it's improved her French.

'More Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes' (1930) 'Compensation'

O'er the rugged mountain's brow
Clara threw the twins she nursed,
And remarked, 'I wonder now
Which will reach the bottom first?'

'Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes' (1899) 'Calculating Clara'

Aunt Jane observed, the second time
She tumbled off a bus,
'The step is short from the Sublime
To the Ridiculous.'

'Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes' (1899) 'Equanimity'.

'There's been an accident,' they said,
'Your servant's cut in half; he's dead!'
'Indeed!' said Mr Jones, 'and please,

Send me the half that's got my keys.'

'Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes' (1899) 'Mr Jones' (poem attributed to 'G.W.')

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes;
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

'Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes' (1899) 'Tender-Heartedness'

7.77 James Graham, Marquis of Montrose 1612-50

Great, Good and Just, could I but rate
My grief to thy too rigid fate!

'Epitaph on King Charles I'

Let them bestow on every airth a limb;
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;—
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.

'Lines written on the Window of his Jail the Night before his Execution'

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.

'My Dear and Only Love'

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.

'My Dear and Only Love'

7.78 Kenneth Grahame 1859-1932

The curate faced the laurels—hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. 'O Mr Hodgitts!' I heard her cry, 'you are brave! for my sake do not be rash!' He was not rash.

'The Golden Age' (1895) 'The Burglars'

Monkeys...very sensibly refrain from speech, lest they should be set to earn their livings.

'The Golden Age' (1895) 'Lusisti Satis'

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.

‘The Wind in the Willows’ (1908) ch. 1

The poetry of motion! The real way to travel! The only way to travel! Here today—in next week tomorrow! Villages skipped, towns and cities jumped—always somebody else’s horizon!

‘The Wind in the Willows’ (1908) ch. 2.

7.79 James Grainger c.1721-66

What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.

‘Solitude’ l. 96

Knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.

‘The Sugar Cane’ (1764) bk. 4

7.80 Ulysses S. Grant 1822-85

No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

To Simon Bolivar Buckner, whom he was besieging in Fort Donelson, 16 February 1862, in P. C. Headley ‘The Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant’ (1869) ch. 6

I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

Dispatch to Washington, from head-quarters in the field, 11 May 1864, in P. C. Headley ‘The Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant’ (1869) ch. 23

Let us have peace.

Letter to General Joseph R. Hawkey, 29 May 1868, accepting nomination for the presidency, in P. C. Headley ‘The Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant’ (1869) ch. 29

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

Inaugural Address, 4 March 1869, in P. C. Headley ‘The Life and Campaigns of General U. S. Grant’ (1869) ch. 29

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided...No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

Indorsement of a letter relating to the Whiskey Ring, 29 July 1875

7.81 George Granville, Baron Lansdowne 1666-1735

I’ll be this abject thing no more;
Love, give me back my heart again.

‘Adieu l’Amour’

Bright as the day, and like the morning, fair,
Such Cloe is...and common as the air.

‘Cloe’

Of all pains, the greatest pain
Is to love, and love in vain.
'The happiest mortals once we were'

Cowards in scarlet pass for men of war.
'The She Gallants' (1696) act 5

7.82 John Woodcock Graves 1795-1886

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view-hollo would waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.
'John Peel' (1820)

7.83 Robert Graves 1895-1985

Children are dumb to say how hot the day is,
How hot the scent is of the summer rose.
'The Cool Web' (1927)

There's a cool web of language winds us in,
Retreat from too much joy or too much fear.
'The Cool Web' (1927)

Counting the beats,
Counting the slow heart beats,
The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats,
Wakeful they lie.
'Counting the Beats' (1951)

His eyes are quickened so with grief,
He can watch a grass or leaf
Every instant grow; he can
Clearly through a flint wall see,
Or watch the startled spirit flee
From the throat of a dead man.
'Lost Love' (1921)

Truth-loving Persians do not dwell upon
The trivial skirmish fought near Marathon.
'The Persian Version'

As you are woman, so be lovely:

As you are lovely, so be various,
Merciful as constant, constant as various,
So be mine, as I yours for ever.
‘Pygmalion to Galatea’ (1927)

Far away is close at hand
Close joined is far away,
Love shall come at your command
Yet will not stay.
‘Song of Contrariety’ (1923)

To evoke posterity
Is to weep on your own grave,
Ventriloquizing for the unborn.
‘To Evoke Posterity’

Goodbye to all that.
Title of autobiography (1929)

7.84 John Chipman Gray 1839-1915

Dirt is only matter out of place; and what is a blot on the escutcheon of the Common Law may be a jewel in the crown of the Social Republic.
‘Restraints on the Alienation of Property’ (2nd ed., 1895) preface

7.85 Patrick, Sixth Lord Gray d. 1612

A dead woman bites not.
Oral tradition, Gray being said to have advocated the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1587 with the words ‘Mortui non mordent’: J. B. Black ‘The Reign of Elizabeth 1558-1603’ (1936) ch. 10. ‘Dead men do not bite’ is based on Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Pompey’ sect. 77

7.86 Thomas Gray 1716-71

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho’ fanned by Conquest’s crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
‘The Bard’ (1757) l. 1

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air.
‘The Bard’ (1757) l. 19.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
‘The Bard’ (1757) l. 49

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

‘The Bard’ (1757) l. 71

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 1

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow’r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain.

‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 9

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree’s shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt’ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 13

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Awaits alike th’inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 29

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour’s voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt’ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 41

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country’s blood.
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 53

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 65

Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 73

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e’er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling’ring look behind?
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 85

Mindful of th’ unhonoured dead
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 93

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 117

He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heav’n (‘twas all he wished) a friend.
‘Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard’ (1751) l. 123

Not all that tempts your wand’ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

‘Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat’ (1748)

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat’ry glade.

‘Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ (1747) l. 1

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

‘Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ (1747) l. 38

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

‘Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ (1747) l. 51

To each his suff’rings, all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain,
Th’ unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.

‘Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ (1747) l. 91

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

‘Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude’ (1754) l. 49

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo’s note,
The untaught harmony of spring.

‘Ode on the Spring’ (1748) l. 5

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature’s darling laid.

‘The Progress of Poesy’ (1757) l. 83 (on Shakespeare)

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th’abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

'The Progress of Poesy' (1757) l. 95 (on Milton)

Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.

'The Progress of Poesy' (1757) l. 110

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

'The Progress of Poesy' (1757) l. 122

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune.

'Sketch of his own Character'

The language of the age is never the language of poetry, except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose.

Letter to West, 8 April 1742, in H. W. Starr (ed.) 'Correspondence of Thomas Gray' (1971) vol. 1, letter 103

It has been usual to catch a mouse or two (for form's sake) in public once a year.

On refusing the Laureateship, in a letter to William Mason, 19 December 1757, in H. W. Starr (ed.) 'Correspondence of Thomas Gray' (1971) vol. 2, letter 259

I shall be but a shrimp of an author.

Letter to Horace Walpole, 25 February 1768, in H. W. Starr (ed.) 'Correspondence of Thomas Gray' (1971) vol. 3, letter 471

Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity.

Letter to Horace Walpole, 25 February 1768, in H. W. Starr (ed.) 'Correspondence of Thomas Gray' (1971) vol. 3, letter 471

7.87 Horace Greely 1811-72

Go West, young man, and grow up with the country.

'Hints toward Reforms' (1850).

7.88 Hannah Green (Joanne Greenberg)

I never promised you a rose garden.

Title of novel (1964)

7.89 Matthew Green 1696-1737

They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less.

'The Grotto' (1732) l. 69

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well.

‘The Spleen’ (1737) l. 92

By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find.

‘The Spleen’ (1737) l. 610

7.90 Graham Greene 1904-91

Catholics and Communists have committed great crimes, but at least they have not stood aside, like an established society, and been indifferent. I would rather have blood on my hands than water like Pilate.

‘The Comedians’ (1966) pt. 3, ch. 4

He gave her a bright fake smile; so much of life was a putting-off of unhappiness for another time. Nothing was ever lost by delay.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 1, pt. 1, ch. 1

Against the beautiful and the clever and the successful, one can wage a pitiless war, but not against the unattractive.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 1, pt. 1, ch. 2

They had been corrupted by money, and he had been corrupted by sentiment. Sentiment was the more dangerous, because you couldn’t name its price. A man open to bribes was to be relied upon below a certain figure, but sentiment might uncoil in the heart at a name, a photograph, even a smell remembered.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 1, pt. 1, ch. 2

Despair is the price one pays for setting oneself an impossible aim.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 1, pt. 1, ch. 2

Here you could love human beings nearly as God loved them, knowing the worst; you didn’t love a pose, a pretty dress, a sentiment artfully assumed.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 1, pt. 1, ch. 5

He felt the loyalty we all feel to unhappiness—the sense that that is where we really belong.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 2, pt. 2, ch. 1

Any victim demands allegiance.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 3, pt. 1, ch. 1

His hilarity was like a scream from a crevasse.

‘The Heart of the Matter’ (1948) bk. 3, pt. 1, ch. 1

There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in.

‘The Power and the Glory’ (1940) pt. 1, ch. 1

Innocence always calls mutely for protection, when we would be so much wiser to guard ourselves against it: innocence is like a dumb leper who has lost his bell, wandering the world meaning no harm.

‘The Quiet American’ (1955) pt. 1, ch. 3

If only it were possible to love without injury—fidelity isn’t enough...The hurt is in the act of possession: we are too small in mind and body to possess another person without pride or to be

possessed without humiliation.

‘The Quiet American’ (1955) pt. 2, ch. 3

See also Orson Welles (11.45) in Volume II

7.91 Robert Greene c.1560-92

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain.

‘Cupid abroad was lated’ (c.1590)

Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time.

‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay’ (1594) act 3, sc. 1

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so.

‘Pandosto. The Triumph of Time’ (1588)

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

‘The Shepherd’s Wife’s Song’ (1590)

For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger’s heart wrapped in a player’s hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Iohannes fac totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.

‘Greenes Groats-Worth of Witte’ (1592) referring to Shakespeare

7.92 Germaine Greer 1939—

The female eunuch.

Title of book (1971)

Human beings have an inalienable right to invent themselves; when that right is pre-empted it is called brain-washing.

‘The Times’ 1 February 1986

7.93 Gregory the Great c.540-604

Non Angli sed Angeli.

Not Angles but Angels.

Bede ‘Historia Ecclesiastica’ bk. 2, sect. 1, recorded: Responsum est, quod Angli vocarentur. At ille: ‘Bene,’ inquit; ‘nam et angelicam habent faciem, et tales angelorum in caelis decet esse coheredes.’ They answered that they were called Angles. ‘It is well,’ he said, ‘for they have the faces of angels, and such should be the co-heirs of the angels of heaven.’

7.94 Gregory VII 1020-85

Dilexi iustitiam et odi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio.

I have loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore I die in exile.

Bowden ‘Life’ bk. 3, ch. 20

7.95 Stephen Grellet 1773-1855

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Attributed. John o’ London ‘Treasure Trove’ (1925) p. 48 for some of the many other claimants to authorship

7.96 Joyce Grenfell 1910-79

Stately as a galleon, I sail across the floor,
Doing the Military Two-step, as in the days of yore.

‘Stately as a Galleon’ (1978)

7.97 Julian Grenfell 1888-1915

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun’s kiss glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead, who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth.
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth.

‘Into Battle’ in ‘The Times’ 28 May 1915

7.98 Frances Greville (nèe Macartney) c.1724-89

Far as distress the soul can wound
’Tis pain in each degree;
Bliss goes but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.

‘A Prayer for Indifference’ (1759)

Half-pleased, contented will I be,
Contented, half to please.

‘A Prayer for Indifference’ (1759)

7.99 Sir Fulke Greville 1554-1628

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Staled are my thoughts, which loved and lost, the wonder of our age,
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.
‘Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney’

Oh wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound.
‘Mustapha’ (1609) act 5, sc. 4

Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.
Epitaph written for himself, on his monument in Warwick

7.100 Sir Edward Grey (Viscount Grey of Fallodon) 1862-1933

The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime.
‘25 Years’ (1925) vol. 2, ch. 18 (said on the eve of the first World War)

7.101 Mervyn Griffith-Jones 1909-79

Is it a book you would even wish your wife or your servants to read?
On D. H. Lawrence’s Lady Chatterly’s Lover, in Speech for the prosecution at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, 20 October 1960: ‘The Times’ 21 October 1960

7.102 Nicholas Grimald 1519-62

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?
‘Of Friendship’

7.103 George and Weedon Grossmith 1847-1912 and 1854-1919

What’s the good of a home if you are never in it?
‘The Diary of a Nobody’ (1894) ch. 1

I...recognized her as a woman who used to work years ago for my old aunt at Clapham. It only shows how small the world is.
‘The Diary of a Nobody’ (1894) ch. 2

He suggested we should play ‘Cutlets’, a game we never heard of. He sat on a chair, and asked Carrie to sit on his lap, an invitation which dear Carrie rightly declined.
‘The Diary of a Nobody’ (1894) ch. 7

I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat.
‘The Diary of a Nobody’ (1894) ch. 12

I am a poor man, but I would gladly give ten shillings to find out who sent me the insulting

Christmas card I received this morning.
'The Diary of a Nobody' (1894) ch. 13

7.104 Philip Guedalla 1889-1944

Any stigma, as the old saying is, will serve to beat a dogma.
'Masters and Men' (1923) 'Ministers of State'

The little ships, the unforgotten Homeric catalogue of Mary Jane and Peggy IV, of Folkestone Belle, Boy Billy, and Ethel Maud, of Lady Haig and Skylark...the little ships of England brought the Army home.
Referring to the evacuation of Dunkirk in 'Mr Churchill' (1941) ch. 7

The cheerful clatter of Sir James Barrie's cans as he went round with the milk of human kindness.
'Supers and Supermen' (1920) 'Some Critics'

The work of Henry James has always seemed divisible by a simple dynastic arrangement into three reigns: James I, James II, and the Old Pretender.
'Supers and Supermen' (1920) 'Some Critics'

History repeats itself. Historians repeat each other.
'Supers and Supermen' (1920) 'Some Historians'

7.105 Texas Guinan (Mary Louise Cecilia Guinan) 1884-1933

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.
In 'New York World-Telegram' 21 March 1931, p. 25, which asserts that Guinan used the phrase at least six or seven years previously; also attributed to Jack Osterman and Mae West, it was the title of a 1927 song and a film of 1931.

7.106 Nubar Gulbenkian 1896-1972

The best number for a dinner party is two—myself and a dam' good head waiter.
In 'Daily Telegraph' 14 January 1965

7.107 Dorothy Frances Gurney 1858-1932

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.
'God's Garden' (1913)

7.108 Woody Guthrie (Woodrow Wilson Guthrie) 1912-67

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island.
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

‘This Land is Your Land’ (1956 song)

7.109 Nell Gwyn 1650-87

Pray, good people, be civil. I am the Protestant whore.

In Oxford, during the Popish Terror, 1681, in B. Bevan ‘Nell Gwyn’ (1969) ch. 13

8.0 H

8.1 Emperor Hadrian A.D. 76-138

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula rigida nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis iocos!

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav’ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

In J. W. Duff (ed.) ‘Minor Latin Poets’ (1934) p. 445, translated by Byron as ‘Adrian’s Address to His Soul When Dying’

8.2 Rider Haggard (Sir Henry Rider Haggard) 1856-1925

She who must be obeyed.

‘She’ (1887) passim

8.3 C. F. S. Hahnemann 1755-1843

Similia similibus curantur.

Like cures like.

Motto of homoeopathic medicine. Hahnemann seems to have used this formula, but with curentur: ‘Let similars be treated by similars’. Paracelsus (1493-1541), not acknowledged as an influence by Hahnemann, wrote Simile similis cura: non contrarium in ‘Fragmenta Medica’

8.4 Earl Haig 1861-1928

A very weak-minded fellow I am afraid, and, like the feather pillow, bears the marks of the last person who has sat on him!

Of the 17th Earl of Derby, in a letter to Lady Haig, 14 January 1918: R. Blake ‘Private Papers of Douglas Haig’ (1952) ch. 16

Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end.

Order to British troops, 12 April 1918, in A. Duff Cooper ‘Haig’ (1936) vol. 2, ch. 23

8.5 Lord Hailsham (Baron Hailsham, Quintin Hogg) 1907—

A great party is not to be brought down because of a scandal by a woman of easy virtue and a proved liar.

Interviewed on the Profumo affair, in ‘The Times’ 14 June 1963

8.6 J. B. S. Haldane 1892-1964

I suspect that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, or can be dreamed of, in any philosophy. That is the reason why I have no philosophy myself, and must be my excuse for dreaming.

‘Possible Worlds and Other Essays’ (1927) ‘Possible Worlds’.

The Creator, if He exists, has a special preference for beetles.

On observing that there are 400,000 species of beetle on this planet, but only 8,000 species of mammals: report of lecture, 7 April 1951, in ‘Journal of the British Interplanetary Society’ (1951)vol. 10, p. 156

8.7 H. R. Haldeman 1929—

Once the toothpaste is out of the tube, it is awfully hard to get it back in.

To John Dean on the Watergate affair, 8 April 1973, in ‘Hearings Before the Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities of US Senate: Watergate and Related Activities’ (1973) vol. 4, p. 1399

8.8 Edward Everett Hale 1822-1909

‘Do you pray for the senators, Dr Hale?’ ‘No, I look at the senators and I pray for the country.’

Van Wyck Brooks ‘New England Indian Summer’ (1940) p. 418 n.

8.9 Sir Matthew Hale 1609-76

Christianity is part of the Common Law of England.

In ‘Historia Placitorum Coronae’ (ed. Sollom Emlyn, 1736)

8.10 Nathan Hale 1755-76

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

Before being executed as a spy by the British, 22 September 1776, in Henry Phelps Johnston ‘Nathan Hale, 1776’ (1914) ch. 7.

8.11 Sarah Josepha Hale 1788-1879

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

‘Poems for Our Children’ (1830) ‘Mary’s Little Lamb’

8.12 T. C. Haliburton 1796-1865

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. These men are all upper crust here.

'The Attachè or Sam Slick in England' (1843-4) ch. 24

8.13 George Savile, Marquis of Halifax 1633-95

Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison.

'Advice to a Daughter' (1688) 'Behaviour and Conversation'

The best way to suppose what may come, is to remember what is past.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Miscellaneous: Experience'

Anger is never without an argument, but seldom with a good one.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Anger'

Most men make little other use of their speech than to give evidence against their own understanding.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Folly and Fools'

There is...no fundamental, but that every supreme power must be arbitrary.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Fundamentals'

Malice is of a low stature, but it hath very long arms.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Malice and Envy'

When the people contend for their liberty, they seldom get anything by their victory but new masters.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Prerogative, Power and Liberty'

Power is so apt to be insolent and Liberty to be saucy, that they are very seldom upon good terms.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Prerogative, Power and Liberty'

Men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen.

'Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections' (1750) 'Of Punishment'

To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other answer but this, Look to your Moat.

'A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea' (1694) p. 4

Lord Rochester was made Lord president: which being a post superior in rank, but much inferior both in advantage and credit to that he held formerly, drew a jest from Lord Halifax...he said, that he had heard of many kicked down stairs, but never of any that was kicked up stairs before.

Gilbert Burnet 'History of His Own Time' (written 1683-6) vol. 1 (1724) p. 592

8.14 Joseph Hall 1574-1656

I first adventure, follow me who list
And be the second English satirist.

'Virgidemiae' (1597) prologue

Perfection is the child of Time.

‘Works’ (1625) p. 670

8.15 Fitz-Greene Halleck 1790-1867

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty.

‘Connecticut’

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

‘On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake’

8.16 Friedrich Halm (Eligius Francis Joseph, Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen) 1806-71

Mein Herz ich will dich fragen:
Was ist denn Liebe? Sag’!—
‘Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!’

What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

‘Der Sohn der Wildniss’ (1842) act 2 ad fin. (translated by Maria Lovell in Ingomar the Barbarian)

8.17 Margaret Halsey 1910—

The English never smash in a face. They merely refrain from asking it to dinner.

‘With Malice Toward Some’ (1938) pt. 3, p. 208

8.18 Admiral W. F. (‘Bull’) Halsey 1882-1959

The Third Fleet’s sunken and damaged ships have been salvaged and are retiring at high speed toward the enemy.

Report, 14 October 1944, on hearing claims that the Japanese had virtually annihilated the US fleet, in E. B. Potter ‘Bull Halsey’ (1985) ch. 17

8.19 Alex Hamilton 1936—

Those who stand for nothing fall for anything.

‘Born Old’ (radio broadcast), in ‘Listener’ 9 November 1978

8.20 Alexander Hamilton c.1755-1804

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing.

Letter to Robert Morris, 30 April 1781, in John C. Hamilton (ed.) 'The Works of Alexander Hamilton' vol. 1 (1850) p. 257

8.21 Gail Hamilton (Mary A. Dodge) 1833-96

The total depravity of inanimate things.
Epigram

8.22 Sir William Hamilton 1788-1856

Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines.
'Discussions on Philosophy' (1852) title page, epigram

On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind.
'Lectures on Metaphysics' (1859-60)

8.23 Oscar Hammerstein II 1895-1960

The last time I saw Paris
Her heart was warm and gay,
I heard the laughter of her heart in ev'ry street cafè.
'The Last Time I saw Paris' (from 'Lady, be Good', 1941); music by Jerome Kern

The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,
An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky.
'Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'' (from 'Oklahoma', 1943); music by Richard Rodgers

Ol' man river, dat ol' man river,
He must know sumpin', but don't say nothin',
He just keeps rollin',
He keeps on rollin' along.
'Ol' Man River' (from 'Show Boat', 1927); music by Jerome Kern

Some enchanted evening,
You may see a stranger...
Across a crowded room.
'Some Enchanted Evening' (from 'South Pacific', 1949); music by Richard Rodgers

You'll never walk alone.
Title of song from 'Carousel' (1945); music by Richard Rodgers

8.24 Christopher Hampton 1946—

A definition of capitalism...the process whereby American girls turn into American women.
'Savages' (1974) sc. 16

8.25 John Hancock 1737-93

There, I guess King George will be able to read that.
On signing the Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

8.26 Learned Hand 1872-1961

A self-made man may prefer a self-made name.

On Samuel Goldfish changing his name to Samuel Goldwyn, in Bosley Crowther ‘Lion’s Share’ (1957) ch. 7

8.27 Minnie Hanff 1880-1942

High o’er the fence leaps Sunny Jim
‘Force’ is the food that raises him.

Advertising slogan for breakfast cereal (1903)

8.28 Brian Hanrahan 1949—

I counted them all out and I counted them all back.

On the number of British aeroplanes (which he was not permitted to disclose) joining the raid on Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands: BBC broadcast report, 1 May 1982, in ‘Battle for the Falklands’ (1982) p. 21

8.29 Edmond Haraucourt 1856-1941

Partir c’est mourir un peu,
C’est mourir á ce qu’on aime:
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

To go away is to die a little, it is to die to that which one loves: everywhere and always, one leaves behind a part of oneself.

‘Seul’ (1891) ‘Rondel de l’Adieu’

8.30 Otto Harbach 1873-1963

When a lovely flame dies,
Smoke gets in your eyes.

‘Smoke Gets in your Eyes’ (1933 song; music by Jerome Kern)

8.31 E. Y. (‘Yip’) Harburg 1898-1981

Brother can you spare a dime.

Title of song (1932)

Say, it’s only a paper moon,
Sailing over a cardboard sea.

‘It’s Only a Paper Moon’ (1933 song; music by Harold Arlen)

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high,
There’s a land that I heard of
Once in a lullaby.

‘Over the Rainbow’ (1939 song; music by Harold Arlen)

8.32 Keir Hardie 1856-1915

From his childhood onward this boy [the future Edward VIII] will be surrounded by sycophants and flatterers by the score—[Cries of 'Oh, oh!']—and will be taught to believe himself as of a superior creation. [Cries of 'Oh, oh!'] A line will be drawn between him and the people whom he is to be called upon some day to reign over. In due course, following the precedent which has already been set, he will be sent on a tour round the world, and probably rumours of a morganatic alliance will follow—[Loud cries of 'Oh, oh!' and 'Order!']—and the end of it all will be that the country will be called upon to pay the bill. [Cries of Divide!]

Speech, 'Hansard' 28 June 1894, col. 463

8.33 Sir William Harcourt 1827-1904

We are all socialists now.

During the passage of the 1894 budget, which equalized death duties on real and personal property: attributed. G. B. Shaw (ed.) 'Essays in Socialism' (1889) p. 209

8.34 Warren G. Harding 1865-1923

America's present need is not heroics, but healing; not nostrums but normalcy; not revolution, but restoration.

Speech at Boston, 14 May 1920, in Frederick E. Schortemeier 'Rededicating America' (1920) ch. 17

8.35 Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke 1690-1764

His doubts are better than most people's certainties.

On 'Dirleton's Doubts', in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934 ed.) vol. 3, p. 205

8.36 Godfrey Harold Hardy 1877-1947

Beauty is the first test: there is no permanent place in the world for ugly mathematics.

'A Mathematician's Apology' (1940) p. 25

8.37 Thomas Hardy 1840-1928

A local thing called Christianity.

'The Dynasts' (1904) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 6

War makes rattling good history; but Peace is poor reading.

'The Dynasts' (1904) pt. 1, act 2, sc. 5

It is hard for a woman to define her feelings in language which is chiefly made by men to express theirs.

'Far from the Madding Crowd' (1874) ch. 81

A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all.

'The Hand of Ethelberta' (1876) ch. 20

Done because we are too menny.

'Jude the Obscure' (1896) pt. 6, ch. 2

One grievous failing of Elizabeth's was her occasional pretty and picturesque use of dialect

words—those terrible marks of the beast to the truly genteel.

‘The Mayor of Casterbridge’ (1886) ch. 20

She whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.

‘The Mayor of Casterbridge’ (1886) ch. 45, closing words

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man’s nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularity colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived a past, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

‘The Return of the Native’ (1878) bk. 1, ch. 1 (Egdon Heath)

Human beings, in their generous endeavour to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a First Cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of a lower moral quality than their own.

‘The Return of the Native’ (1878) bk. 6, ch. 1

A novel is an impression, not an argument.

‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ (5th ed., 189?) preface

She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly.

‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ (1891) ch. 14

The two forces were at work here as everywhere, the inherent will to enjoy, and the circumstantial will against enjoyment.

‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ (1891) ch. 43

‘Justice’ was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Aeschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess.

‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ (1891) ch. 59

Good, but not religious-good.

‘Under the Greenwood Tree’ (1872) ch. 2

It was one of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world...where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein.

‘The Woodlanders’ (1887) ch. 1

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
‘He was a man who used to notice such things’?

‘Afterwards’ (1917)

The bower we shrined to Tennyson,
Gentlemen,
Is roof-wrecked; damps there drip upon

Sagged seats, the creeper-nails are rust,
The spider is sole denizen;
Even she who voiced those rhymes is dust,
Gentlemen!

‘An Ancient to Ancients’ (1922)

‘Peace upon earth!’ was said. We sing it,
And pay a million priests to bring it.
After two thousand years of mass
We’ve got as far as poison-gas.

‘Christmas: 1924’ (1928)

In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls—grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

‘Convergence of the Twain’ (1914)

The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything.

‘Convergence of the Twain’ (1914)

At once a voice outburst among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

‘The Darkling Thrush’ (1902)

If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst.

‘De Profundis’ (1902)

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,
Kept faith with me;
Upon the whole you have proved to be
Much as you said you were.

‘He Never Expected Much’ (1928)

I am the family face;
Flesh perishes, I live on,
Projecting trait and trace
Through time to times anon,
And leaping from place to place
Over oblivion.

‘Heredity’ (1917)

I look into my glass,
And viewing wasting skin,
And say, ‘Would you it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!’

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

‘I look into my glass’

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War’s annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

‘In Time of “The Breaking of Nations”’ (1917)

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

‘Let me Enjoy’ (1909)

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You’d treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.

‘The Man he Killed’ (1909)

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

‘Men Who March Away’ (1914)

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy
And the roof-lamp’s oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

‘Midnight on the Great Western’ (1917)

When I set out for Lyonnesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonnesse
A hundred miles away.

‘When I set out for Lyonnesse’ (1870)

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

‘The Voice’

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,

And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at ‘The Travellers’ Rest’,
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

‘Weathers’ (1922)

And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

‘Weathers’ (1922)

8.38 Julius Hare 1795-1855 and Augustus Hare 1792-1834

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.

‘Guesses at Truth’ (1827) series 1, p. 8

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one’s horse as he is leaping.

‘Guesses at Truth’ (1827) series 1, p. 137

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.

‘Guesses at Truth’ (3rd ed., 1847) series 1, p. 339

8.39 Maurice Evan Hare 1886-1967

There once was an old man who said, ‘Damn!
It is borne in upon me I am
An engine that moves
In determinate grooves,
I’m not even a bus, I’m a tram.’

‘Limerick’ (1905)

8.40 W. F. Hargreaves 1846-1919

I’m Burlington Bertie
I rise at ten thirty and saunter along like a toff,
I walk down the Strand with my gloves on my hand,
Then I walk down again with them off.

‘Burlington Bertie from Bow’ (1915 song)

I acted so tragic the house rose like magic,
The audience yelled ‘You’re sublime.’
They made me a present of Mornington Crescent
They threw it a brick at a time.

‘The Night I Appeared as Macbeth’ (1922 song)

8.41 Sir John Harington 1561-1612

When I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.
'Epigrams' (1618) bk. 1, no. 5 'Against Writers that Carp at Other Men's Books'

Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
'Epigrams' (1618) bk. 4, no. 5 'Of Treason'

8.42 Lord Harlech (David Ormsby Gore) 1918-85

Britain will be honoured by historians more for the way she disposed of an empire than for the way in which she acquired it.
In 'New York Times' 28 October 1962 sect. 4, p. 11

8.43 Harold of England 1022-66

He will give him seven feet of English ground, or as much more as he may be taller than other men.
His offer to Harald Sigurdson, invading England: 'King Harald's Saga' sect. 91, in Snorri Sturluson 'Heimskringla' (c.1260, first translated by Samuel Laing as 'History of the Norse Kings', 1844)

8.44 Jimmy Harper, Will E. Haines, and Tommie Connor

The biggest aspidistra in the world.
Title of song (1938; popularized by Gracie Fields)

8.45 Joel Chandler Harris 1848-1908

W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus speck ter be laff'd at.
'Nights with Uncle Remus' (1883) ch. 23

Hit look lak sparrer-grass, hit feel like sparrer-grass, hit tas'e lak sparrer-grass, en I bless ef 'taint sparrer-grass.
'Nights with Uncle Remus' (1883) ch. 27

All by my own-alone self.
'Nights with Uncle Remus' (1883) ch. 36

We er sorter po'ly, Sis Tempy, I'm 'blige ter you. You know w'at de jay-bird say ter der squinch-owl! 'I'm sickly but sassy.'
'Nights with Uncle Remus' (1883) ch. 50

Lounjun 'roun' en suffer'n'.
'Uncle Remus and His Legends of the Old Plantation' (1881) 'Mr Wolf tackles Old Man Tarrypin''

Tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.
'Uncle Remus and His Legends of the Old Plantation' (1881) 'The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story'

Bred en bawn in a brier-patch!
'Uncle Remus and His Legends of the Old Plantation' (1881) 'The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story'

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it git loose fum de jug.
'Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings' (1880) 'Plantation Proverbs'

Hongry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum.
'Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings' (1880) 'Plantation Proverbs'

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
'Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings' (1880) 'Revival Hymn'

8.46 Lorenz Hart 1895-1943

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered.
Title of song (1941; music by Richard Rodgers)

When love congeals
It soon reveals
The faint aroma of performing seals,
The double crossing of a pair of heels.
I wish I were in love again!
'I Wish I Were in Love Again' (1937 song; music by Richard Rodgers)

I get too hungry for dinner at eight.
I like the theatre, but never come late.
I never bother with people I hate.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
'The Lady is a Tramp' (1937 song; music by Richard Rodgers)

In a mountain greenery
Where God paints the scenery—
Just two crazy people together;
While you love your lover, let
Blue skies be your coverlet—
When it rains we'll laugh at the weather.
'Mountain Greenery' (1926 song; music by Richard Rodgers)

8.47 Bret Harte 1836-1902

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!
'Dickens in Camp'

Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

‘Jim’

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, ‘It might have been,’
More sad are these we daily see:
‘It is, but hadn’t ought to be!’

‘Mrs Judge Jenkins.’

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

‘The Heathen Chinee: Plain Language from Truthful James’ (1870)

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games.

‘The Society upon the Stanislaus’ st. 1

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

‘The Society upon the Stanislaus’ st. 7

8.48 L. P. Hartley 1895-1972

The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there.

‘The Go-Between’ (1953) prologue.

8.49 F. W. Harvey b. 1888

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks
Beautiful comical things.

‘Ducks’ (1919)

8.50 Minnie Louise Haskins 1875-1957

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: ‘Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.’ And he replied: ‘Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.’

‘Desert’ (1908) ‘God Knows’; quoted by King George VI in his Christmas broadcast, 25 December 1939

8.51 Stephen Hawes d. c.1523

When the lytle byrdes swetely dyd syng
Laudes to their maker early in the mornyng.

‘The Passetyme of Pleasure’ (1509) ch. 33, st. 33

For though the day be never so longe,

At last the belles ryngeth to evensonge.
‘The Passetyme of Pleasure’ (1509) ch. 42, st. 10

8.52 Lord Haw-Haw

See William Joyce (10.52)

8.53 R. S. Hawker 1803-75

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here’s twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
‘The Song of the Western Men’; the last three lines have existed since the imprisonment by James II, in 1688, of the seven Bishops, including Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol

8.54 Nathaniel Hawthorne 1804-64

Dr Johnson’s morality was as English an article as a beefsteak.
‘Our Old Home’ (1863) ‘Lichfield and Uttoxeter’

8.55 Ian Hay (John Hay Beith) 1876-1952

What do you mean, funny? Funny-peculiar or funny ha-ha?
‘The Housemaster’ (1938) act 3

8.56 J. Milton Hayes 1884-1940

There’s a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Khatmandu,
There’s a little marble cross below the town,
There’s a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew,
And the Yellow God forever gazes down.
‘The Green Eye of the Yellow God’ (1911)

8.57 Eliza Haywood c.1693-1756

One has no sooner left off one’s bib and apron, than people cry—’Miss will soon be married!’—and this man, and that man, is presently picked out for a husband. Mighty ridiculous! they want to deprive us of all the pleasures of life, just when one begins to have a relish for them.
‘The History of Miss Betty Thoughtless’ (1751) p. 452 in the Pandora ed., 1986

8.58 William Hazlitt 1778-1830

His sayings are generally like women’s letters; all the pith is in the postscript.
Referring to Charles Lamb in ‘Conversations of Northcote.’ (Boswell Redivivus, 1826-27)

He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever.
‘Lectures on the English Poets’ (1818) ‘On the Living Poets’ (on Coleridge)

So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing,

thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy, but wanting that have wanted everything.

‘Literary Remains’ (1836) ‘My First Acquaintance with Poets’

No young man believes he shall ever die.

‘Literary Remains’ (1836) ‘On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth’

The dupe of friendship, and the fool of love; have I not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough.

‘The Plain Speaker’ (1826) ‘On the Pleasure of Hating’

The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves.

‘Political Essays’ (1819) ‘“The Times” Newspaper’

There is nothing good to be had in the country, or if there is, they will not let you have it.

‘The Round Table’ (1817) ‘Observations on Mr Wordsworth’s Poem ‘The Excursion’’

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased.

‘The Round Table’ (1817) ‘On Manner’

But of all footmen the lowest class is literary footmen.

‘Sketches and Essays’ (1839) ‘Footmen’

A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can throw at a man.

‘Sketches and Essays’ (1839) ‘Nicknames’

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it.

‘Sketches and Essays’ (1839) ‘On Cant and Hypocrisy’

There is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as of the body.

‘Sketches and Essays’ (1839) ‘On Disagreeable People’

Rules and models destroy genius and art.

‘Sketches and Essays’ (1839) ‘On Taste’

Death cancels everything but truth; and strips a man of everything but genius and virtue. It is a sort of natural canonization.

‘The Spirit of the Age’ (1825) ‘Lord Byron’

The present is an age of talkers, and not of doers; and the reason is, that the world is growing old. We are so far advanced in the Arts and Sciences, that we live in retrospect, and doat in past achievement.

‘The Spirit of the Age’ (1825) ‘Mr Coleridge’

He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down...His worst is better than any other person’s best...His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!

‘The Spirit of the Age’ (1825) ‘Sir Walter Scott’

Mr Wordsworth’s genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of.

‘The Spirit of the Age’ (1825) ‘Mr Wordsworth’

You will hear more good things on the outside of a stagecoach from London to Oxford than if you were to pass a twelvemonth with the undergraduates, or heads of colleges, of that famous

university.

‘Table Talk’ vol. 1 (1821) ‘The Ignorance of the Learned’

We can scarcely hate any one that we know.

‘Table Talk’ vol. 2 (1822) ‘On Criticism’

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours’ march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths.

‘Table Talk’ vol. 2 (1822) ‘On Going a Journey’

Well, I’ve had a happy life.

Last words, in W. C. Hazlitt ‘Memoirs of William Hazlitt’ (1867)

8.59 Denis Healey 1917—

Like being savaged by a dead sheep.

On being criticized by Sir Geoffrey Howe in the House of Commons, ‘Hansard’ 14 June 1978, col. 1027

8.60 Seamus Heaney 1939—

All agog at the plasterer on his ladder
Skimming our gable and writing our name there
With his trowel point, letter by strange letter.

‘Alphabets’ (1987)

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I’ll dig with it.

‘Digging’ (1966)

Don’t be surprised
If I demur, for, be advised
My passport’s green.
No glass of ours was ever raised
To toast The Queen.

‘Open Letter’ (Field Day pamphlet no. 2, 1983) p. 9, rebuking the editors of ‘The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry’ for including him among its authors

Who would connive
in civilised outrage
yet understand the exact
and tribal, intimate revenge.

‘Punishment’ (1975)

The famous
Northern reticence, the tight gag of place
And times: yes, yes. Of the ‘wee six’ I sing
Where to be saved you only must save face

And whatever you say, you say nothing.
‘Whatever You Say Say Nothing’ (1975)

Is there a life before death? That’s chalked up
In Ballymurphy. Competence with pain,
Coherent miseries, a bite and sup,
We hug our little destiny again.
‘Whatever You Say Say Nothing’ (1975)

8.61 Edward Heath 1916—

The unpleasant and unacceptable face of capitalism.
‘Hansard’ 15 May 1973, col. 1243 (on the Lonrho affair)

8.62 Reginald Heber 1783-1826

From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.
‘From Greenland’s icy mountains’ (1821 hymn)

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
‘From Greenland’s icy mountains’ (1821 hymn). Heber later altered ‘Ceylon’s isle’ to ‘Java’s isle’.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heav’n
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.
‘The Son of God Goes Forth’ (1827 hymn)

8.63 G. W. F. Hegel 1770-1831

What experience and history teach is this—that people and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it.
‘Philosophy of History’ (1832) introduction

8.64 Heinrich Heine 1797-1856

Dort, wo man Bücher
Verbrennt, verbrennt man auch am Ende Menschen.

Wherever books are burned, men also, in the end, are burned.

‘Almansor’ (1823) l. 245

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.

On the wings of song.

Title of song (1823)

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I know not why I am so sad; I cannot get out of my head a fairy-tale of olden times.

‘Die Lorelei’ (1826-31)

Sie hatten sich beide so herzlich lieb,
Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb.

They loved each other beyond belief—
She was a strumpet, he was a thief.

‘Neue Gedichte’ (1852) ‘Ein Weib’ (translated by Louis Untermeyer, 1938)

Hört ihr das Glöckchen klingeln? Kniet nieder—Man bringt die Sakramente einem sterbenden Gotte.

Do you hear the little bell tinkle? Kneel down. They are bringing the sacraments to a dying god.

‘Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland’ (1834) bk. 2, last line

Dieses merkt Euch, Ihr stolzen Männer der Tat. Ihr seid nichts als unbewusste Handlanger der Gedankenmänner...Maximilian Robespierre war nichts als die Hand von Jean Jacques Rousseau, die blutige Hand, die aus dem Schosse der Zeit den Leib hervorzog, dessen Seele Rousseau geschaffen.

Note this, you proud men of action. You are nothing but the unconscious hodmen of the men of ideas...Maximilien Robespierre was nothing but the hand of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the bloody hand that drew from the womb of time the body whose soul Rousseau had created.

‘Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland’ (1834) bk. 3, para. 3

Dieu me pardonnera. C’est son mètier.

God will pardon me. It is His trade.

On his deathbed, in Edmond and Jules de Goncourt ‘The Goncourt Journals’ 23 February 1863 (attributed)

8.65 Werner Heisenberg 1901-76

Ein Fachmann ist ein Mann, der einige der gröbsten Fehler kennt, die man in dem betreffenden Fach machen kann und der sie deshalb zu vermeiden versteht.

An expert is someone who knows some of the worst mistakes that can be made in his subject and how to avoid them.

‘Der Teil und das Ganze’ (1969) ch. 17 (translated by A. J. Pomerans as ‘Physics and Beyond’, 1971)

8.66 Joseph Heller 1923—

There was only one catch and that was Catch-22, which specified that a concern for one's own safety in the face of dangers that were real and immediate was the process of a rational mind...Orr would be crazy to fly more missions and sane if he didn't, but if he was sane he had to fly them. If he flew them he was crazy and didn't have to; but if he didn't want to he was sane and had to.

'Catch-22' (1961) ch. 5

Some men are born mediocre, some men achieve mediocrity, and some men have mediocrity thrust upon them. With Major Major it had been all three.

'Catch-22' (1961) ch. 9.

8.67 Lillian Hellman 1905-84

I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions.

Letter to John S. Wood, 19 May 1952, in 'US Congress Committee Hearing on Un-American Activities' (1952) pt. 8, p. 3546

8.68 Helvètius (Claude Arien Helvètius) 1715-71

L'èducation nous faisait ce que nous sommes. Education made us what we are.

'De l'esprit' (1758) 'Discours 3' ch. 30

8.69 Felicia Hemans 1793-1835

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

'Casabianca'

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

'The Homes of England'

8.70 John Heming 1556-1630 and Henry Condell d. 1627

Well! it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says.

First Folio Shakespeare (1623) preface

Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot.

First Folio Shakespeare (1623) preface

8.71 Ernest Hemingway 1899-1961

Where do the noses go? I always wondered where the noses would go.
‘For Whom the Bell Tolls’ (1940) ch. 7

But did thee feel the earth move?
‘For Whom the Bell Tolls’ (1940) ch. 13

Paris is a movable feast.
‘A Movable Feast’ (1964) epigraph

The sun also rises.
Title of novel (1926)

Grace under pressure.
When asked what he meant by ‘guts’ in an interview with Dorothy Parker: ‘New Yorker’ 30 November 1929

Switzerland is a small, steep country, much more up and down than sideways, and is all stuck over with large brown hotels built on the cuckoo clock style of architecture.
‘Toronto Star Weekly’ 4 March 1922

See also F. Scott Fitzgerald (6.34)

8.72 Arthur W. D. Henley

Nobody loves a fairy when she’s forty.
Title of song (1934)

8.73 W. E. Henley 1849-1903

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
‘Invictus. In Memoriam R.T.H.B.’ (1888)

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.
‘Invictus. In Memoriam R.T.H.B.’ (1888)

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,

Death.

‘Margaritae Sororis’ (1888)

What have I done for you,
England, my England?

‘Pro Rege Nostro’ (1900).

8.74 Henri IV 1553-1610

Je veux qu’il n’y ait si pauvre paysan en mon royaume qu’il n’ait tous les dimanches sa poule au pot.

I want there to be no peasant in my kingdom so poor that he is unable to have a chicken in his pot every Sunday.

In Hardouin de Pèrèfixe ‘Histoire de Henry le Grand’ (1681)

Pends-toi, brave Crillon; nous avons combattu á Arques et tu n’y ètais pas.

Hang yourself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arques and you were not there.

Traditional form given by Voltaire to a letter from Henri to Crillon, 20 September 1597, in Lettres missives de Henri IV, Collection des documents inédits de l’histoire de France vol. 4 (1847) p. 848. Henri’s actual words were

Brave Crillon, pendez-vous de n’avoir ètè ici prés de moi lundi dernier á la plus belle occasion qui se soit jamais vue et qui peut-être se verra jamais.

Brave Crillon, hang yourself for not having been at my side last Monday on the finest occasion which ever has been or which perhaps ever will be.

Paris vaut bien une messe.

Paris is well worth a mass.

Attributed either to Henri IV, or to his minister Sully in conversation with Henri

The wisest fool in Christendom.

Referring to James I of England, attributed both to Henri IV and Sully. The French original is not known.

8.75 Henry II 1133-89

Will no one revenge me of the injuries I have sustained from one turbulent priest?

Of St Thomas Becket (December 1170), as in oral tradition. G. Lyttelton ‘History of the Life of King Henry the Second’ (1769) pt. 4, p. 353; also Herbert of Bosham ‘Vita Sancti Thomae’ bk. 5, ch. 11 in ‘The Rolls Series’ 67 ‘Materials for the History of Thomas Becket’ 3 (1887) p. 487

8.76 Henry VIII 1491-1547

The King found her [Anne of Cleves] so different from her picture...that...he swore they had brought him a Flanders mare.

Tobias Smollett ‘Complete History of England’ (3rd ed., 1759) vol. 6, p. 68

This man hath the right sow by the ear.

Attributed (of Thomas Cranmer)

8.77 Matthew Henry 1662-1714

The better day, the worse deed.
‘An Exposition on the Old and New Testament’ (1710) Genesis ch. 3, v. 6, gloss 2

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel.
‘An Exposition of the Old and New Testament’ (1710) Psalm 36, v. 2, gloss 1

They that die by famine die by inches.
‘An Exposition of the Old and New Testament’ (1710) Psalm 59, v. 15, gloss 5 (referring incorrectly to v. 13)

All this and heaven too.
Attributed

8.78 O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) 1862-1910

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.
‘Four Million’ (1906) ‘Gift of the Magi’

It was beautiful and simple as all truly great swindles are.
‘Gentle Grafter’ (1908) ‘Octopus Marooned’

Turn up the lights; I don’t want to go home in the dark.
Last words, quoting 1907 song by Harry Williams, in Charles Alphonso Smith ‘O. Henry Biography’ (1916) ch. 9.

8.79 Patrick Henry 1736-99

Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—(‘Treason,’ cried the Speaker)...may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.
Speech in the Virginia assembly, May 1765, in William Wirt ‘Patrick Henry’ (1818) sect. 2, p. 65

I am not a Virginian, but an American.
In [John Adams’s] Notes of Debates in the Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 6 September 1774: L. H. Butterfield (ed.) ‘Diary and Autobiography of John Adams’ (1961) vol. 2, p. 125

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!
Speech in Virginia Convention, 23 March 1775, in William Wirt ‘Patrick Henry’ (1818) sect. 4, p. 123

8.80 Joseph Henshaw 1603-79

One doth but breakfast here, another dines, he that liveth longest doth but sup; we must all go to bed in another world.
‘Horae Succisivae’ (1631) pt. 1, p. 80

8.81 Heraclitus fl. 513 B.C.

Everything flows and nothing stays.
In Plato ‘Cratylus’ 402a

You can’t step twice into the same river.
In Plato ‘Cratylus’ 402a

A man’s character is his fate.
‘On the Universe’ Fragment 121 (translated for Loeb Classical Library by W. H. S. Jones).

The road up and the road down are one and the same.
In H. Diels and W. Krauz ‘Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker’ (7th ed., 1954) fragment 60

8.82 A. P. Herbert 1890-1971

Don’t let’s go to the dogs tonight, For mother will be there.
‘Don’t Let’s Go to the Dogs Tonight’ (1926)

Don’t tell my mother I’m living in sin, Don’t let the old folks know.
‘Don’t Tell My Mother I’m Living in Sin’ (1925)

The Farmer will never be happy again;
He carries his heart in his boots;
For either the rain is destroying his grain
Or the drought is destroying his roots.
‘The Farmer’ (1922)

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art
Goodbye, moralitee!
‘Lines for a Worthy Person’ (1930)

Other people’s babies—
That’s my life!
Mother to dozens,
And nobody’s wife.
‘Other People’s Babies’ (1930) (also a 1934 song, with music by Vivian Ellis)

This high official, all allow,
Is grossly overpaid;
There wasn’t any Board, and now
There isn’t any Trade.
‘The President of the Board of Trade’ (1922)

Nothing is wasted, nothing is in vain:
The seas roll over but the rocks remain.
‘Tough at the Top’ (operetta c.1949)

Holy deadlock.
Title of novel (1934)

People must not do things for fun. We are not here for fun. There is no reference to fun in any Act of Parliament.
‘Uncommon Law’ (1935) ‘Is it a Free Country?’

The critical period in matrimony is breakfast-time.
‘Uncommon Law’ (1935) ‘Is Marriage Lawful?’

‘Was the cow crossed?’ ‘No, your worship, it was an open cow.’
‘Uncommon Law’ (1935) ‘The Negotiable Cow’ (in which an attempt is made to write a cheque on a cow)

The Common Law of England has been laboriously built about a mythical figure—the figure of ‘The Reasonable Man’.

‘Uncommon Law’ (1935) ‘The Reasonable Man’

8.83 Lord Herbert of Cherbury 1583-1648

Now that the April of your youth adorns
The garden of your face.

‘Ditty: Now that the April’ (1665)

8.84 George Herbert 1593-1633

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.

‘Affliction (1)’ (1633) l. 37

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

‘Affliction (1)’ (1633) l. 55

Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

‘Affliction (1)’ (1633) l. 65

Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

‘The Agonie’ (1633) l. 17

Let all the world in ev’ry corner sing
My God and King.
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in ev’ry corner sing
My God and King.
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

‘Antiphon: Let all the world in ev’ry corner sing’ (1633)

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

‘The Church Porch’ (1633) st. 1

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth;
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory.

‘The Church Porch’ (1633) st. 16

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv’st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

‘The Church Porch’ (1633) st. 72

I struck the board, and cried, ‘No more.
I will abroad.’
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?

‘The Collar’ (1633)

Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death’s-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, ‘Child’;

And I replied, ‘My Lord.’

‘The Collar’ (1633)

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying!

‘Denial’ (1633) l. 16

Love is swift of foot;
Love’s a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

‘Discipline’ (1633)

I got me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought’st Thy sweets along with Thee.

‘Easter’ (1633)

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

‘The Elixir’ (1633)

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

‘The Elixir’ (1633)

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th’ action fine.

‘The Elixir’ (1633)

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then I should ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressed me.

‘Employment: He that is weary, let him sit’ (1633)

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness?

‘The Flower’ (1633)

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

‘The Flower’ (1633)

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses!

‘The Forerunners’ (1633)

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove.

‘Grace’ (1633)

I made a posy while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

‘Life’ (1633)

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked any thing.

‘Love: Love bade me welcome’ (1633)

‘You must sit down,’ says Love, ‘and taste my meat.’
So I did sit and eat.

‘Love: Love bade me welcome’ (1633)

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

‘Man’ (1633)

Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

‘Man’ (1633)

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves.

‘Mortification’ (1633)

Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul’s blood,
The land of spices; something understood.

‘Prayer: Prayer the Church’s banquet’ (1633)

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

‘The Pulley’ (1633)

He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

‘The Pulley’ (1633)

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

‘The Pulley’ (1633)

But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?

‘The Sacrifice’ (1633) l. 91

Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree.

‘The Sacrifice’ (1633) l. 202

Lord, with what care Thou hast begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

‘Sin: Lord, with what care Thou hast begirt us round!’ (1633)

Yet all these fences and their whole array

One cunning bosom—sin blows quite away.

‘Sin: Lord, with what care Thou hast begirt us round!’ (1633)

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.

‘The Size’ (1633)

The God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

‘The 23rd Psalm’ (1633).

Lord, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think, if that agree
Which I intend,
Unto my friend’s intent and end.
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

‘Unkindness’ (1633)

My friend may spit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And Thou within them, starve at door.
I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

‘Unkindness’ (1633)

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

‘Virtue’ (1633)

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

‘Virtue’ (1633)

He that makes a good war makes a good peace.

‘Outlandish Proverbs’ (1640) no. 420

He that lives in hope danceth without music.

‘Outlandish Proverbs’ (1640) no. 1006

8.85 Robert Herrick 1591-1674

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

‘Another Grace for a Child’

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers.
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.

‘The Argument of his Book’ from ‘Hesperides’ (1648)

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

‘The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad’

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy:
If so be, you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia’s lips do smile;
There’s the land, or cherry-isle.

‘Cherry-Ripe’

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

‘Corinna’s Going a-Maying’

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

‘Corinna’s Going a-Maying’

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let’s go a-Maying.

‘Corinna’s Going a-Maying’

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction...
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part.

‘Delight in Disorder’

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

‘The End’

In prayer the lips ne’er act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

‘The Heart’

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

‘His Litany to the Holy Spirit’

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I’ll give o’er,
And bid the world Good-night.

‘His Poetry his Pillar’

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

‘Love What It Is’

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

‘The Night-Piece, to Julia’

Night makes no difference ’twixt the Priest and Clerk;
Joan as my Lady is as good i’ th’ dark.

‘No Difference i’ th’ Dark’

Made us nobly wild, not mad.
‘An Ode for him [Ben Jonson]’

And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.
‘An Ode for him [Ben Jonson]’

Fain would I kiss my Julia’s dainty leg,
Which is as white and hairless as an egg.
‘On Julia’s Legs’

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My self now live: this age best pleaseth me.
‘The Present Time Best Pleaseth’

But, for Man’s fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born;
But ne’er the rose without the thorn.
‘The Rose’

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.
‘A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady’

For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be
No Spices wanting, when I’m laid by thee.
‘To Anthea: Now is the Time’

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.
‘To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything’

Bid me despair, and I’ll despair,
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E’en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.
‘To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything’

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.

‘To Daffodils’

If any thing delight me for to print
My book, ’tis this; that Thou, my God, art in’t.

‘To God’

He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

‘To Love’

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

‘To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time’

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

‘To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time’

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

‘Upon Julia’s Clothes’

So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words, to lutes of amber.

‘Upon Julia’s Voice’

To work a wonder, God would have her shown,

At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown.
‘The Virgin Mary’

8.86 Lord Hervey 1696-1743

Whoever would lie usefully should lie seldom.
‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II’ (1848) vol. 1, ch. 19

I am fit for nothing but to carry candles and set chairs all my life.
Letter to Sir Robert Walpole, 1737, in ‘Memoirs of the Reign of George II’ (ed. R. Sedgwick, 1952) p. 358

8.87 Hesiod c.700 B.C.

The half is greater than the whole.
‘Works and Days’ l. 40

8.88 Hermann Hesse 1877-1962

Wenn wir einen Menschen hassen, so hassen wir in seinem Bild etwas, was in uns selber sisst. Was nicht in uns selber ist, das regt uns nicht auf.

If you hate a person, you hate something in him that is part of yourself. What isn’t part of ourselves doesn’t disturb us.
‘Demian’ (1919) ch. 6

Auf Kosten der Intensität also erreicht er [der Bürger] Erhaltung und Sicherheit, statt Gottbesessenheit erntet er Gewissensruhe, statt Lust Behagen, statt Freiheit Bequemlichkeit, statt tödlicher Glut eine angenehme Temperatur.

The bourgeois prefers comfort to pleasure, convenience to liberty, and a pleasant temperature to the deathly inner consuming fire.
‘Der Steppenwolf’ (1927) ‘Tractat vom Steppenwolf’

8.89 Gordon Hewart (Viscount Hewart) 1870-1943

A long line of cases shows that it is not merely of some importance, but is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done.
Rex v Sussex Justices, 9 November 1923, in ‘Law Reports King’s Bench Division’ (1924) vol. 1, p. 259

8.90 Du Bose Heyward 1885-1940 and Ira Gershwin 1896-1983

It ain’t necessarily so—
The things that you’re liable
To read in the Bible—
It ain’t necessarily so.
Title of song (1935; music by George Gershwin)

Summer time an’ the livin’ is easy.
‘Summer Time’ (1935 song; music by George Gershwin)

8.91 John Heywood c.1497-c.1580

All a green willow, willow;
All a green willow is my garland.
‘The Green Willow’.

8.92 Thomas Heywood c.1574-1641

Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.
‘The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels’ (1635).

8.93 Sir Seymour Hicks 1871-1949

The first sign of old age: it is when you go out into the streets of London and realize for the first time how young the policemen look.
In C. R. D. Pulling ‘They Were Singing’ (1952) ch. 7

8.94 Aaron Hill 1685-1750

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
‘Verses Written on a Window in Scotland’

8.95 Joe Hill 1879-1915

I will die like a true-blue rebel. Don’t waste any time in mourning—organize.
Farewell telegram to Bill Haywood, 18 November 1915, before his death by firing squad, in ‘Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune’ 19 November 1915

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You’ll get pie in the sky when you die.
‘Preacher and the Slave’ in ‘Songs of the Workers’ (Industrial Workers of the World, 1911)

8.96 Pattie S. Hill 1868-1946

Happy birthday to you.
Title of song (1935; music by Mildred J. Hill)

8.97 Rowland Hill 1744-1833

He did not see any reason why the devil should have all the good tunes.
In E. W. Broomre ‘The Rev. Rowland Hill’ (1881) ch. 7

8.98 Sir Edmund Hillary 1919—

Well, we knocked the bastard off!

On climbing Mount Everest, in ‘Nothing Venture, Nothing Win’ (1975) ch. 10.

8.99 Fred Hillebrand 1893—

Home James, and don’t spare the horses.

Title of song (1934)

8.100 Hillel ‘The Elder’ c.70 B.C.-c. A.D. 10

A name made great is a name destroyed.

‘Pirque Aboth’ ch. 1, no. 14, in C. Taylor (ed.) ‘Sayings of the Jewish Fathers’ (1877)

If I am not for myself who is for me; and being for my own self what am I? If not now when?

‘Pirque Aboth’ ch. 1, no. 15, in C. Taylor (ed.) ‘Sayings of the Jewish Fathers’ (1877)

8.101 Lady Hillingdon 1857-1940

I am happy now that Charles calls on my bedchamber less frequently than of old. As it is, I now endure but two calls a week and when I hear his steps outside my door I lie down on my bed, close my eyes, open my legs and think of England.

‘Journal’ 1912, in J. Gathorne-Hardy ‘Rise and Fall of the British Nanny’ (1972) ch. 3

8.102 James Hilton 1900-54

Nothing really wrong with him—only anno domini, but that’s the most fatal complaint of all, in the end.

‘Goodbye, Mr Chips’ (1934) ch. 1

8.103 Hippocleides 6th century B.C.

Hippocleides doesn’t care.

In Herodotus ‘Histories’ bk. 6, sect. 129

8.104 Hippocrates c.460-357 B.C.

The life so short, the craft so long to learn.

‘Aphorisms’ sect. 1, para. 1 (translation by Chaucer). Often quoted in Latin as Ars longa, vita brevis; see Seneca ‘De Brevitae Vitae’ sect. 1.

Healing is a matter of time, but it is sometimes also a matter of opportunity.

‘Precepts’ ch. 1 (translated by W. H. S. Jones)

Time is that wherein there is opportunity, and opportunity is that wherein there is no great time.

‘Precepts’ ch. 1 (translated by W. H. S. Jones)

8.105 Alfred Hitchcock 1899-1980

Television has brought back murder into the home—where it belongs.

In ‘Observer’ 19 December 1965

8.106 Adolf Hitler 1889-1945

Die Nacht der langen Messer.

The night of the long knives.

Phrase given to the massacre of Ernst Roehm and his associates by Hitler on 29-30 June 1934, though taken from an early Nazi marching song. S. H. Roberts 'The House Hitler Built' (1937) pt. 2, ch. 3; subsequently associated also with Harold Macmillan's large-scale dismissals from his Cabinet on 13 July 1962

Ich gehe mit traumwandlerischer Sicherheit den Weg, den mich die Vorsehung gehen heisst.

I go the way that Providence dictates with the assurance of a sleepwalker.

Speech in Munich, 15 March 1936, in Max Domarus (ed.) 'Hitler: Reden und Proklamationen 1932-1945' (1962) p. 606

Es ist die letzte territoriale Forderung, die ich Europa zu stellen habe, aber es ist die Forderung, von der ich nicht abgehe, und die ich, so Gott will, erfüllen werde.

It is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe, but it is the claim from which I will not recede and which, God-willing, I will make good.

On the Sudetenland, in Speech at Berlin Sportpalast, 26 September 1938: Max Domarus (ed.) 'Hitler: Reden und Proklamationen 1932-1945' (1962) p. 927

In bezug auf das sudetendeutsche Problem meine Geduld jetzt zu Ende ist!

With regard to the problem of the Sudeten Germans, my patience is now at an end!

Speech at Berlin Sportpalast, 26 September 1938, in Max Domarus (ed.) 'Hitler: Reden und Proklamationen 1932-1945' (1962) p. 932

Die breite Masse eines Volkes...einer grossen Lüge leichter zum Opfer fällt als einer kleinen.

The broad mass of a nation...will more easily fall victim to a big lie than to a small one.

'Mein Kampf' (1925) vol. 1, ch. 10

Brennt Paris?

Is Paris burning?

25 August 1944, in Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre 'Is Paris Burning?' (1965) ch. 5

8.107 Thomas Hobbes 1588-1679

Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly.

'Human Nature' (1650) ch. 9, sect. 13

True and False are attributes of speech, not of things. And where speech is not, there is neither Truth nor Falsehood.

'Leviathan' (1651) pt. 1, ch. 4

In Geometry (which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind) men begin at settling the significations of their words; which...they call Definitions.

'Leviathan' (1651) pt. 1, ch. 4

Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them: but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor

whatsoever, if but a man.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 4

The power of a man, to take it universally, is his present means, to obtain some future apparent good; and is either original or instrumental.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 10

I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 11

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion; but they that mislike it, heresy: and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 11

During the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man against every man.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 13

For as the nature of foul weather, lieth not in a shower or two of rain; but in an inclination thereto of many days together: so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 13

No arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 13

Force, and fraud, are in war the two cardinal virtues.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 1, ch. 13

They that are discontented under monarchy, call it tyranny; and they that are displeased with aristocracy, call it oligarchy: so also, they which find themselves grieved under a democracy, call it anarchy, which signifies the want of government; and yet I think no man believes, that want of government, is any new kind of government.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 2, ch. 19

Whereas some have attributed the dominion [of the family] to the man only, as being of the more excellent Sex; they misreckon in it. For there is not always that difference of strength, or prudence between the man and the woman, as that the right can be determined without War.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 2, ch. 20

For it is with the mysteries of our religion, as with wholesome pills for the sick, which swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure; but chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 3, ch. 32

The Papacy is not other than the Ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) pt. 4, ch. 47

The praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence of the dead, but from the

competition, and mutual envy of the living.

‘Leviathan’ (1651) ‘A Review and Conclusion’

I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark.

Last words, in John Watkins ‘Anecdotes of Men of Learning’ (1808

8.108 John Cam Hobhouse (Baron Broughton) 1786-1869

When I invented the phrase ‘His Majesty’s Opposition’ [Canning] paid me a compliment on the fortunate hit.

‘Recollections of a Long Life’ (1865) vol. 2, ch. 12

8.109 Ralph Hodgson 1871-1962

’Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind, pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

‘Bells of Heaven’ (1917)

Reason has moons, but moons not hers,
Lie mirrored on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But, O! delighting me.

‘Reason Has Moons’ (1917)

When stately ships are twirled and spun
Like whipping tops and help there’s none
And mighty ships ten thousand ton
Go down like lumps of lead.

‘Song of Honour’ (1917)

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

‘Time, You Old Gipsy Man’ (1917)

8.110 Eric Hoffer 1902-83

When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other. Originality is

deliberate and forced, and partakes of the nature of a protest.
‘Passionate State of Mind’ (1955) p. 21

8.111 Heinrich Hoffmann 1809-94

Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had:
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter’s day,
He screamed out, ‘Take the soup away!
O take the nasty soup away!
I won’t have any soup today.’
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Augustus’

Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see, if he is able
To sit still for once at table.
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Fidgety Philip’

But fidgety Phil,
He won’t sit still;
He wriggles
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards,
And tilts up his chair,
Just like any rocking-horse—
‘Philip! I am getting cross!’
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Fidgety Philip’

Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-In-Air!
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Johnny Head-In-Air’

Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Johnny Head-In-Air’

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-man.
‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘The Little Suck-a-Thumb’

Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast.

That both his thumbs are off at last.

‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘The Little Suck-a-Thumb’

He finds it hard, without a pair
Of spectacles, to shoot the hare.
The hare sits snug in leaves and grass,
And laughs to see the green man pass.

‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘The Man Who Went Out Shooting’

And now she’s trying all she can,
To shoot the sleepy, green-coat man.

‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘The Man Who Went Out Shooting’

The hare’s own child, the little hare.

‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘The Man Who Went Out Shooting’

Anything to me is sweeter
Than to see Shock-headed Peter.

‘Struwwelpeter’ (1848) ‘Shock-Headed Peter’ (title poem)

8.112 Max Hoffman

Lions led by donkeys.

Of the English soldiers, during World War I, in Alan Clark ‘The Donkeys’

8.113 Gerard Hoffnung 1925-59

Standing among savage scenery, the hotel offers stupendous revelations. There is a French widow in every bedroom, affording delightful prospects.

Supposedly quoting a letter from a Tyrolean landlord in a speech at the Oxford Union, 4 December 1958

8.114 Lancelot Hogben 1895-1975

This is not the age of pamphleteers. It is the age of the engineers. The spark-gap is mightier than the pen. Democracy will not be salvaged by men who talk fluently, debate forcefully and quote aptly.

‘Science for the Citizen’ (1938) epilogue

8.115 James Hogg 1770-1835

Where the pools are bright and deep
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o’er the lea
That’s the way for Billy and me.

‘A Boy’s Song’

God bless our lord the king!
God save our lord the king!
God save the king!
Make him victorious,

Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king!

'The King's Anthem' in 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland' Second Series (1821) p. 50.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

'O'er the Water to Charlie' in 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland' Second Series (1821) p. 76

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
We'll over the Border and gi'e them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour.
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

'Cock Up Your Beaver' in 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland' Second Series (1821) p. 127

8.116 Paul Henri, Baron d'Holbach 1723-89

Si l'ignorance de la nature donna la naissance aux dieux, la connaissance de la nature est faite pour les dètruire.

If ignorance of nature gave rise to the Gods, knowledge of nature is destined to destroy them.

'Systéme de la Nature' (1770), in P. B. Shelley 'Queen Mab' (1813) canto 7, l. 13, note

L'art n'est que la Nature agissante á l'aide des instruments qu'elle a faits.

Art is only Nature operating with the aid of the instruments she has made.

'Systéme de la Nature' (1780 ed.) vol. 1, p. 3

8.117 Billie Holiday 1915-59

When my parents were married, my father was 18, my mother was 16, and I was 3.

'Autobiography', opening sentence

8.118 Billie Holiday 1915-59 and Arthur Herzog Jr. 1901-83

Them that's got shall get,
Them that's not shall lose,
So the Bible said,
And it still is news;
Mama may have, papa may have,
But God bless the child that's got his own!
That's got his own.

'God Bless the Child' (1941 song)

8.119 1st Lord Holland 1705-74

If Mr Selwyn calls again, shew him up: if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am

dead he would like to see me.

During his last illness, in J.H. Jesse ‘George Selwyn and his Contemporaries’ (1844) vol. 3, p. 50

8.120 3rd Lord Holland 1733-1840

Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,—
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deign’d to observe me say
I injur’d neither name.

Lady Holland, ‘Memoir of Rev.Sydney Smith’ (1855), i.334

8.121 Stanley Holloway 1890-1982

Sam, Sam, pick up tha’ musket.

‘Pick Up Tha’ Musket’ (1930 recorded monologue)

8.122 John H. Holmes 1879-1964

This, now, is the judgement of our scientific age—the third reaction of man upon the universe! This universe is not hostile, nor yet is it friendly. It is simply indifferent.

‘The Sensible Man’s View of Religion’ (1932) ch. 4

8.123 Oliver Wendell Holmes 1809-94

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city.

‘The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table’ (1858) ch. 6

His humid front the cive, anheling, wipes.
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

‘The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table’ (1858) ch. 11 ‘Aestivation’

Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump!

‘The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table’ (1858) ch. 11 ‘Aestivation’.

It is the province of knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen.

‘The Poet at the Breakfast Table’ (1872) ch. 10

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise.

‘An After-Dinner Poem’

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

‘The Boys’ (on Samuel Francis Smith)

A general flavour of mild decay.

‘The Deacon’s Masterpiece’

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings.

‘A Modest Request’

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;

It is not written what a man shall do
If the rude caitiff smite the other too!
‘Non-Resistance’

And, when you stick on conversation’s burrs,
Don’t strew your pathway with those dreadful urs.
‘A Rhymed Lesson’

Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.
‘A Song of other Days’.

Blank cheques of intellectual bankruptcy.
Definition of catch-phrases (attributed)

8.124 John Home 1722-1808

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
‘Douglas’ (1756) act 2, sc. 1

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.
‘Douglas’ (1756) act 5

8.125 Lord Home (fourteenth Earl of Home, formerly Sir Alec Douglas-Home) 1903—1963-4

As far as the fourteenth earl is concerned, I suppose Mr Wilson, when you come to think of it, is the fourteenth Mr Wilson.
Referring to Harold Wilson in a television interview, 21 October 1963, when asked how he would defend his position as a ‘fourteenth Earl, a reactionary, and an out-of-date figure’

8.126 Homer 8th century B.C.

Achilles’ cursed anger sing, O goddess, that son of Peleus, which started a myriad sufferings for the Achaeans.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 1, l. 1. In Alexander Pope’s translation:
Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing.

Winged words.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 1, l. 201

The son of Kronos [Zeus] spoke, and nodded with his darkish brows, and immortal locks fell forward from the lord’s deathless head, and he made great Olympus tremble.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 1, l. 528

It is no cause for anger that the Trojans and the well-greaved Achaeans have suffered for so long over such a woman: she is wondrously like the immortal goddesses to look upon.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 3, l. 156 (referring to Helen)

Son of Atreus, what manner of speech has escaped the barrier of your teeth?
‘The Iliad’ bk. 4, l. 350

Like that of leaves is a generation of men.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 6, l. 146

Always to be best, and to be distinguished above the rest.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 6, l. 208

Smiling through her tears.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 6, l. 484

Hateful to me as the gates of Hades is that man who hides one thing in his heart and speaks another.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 9, l. 312

This is the one best omen, to fight in defence of one’s country.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 12, l. 243

He lay great and greatly fallen, forgetful of his chivalry.
‘The Iliad’ bk. 16, l. 776

Tell me, Muse, of the man of many tricks, who wandered far and wide after he had sacked Troy’s sacred city, and saw the towns of many men and knew their mind.
The ‘Odyssey’ bk. 1, l. 1 (referring to Odysseus)

Rosy-fingered dawn.
The ‘Odyssey’ bk. 2, l. 1 and elsewhere

I would rather be tied to the soil as another man’s serf, even a poor man’s, who hadn’t much to live on himself, than be King of all these the dead and destroyed.
The ‘Odyssey’ bk. 11, l. 489

8.127 William Hone 1780-1842

John Jones may be described as ‘one of the has beens.’
‘The Every-Day Book’ (1826-27) vol. 2, pt. 1, col. 820

8.128 Arthur Honegger 1892-1955

La premiére qualitè d’un compositeur, c’est d’être mort.

The first requirement for a composer is to be dead.
‘Je suis compositeur’ (1951) p. 16

8.129 Thomas Hood 1799-1845

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
‘The Bridge of Sighs’

Mad from life’s history,

Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

'The Bridge of Sighs'

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

'Faithless Nelly Gray'

For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!

'Faithless Nelly Gray'

The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform.

'Faithless Nelly Gray'

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

'Faithless Sally Brown'

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

'I Remember'

What is a modern poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone.

'A Joke' in a common-place book of Hallam Tennyson's, in Hallam Tennyson 'Alfred Lord Tennyson, A Memoir' (1897) vol. 2, ch. 3 (not found in Hood's Complete Works)

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!

'The Lady's Dream'

Home-made dishes that drive one from home.

'Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg' (1841-43) 'Her Misery'

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day.

‘No!’

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
November!

‘No!’

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence.

‘Ode: Autumn’

The bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

‘The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies’ (1827) st. 30

When Eve upon the first of Men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

‘A Reflection’

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

‘Ruth’

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the ‘Song of the Shirt’.

‘The Song of the Shirt’ (1843)

O! men with sisters dear,
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!

‘The Song of the Shirt’ (1843)

Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

‘The Song of the Shirt’ (1843)

The sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect.

‘The Doves and the Crows’ (on Quakers)

‘Extremes meet’, as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth.

‘The Doves and the Crows’

Holland...lies so low they’re only saved by being dammed.

‘Up the Rhine’ (1840) ‘Letter from Martha Penny to Rebecca Page’

8.130 Richard Hooker c.1554-1600

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers.

‘Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity’ (1593) bk. 1, ch. 1, sect. 1

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

‘Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity’ (1593) bk. 1, ch. 16, sect. 8

Alteration though it be from worse to better hath in it inconveniences, and those weighty.

‘Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity’ (1593) bk. 4, ch. 14, sect. 1.

8.131 Ellen Sturgis Hooper 1816-41

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.

‘Beauty and Duty’ (1840)

8.132 Herbert Hoover 1874-1964

Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose.

On the Eighteenth Amendment enacting Prohibition, in a letter to Senator W. H. Borah, 23 February 1928: Claudius O. Johnson ‘Borah of Idaho’ (1936) ch. 21

The American system of rugged individualism.

Speech in New York City, 22 October 1928, in ‘New Day’ (1928) p. 154

The grass will grow in the streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns.

Speech, 31 October 1932, in ‘State Papers of Herbert Hoover’ (1934) vol. 2, p. 418 (on proposals ‘to reduce the protective tariff to a competitive tariff for revenue’)

Older men declare war. But it is youth who must fight and die.

Speech at the Republican National Convention, Chicago, 27 June 1944, in ‘Addresses upon the American Road’ (1946) p. 254

8.133 Anthony Hope (Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins) 1863-1933

Economy is going without something you do want in case you should, some day, want something you probably won’t want.

‘The Dolly Dialogues’ (1894) no. 12

‘You oughtn’t to yield to temptation.’ ‘Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd,’ said I.

‘The Dolly Dialogues’ (1894) no. 14

Bourgeois...is an epithet which the riff-raff apply to what is respectable, and the aristocracy to what is decent.

‘The Dolly Dialogues’ (1894) no. 17

His foe was a folly and his weapon wit.

Inscription on memorial to W. S. Gilbert on the Victoria Embankment, London, 1915. Sydney Dark and Roland Grey ‘W. S. Gilbert’ (1923)

Oh, for an hour of Herod!

At the first night of J. M. Barrie’s ‘Peter Pan’ in 1904, in Denis Mackail ‘The Story of JMB’ (1941) ch. 17

8.134 Bob Hope 1903—

A bank is a place that will lend you money if you can prove that you don’t need it.

In Alan Harrington ‘Life in the Crystal Palace’ (1959) ‘The Tyranny of Farms’

8.135 Francis Hope 1938-74

And scribbled lines like fallen hopes
On backs of tattered envelopes.

‘Instead of a Poet’ (1965)

8.136 Laurence Hope (Adela Florence Nicolson) 1865-1904

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?...
Pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
Crushing out life; than waving me farewell!

‘The Garden of Kama’ (1901) ‘Kashmiri Song’

Less than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel,
Less than the rust, that never stained thy Sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, Oh, Lord,
Even less than these!
Less than the weed, that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed, of hours, spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me.
Even less am I.

‘The Garden of Kama’ (1901) ‘Less than the Dust’

8.137 Gerard Manley Hopkins 1844-89

Wild air, world-mothering air,
Nestling me everywhere.
‘The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe’ (written 1883)

Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
Strokes of havoc ùnselve
The sweet especial scene,
Rural scene, a rural scene,
Sweet especial rural scene.
‘Binsey Poplars’ (written 1879)

Not, I’ll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
In me or, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.
‘Carrion Comfort’ (written 1885)

That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.
‘Carrion Comfort’ (written 1885)

Towery city and branchy between towers;
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarméd, lark-charméd, rook-racked, river-rounded.
‘Duns Scotus’s Oxford’ (written 1879)

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out like shining from shook foil...
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
‘God’s Grandeur’ (written 1877)

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.
‘God’s Grandeur’ (written 1877)

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorléd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.
‘The Habit of Perfection’ (written 1866)

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!
‘The Habit of Perfection’ (written 1866)

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

‘Heaven-Haven’ (written 1864)

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

‘Inversnaid’ (written 1881)

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?

‘No worst, there is none’ (written 1885)

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne’er hung there.

‘No worst, there is none’ (written 1885)

Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

‘No worst, there is none’ (written 1885)

Glory be to God for dappled things.

‘Pied Beauty’ (written 1877)

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

‘Pied Beauty’ (written 1877)

The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness.

‘Spring’ (written 1877)

Márgarét, áre you gríeving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?

‘Spring and Fall: to a young child’ (written 1880)

Áh! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, not spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.

‘Spring and Fall: to a young child’ (written 1880)

It ís the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

‘Spring and Fall: to a young child’ (written 1880)

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!

‘The Starlight Night’ (written 1877)

Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.
Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

‘The Starlight Night’ (written 1877)

I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond.

‘That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire’ (written 1888)

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinners’ ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

‘Thou art indeed just, Lord’ (written 1889)

Birds build—but not I build; no, but strain,
Time’s eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

‘Thou art indeed just, Lord’ (written 1889)

I caught this morning morning’s minion, kingdom of daylight’s dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon.

‘The Windhover’ (written 1877)

My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

‘The Windhover’ (written 1877)

I did say yes
O at lightning and lashed rod;
Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess
Thy terror, O Christ, O God.

‘The Wreck of the Deutschland’ (written 1876) pt. 1, st. 2

How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe
Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,
Gush!—flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,
Brim, in a flash, full!

‘The Wreck of the Deutschland’ (written 1876) pt. 1, st. 8

8.138 Joseph Hopkinson 1770-1842

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

‘Hail, Columbia!’ in ‘Porcupine’s Gazette’ 20 April 1798

8.139 Horace 65-8 B.C.

Ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

So that what is a beautiful woman on top ends in a black and ugly fish.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 3

‘Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.’
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

‘Painters and poets alike have always had licence to dare anything.’ We know that, and we both claim and permit others this indulgence.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 9

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus.

Works of serious purpose and grand promises often have a purple patch or two stitched on, to shine far and wide.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 14

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio.

I strive to be brief, and I become obscure.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 25

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum

Reddiderit iunctura novum.

You will have written exceptionally well if, by skilful arrangement of your words, you have made an ordinary one seem original.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 47

Multa renascentur quae iam cecidere, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi.

Many terms which have now dropped out of favour will be revived, and those that are at present respectable will drop out, if usage so choose, with whom lies the decision, the judgement, and the rule of speech.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 70

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Scholars dispute, and the case is still before the courts.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 78

Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

Throws aside his paint-pots and his words a foot and a half long.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 97

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsis tibi.

If you want me to weep, you must first feel grief yourself.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 102

Difficile est proprie communia dicere.

It is hard to utter common notions in an individual way.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 128

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Mountains will go into labour, and a silly little mouse will be born.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 139

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat.

His thinking does not produce smoke after the flame, but light after smoke.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 143

Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.

He always hurries to the main event and whisks his audience into the middle of things as though they knew already.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 148

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.

Tiresome, complaining, a praiser of past times, when he was a boy, a castigator and censor of the young generation.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 173

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

He has gained every point who has mixed profit with pleasure, by delighting the reader at the same time as instructing him.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 343

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

When many beauties grace a poem, I shall not take offence at a few faults.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 351

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

I’m aggrieved when sometimes even excellent Homer nods.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 359

Ut pictura poesis.

A poem is like a painting.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 361

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.

Not gods, nor men, nor even booksellers have put up with poets being second-rate.

‘Ars Poetica’ l. 372

Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Not bound to swear allegiance to any master, wherever the wind takes me I travel as a visitor.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 1, l. 14. Nullius in verba is the motto of the Royal Society

Condicio dulcis sine pulvere palmae.

The happy state of winning the palm without the dust of racing.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 1, l. 51

Si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem.

If possible honestly, if not, somehow, make money.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 1, l. 66

Olim quod vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Respondit referam: ‘quia me vestigia terrent,
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.’

Let me remind you what the wary fox said once upon a time to the sick lion: ‘Because those footprints scare me, all directed your way, none coming back.’

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 1, l. 73 (explaining why he did not follow popular opinion)

Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

Whatever madness their kings commit, the Greeks take the beating.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 2, l. 14

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati.

We are just statistics, born to consume resources.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 2, l. 27

Dimidium facti qui coepit habet: sapere aude.

To have begun is half the job: be bold and be sensible.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 2, l. 40

Ira furor brevis est.

Anger is a short madness.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 2, l. 62

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur hora.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

Believe each day that has dawned is your last. Some hour to which you have not been looking forward will prove lovely. As for me, if you want a good laugh, you will come and find me fat and sleek, in excellent condition, one of Epicurus’s herd of pigs.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 4, l. 13

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

To marvel at nothing is just about the one and only thing, Numicius, that can make a man happy and keep him that way.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 6, l. 1

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

You may drive out nature with a pitchfork, yet she’ll be constantly running back.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 10, l. 24

Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.

They change their clime, not their frame of mind, who rush across the sea. We strain at achieving nothing: we seek happiness in boats and carriage rides. What you seek is here, at Ulubrae, so long as peace of mind does not desert you.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 11, l. 27

Concordia discors.

Harmony in discord.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 12, l. 19

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

It is not the least praise to have pleased leading men. Not everyone is lucky enough to get to Corinth.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 17, l. 35

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.

And once sent out a word takes wing irrevocably.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 18, l. 71.

Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.

For it is your business, when the wall next door catches fire.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 18, l. 84

Fallentis semita vitae.

The pathway of a life unnoticed.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 18, l. 103

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus.

No verse can give pleasure for long, nor last, that is written by drinkers of water.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 19, l. 1

O imitatores, servum pecus.

O imitators, you slavish herd.

‘Epistles’ bk. 1, no. 19, l. 19

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

Skilled or unskilled, we all scribble poems.

‘Epistles’ bk. 2, no. 1, l. 117

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.

If he were on earth, Democritus would laugh at the sight.

‘Epistles’ bk. 2, no. 1, l. 194

Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.

And seek for truth in the groves of Academe.

‘Epistles’ bk. 2, no. 2, l. 45

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum.

I have to put up with a lot, to please the touchy breed of poets.

‘Epistles’ bk. 2, no. 2, l. 102

Quid te exempta iuvat spinis de pluribus una?
Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est.

What pleasure does it give to be rid of one thorn out of many? If you don't know how to live right, give way to those who are expert at it. You have had enough fun, eaten and drunk enough: time you were off.

'Epistles' bk. 2, no. 2, l. 212

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
Solutus omni faenore.

Happy the man who, far away from business, like the race of men of old, tills his ancestral fields with his own oxen, unbound by any interest to pay.

'Epodes' epode 2, l. 1

Indocilis pauperiem pati.

Untaught to bear poverty.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 1, l. 18

Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

And if you include me among the lyric poets, I'll hold my head so high it'll strike the stars.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 1, l. 35

Animae dimidium meae.

Half my own soul.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 3, l. 8 (referring to Virgil)

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.

His breast must have been girded round with oak and triple bronze, who first launched his frail boat on the rough sea.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 3, l. 9

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turris.

Pale Death breaks into the cottages of the poor as into the castles of kings.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 4, l. 13

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.

Life's short span forbids us to enter on far-reaching hopes.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 4, l. 15

Nil desperandum.

Never despair.

'Odes' bk. 1, no. 7, l. 27

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

Tomorrow we shall sail again on the vast ocean.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 7, l. 32

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et
Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
Appone.

Drop the question what tomorrow may bring, and count as profit every day that Fate allows you.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 9, l. 13

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint.

Do not try to find out—we’re forbidden to know—what end the gods have in store for me, or for you.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 11, l. 1

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

While we’re talking, envious time is fleeing: seize the day, put no trust in the future.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 11, l. 7

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thrice blest (and more) are the couple whose ties are unbroken and whose love, never strained by nasty quarrels, will not slip until their dying day.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 13, l. 17

Integer vitae scelerisque purus.

Of unblemished life and spotless record.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 22, l. 1

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

I will go on loving Lalage, who laughs so sweetly and talks so sweetly.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 22, l. 23

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.

A grudging and irregular worshipper of the gods.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 34, l. 1

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.

Now for drinks, now for some dancing with a good beat.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 37, l. 1

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

I hate all that Persian gear, boy.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 38, l. 1 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum Sera moretur.

Stop looking for the place where a late rose may yet linger.

‘Odes’ bk. 1, no. 38, l. 3

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

When the going gets rough, remember to keep calm.

‘Odes’ bk. 2, no. 3, l. 1

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit.

Someone who loves the golden mean.

‘Odes’ bk. 2, no. 10, l. 5

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.

Ah me, Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years are slipping by.

‘Odes’ bk. 2, no. 14, l. 1

Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Nothing is an unmixed blessing.

‘Odes’ bk. 2, no. 16, l. 27

Credite posteri.

Believe me, you who come after me!

‘Odes’ bk. 2, no. 19, l. 2

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
Favete linguis; carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

I hate the common herd and keep them off. Hush your tongues; as a priest of the Muses, I sing songs never heard before to virgin girls and boys.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 1, l. 1

Omne capax movet urna nomen.

The enormous tombola shakes up everyone’s name.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 1, l. 16

Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Black Care sits behind the horseman.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 1, l. 40

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Lovely and honourable it is to die for one’s country.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 2, l. 13.

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava iubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

For a just man and one with a firm grasp of his intentions, neither the heated passions of his fellow men ordaining something awful, nor a tyrant staring him in the face, will shake him in his convictions.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 3, l. 1

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

If the world should break and fall on him, its ruins would strike him unafraid.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 3, l. 7

Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

To pile Pelion on top of shady Olympus.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 4, l. 52

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua.

Force, unaided by judgement, collapses through its own weight.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 4, l. 65

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Aetas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

What do the ravages of time not injure? Our parents’ age (worse than our grandparents’) has produced us, more worthless still, who will soon give rise to a yet more vicious generation.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 6, l. 45

Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
Nobilis aevum.

Gloriously deceitful and a virgin renowned for ever.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 11, l. 35 (referring to the Danaid Hypermestra)

Magnas inter opes inops.

A beggar amidst great riches.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 16, l. 28

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

The smoke and wealth and din of Rome.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 29, l. 12

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

I have erected a monument more lasting than bronze.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 30, l. 1

Non omnis moriar.

I shall not altogether die.

‘Odes’ bk. 3, no. 30, l. 6

Non sum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cinarae.

I am not as I was when dear Cinara was my queen.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 1, l. 3

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I make poetry and give pleasure (if I give pleasure) are because of you.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 3, l. 24

Merses profundo: pulchrior evenit.

Plunge it in deep water: it comes up more beautiful.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 4, l. 65

Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

All our hope is fallen, fallen, and the luck of our name lost with Hasdrubal.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 4, l. 70

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae.

The snows have dispersed, now grass returns to the fields and leaves to the trees.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 7, l. 1

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
Quae rapit hora diem.

The year and the hour which robs us of the fair day warn us not to hope for things to last for ever.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 7, l. 7

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

The man worthy of praise the Muse forbids to die.

‘Odes’ bk. 4, no. 8, l. 28

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Many brave men lived before Agamemnon's time; but they are all, unmourned and unknown, covered by the long night, because they lack their sacred poet.

'Odes' bk. 4, no. 9, l. 25

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati
Peiusque leto flagitium timet.

It is not he who has many possessions that you should call happy: he more rightly deserves that name who knows how to use the gods' gifts wisely and to endure harsh poverty, and who fears dishonour more than death.

'Odes' bk. 4, no. 9, l. 45

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est desipere in loco.

Mix a little foolishness with your prudence: it's good to be silly at the right moment.

'Odes' bk. 4, no. 12, l. 27

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentis?

How is it, Maecenas, that no one lives contented with his lot, whether he has planned it for himself or fate has flung him into it, but yet he praises those who follow different paths?

'Satires' bk. 1, no. 1, l. 1

Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.

Change the name and it's about you, that story.

'Satires' bk. 1, no. 1, l. 69

Est modus in rebus.

There is measure in everything.

'Satires' bk. 1, no. 1, l. 106

Hoc genus omne.

All that tribe.

'Satires' bk. 1, no. 2, l. 2

Ab ovo
Usque ad mala.

From the egg right through to the apples.

'Satires' bk. 1, no. 3, l. 6 (meaning from the start to the finish of a meal)

Etiam disiecti membra poetae.

Even though broken up, the limbs of a poet.

‘Satires’ bk. 1, no. 4, l. 62 (referring to Ennius)

Ad unguem
Factus homo.

An accomplished man to his finger-tips.

‘Satires’ bk. 1, no. 5, l. 32

Credat Iudaeus Apella,
Non ego.

Let Apella the Jew believe it; I shan’t.

‘Satires’ bk. 1, no. 5, l. 100

In silvam...ligna feras insanius.

It’s crazy to carry timber to the forest.

‘Satires’ bk. 1, no. 10, l. 34

Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis.
The case will be dismissed with a laugh. You will get off scot-free.

‘Satires’ bk. 2, no. 1, l. 86 (H. R. Fairclough’s translation)

Par nobile fratrum.

A noble pair of brothers.

‘Satires’ bk. 2, no. 3, l. 243 (referring to notorious villains)

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons
Et paulum silvae super his foret.

This was one of my prayers: for a piece of land not so very large, with a garden and a spring of ever-flowing water near the house, and a bit of woodland as well as these.

‘Satires’ bk. 2, no. 6, l. 1

O noctes cenaeque deum!

O nights and feasts divine!

‘Satires’ bk. 2, no. 6, l. 65

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres, atque rotundus.

Strong enough to answer back to desires, to despise distinctions, and a whole man in himself, polished and well-rounded.

‘Satires’ bk. 2, no. 7, l. 85

8.140 Samuel Horsley 1733-1806

In this country, my Lords...the individual subject ... ‘has nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.’

House of Lords, 13 November 1795 (defending a maxim he had earlier used in committee)

8.141 A. E. Housman 1859-1936

Oh who is that young sinner with the handcuffs on his wrists?
And what has he been after that they groan and shake their fists?
And wherefore is he wearing such a conscience-stricken air?
Oh they're taking him to prison for the colour of his hair.

'Collected Poems' (1939) 'Additional Poems' no. 18

Mud's sister, not himself, adorns my legs.

'Fragment of a Greek Tragedy' ('Bromsgrovian' vol. 2, no. 5, 1883) in 'Alfred Edward Housman', the Housman Memorial Supplement of the Bromsgrovian (1936)

The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child.
The infant child is not aware
He has been eaten by the bear.

'Infant Innocence' (1938)

Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 9

May will be fine next year as like as not:
Oh, ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 9

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 9

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 10

And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 12

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay.

'Last Poems' (1922) no. 21

These, in the day when heaven was falling,

The hour when earth’s foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth’s foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

‘Last Poems’ (1922) no. 37 ‘Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries’

For nature, heartless, witless nature,
Will neither care nor know
What stranger’s feet may find the meadow
And trespass there and go,
Nor ask amid the dews of morning
If they are mine or no.

‘Last Poems’ (1922) no. 40

The rainy Pleiads wester,
Orion plunges prone,
The stroke of midnight ceases,
And I lie down alone.

‘More Poems’ (1936) no. 11

Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were young.

‘More Poems’ (1936) no. 36

Good-night. Ensured release
Imperishable peace,
Have these for yours,
While earth’s foundations stand
And sky and sea and land
And heaven endures.

‘More Poems’ (1936) no. 48 ‘Alta Quies’

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 2

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 2

Clay lies still, but blood’s a rover;
Breath’s a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey’s over
There’ll be time enough to sleep.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 4

And naked to the hangman’s noose
The morning clocks will ring
A neck God made for other use
Than strangling in a string.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 9

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
‘Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies,
But keep your fancy free.’
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 13

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 21

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There’s men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 23

On Wenlock Edge the wood’s in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The wind it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 31

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, ’twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 31

From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 32

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 40

And bound for the same bourn as I,
On every road I wandered by,
Trod beside me, close and dear,
The beautiful and death-struck year.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 41

Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 50, epigraph

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

‘A Shropshire Lad’ (1896) no. 54

Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God’s ways to man.

Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think.
'A Shropshire Lad' (1896) no. 62.

I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates, he died old.
'A Shropshire Lad' (1896) no. 62

This great College, of this ancient University, has seen some strange sights. It has seen Wordsworth drunk and Porson sober. And here am I, a better poet than Porson, and a better scholar than Wordsworth, betwixt and between.
Speech at Trinity College, Cambridge, in G. K. Chesterton 'Autobiography' (1936) ch. 12

8.142 Julia Ward Howe 1819-1910

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
'Battle Hymn of the Republic' (1862)

8.143 James Howell c.1593-1666

Some hold translations not unlike to be
The wrong side of a Turkey tapestry.
'Familiar Letters' (1645-55) bk. 1, letter 6

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.
'Familiar Letters' (1645-55) bk. 2, letter 4

8.144 Mary Howitt 1799-1888

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers;
Coming ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours.
'Buttercups and Daisies' (1838)

'Will you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly:
''Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.'
'The Spider and the Fly' (1834)

8.145 Edmond Hoyle 1672-1769

When in doubt, win the trick.
'Hoyle's Games' (c.1756) 'Whist, Twenty-four Short Rules for Learners' rule 12

8.146 Elbert Hubbard 1859-1915

Never explain—your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway.
'The Motto Book' (1907) p. 31.

Life is just one damned thing after another.

‘Philistine’ December 1909, p. 32 (often attributed to Frank Ward O’Malley)

Editor: a person employed by a newspaper, whose business it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed.

‘The Roycroft Dictionary’ (1914) p. 46

8.147 Frank McKinney (‘Kin’) Hubbard 1868-1930

Classic music is th’kind that we keep thinkin’ll turn into a tune.

‘Comments of Abe Martin and His Neighbors’ (1923)

It’s no disgrace t’be poor, but it might as well be.

‘Short Furrows’ (1911) p. 42

8.148 L. Ron Hubbard 1911-86

If you really want to make a million...the quickest way is to start your own religion.

Speaking to the Eastern Science Fiction Association at Newark, New Jersey, in 1947, in B. Corydon and L. Ron Hubbard Jr. ‘L. Ron Hubbard’ (1987) ch. 3

8.149 Howard Hughes Jr. 1905-76

That man’s ears make him look like a taxi-cab with both doors open.

Describing Clark Gable, in Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg ‘Celluloid Muse’ (1969) p. 156

8.150 Jimmy Hughes and Frank Lake

Bless ’em all! Bless ’em all!
The long and the short and the tall.

‘Bless ‘Em All’ (1940 song)

8.151 Langston Hughes 1902-67

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes.
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow
I’ll sit at the table
When company comes
Nobody’ll dare
Say to me,
‘Eat in the kitchen’
Then.

Besides, they'll see how
beautiful I am
And be ashamed,—

I, too, am America.

'I, Too' in 'Survey Graphic' March 1925

'It's powerful,' he said.

'What?'

'That one drop of Negro blood—because just one drop of black blood makes a man coloured. One drop—you are a Negro!'

'Simple Takes a Wife' (1953) p. 85

8.152 Ted Hughes 1930—

It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot.

'Hawk Roosting' (1960)

8.153 Thomas Hughes 1822-96

Tom and his younger brothers as they grew up, went on playing with the village boys without the idea of equality or inequality (except in wrestling, running, and climbing) ever entering their heads, as it doesn't till it's put there by Jack Nastys or fine ladies' maids.

'Tom Brown's Schooldays' (1857) pt. 1, ch. 3

'I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for?...If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want,' thought the Squire.

'Tom Brown's Schooldays' (1857) pt. 1, ch. 4

He never wants anything but what's right and fair; only when you come to settle what's right and fair, it's everything that he wants and nothing that you want. And that's his idea of a compromise. Give me the Brown compromise when I'm on his side.

'Tom Brown's Schooldays' (1857) pt. 2, ch. 2

It's more than a game. It's an institution.

'Tom Brown's Schooldays' (1857) pt. 2, ch. 7 (on cricket)

8.154 Victor Hugo 1802-85

Le mot, c'est le Verbe, et le Verbe, c'est Dieu.

The word is the Verb, and the Verb is God.

'Contemplations' (1856) bk. 1, no. 8

Souffrons, mais souffrons sur les cimes.

If suffer we must, let's suffer on the heights.

'Contemplations' (1856) bk. 5, no. 26 'Les Malheureux'

On rèsiste á l’invasion des armèes; on ne rèsiste pas á l’invasion des idèes.

A stand can be made against invasion by an army; no stand can be made against invasion by an idea.

‘Histoire d’un Crime’ (written 1851-2, published 1877) pt. 5, sect. 10

La symètrie, c’est l’ennui, et l’ennui est le fond même du deuil. Le dèsespoir baîlle.

Symmetry is tedious, and tedium is the very basis of mourning. Despair yawns.

‘Les Misèrables’ (1862) vol. 2, bk. 4, ch. 1

Jèsus a pleurè, Voltaire a souri; c’est de cette larme divine et de ce sourire humain qu’est faite la douceur de la civilisation actuelle. (Applaudissements prolongès.)

Jesus wept; Voltaire smiled. Of that divine tear and of that human smile the sweetness of present civilisation is composed. (Hearty applause.)

Transcript of centenary oration on Voltaire, 30 May 1878, ‘Centennaire de Voltaire’ (1878)

8.155 David Hume 1711-76

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life.

‘An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding’ (1748) sect. 5, pt. 1

If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning, concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.

‘An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding’ (1748) sect. 12, pt. 3

Their credulity increases his impudence: and his impudence overpowers their credulity.

‘An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding’ (1748) ‘Of Miracles’ pt. 2 (on religious enthusiasts)

We soon learn that there is nothing mysterious or supernatural in the case, but that all proceeds from the usual propensity of mankind towards the marvellous, and that, though this inclination may at intervals receive a check from sense and learning, it can never be thoroughly extirpated from human nature.

‘An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding’ (1748) ‘Of Miracles’ pt. 2

The Christian religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity: and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience.

‘An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding’ (1748) ‘Of Miracles’ pt. 2

Avarice, the spur of industry, is so obstinate a passion, and works its way through so many real dangers and difficulties, that it is not likely to be scared by an imaginary danger, which is so small that it scarcely admits of calculation.

‘Essays’ (1741-2) ‘Of Civil Liberty’

It cannot reasonably be doubted, but a little miss, dressed in a new gown for a dancing-school

ball, receives as complete enjoyment as the greatest orator, who triumphs in the splendour of his eloquence, while he governs the passions and resolutions of a numerous assembly.

'Essays' (1741-2) 'The Sceptic'

Should it be said, that, by living under the dominion of a prince, which one might leave, every individual has given a tacit assent to his authority...We may as well assert, that a man by remaining in a vessel, freely consents to the dominion of the master; though he was carried on board while asleep, and must leap into the ocean, and perish, the moment he leaves her.

'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary' (ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose, 1875) 'Of the Original Contract' (1748)

In all ages of the world, priests have been enemies of liberty.

'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary' (ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose, 1875) 'Of the Parties of Great Britain' (1741-2)

The heart of man is made to reconcile the most glaring contradictions.

'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary' (ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose, 1875) 'Of the Parties of Great Britain' (1741-2)

In all matters of opinion and science...the difference between men is...oftener found to lie in generals than in particulars; and to be less in reality than in appearance. An explanation of the terms commonly ends the controversy, and the disputants are surprised to find that they had been quarrelling, while at bottom they agreed in their judgement.

'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary' (ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose, 1875) 'Of the Standard of Taste' (1757)

Beauty is no quality in things themselves. It exists merely in the mind which contemplates them.

'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary' (ed. T. H. Green and T. H. Grose, 1875) 'Of the Standard of Taste' (1757)

Opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling; while we ourselves, during their fury and contention, happily make our escape into the calm, though obscure, regions of philosophy.

'Four Dissertations' (1757) 'The Natural History of Religion' sect. 15

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my Treatise of Human Nature. It fell dead-born from the Press.

'My Own Life' (1777) ch. 1

Poets...though liars by profession, always endeavour to give an air of truth to their fictions.

'A Treatise upon Human Nature' (1739) bk. 1, pt. 3

8.156 Hubert Humphrey 1911-78

Here we are the way politics ought to be in America, the politics of happiness, the politics of purpose and the politics of joy.

Speech in Washington, 27 April 1968, in 'New York Times' 28 April 1968, p. 66

8.157 Leigh Hunt 1784-1859

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'

'Abou Ben Adhem' (1838)

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea.

'The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit' (1836)

'By God!' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose from where he sat:
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like that.'

'The Glove and the Lions' (1836)

The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

'The Nile' (1818); referring to Cleopatra

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

'Rondeau' (1838)

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen, be your apples.

'Song of Fairies Robbing an Orchard' (1830)

And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town.

'The Story of Rimini' (1816) canto 1, l. 18

The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot!

‘The Story of Rimini’ (1816) canto 3, l. 257

A pleasure so exquisite as almost to amount to pain.

Letter to Alexander Ireland, 2 June 1848, on receiving ‘a glorious batch of ‘Examiners’’, in ‘The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt’ (1862) vol. 2, p. 122

8.158 Anne Hunter 1742-1821

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

‘A Pastoral Song’ (1794)

8.159 William Hunter 1718-83

Some physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill;—others, that it is a fermenting vat;—others again that it is a stew-pan;—but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, a fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan—but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach.

MS. note from his lectures, in J.A. Paris ‘A Treatise on Diet’ (1824) epigraph

8.160 Herman Hupfeld 1894-1951

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh;
The fundamental things apply,
As time goes by.

‘As Time Goes By’ (1931 song).

8.161 John Huss c.1372-1415

O sancta simplicitas!

O holy simplicity!

At the stake, seeing an aged peasant bringing a bundle of twigs to throw on the pile. In Zincgreff-Weidner ‘Apophthegmata’ (Amsterdam, 1653) pt. 3, p. 383.

8.162 Saddam Hussein (Saddam bin Hussein at-Takriti) 1937—

The mother of battles.

Popular interpretation of his description of the approaching Gulf War in a speech in Baghdad, 6 January 1991; ‘The Times’, 7 January 1991, reported that Saddam had no intention of relinquishing Kuwait and was ready for the ‘mother of all wars’

8.163 Francis Hutcheson 1694-1746

Wisdom denotes the pursuing of the best ends by the best means.

‘An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue’ (1725) treatise 1, sect. 5, subsect. 16

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

‘An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue’ (1725) treatise 2, sect. 3, subsect. 8.

8.164 Aldous Huxley 1894-1963

Christlike in my behaviour,
Like every good believer,
I imitate the Saviour,
And cultivate a beaver.

‘Antic Hay’ (1923) ch. 4

There are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism.

‘Antic Hay’ (1923) ch. 10

Official dignity tends to increase in inverse ratio to the importance of the country in which the office is held.

‘Beyond the Mexique Bay’ (1934) p. 34

The sexophones wailed like melodious cats under the moon.

‘Brave New World’ (1932) ch. 5

The proper study of mankind is books.

‘Crome Yellow’ (1921) ch. 28.

Too much consistency is as bad for the mind as it is for the body. Consistency is contrary to nature, contrary to life. The only completely consistent people are the dead.

‘Do What You Will’ (1929) ‘Wordsworth in the Tropics’

The end cannot justify the means, for the simple and obvious reason that the means employed determine the nature of the ends produced.

‘Ends and Means’ (1937) ch. 1

So long as men worship the Caesars and Napoleons, Caesars and Napoleons will duly arise and make them miserable.

‘Ends and Means’ (1937) ch. 8

Chastity—the most unnatural of all the sexual perversions.

‘Eyeless in Gaza’ (1936) ch. 27

I can sympathize with people’s pains, but not with their pleasures. There is something curiously boring about somebody else’s happiness.

‘Limbo’ (1920) ‘Cynthia’

Several excuses are always less convincing than one.

‘Point Counter Point’ (1928) ch. 1

Brought up in an epoch when ladies apparently rolled along on wheels, Mr Quarles was peculiarly susceptible to calves.

‘Point Counter Point’ (1928) ch. 20

A million million spermatozoa,
All of them alive:
Out of their cataclysm but one poor Noah

Dare hope to survive.

And among that billion minus one
Might have chanced to be
Shakespeare, another Newton, a new Donne—
But the One was Me.

‘Fifth Philosopher’s Song’ (1920)

Ragtime...but when the wearied Band
Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand,
And there we sit in peaceful calm,
Quietly sweating palm to palm.

‘Frascati’s’ (1920)

Beauty for some provides escape,
Who gain a happiness in eyeing
The gorgeous buttocks of the ape
Or Autumn sunsets exquisitely dying.

‘Ninth Philosopher’s Song’ (1920)

Then brim the bowl with atrabilious liquor!
We’ll pledge our Empire vast across the flood:
For Blood, as all men know, than Water’s thicker,
But Water’s wider, thank the Lord, than Blood.

‘Ninth Philosopher’s Song’ (1920)

8.165 Sir Julian Huxley 1887-1975

Operationally, God is beginning to resemble not a ruler but the last fading smile of a cosmic Cheshire cat.

‘Religion without Revelation’ (1957 ed.) ch. 3

8.166 T. H. Huxley 1825-95

Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there [the Metaphysical Society], and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were—ists of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of ‘agnostic’.

‘Collected Essays’ (1893-94) ‘Agnosticism’

The great tragedy of Science—the slaying of a beautiful hypothesis by an ugly fact.

‘Collected Essays’ (1893-94) ‘Biogenesis and Abiogenesis’

Science is nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit: and its methods differ from those of common sense only as

far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club.

'Collected Essays' (1893-94) 'The Method of Zadig'

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer.

'Collected Essays' (1893-94) 'On Descartes' 'Discourse on Method'' (written 1870)

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

'Collected Essays' vol. 3 (1895) 'On Elementary Instruction in Physiology' (written 1877)

The chess-board is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

'Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews' (1870) 'A Liberal Education'

Some experience of popular lecturing had convinced me that the necessity of making things plain to uninstructed people was one of the very best means of clearing up the obscure corners in one's own mind.

'Man's Place in Nature' (1894 ed.) preface

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions.

'Science and Culture and Other Essays' (1881) 'The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species'

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.

'Science and Culture and Other Essays' (1881) 'The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species'

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

'Science and Culture and Other Essays' (1881) 'On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata'

I asserted—and I repeat—that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling it would rather be a man—a man of restless and versatile intellect—who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice.

Replying to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in the debate on Darwin's theory of evolution during the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, 30 June 1860. See letter from J. R. Green to Professor Boyd Dawkins in Leonard Huxley (ed.) 'The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley' (1900). In a letter to Francis Darwin, Huxley agreed that this account was fair if not wholly accurate: there is no reliable verbatim transcript.

I am too much of a sceptic to deny the possibility of anything.

Letter to Herbert Spencer, 22 March 1886, in Leonard Huxley 'Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley' (1900) vol. 2, ch. 8

8.167 Edward Hyde

See Earl of Clarendon (3.104)

9.0 I

9.1 Dolores Ibarruri (‘La Pasionaria’) 1895-1989

Il vaut mieux mourir debout que de vivre á genoux!

It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees.

Speech in Paris, 3 September 1936, in ‘L’Humanitè’ 4 September 1936 (also attributed to Emiliano Zapata)

No pasar n.

They shall not pass.

Radio broadcast, Madrid, 19 July 1936, in ‘Speeches and Articles 1936-38’ (1938) p. 7.

9.2 Henrik Ibsen 1828-1906

Luftslotte,—de er så nemme at ty ind i, de. Og nemme at bygge også.

Castles in the air—they are so easy to take refuge in. And so easy to build, too.

‘Bygmester Solness’ (The Master Builder, 1892) act 3

Flertallet har aldrig retten på sin side. Aldrig, siger jeg! Det er en af disse samfundslígne, som en fri, t’nkende mand må gíre oprír imod. Hvem er det, som udgír flertallet af beboerne i et land? Er det de kloge folk, eller er det dé dumme? Jeg taenker, vi får vaere enige om, at dumme mennesker er tilstede i en ganske forskraek kelig overv’ldende majoritet rundt omkring på den hele vide jord. Men det kan da vel, for fanden, aldrig i evighed vaere ret, at de dumme skal herske over de kloge!

The majority never has right on its side. Never I say! That is one of the social lies that a free, thinking man is bound to rebel against. Who makes up the majority in any given country? Is it the wise men or the fools? I think we must agree that the fools are in a terrible overwhelming majority, all the wide world over.

‘En Folkefiende’ (An Enemy of the People, 1882) act 4

En skulde aldrig ha’ sine bedste buxer på, når en er ude og strider for frihed og sandhed.

You should never have your best trousers on when you go out to fight for freedom and truth.

‘En Folkefiende’ (An Enemy of the People, 1882) act 5

Sagen er den, ser I, at den st’rkeste mand i verden, det er han, som står mest alene.

The thing is, you see, that the strongest man in the world is the man who stands most alone.

‘En Folkefiende’ (An Enemy of the People, 1882) act 5

Mor, gi’ mig solen.

Mother, give me the sun.

‘Gengangere’ (Ghosts, 1881) act 3

Men, gud sig forbarme,—sligt noget gír man da ikke!

But good God, people don’t do such things!

‘Hedda Gabler’ (1890) act 4

Hvad skal manden v’re? Sig selv, det er mit korte svar.

What ought a man to be? Well, my short answer is ‘himself’.

‘Peer Gynt’ (1867) act 4

Tar de livslígnen fra et gennemsnitsmenneske, så tar De lykken fra ham med det samme.

Take the life-lie away from the average man and straight away you take away his happiness.

‘Vildanden’ (The Wild Duck, 1884) act 5

9.3 Eric Idle 1943—

See Graham Chapman et al. (3.74)

9.4 Francis Iles (Anthony Berkeley Cox) 1893-1970

It was not until several weeks after he had decided to murder his wife that Dr Bickleigh took any active steps in the matter. Murder is a serious business.

‘Malice Aforethought’ (1931) p. 7

9.5 Ivan Illich 1926—

In a consumer society there are inevitably two kinds of slaves: the prisoners of addiction and the prisoners of envy.

‘Tools for Conviviality’ (1973) ch. 3

9.6 Charles Inge 1868-1957

This very remarkable man
Commends a most practical plan:
You can do what you want
If you don’t think you can’t,
So don’t think you can’t think you can.

‘On Monsieur Couè’ (1928).

9.7 William Ralph Inge (Dean Inge) 1860-1954

The enemies of Freedom do not argue; they shout and they shoot.

‘End of an Age’ (1948) ch. 4

The effect of boredom on a large scale in history is underestimated. It is a main cause of revolutions, and would soon bring to an end all the static Utopias and the farmyard civilization of the Fabians.

‘End of an Age’ (1948) ch. 6

To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy.

‘Idea of Progress’ (Romanes Lecture delivered at Oxford, 27 May 1920) p. 9

Many people believe that they are attracted by God, or by Nature, when they are only repelled by man.

‘More Lay Thoughts of a Dean’ (1931) pt. 4, ch. 1

It takes in reality only one to make a quarrel. It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism, while the wolf remains of a different opinion.

‘Outspoken Essays: First Series’ (1919) ‘Patriotism’

The nations which have put mankind and posterity most in their debt have been small states—Israel, Athens, Florence, Elizabethan England.

‘Outspoken Essays: Second Series’ (1922) ‘State, visible and invisible’

A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it.

‘Philosophy of Plotinus’ (1923) vol. 2, lecture 22 (quoted by Boris Yeltsin at the time of the failed military coup in Russia, August 1991)

The aim of education is the knowledge not of facts but of values.

‘The Training of the Reason’ in A. C. Benson (ed.) ‘Cambridge Essays on Education’ (1917) ch. 2

9.8 Jean Ingelow 1820-97

Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells.

‘The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571’

Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby’.

‘The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571’

‘Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!’ calling
E’er the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.

‘The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571’

Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.

‘The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571’

But each will mourn her own (she saith)
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.

‘The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571’

9.9 Robert G. Ingersoll 1833-99

An honest God is the noblest work of man.

‘The Gods’ (1876) pt. 1, p. 2.

In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments—there are consequences.

‘Some Reasons Why’ (1881) pt. 8 ‘The New Testament’ in ‘The Works of Robert G. Ingersoll’ (1915) vol. 2, p. 315

9.10 J. A. D. Ingres 1780-1867

Le dessin est la probitè de l’art.

Drawing is the true test of art.

‘Pensèes d’Ingres’ (1922) p. 70

9.11 Eugéne Ionesco 1912—

C’est une chose anormale de vivre.

Living is abnormal.

‘Le Rhinocèros’ (1959) act 1

Tu ne prèvois les èvènements que lorsqu’ils sont dèjá arrivès.

You can only predict things after they have happened.

‘Le Rhinocèros’ (1959) act 3

Un fonctionnaire ne plaisante pas.

A civil servant doesn’t make jokes.

‘Tueur sans gages’ (The Killer, 1958) act 1

9.12 Weldon J. Irvine

Young, gifted and black.

Title of song (1969)

9.13 Washington Irving 1783-1859

A woman’s whole life is a history of the affections.

‘The Sketch Book’ (1820) ‘The Broken Heart’

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

‘The Sketch Book’ (1820) ‘Rip Van Winkle’

They who drink beer will think beer.

‘The Sketch Book’ (1820) ‘Stratford-on-Avon’

There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse...it is often a comfort to shift one’s position and be bruised in a new place.

‘Tales of a Traveller’ (1824) ‘To the Reader’

The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion.

‘Wolfert’s Roost’ (1855) ‘The Creole Village’

9.14 Anne Ingram, Viscountess Irwin c.1696-1764

A female mind like a rude fallow lies;
No seed is sown, but weeds spontaneous rise.
As well might we expect, in winter, spring,
As land untilled a fruitful crop should bring.

‘An Epistle to Mr Pope. Occasioned by his Characters of Women’ in the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ (1736)

Untaught the noble end of glorious truth,
Bred to deceive even from their earliest youth.

‘An Epistle to Mr Pope. Occasioned by his Characters of Women’ in the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ (1736)

9.15 Christopher Isherwood 1904-86

The common cormorant (or shag)
Lays eggs inside a paper bag,
You follow the idea, no doubt?
It's to keep the lightning out.

But what these unobservant birds
Have never thought of, is that herds
Of wandering bears might come with buns
And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

'The Common Cormorant' (written c.1925)

I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking.

'Goodbye to Berlin' (1939) 'Berlin Diary' Autumn 1930

See also W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood (1.115)

10.0 J

10.1 Andrew Jackson 1767-1845

Each public officer who takes an oath to support the constitution swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others.

Presidential message vetoing the bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States, 10 July 1832, in H. S. Commager (ed.) 'Documents of American History' vol. 1 (1963) p. 272

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration, 13 April 1830. In Thomas Hart Benton 'Thirty Years' View' (1856) vol. 1

You are uneasy; you never sailed with me before, I see.

In James Parton 'Life of Jackson' (1860) vol. 3, ch. 35

10.2 Holbrook Jackson 1874-1948

A mother never realizes that her children are no longer children.

'All Manner of Folk' (1912) 'On a Certain Arrangement'

Pedantry is the dotage of knowledge.

'Anatomy of Bibliomania' (1930) vol. 1, p. 150

As soon as an idea is accepted it is time to reject it.

'Platitudes in the Making' (1911) p. 13

10.3 Joe Jacobs 1896-1940

We was robbed!

After Jack Sharkey beat Max Schmeling (of whom Jacobs was manager) in the heavyweight title fight, 21 June 1932: Peter Heller 'In This Corner' (1975) p. 44

I should of stood in bed.

After leaving his sick-bed in October 1935 to attend the World Baseball Series in Detroit, and betting on the losers, in John Lardner ‘Strong Cigars’ (1951) p. 61

10.4 Jacopone da Todi c.1230-1306

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where he hung, the dying Lord.

‘Stabat Mater dolorosa’ (ascribed also to Pope Innocent III and others); translation in ‘Hymns Ancient and Modern’ based on that of E. Caswall in ‘Lyra Catholica’ (1849)

10.5 Mick Jagger 1943—and Keith Richard (Keith Richards) 1943—

Ev’rywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, oh, boy,
’Cause summer’s here and the time is oh, right for fighting in the street, boy.
But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock ’n’ roll band,
’Cause in sleepy London town
There’s just no place for street fighting man!

‘Street Fighting Man’ (1968 song)

10.6 Richard Jago 1715-81

With leaden foot time creeps along
While Delia is away.

‘Absence’

10.7 James I (James VI of Scotland) 1566-1625

A branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins.

‘A Counterblast to Tobacco’ (1604)

A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

‘A Counterblast to Tobacco’ (1604)

Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God’s good gifts, that the sweetness of man’s breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke.

‘A Counterblast to Tobacco’ (1604)

The state of monarchy is the supremest thing upon earth; for kings are not only God’s lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God’s throne, but even by God himself they are called gods.

Speech to Parliament, 21 March 1610, in ‘Works’ (1616) p. 529

The king is truly parens patriae, the polite father of his people.

Speech to Parliament, 21 March 1610, in ‘Works’ (1616) p. 529

That which concerns the mystery of the king’s power is not lawful to be disputed; for that is to wade into the weakness of Princes and to take away the mystical reverence, that belongs unto them that sit in the throne of God.

‘A Speech in the Star Chamber’ [speech to the judges] 20 June 1616, in ‘Works’ (1616) p. 557

No bishop, no King.

To a deputation of Presbyterians from the Church of Scotland, seeking religious tolerance in England, in W. Barlow ‘The Sum of the Conference’ (1625) p. 36

I will govern according to the common weal, but not according to the common will.

December, 1621. In J. R. Green ‘History of the English People’ vol. 3 (1879) bk. 7, ch. 4

Dr Donne’s verses are like the peace of God; they pass all understanding.

Saying recorded by Archdeacon Plume (1630-1704)

You cannot name any example in any heathen author but I will better it in Scripture.

In ‘Crumms Fal’n From King James’s Table’ no. 10, in E. F. Rimbault (ed.) ‘The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury’ (1856) p. 257

10.8 James V of Scotland 1512-42

It cam’ wi’ a lass, it will gang wi’ a lass.

Said on his deathbed, of the crown of Scotland. David Hume ‘The History of England’ (1763) vol. 4, ch. 33 records ‘It came with a woman...and it will go with one.’

10.9 Henry James 1843-1916

The ever-importunate murmur, ‘Dramatize it, dramatize it!’

‘The Altar of the Dead’ (1909 ed.) preface

The terrible fluidity of self-revelation.

‘The Ambassadors’ (1909 ed.) preface

Live all you can; it’s a mistake not to. It doesn’t so much matter what you do in particular, so long as you have your life. If you haven’t had that, what have you had?

‘The Ambassadors’ (1903) bk. 5, ch. 11

The deep well of unconscious cerebration.

‘The American’ (1909 ed.) preface

The historian, essentially, wants more documents than he can really use; the dramatist only wants more liberties than he can really take.

‘The Aspern Papers’ (1909 ed.) preface

Most English talk is a quadrille in a sentry-box.

‘The Awkward Age’ (1899) bk. 5, ch. 19

Vereker’s secret, my dear man—the general intention of his books: the string the pearls were strung on, the buried treasure, the figure in the carpet.

‘The Figure in the Carpet’ (1896) ch. 11

It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature.

‘Hawthorne’ (1879) ch. 1

One might ennumerate the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life, until it should become a wonder to know what was left. No State, in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!...The natural remark in the almost lurid light of such an indictment, would be that if these things are left out, everything is left out.

'Hawthorne' (1879)

Whatever question there may be of his talent, there can be none, I think, of his genius. It was a slim and crooked one; but it was eminently personal. He was imperfect, unfinished, inartistic; he was worse than provincial—he was parochial.

'Hawthorne' (1879) ch. 4 (on H. D. Thoreau, q.v.)

The black and merciless things that are behind the great possessions.

'The Ivory Tower' (1917) notes p. 287

Poor Gissing...struck me as quite particularly marked out for what is called in his and my profession an unhappy ending.

Letter to Sir Sidney Colvin, 1903

It is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance, for our consideration and application of these things, and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process.

Letter to H. G. Wells, 10 July 1915

I could come back to America...to die—but never, never to live.

Letter to Alice James

Cats and monkeys—monkeys and cats—all human life is there!

'The Madonna of the Future' (1879) vol. 1, p. 59 ('All human life is there' became an advertising slogan for the 'News of the World' in the late 1950s)

We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art.

'The Middle Years' (short story, 1893)

Tennyson was not Tennysonian.

'The Middle Years' (1917 autobiography) ch. 6

To kill a human being is, after all, the least injury you can do him.

'My Friend Bingham' (short story, 1867)

Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue.

'Partial Portraits' (1888) 'The Art of Fiction'

What is character but the determination of incident? What is incident but the illustration of character?

‘Partial Portraits’ (1888) ‘The Art of Fiction’

I don’t care anything about reasons, but I know what I like.

‘The Portrait of a Lady’ (1881) vol. 2, ch. 5.

The note I wanted; that of the strange and sinister embroidered on the very type of the normal and easy.

‘Prefaces’ (1909) ‘The Altar of the Dead’

Really, universally, relations stop nowhere, and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily appear to do so.

‘Roderick Hudson’ (1877) preface

I didn’t, of course, stay her hand—there never is in such cases ‘time’; and I had once more the full demonstration of the fatal futility of Fact.

‘The Spoils of Poynton’ (1909 ed.) preface

We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.

‘The Turn of the Screw’ (1898) p. 169

Summer afternoon—summer afternoon...the two most beautiful words in the English language.

In Edith Wharton ‘A Backward Glance’ (1934) ch. 10

So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!

On experiencing his first stroke, in Edith Wharton ‘A Backward Glance’ (1934) ch. 14

Of course, of course!

On hearing that Rupert Brooke had died on a Greek island (attributed)

10.10 William James 1842-1910

Man, biologically considered, and whatever else he may be into the bargain, is simply the most formidable of all the beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systematically on its own species.

‘Atlantic Monthly’ December 1904, p. 845

The moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess success. That—with the squalid cash interpretation put on the word success—is our national disease.

Letter to H. G. Wells, 11 September 1906, in ‘Letters’ (1920) vol. 2, p. 260

Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core.

‘McClure’s Magazine’ February 1908, p. 422

There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision.

‘The Principles of Psychology’ (1890) vol. 1, ch. 4

The art of being wise is the art of knowing what to overlook.

‘The Principles of Psychology’ (1890) vol. 2, ch. 22

There is no worse lie than a truth misunderstood by those who hear it.

‘The Varieties of Religious Experience’ (1902) lectures 14 and 15, p. 355

10.11 Randall Jarrell 1914-65

To Americans, English manners are far more frightening than none at all.

'Pictures from an Institution' (1954) pt. 1, ch. 4

It is better to entertain an idea than to take it home to live with you for the rest of your life.

'Pictures from an Institution' (1954) pt. 1, ch. 4

10.12 Douglas Jay 1907—

Fair shares for all, is Labour's call.

'Change and Fortune' (1980) ch. 7 (slogan devised for the North Battersea by-election, 1946)

In the case of nutrition and health, just as in the case of education, the gentleman in Whitehall really does know better what is good for people than the people know themselves.

'The Socialist Case' (1939) ch. 30

10.13 Jean Paul 1763-1825

See Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (6.46) in Volume II

10.14 Sir James Jeans 1877-1946

Taking a very gloomy view of the future of the human race, let us suppose that it can only expect to survive for two thousand million years longer, a period about equal to the past age of the earth. Then, regarded as a being destined to live for three-score years and ten, humanity, although it has been born in a house seventy years old, is itself only three days old.

'Eos' (1928) p. 12

Life exists in the universe only because the carbon atom possesses certain exceptional properties.

'The Mysterious Universe' (1930) ch. 1

From the intrinsic evidence of his creation, the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician.

'The Mysterious Universe' (1930) ch. 5

10.15 Thomas Jefferson 1743-1826

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776; preamble

We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable; that all men are created equal and independent, that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent and inalienable, among which are the preservation of life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Original draft for the Declaration of Independence.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression.

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801

Would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm?

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none.

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801

Freedom of religion; freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801

Experience declares that man is the only animal which devours its own kind; for I can apply no milder term to the governments of Europe, and to the general prey of the rich on the poor.

Letter to Colonel Edward Carrington, 16 January 1787

A little rebellion now and then is a good thing.

Letter to James Madison, 30 January 1787, in Thomas Jefferson Randolph (ed.) 'Memoirs, Correspondence and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson' (1829) vol. 2, p. 87

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

Letter to W. S. Smith, 13 November 1787, in Thomas Jefferson Randolph (ed.) 'Memoirs, Correspondence and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson' (1829) vol. 2, p. 269

Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on them, a rottenness begins in his conduct.

Letter to Tench Coxe, 1799 (on official positions)

If the principle were to prevail of a common law [i.e a single government] being in force in the United States...it would become the most corrupt government on the earth.

Letter to Gideon Granger, 13 August 1800, in Thomas Jefferson Randolph (ed.) 'Memoirs, Correspondence and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson' (1829) vol. 3, p. 445

I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents.

Letter to John Adams, 28 October 1813

If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be.

Letter to Colonel Charles Yancey, 6 January 1816

I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves; and if we think of them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion.

Letter to William Charles Jarvis, 28 September 1816

We are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it.

Letter to William Roscoe, 27 December 1820

To attain all this [universal republicanism], however, rivers of blood must yet flow, and years of desolation pass over; yet the object is worth rivers of blood, and years of desolation.

Letter to John Adams, 4 September 1823, in Thomas Jefferson Randolph (ed.) 'Memoirs, Correspondence and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson' (1829) vol. 4, p. 387

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation none.

Letter to John Adams, 4 September 1823 (usually quoted, 'Few die and none resign'), in Thomas Jefferson Randolph (ed.) 'Memoirs, Correspondence and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson' (1829) vol. 4, p. 387

Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity [of opinion]. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites.

'Notes on the State of Virginia' (1781-5) Query 17

Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.

'Notes on the State of Virginia' (1781-5) Query 18 'Manners'

No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying as to put the right man in the right place.

In J. B. MacMaster 'History of the People of the U.S.' (1883-1913) vol. 2, ch. 13, p. 586

We have the wolf by the ears; and we can neither hold him, nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other.

On slavery in the United States, 1820, in J. C. Miller 'The Wolf by the Ears' (1977)

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.

Remark to Baron von Humboldt, 1807, in Rayner 'Life of Jefferson' (1834) p. 356

10.16 Francis, Lord Jeffrey 1773-1850

This will never do.

On Wordsworth's 'The Excursion' (1814), in 'Edinburgh Review' November 1814, p. 1

10.17 David Jenkins 1925—

The withdrawal of an imported, elderly American to leave a reconciling opportunity for some local product is surely neither dishonourable nor improper.

Referring to Ian MacGregor, Chairman of the Coal Board, in 'The Times' 22 September 1984

A conjuring trick with bones.

On the Resurrection

10.18 Roy Jenkins (Baron Jenkins of Hillhead) 1920—

The politics of the left and centre of this country are frozen in an out-of-date mould which is bad for the political and economic health of Britain and increasingly inhibiting for those who live within the mould. Can it be broken?

Speech to Parliamentary Press Gallery, 9 June 1980, in 'The Times' 10 June 1980

10.19 Paul Jennings 1918-89

Resistentialism is concerned with what Things think about men.

'Even Oddlier' 'Developments in Resistentialism'

In this concept of Activated Sludge, two perfectly opposite forces are held in perfect equilibrium.

'The Jenguin Pennings' 'Activated Sludge'

10.20 Soame Jenyns 1704-87

Omnipotence cannot work contradictions; it can only effect all possible things.

'A Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil' (1757) Letter 1

Those who profess outrageous zeal for the liberty and prosperity of their country, and at the same time infringe her laws, affront her religion and debauch her people, are but despicable quacks.

'A Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil' (1757) Letter 5

Thousands are collected from the idle and the extravagant for seeing dogs, horses, men and monkeys perform feats of activity, and, in some places, for the privilege only of seeing one another.

'Works' vol. 2, p. 291

10.21 St Jerome c.342-420

Venerationi mihi semper fuit non verbosa rusticitas, sed sancta simplicitas.

I have revered always not crude verbosity, but holy simplicity.

Letter 'Ad Pammachium' in 'Patrologiae Latinae' vol. 22 (1864) col. 579

Hooly writ is the scripture of puples, for it is maad, that alle puplis schulden knowe it.

Attributed in the Prologue (itself attributed to John Purvey). J. Forshall and F. Madden (eds.) 'The Holy Bible...in the Earliest English Versions' (1850) vol. 1 'The Prologue to John Wycliffe's translation of the Bible (c.1378/80) ch. 15

10.22 Jerome K. Jerome 1859-1927

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do.

'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow' (1886) 'On Being Idle'

The passing of the third floor back.

Title of story (1907) and play (1910)

I want a house that has got over all its troubles; I don't want to spend the rest of my life bringing up a young and inexperienced house.

'They and I' (1909) ch. 11

But there, everything has its drawbacks, as the man said when his mother-in-law died, and they came down upon him for the funeral expenses.

'Three Men in a Boat' (1889) ch. 3

10.23 William Jerome 1865-1932

Any old place I can hang my hat is home sweet home to me.
Title of song (1901)

You needn't try to reason,
Your excuse is out of season,
Just kiss yourself goodbye.
'Just Kiss Yourself Goodbye' (1902 song)

10.24 Douglas Jerrold 1803-57

Religion's in the heart, not in the knees.
'The Devil's Ducat' (1830) act 1, sc. 2

The best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.
'The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) 'The Anglo-French Alliance'

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.
'The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) 'A Land of Plenty' (Australia)

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.
'The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) 'Love'

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it.
'The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) 'Meeting Troubles Half-way'

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.
'The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) 'Peace'

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.
In Blanchard Jerrold 'The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold' (1859) ch. 14

10.25 John Jewel 1522-71

In old time we had treen chalices and golden priests, but now we have treen priests and golden chalices.
'Certain Sermons Preached Before the Queen's Majesty' (1609) p. 176

10.26 C. E. M. Joad 1891-1953

It all depends what you mean by...
Answering questions on 'The Brains Trust' (formerly 'Any Questions'), BBC radio (1941-8)

My life is spent in a perpetual alternation between two rhythms, the rhythm of attracting people for fear I may be lonely, and the rhythm of trying to get rid of them because I know that I am bored.
In 'Observer' 12 December 1948, p. 2

10.27 St John of the Cross 1542-91

Muero porque no muero.

I die because I do not die.

'Coplas del alma que pena por ver a dios'

Con un no saber sabiendo.

With a knowing ignorance.

'Coplas hechas sobre un èxtasis de alta contemplación'

10.28 John of Salisbury c.1115-80

Siquidem uita breuis, sensus hebes, neglegentiae torpor, inutilis occupatio, nos paucula scire permittunt, et eadem iugiter excutit et auellit ab animo fraudatrix scientiae, inimica et infida semper memoriae nouerca, obliuio.

The brevity of our life, the dullness of our senses, the torpor of our indifference, the futility of our occupation, suffer us to know but little: and that little is soon shaken and then torn from the mind by that traitor to learning, that hostile and faithless stepmother to memory, oblivion.

'Prologue to the Policraticus' (C. C. J. Webb's edition, 1909) vol. 1, p. 12, l. 13, translated by Helen Waddell

10.29 Pope John XXIII (Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli) 1881-1963

If civil authorities legislate for or allow anything that is contrary to that order and therefore contrary to the will of God, neither the laws made or the authorizations granted can be binding on the consciences of the citizens, since God has more right to be obeyed than man.

'Pacem in Terris' (1963) p. 142

The social progress, order, security and peace of each country are necessarily connected with the social progress, order, security and peace of all other countries.

'Pacem in Terris' (1963) p. 150

In the universal Declaration of Human Rights (December, 1948), in most solemn form, the dignity of a person is acknowledged to all human beings; and as a consequence there is proclaimed, as a fundamental right, the right of free movement in search for truth and in the attainment of moral good and of justice, and also the right to a dignified life.

'Pacem in Terris' (1963)

10.30 Linton Kwesi Johnson b. 1952

Brothers and sisters rocking,
a dread beat pulsing fire, burning.

'Dread Beat an Blood' (1975)

Cold lights hurting, breaking, hurting;
fire in the head and a dread beat bleeding, beating fire: dread.

'Dread Beat an Blood' (1975)

10.31 Lionel Johnson 1867-1902

The saddest of all Kings
Crowned, and again discrowned.
'By the Statue of King Charles I at Charing Cross'

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king.
'By the Statue of King Charles I at Charing Cross'

There Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams.
'Oxford'

In her ears the chime
Of full, sad bells brings back her old springtide.
'Oxford'

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours.
'The Precept of Silence'

10.32 Lyndon Baines Johnson 1908-73

All I have I would have given gladly not to be standing here today.
First speech to Congress as President, 27 November 1963, following the assassination of J. F. Kennedy, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 1, p. 8

We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for a hundred years or more. It is time now to write the next chapter, and to write it in the books of law.
Speech to Congress, 27 November 1963, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 1, p. 9

We hope that the world will not narrow into a neighbourhood before it has broadened into a brotherhood.
Speech at lighting of the Nation's Christmas Tree, 22 December 1963, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 1, item 65

In your time we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society.
Speech at University of Michigan, 22 May 1964, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 1, p. 704

We Americans know, although others appear to forget, the risks of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war.
Speech on radio and television, 4 August 1964, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 2, p. 927

We are not about to send American boys 9 or 10,000 miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves.
Speech at Akron University, 21 October 1964, in 'Public Papers of the Presidents of the United States: Lyndon B. Johnson 1963-64' vol. 2, p. 1391

I am a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat, in that order.
'Texas Quarterly' Winter 1958

I don’t want loyalty. I want loyalty. I want him to kiss my ass in Macy’s window at high noon and tell me it smells like roses. I want his pecker in my pocket.

In David Halberstam ‘The Best and the Brightest’ (1972) ch. 20 (discussing a potential assistant)

Better to have him inside the tent pissing out, than outside pissing in.

In David Halberstam ‘The Best and the Brightest’ (1972) ch. 20 (on J. Edgar Hoover)

So dumb he can’t fart and chew gum at the same time.

In Richard Reeves ‘A Ford, not a Lincoln’ (1975) ch. 2 (on Gerald Ford)

10.33 Paul Johnson

A monstrous piece of work, the crude sexism, the disgusting sex, the very second-rate snobbery, not even the snobbery of a proper snob, but the snobbery of an expense-account man.

‘New Statesman’ 1958 (on the ‘James Bond’ film ‘Dr No’)

Tories...are atrophied Englishmen, lacking certain moral and intellectual reflexes.

‘New Statesman’ 1958

10.34 Philander Chase Johnson 1866-1939

Cheer up! the worst is yet to come!

‘Everybody’s Magazine’ May 1920

10.35 Philip Johnson 1906—

Architecture is the art of how to waste space.

‘New York Times’ 27 December 1964, p. 9

10.36 Samuel Johnson 1709-84

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness.

‘The Bravery of the English Common Soldier’ in ‘The British Magazine’ January 1760 (Yale ed., vol. 10, p. 281)

Liberty is, to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving.

‘The Bravery of the English Common Soldier’ in ‘The British Magazine’ January 1760 (Yale ed., vol. 10, p. 283)

Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) preface.

I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven. Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas: I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things which they denote.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) preface.

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) preface (on citations of usage in a dictionary)

But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) preface

If the changes we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) preface

Dull. To make dictionaries is dull work.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755) 8th definition

Excise. A hateful tax levied upon commodities.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755)

Net. Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755)

Oats. A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755)

Patron. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1755)

Pension. Pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

‘A Dictionary of the English Language’ (1775)

The only end of writing is to enable the readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it.

‘A Free Enquiry’ (1757, ed. D. Greene, 1984) reviewing Soame Jenyns

When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather.

‘The Idler’ no. 11 (24 June 1758)

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement.

‘The Idler’ no. 40 (20 January 1759)

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment.

‘The Idler’ no. 58 (26 May 1759)

I directed them to bring a bundle [of hay] into the room, and slept upon it in my riding coat. Mr Boswell, being more delicate, laid himself sheets with hay over and under him, and lay in linen like a gentleman.

‘A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland’ (1775) ‘Glenelg’

A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth.

‘A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland’ (1775) ‘Ostig in Sky’

At seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest.

‘A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland’ (1775) ‘Col’

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

‘A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland’ (1775) ‘Inch Kenneth’

Grief is a species of idleness.

Letter to Mrs Thrale, 17 March 1773, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) ‘The Letters of Samuel Johnson’ (1952) vol. 1

He is gone, and we are going.

Letter to Mrs Thrale on the death of her son, Harry, 25 March 1776, in R. W. Chapman (ed.) 'The Letters of Samuel Johnson' (1952) vol. 3

A hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.

Review in the 'Literary Magazine' vol. 2, no. 13 (1757)

About things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Addison'

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Addison'

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect; and, when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Butler'

A man, doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote enquiries.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Collins'

The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Cowley'

Language is the dress of thought.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Cowley'.

The father of English criticism.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Dryden'

This play...was first offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury-Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of making Gay rich, and Rich gay.

Referring to 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'John Gay'

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices...must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Gray'

An exotic and irrational entertainment, which has been always combated, and always has prevailed. [Italian opera]

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Hughes'

We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Milton'

An acrimonious and surly republican.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Milton'

I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Edmund Smith' (on the death of Garrick)

He washed himself with oriental scrupulosity.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'Swift'

Friendship is not always the sequel of obligation.

'The Lives of the English Poets' (1779-81) 'James Thomson'

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 61)

He that tries to recommend him [Shakespeare] by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 62)

Love is only one of many passions.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 63)

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind but in one composition...That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 67)

A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his way and sure to engulf him in the mire.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 74)

It must be at last confessed, that as we owe everything to him [Shakespeare], he owes something to us; that, if much of our praise is paid by perception and judgement, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loathe or despise.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 91)

I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 108)

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils.

'The Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes' (1765) preface (Yale ed., p. 111)

This world where much is to be done and little to be known.

'Prayers and Meditations' (1785) no. 170 'Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts' 12 August 1784

There are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

'The Rambler' no. 87 (15 January 1751)

No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes, than a public library.

'The Rambler' no. 106 (23 March 1751)

I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial

barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations.

‘The Rambler’ no. 208 (14 March 1752)

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas prince of Abyssinia.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 1

The business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 10

He [the poet] must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and place.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 10.

Human life is everwhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 11

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 26

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 30

It [the Pyramids] seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment...I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 32

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

‘Rasselas’ (1759) ch. 41

There is perhaps no class of men, to whom the precept given by the Apostle to his converts against too great confidence in their understandings, may be more properly inculcated, than those who are dedicated to the profession of literature.

‘Sermons’ (1788) no. 8

In this state of temporary honour, a proud man is too willing to exert his prerogative; and too ready to forget that he is dictating to those, who may one day dictate to him.

‘Sermons’ (1788) no. 8 (on schoolmasters)

He [God] will not leave his promises unfulfilled, nor his threats unexecuted...Neither can he want power to execute his purposes; he who spoke, and the world was made, can speak again, and it will perish.

‘Sermons’ (1788) no. 10

How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?

‘Taxation No Tyranny’ (1775 (Yale ed., vol. 10, p. 454)

A generous and elevated mind is distinguished by nothing more certainly than an eminent degree of curiosity.

Dedication of his English translation of Fr. J. Lobo’s ‘Voyage to Abyssinia’ (1735), signed ‘the editor’ but attributed to Johnson in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 89 (1734)

Unmoved though witlings sneer and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

‘Irene’ (1749) prologue

There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the Western World.

‘Irene’ (1749) act 4, sc. 1, l. 122 (Demetrius forecasting the Renaissance)

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.

Lines added to Oliver Goldsmith’s ‘The Traveller’ (1764) l. 429.

Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

‘London’ (1738) l. 17

Of all the griefs that harrass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen’rous heart,
Than when a blockhead’s insult points the dart.

‘London’ (1738) l. 166

This mournful truth is ev’rywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed.

‘London’ (1738) l. 176

Condemned to hope’s delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

‘On the Death of Dr Robert Levet’ (1783)

When learning’s triumph o’er her barb’rous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.

‘Prologue spoken at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane’ (1747)

The stage but echoes back the public voice.
The drama’s laws the drama’s patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

‘Prologue spoken at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane’ (1747)

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 1

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 157

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 193 (on Charles XII of Sweden)

His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 219 (on Charles XII of Sweden)

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o’er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 255

Superfluous lags the vet’ran on the stage.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 308

In life’s last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb’rough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv’ler and a show.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 315

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 345

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.

‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’ (1749) l. 351 Page references to James Boswell The Life of Samuel Johnson are to L. F. Powell’s revision of G. B. Hill’s edition (1934-50; 1964)

Johnson: I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor.
[Boswell:] That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind.

[Johnson:] No, Sir; stark insensibility.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 60 (31 October 1728)

Sir, we are a nest of singing birds.

Of Pembroke College, Oxford, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 75 (1730)

He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 106 (1737)

My old friend, Mrs Carter, could make a pudding, as well as translate Epictetus.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 122, n. 4 (Spring 1738)

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 159 (1743)

I’ll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities.

To Garrick, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 201 (1750). John Wilkes (Appendix G, p. 539) recalls the remark in the form: ‘the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses do make my genitals to quiver’

A man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 203 (March 1750)

Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue.

To Beauclerk, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 250 (March 1752)

I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 261 (7 February 1755)

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 262 (7 February 1755)

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 262 (7 February 1755)

A fly, Sir, may sting a stately horse and make him wince; but one is but an insect, and the other is a horse still.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 263, n. 3 (1754)

This man I thought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords.

Of Lord Chesterfield, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 266 (1754)

They teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master.

Of Lord Chesterfield’s ‘Letters’, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 266 (1754)

There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 292 (1755)

Dictionaries are like watches, the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.

Letter to Francesco Sastres, 21 August 1784, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' vol. 1, p. 293, n. 3

Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.

When asked why he had defined pastern as the 'knee' of a horse, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 293 (1755)

Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 296 (1755)

I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are empty sounds.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 297 (1755)

If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 300 (1755)

The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 329 (1758)

No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned...A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 348 (16 March 1759).

No, Sir, I am not a botanist; and (alluding, no doubt, to his near sightedness) should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 377 n. 2 (20 July 1762)

[Boswell:] I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it...

[Johnson:] That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 392 (16 May 1763)

The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the taedium vitae. When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 394 (16 May 1763)

Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children.

On Dr Blair's asking whether any man of a modern age could have written Ossian, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 396 (24 May 1763)

I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted

on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 397 (24 May 1763)

You may abuse a tragedy, though you cannot write one. You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables.

On literary criticism, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 409 (25 June 1763)

I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles.

Referring to Dr John Campbell, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 418 (1 July 1763)

The richest author that ever grazed the common of literature.

Dr John Campbell, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 418 n. 1 (1 July 1763)

Great abilities are not requisite for an historian...imagination is not required in any high degree.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 424 (6 July 1763)

Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 425 (6 July 1763)

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 428 (14 July 1763)

But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses, let us count our spoons.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 432 (14 July 1763)

All the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 441 (20July 1763)

Truth, Sir, is a cow that will yield such people [sceptics] no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 444 (21 July 1763)

Young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 445 (21 July 1763)

In my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 445 (21 July 1763)

Your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 1, p. 448 (21 July 1763)

It is no matter what you teach them [children] first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 452 (26 July 1763)

Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature.

On Thomas Sheridan, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 453 (28 July 1763)

It is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to shew light at Calais.

On Thomas Sheridan’s influence on the English language, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 454 (28 July 1763).

A woman’s preaching is like a dog’s walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 463 (31 July 1763)

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 467 (5 August 1763)

We could not have had a better dinner had there been a Synod of Cooks.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 470 (5 August 1763)

Don’t, Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would not be terrible, though I were to be detained some time here.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 471 (6 August 1763, when Boswell said it would be ‘terrible’ if Johnson should not be able to return speedily from Harwich)

I refute it thus.

Boswell observed of Bishop Berkeley’s theory of the non-existence of matter that though they were satisfied it was not true, they were unable to refute it. Johnson struck his foot against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, saying the above, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791)vol. 1, p. 471 (6 August 1763)

Sir John, Sir, is a very unclubbable man.

On Sir John Hawkins, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 1, p. 480 n. 1 (Spring 1764)

That all who are happy, are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 9 (February 1766)

It is our first duty to serve society, and, after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 10 (February 1766)

Our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child’s rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man’s whore.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 14 (Spring 1766)

It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 35 (February 1767)

There was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 49 (Spring 1768)

I love Robertson, and I won’t talk of his book.

On William Robertson’s ‘History of Scotland’, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 53 (Spring 1768)

Let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 79 (6 October 1769); responding to a line from Garrick’s ‘Florizel and Perdita’ act 2, sc. 1: ‘They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor’

We know our will is free, and there’s an end on’t.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 82 (16 October 1769)

In the description of night in Macbeth, the beetle and the bat detract from the general idea of darkness,—inspissated gloom.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 90 (16 October 1769)

I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 95 (19 October 1769); referring to Samuel Foote q.v.

[Boswell:] So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement.

[Johnson:] Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 102 (26 October 1769)

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 106 (26 October 1769)

Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, he said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 121 (1770)

Want of tenderness, he always alleged, was want of parts, and wass no less a proof of stupidity than depravity.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 122 (1770)

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 126 (1770); of ‘a dull tiresome fellow, whom he chanced to meet’

Johnson observed, that ‘he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an attorney.’

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 126 (1770)

The triumph of hope over experience.

Of a man who remarried immediately after the death of a wife with whom he had been very unhappy, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 128 (1770)

Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place.

Letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 17 July 1771, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 141

It is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraints which civilized society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 165 (31 March 1772)

Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 166 (31 March 1772)

I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 170 (31 March 1772)

If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 170 (31 March 1772)

A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 171 (5 April 1772)

Why, Sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 175 (6 April 1772)

He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done.

On Goldsmith's apology in the London Chronicle for beating Evans the bookseller, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 210 (3 April 1773)

All intellectual improvement arises from leisure.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 219 (13 April 1773)

[Elphinston:] What, have you not read it through?...

[Johnson:] No, Sir, do you read books through?

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 226 (19 April 1773)

Read over your compositions, and where ever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out.

Quoting a college tutor, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 237 (30 April 1773)

I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

Referring to 'Ossian' in a letter to James Macpherson, 20 January 1775: James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 298

There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 323 (27 March 1775)

He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great.

On Thomas Gray, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 327 (28 March 1775)

I never think I have hit hard, unless it rebounds.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 2, p. 335 (2 April 1775)

Fleet-street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at

Charing-Cross.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 337 (2 April 1775)

George the First knew nothing: and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing: and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 342 (6 April 1775)

It is wonderful, when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 344 (6 April 1775)

The greatest part of a writer’s time is spent in reading, in order to write: a man will turn over half a library to make one book.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 344 (6 April 1775)

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 348 (7 April 1775)

Their learning is like bread in a besieged town: every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal.

On the Scots, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 363 (18 April 1775)

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 365 (18 April 1775)

Politics are now nothing more than means of rising in the world.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 369 (18 April 1775)

Players, Sir! I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 404 (1775)

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 407 (1775)

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 407 (1775)

Nothing odd will do long. Tristram Shandy did not last.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 449 (20 March 1776)

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 452 (21 March 1776)

Marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 461 (22 March 1776)

Fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 2, p. 475 (27 March 1776)

If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 11 (3 April 1776)

We would all be idle if we could.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 13 (3 April 1776)

No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 19 (5 April 1776)

It is better that some should be unhappy than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 26 (7 April 1776)

A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 36 (11 April 1776)

[Boswell:] Sir, what is poetry?

[Johnson:] Why Sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all know what light is; but it is not easy to tell what it is.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 38 (12 April 1776)

Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal, than accused of deficiency in the graces.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 54 (May 1776)

Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 57 (May 1776)

Olivarii Goldsmith,
Poetae, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

To Oliver Goldsmith, A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched none that he did not adorn.

Epitaph on Goldsmith, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 82 (22 June 1776)

If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 162 (19 September 1777)

Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

On the execution of Dr Dodd, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 167 (19 September 1777)

When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 178 (20 September 1777)

All argument is against it; but all belief is for it.

On ghosts, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 230 (31 March 1778)

John Wesley’s conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 230 (31 March 1778)

Though we cannot out-vote them we will out-argue them.

On the practical value of speeches in the House of Commons, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 234 (3 April 1778)

Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 265 (10 April 1778)

A mere antiquarian is a rugged being.

Letter to Boswell, 23 April 1778, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 278

The more contracted that power is, the more easily it is destroyed. A country governed by a despot is an inverted cone.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 283 (14 April 1778)

So it is in travelling; a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 302 (17 April 1778)

Sir, the insolence of wealth will creep out.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 316 (18 April 1778)

All censure of a man’s self is oblique praise. It is in order to shew how much he can spare.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 323 (25 April 1778)

I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 326 (28 April 1778)

It is thus that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace. Were one half of mankind brave and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life; all would be continually fighting: but being all cowards, we go on very well.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 326 (28 April 1778)

Were it not for imagination, Sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Duchess.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 341 (9 May 1778)

Claret is the liquor for boys; port, for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 381 (7 April 1779)

A man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated, has not the art of getting drunk.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 389 (24 April 1779)

Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish.

Letter to Boswell, 9 September 1779, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 3, p. 396

Worth seeing, yes; but not worth going to see.

On the Giant's Causeway, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 3, p. 410 (12 October 1779)

If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

Letter to Boswell, 27 October 1779, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 3, p. 415.

Among the anfractuosities of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 4 (1780)

Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Martyrdom is the test.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 12 (1780)

They are forced plants, raised in a hot-bed; and they are poor plants; they are but cucumbers after all.

On Thomas Gray's 'Odes', in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 13 (1780)

A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing, when he has nothing to say.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 15 (1780)

Sir, your wife, under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods.

During an exchange of coarse raillery customary among people travelling upon the Thames, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 26 (1780)

No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.

On Oliver Goldsmith, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 29 (1780).

Depend upon it, said he, that if a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery there never is any recourse to the mention of it.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 31 (1780)

I believe that is true. The dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity.

Reply to Fowke, who had observed that in writing biography Johnson infinitely exceeded his contemporaries, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 34, n. 5 (1781)

Mrs Montagu has dropt me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 73 (March 1781)

This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.

James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 76 (March 1781)

Mr Long's character is very short. It is nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all.

On Mr Dudley Long, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 81 (1 April 1781)

We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice.

At the sale of Thrale's brewery, in James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1791) vol. 4, p. 87 (6 April 1781).

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 102 (8 May 1781)

Why, that is, because, dearest, you’re a dunce.

To Miss Monckton, later Lady Corke, who said that Sterne’s writings affected her, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 109 (May 1781)

Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers;—one, that I have lost all the names,—the other, that I have spent all the money.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 111 (May 1781)

Always, Sir, set a high value on spontaneous kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord, will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 115 (May 1781)

A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different.

Written statement given to Boswell, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 117 (May 1781)

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection’s eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind.

On the death of Mr Levett, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 137 (20 January 1782)

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

On the death of Mr Levett, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 139 (20 January 1782)

Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

Letter to Boswell, 7 December 1782, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 157

I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl; let him come out as I do, and bark.

On Jeremiah Markland, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 161, n. 3 (10 October 1782)

How few of his friends’ houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 181 (1783)

There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it

is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, ‘His memory is going.’

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 181 (1783)

A man might write such stuff for ever, if he would abandon his mind to it.

Referring to Ossian, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 183 (1783)

Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea.

On the relative merits of two minor poets, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 192 (1783)

When I observed he was a fine cat, saying, ‘Why yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this’; and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, ‘but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.’

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 197 (1783)

My dear friend, clear your mind of cant...You may talk in this manner; it is a mode of talking in Society: but don’t think foolishly.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 221 (15 May 1783)

As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a good man, upon easier terms than I was formerly.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 239 (September 1783)

If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say—’this is an extraordinary man.’

On Edmund Burke, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 275 (15 May 1784)

It is as bad as bad can be: it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest.

On the roast mutton he had been served at an inn, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 284 (3 June 1784)

[Johnson:] As I cannot be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned (looking dismally).

[Dr Adams:] What do you mean by damned?

[Johnson:] (passionately and loudly) Sent to Hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 299 (12 June 1784)

Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock; but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.

To Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written ‘Paradise Lost’ should write such poor Sonnets, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 305 (13 June 1784)

It might as well be said ‘Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.’

Parodying Henry Brooke, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 313 (June 1784).

Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 313 (June 1784)

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 316 (June 1784).

Talking of the Comedy of ‘The Rehearsal,’ he said, ‘It has not wit enough to keep it sweet.’

This was easy;—he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more rounded sentence; ‘It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.’

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 320

Who can run the race with Death?

Letter to Dr Burney, 2 August 1784, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 360

Sir, I look upon every day to be lost, in which I do not make a new acquaintance.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 374 (November 1784)

I will be conquered; I will not capitulate.

Talking of his illness, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 374 (November 1784)

Long-expected one-and-twenty,
Ling’ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great [Sir John], are now your own.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 413 (December 1784)

An odd thought strikes me:—we shall receive no letters in the grave.

In James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1791) vol. 4, p. 413 (December 1784)

A lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 15 August 1773

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don’t let him go to the devil where he is known!

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 18 August 1773 (Boswell having asked if someone should commit suicide to avoid certain disgrace)

I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 14 September 1773

I inherited a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 16 September 1773

I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 18 September 1773

I do not much like to see a Whig in any dress; but I hate to see a Whig in a parson’s gown.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 24 September 1773

A cucumber should be well sliced, and dressed with pepper and vinegar, and then thrown out, as good for nothing.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 5 October 1773

I am sorry I have not learned to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness and consolidates society.

In James Boswell ‘Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides’ (1785) 21 November 1773

Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.

Remark to Hannah More, in ‘Diary and Letters of Madame D’Arblay’ [Fanny Burney] (1842) vol. 1, pt. 2, p. 55 (August 1778)

Every man has, some time in his life, an ambition to be a wag.

In ‘Diary and Letters of Madame D’Arblay’ [Fanny Burney] (1842) vol. 5, pt. 7, p. 307 (1 June 1792)

Love is the wisdom of the fool and the folly of the wise.

In William Cooke ‘Life of Samuel Foote’ (1805) vol. 2, p. 154

As with my hat upon my head
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

In ‘European Magazine’ January 1785 ‘Anecdotes by George Steevens’

Of music Dr Johnson used to say that it was the only sensual pleasure without vice.

In ‘European Magazine’ (1795) p. 82

Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement; but angling or float fishing I can only compare to a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.

Attributed, in Hawker ‘Instructions to Young Sportsmen’ (1859) p. 197, though not found in Johnson’s works. ‘Notes and Queries’ 11 December 1915

I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.

Of his conversation in taverns, in John Hawkins ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1787) p. 87

Corneille is to Shakespeare...as a clipped hedge is to a forest.

In Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 59

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
’Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Burlesque of Lope de Vega’s lines ‘Si a quien los leones vence...’, in Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 67

Dear Bathurst (said he to me one day) was a man to my very heart’s content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a whig; he was a very good hater.

Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 83

One day at Streatham...a young gentleman called to him suddenly, and I suppose he thought disrespectfully, in these words: ‘Mr Johnson, would you advise me to marry?’ ‘I would advise no man to marry, Sir,’ returns for answer in a very angry tone Dr Johnson, ‘who is not likely to propagate understanding.’

Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 97

[Goldsmith] seeming to repine at the success of Beattie’s Essay on Truth—’Here’s such a stir (said he) about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many.’ Ah, Doctor (says his friend [Johnson]), there go two-and-forty sixpences you know to one guinea.

Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 179

It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them.

In Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 206

Was there ever yet anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim’s Progress?

In Hester Lynch Piozzi ‘Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson’ (1786) p. 281

Abstinence is as easy to me, as temperance would be difficult.

In William Roberts (ed.) ‘Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More’ (1834) vol. 1, p. 251

What is written without effort is in general read without pleasure.

In William Seward ‘Biographia’ (1799) p. 260

Difficult do you call it, Sir? I wish it were impossible.

On the performance of a celebrated violinist, in William Seward ‘Supplement to the Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons’ (1797) p. 267

Iam moriturus.

I who am about to die.

To Francesco Sastres, shortly before his death on 13 December 1784. W. Jackson Bate ‘Samuel Johnson’ (1978): ‘The words echo the ancient Roman salutation of the gladiators to Caesar’

10.37 John Benn Johnstone 1803-91

I want you to assist me in forcing her on board the lugger; once there, I’ll frighten her into marriage.

‘The Gipsy Farmer’ (performed 1845); since quoted: ‘Once aboard the lugger and the maid is mine’

10.38 Hanns Johst 1890-1978

Wenn ich Kultur höre...entsichere ich meinen Browning!

Whenever I hear the word culture...I release the safety-catch of my Browning!

‘Schlageter’ (1933) act 1, sc. 1 (often attributed to Hermann Goering, and quoted: ‘Whenever I hear the word culture, I reach for my pistol!’)

10.39 Al Jolson 1886-1950

You think that’s noise—you ain’t heard nuttin’ yet!

In a cafè prior to an encore, the applause for his previous rendering having been obliterated by the din from a neighbouring building site: in Martin Abramson ‘The Real Story of Al Jolson’ (1950) p. 12

10.40 Henry Arthur Jones 1851-1929 and Henry Herman 1832-94

O God! Put back Thy universe and give me yesterday.

‘The Silver King’ (1907) act 2, sc. 4

10.41 John Paul Jones 1747-92

I have not yet begun to fight.

On being hailed to know whether he had struck his flag, as his ship was sinking, 23 September 1779, in Mrs Reginald De Koven 'The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones' (1914) vol. 1, p. 455

10.42 LeRoi Jones

See Imamu Amiri Baraka (2.23)

10.43 Sir William Jones 1746-94

My opinion is, that power should always be distrusted, in whatever hands it is placed.

Letter to Lord Althorpe, 5 October 1782, in Lord Teignmouth 'Life of Sir W. Jones' (1835) vol. 1

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

Lines in substitution for Sir Edward Coke's lines: 'Six hours in sleep...', in Lord Teignmouth 'Life of Sir W. Jones' (1835) vol. 2.

10.44 Erica Jong 1942—

The zipless fuck is absolutely pure. It is free of ulterior motives. There is no power game. The man is not 'taking' and the woman is not 'giving'...The zipless fuck is the purest thing there is. And it is rarer than the unicorn.

'Fear of Flying' (1973) ch. 1

10.45 Ben Jonson c.1573-1637

Fortune, that favours fools.

'The Alchemist' (1610) prologue

Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco.

'Bartholomew Fair' (1614) act 2, sc. 6

People: The Voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.
Cato: The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!

'Catiline his Conspiracy' (1611) act 3, sc. 1

Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander makes it true.

'Catiline his Conspiracy' (1611) act 3, sc. 1

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet, slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.

'Cynthia's Revels' (1600) act 1, sc. 1

So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.

'Cynthia's Revels' (1600) act 3, sc. 2

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.

‘Cynthia’s Revels’ (1600) act 3, sc. 2

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

‘Cynthia’s Revels’ (1600) act 5, sc. 3

If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter in my faith of him.

‘The Devil is an Ass’ (1616) act 4, sc. 1

This is Mab, the Mistress-Fairy
That doth nightly rob the dairy.

‘The Entertainment at Althorpe’ (1603)

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art’s hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

‘Epicoene’ (1609) act 1, sc. 1

Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care’ll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

‘Every Man in His Humour’ (1598) act 1, sc. 3

Ods me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

‘Every Man in His Humour’ (1598) act 3, sc. 5

I do honour the very flea of his dog.

‘Every Man in His Humour’ (1598) act 4, sc. 2

Blind Fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them.

‘Every Man out of His Humour’ (1599) act 2, sc. 2

Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde;
But boldly nominate a spade a spade.
‘The Poetaster’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1

Detraction is but baseness’ varlet;
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet.
‘The Poetaster’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1

Tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no odds:
’Twas only fear first in the world made gods.
‘Sejanus’ (1603) act 2, sc. 2

Calumnies are answered best with silence.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 2, sc. 2

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 3, sc. 5.

Suns, that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
’Tis with us perpetual night.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 3, sc. 5.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl around
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 3, sc. 5

You have a gift, sir, (thank your education),
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 5, sc. 1 (to a lawyer)

Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.
‘Volpone’ (1605) act 5, sc. 8

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o’ the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?...
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!
‘A Celebration of Charis’ (1640) no. 4 ‘Her Triumph’

She is Venus, when she smiles;
But she’s Juno, when she walks,
And Minerva, when she talks.

‘A Celebration of Charis’ (1640) no. 5 ‘His Discourse with Cupid’

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

‘An Elegy on the Lady Jane Paulet, Marchion [ess] of Winton’ (1640)

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story,
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death’s self is sorry.
’Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage’s jewel,
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented,
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

‘Epitaph on Salomon Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth’s Chapel’ (1616)

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

‘Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.’ (1616)

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

‘Eupheme’ (1640) no. 4 ‘The Mind’

Greek was free from rhyme’s infection,

Happy Greek by this protection,
Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.

'A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme' (1640)

But that which most doth take my muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine.

'Inviting a Friend to Supper' (1616)

England's high Chancellor: the destined heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair.

'On Lord Bacon's [Sixtieth] Birthday' (1640)

Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.

'On My First Son' (1616)

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

On the Portrait of Shakespeare, from 'Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies' (1623)
'To the Reader'

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men?

'That Women are but Men's Shadows' (1616)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

'To Celia' (1616)

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

'To the Immortal Memory...of...Sir Lucius Carey and Sir H. Morison' (1640)

Soul of the Age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare...
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

For if I thought my judgement were of years
I should commit thee surely with thy peers:
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek.

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

To hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

He was not of an age, but for all time!

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!

'To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr William Shakespeare' (1623)

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble, nor canst boast a row

Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told,
Or stair, or courts; but standst an ancient pile,
And these grudged at, art reverenced the while.

‘To Penshurst’ (1616) l. 1

The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.

‘To Penshurst’ (1616) l. 43

His censure of the English poets was this...That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging. That Shakespeare wanted art.

In ‘Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden’ (written 1619) no. 3

The players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been ‘Would he had blotted a thousand’; which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted...His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too...But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

‘Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter’ (1641) l. 658 ‘De Shakespeare Nostrati’.

The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

‘Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter’ (1641) l. 906 ‘Dominus Verulamius’ (on Francis Bacon)

Talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak, and to speak well, are two things.

‘Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter’ (1641) l. 1882 ‘Praecept [a]. Element [aria]

10.46 Janis Joplin 1943-70

Fourteen heart attacks and he had to die in my week. In my week.

When Eisenhower’s death prevented her photograph appearing on the cover of ‘Newsweek’, in ‘New Musical Express’ 12 April 1969

10.47 Thomas Jordan c.1612-85

They plucked communion tables down
And broke our painted glasses;
They threw our altars to the ground
And tumbled down the crosses.
They set up Cromwell and his heir—
The Lord and Lady Claypole—
Because they hated Common Prayer,
The organ and the maypole.

‘How the War began’ (1664)

10.48 John Jortin 1698-1770

Palmam qui meruit, ferat.

Let him who has won it bear the palm.

‘Lusus Poetici’ (3rd ed. 1748) ‘Ad Ventos’ (adopted by Lord Nelson as his motto)

10.49 Sir Keith Joseph 1918—

Problems reproduce themselves from generation to generation...I refer to this as a ‘cycle of deprivation’.

Speech in London to the Pre-School Playgroups Association, 29 June 1972, in ‘The Times’ 30 June 1972

Hard to avoid the feeling that somehow the lean and tight-lipped mufflered men in the 1930s dole queue were at least partly our fault.

In Peter Jenkins ‘Mrs Thatcher’s Revolution’ (1987) p. 63

10.50 Benjamin Jowett 1817-93

One man is as good as another until he has written a book.

In Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell (eds.) ‘The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett’ (1897) vol. 1, p. 248

Nowhere probably is there more true feeling, and nowhere worse taste, than in a churchyard.

In Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell (eds.) ‘The Letters of Benjamin Jowett’ (1899) ‘Notes and Sayings’

The lie in the soul is a true lie.

Introduction to his translation (1871) of Plato’s ‘Republic’ bk. 2

10.51 James Joyce 1882-1941

Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

‘Dubliners’ (1914) ‘The Dead’

riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 1, p. 3

That ideal reader suffering from an ideal insomnia.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 1, p. 120

The flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Marylebone.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 1, p. 192

O
tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia?
Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 1, p. 196

Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone.
Beside the rivering waters of hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 1, p. 216

All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 2, p. 301

Three quarks for Muster Mark!

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 2, p. 383

The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant of his joyicity.

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 3, p. 414

If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he’d come from Arkangels, I sink I’d die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There’s where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousendsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the

‘Finnegans Wake’ (1939) pt. 4, p. 627

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 1

When the soul of a man is born in this country, there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

Pity is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the human sufferer. Terror is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the secret cause.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile, and cunning.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race...Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ (1916) ch. 5

By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself. He believed that it was for the man of letters to recover these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments.

'Stephen Hero' (1944) ch. 25 (part of a first draft of 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man')

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:—Introibo ad altare Dei.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 1 (ch. 1, l. 1 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 5 (ch. 1, l. 78 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 7 (pt. 1, ch. 1, l. 146 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water...Begob, ma'am, says Mrs Cahill, God send you don't make them in the one pot.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 12 (ch. 1, l. 357 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 31 (ch. 2, l. 264 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 34 (ch. 2, l. 377 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 50 (ch. 3, l. 492 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 53 (ch. 4, l. 1 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 102 (ch. 6, l. 678 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. They aren't going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm full blooded life.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 107 (ch. 6, l. 1003 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 147 (ch. 8, l. 117 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 182 (ch. 9, l. 228 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

'Ulysses' (1922) p. 317 (ch. 12, l. 1481 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Greater love than this, he said, no man hath that a man lay down his wife for his friend. Go

thou and do likewise. Thus, or words to that effect, saith Zarathustra, sometime regius professor of French letters to the university of Oxtail.

‘Ulysses’ (1922) p. 375 (ch. 14, l. 360 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

‘Ulysses’ (1922) p. 651 (ch. 17, l. 1039 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

He kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

‘Ulysses’ (1922) p. 732 (ch. 18, l. 1604 in H. W. Gabler et al. ed., 1986)

Ben Bloom Elijah...at an angle of forty-five degrees over Donohoe’s in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel.

‘Ulysses’ (1922)

Limp father of thousands.

‘Ulysses’ (1922)

10.52 William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) 1906-1946

Germany calling! Germany calling!

Habitual introduction to propaganda broadcasts to Britain during the Second World War

10.53 Jack Judge 1878-1938 and Harry Williams 1874-1924

It’s a long way to Tipperary,
It’s a long way to go;
It’s a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It’s a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart’s right there!

‘It’s a Long Way to Tipperary’ (1912 song)

10.54 Emperor Julian the Apostate c.332-363

Vicisti, Galilaee.

You have won, Galilean.

Supposed dying words; but a late embellishment of Theodoret ‘Ecclesiastical History’ (c.450) bk. 3, ch. 25

10.55 Julian of Norwich 1343-1443

Sin is behovely, but all shall be well and all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well.

‘Revelations of Divine Love’, the long text, ch. 27, revelation 13

Wouldest thou wit thy Lord’s meaning in this thing? Wit it well: Love was his meaning. Who

shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? for Love...Thus was I learned that Love is our Lord's meaning.

'Revelations of Divine Love', the long text, ch. 86, revelation 16

10.56 Carl Gustav Jung 1875-1961

Eine gewissermassen oberflächliche Schicht des Unbewussten ist zweifellos persönlich. Wir nennen sie das persönliche Unbewusste. Dieses ruht aber auf einer tieferen Schicht, welche nicht mehr persönlicher Erfahrung und Erwerbung entstammt, sondern angeboren ist. Diese tiefere Schicht ist das sogenannte kollektive Unbewusste...Die Inhalte des persönlichen Unbewussten sind in der Hauptsache die sogenannten gefühlsbetonten Komplexe...Die Inhalte des kollektiven Unbewussten dagegen sind die sogenannten Archetypen.

A more or less superficial layer of the unconscious is undoubtedly personal. I call it the personal unconscious. But this personal unconscious rests upon a deeper layer, which does not derive from personal experience and is not a personal acquisition but is inborn. This deeper layer I call the collective unconscious...The contents of the personal unconscious are chiefly the feeling-toned complexes...The contents of the collective unconscious, on the other hand, are known as archetypes.

'Eranos Jahrbuch' (1934) p. 180

Ein Mensch, der nicht durch die Hölle seiner Leidenschaften gegangen ist, hat sie auch nie überwunden.

A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them.

'Errinerungen, Träume, Gedanken' (1962) ch. 9

Soweit wir zu erkennen vermögen, ist es die einzige Sinn der menschlichen Existenz, ein Licht anzünden in der Finsternis des blossen Seins.

As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light in the darkness of mere being.

'Errinerungen, Träume, Gedanken' (1962) ch. 11

Jede Form von Süchtigkeit ist von übel, gleichgültig, ob es sich um Alkohol oder Morphium oder Idealismus handelt.

Every form of addiction is bad, no matter whether the narcotic be alcohol or morphine or idealism.

'Erinnerungen, Träume, Gedanken' (1962) ch. 12

Wo die Liebe herrscht, da gibt es keinen Machtwillen, und wo die Macht den Vorrang hat, da fehlt die Liebe. Das eine ist der Schatten des andern.

Where love rules, there is no will to power, and where power predominates, love is lacking. The one is the shadow of the other.

'Gesammelte Werke' vol. 7 (1964) p. 58 'Über die Psychologie des Unbewussten' (1917)

Alles, was wir an den Kindern ändern wollen, sollten wir zunächst wohl aufmerksam prüfen, ob es nicht etwas sei, was besser an uns zu ändern wäre.

If there is anything that we wish to change in the child, we should first examine it and see whether it is not something that could better be changed in ourselves.

'Gesammelte Werke' vol. 17 (1972) p. 194 'Vom Werden der Persönlichkeit' (1932)

Persönlichkeit ist höchste Verwirklichung der eingeborenen Eigenart des besonderen lebenden Wesens. Persönlichkeit ist der Tat des höchsten Lebensmutes, der absoluten Bejahung des individuell Seienden und der erfolgreichsten Anpassung an das universal Gegetene bei grösstmöglicher Freiheit der eigenen Entscheidung.

Personality is the supreme realization of the innate individuality of a particular living being. Personality is an act of the greatest courage in the face of life, the absolute affirmation of all that constitutes the individual, and the most successful adaptation to the universal conditions of existence coupled with the greatest possible freedom of personal decision.

'Gesammelte Werke' vol. 17 (1972) p. 195 'Vom Werden der Persönlichkeit' (1932)

10.57 'Junius'

The liberty of the press is the Palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman.

'The Letters of Junius' (1772 ed.) 'Dedication to the English Nation'

The right of election is the very essence of the constitution.

'Public Advertiser' 24 April 1769, Letter 11

Is this the wisdom of a great minister? or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum?

'Public Advertiser' 30 May 1769, Letter 12

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves.

'Public Advertiser' 19 December 1769, Letter 35

However distinguished by rank or property, in the rights of freedom we are all equal.

'Public Advertiser' 19 March 1770, Letter 37

The injustice done to an individual is sometimes of service to the public.

'Public Advertiser' 14 November 1770, Letter 41

As for Mr Wedderburne, there is something about him, which even treachery cannot trust.

'Public Advertiser' 22 June 1771, Letter 49

10.58 Sir John Junor

Pass the sick bag, Alice.

Such a graceful exit. And then he had to go and do this on the doorstep.

On Harold Wilson's 'Lavender List'—the honours list he drew up on resigning the British premiership in 1976

10.59 Emperor Justinian c.482-565

Justice is the constant and perpetual wish to render to every one his due.

'Institutes' bk. 1, ch. 1, para. 1

10.60 Juvenal A.D. c.60-c.130

Difficile est saturam non scribere.

It’s hard not to write satire.

‘Satires’ no. 1, l. 30

Probitas laudatur et alget.

Honesty is praised and left to shiver.

‘Satires’ no. 1, l. 74 (translation by G. G. Ramsay)

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Even if nature says no, indignation makes me write verse.

‘Satires’ no. 1, l. 79

Quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
Gaudia discursus nostri farrago libelli est.

Everything mankind does, their hope, fear, rage, pleasure, joys, business, are the hotch-potch of my little book.

‘Satires’ no. 1, l. 85

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

Who would put up with the Gracchi complaining about subversion?

‘Satires’ no. 2, l. 24

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

No one ever suddenly became depraved.

‘Satires’ no. 2, l. 83

Iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes
Et linguam et mores.

The Syrian Orontes has now for long been pouring into the Tiber, with its own language and ways of behaving.

‘Satires’ no. 3, l. 62

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens: in caelum iusseris ibit.

Scholar, public speaker, geometrician, painter, physical training instructor, diviner of the future, rope-dancer, doctor, magician, the hungry little Greek can do everything: send him to—heaven (and he’ll go there).

‘Satires’ no. 3, l. 76

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

The misfortunes of poverty carry with them nothing harder to bear than that it exposes men to ridicule.

‘Satires’ no. 3, l. 152

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

It's not easy for people to rise out of obscurity when they have to face straitened circumstances at home.

'Satires' no. 3, l. 164

Omnia Romae
Cum pretio.

Everything in Rome has its price.

'Satires' no. 3, l. 183

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno.

A rare bird on this earth, like nothing so much as a black swan.

'Satires' no. 6, l. 165

Hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.

I will have this done, so I order it done; let my will replace reasoned judgement.

'Satires' no. 6, l. 223

'Pone seram, cohibe.' Sed quis custodiet ipsos Custodes? Cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.

'Bolt her in, keep her indoors.' But who is to guard the guards themselves? Your wife arranges accordingly and begins with them.

'Satires' no. 6, l. 347

Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.

Many suffer from the incurable disease of writing, and it becomes chronic in their sick minds.

'Satires' no. 7, l. 51

Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Count it the greatest sin to prefer mere existence to honour, and for the sake of life to lose the reasons for living.

'Satires' no. 8, l. 83

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

Travel light and you can sing in the robber's face.

'Satires' no. 10, l. 22

Verbosa et grandis epistula venit
A Capreis.

A huge wordy letter came from Capri.

On the Emperor Tiberius's letter to the Senate, which caused the downfall of Sejanus in A.D. 31; 'Satires' no. 10, l. 71

Duas tantum res anxius optat,
Panem et circenses.

Only two things does he worry about or long for—bread and the big match.

‘Satires’ no. 10, l. 80 (on the modern citizen; commonly quoted ‘bread and circuses’)

Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?

Weigh Hannibal: how many pounds will you find in that great general?

‘Satires’ no. 10, l. 147

I, demens, et saevas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

Off you go, madman, and hurry across the horrible Alps, duly to delight schoolboys and become a subject for practising speech-making.

‘Satires’ no. 10, l. 166 (on Hannibal)

Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

Death alone reveals how small are men’s poor bodies.

‘Satires’ no. 10, l. 172 (on Hannibal)

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

You should pray to have a sound mind in a sound body.

‘Satires’ no. 10, l. 356

Prima est haec ultio, quod se
Iudice nemo nocens absolvitur.

This is the first of punishments, that no guilty man is acquitted if judged by himself.

‘Satires’ no. 13, l. 2

Quippe minuti
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

Indeed, it’s always a paltry, feeble, tiny mind that takes pleasure in revenge.

‘Satires’ no. 13, l. 189

Maxima debetur puero reverentia, siquid
Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos.

A child deserves the maximum respect; if you ever have something disgraceful in mind, don’t ignore your son’s tender years.

‘Satires’ no. 14, l. 47

11.0 K

11.1 Franz Kafka 1883-1924

Jemand musste Josef K. verleumdet haben, denn ohne dass er etwas Böses getan hätte, wurde er eines Morgens verhaftet.

Someone must have traduced Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning.

'Der Prozess' (The Trial, 1925) opening words

Sie können einwenden, dass es ja überhaupt kein Verfahren ist, Sie haben sehr recht, denn es ist ja nur ein Verfahren, wenn ich es als solches anerkenne.

You may object that it is not a trial at all; you are quite right, for it is only a trial if I recognize it as such.

'Der Prozess' (The Trial, 1925) ch. 2

Es ist oft besser, in Ketten, als frei zu sein.

It's often better to be in chains than to be free.

'Der Prozess' (The Trial, 1925) ch. 8

Als Gregor Samsa eines Morgens aus unruhigen Träume erwachte, fand er sich in seinem Bett zu einem ungeheueren Ungeziefer verwandelt.

As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect.

'Die Verwandlung' (The Metamorphosis, 1915) opening words

11.2 Gus Kahn 1886-1941 and Raymond B. Egan 1890-1952

There's nothing surer,
The rich get rich and the poor get children.
In the meantime, in between time,
Ain't we got fun.

'Ain't We Got Fun' (1921 song)

11.3 Bert Kalmar 1884-1947, Harry Ruby 1895-1974, Arthur Sheekman 1891-1978, and Nat Perrin

Remember, you're fighting for this woman's honour...which is probably more than she ever did.

'Duck Soup' (1933 film); spoken by Groucho Marx

If you can't leave in a taxi you can leave in a huff. If that's too soon, you can leave in a minute and a huff.

'Duck Soup' (1933 film); spoken by Groucho Marx

11.4 Henry Home, Lord Kames 1696-1782

Avoid as much as possible abstract and general terms...Images, which are the life of poetry, cannot be raised in any perfection but by introducing particular objects.

'Elements of Criticism' (1762) vol. 1, ch. 4

11.5 Immanuel Kant 1724-1804

Zwen Dinge erfüllen das Gemüth mit immer neuer und zunehmenden Bewunderung und

Ehrfurcht, ie “fter und anhaltender sich das Nachdenken damit beschäfftigt: Der bestimte Himmel über mir, und das moralische Gesetz in mir.

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing wonder and awe, the more often and the more seriously reflection concentrates upon them: the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me.

‘Critique of Practical Reason’ (1788) p. 2

Ich soll niemals anders verfahren, als so, dass ich auch wollen könne, meine Maxime solle ein allgemeines Gesetz werden.

I am never to act otherwise than so that I could also will that my maxim should become a universal law.

‘Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics’ (1785, translation by T. K. Abbott) sect. 1

Endlich giebt es einen Imperativ, der, ohne irgend eine andere durch ein gewisses Verhalten zu erreichende Absicht als Bedingung zum Grunde zu legen, dieses Verhalten unmittelbar gebietet. Dieser Imperativ ist categorisch...Dieser Imperativ mag der der Sittlichkeit heissen.

Finally, there is an imperative which commands a certain conduct immediately, without having as its condition any other purpose to be attained by it. This imperative is Categorical...This imperative may be called that of Morality.

‘Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics’ (1785, translation by T. K. Abbott) sect. 2

Wer den Zweck will, will (so fern die Vernunft auf seine Handlungen entscheidenden Einfluss hat), auch das dazu unentbehrlich nothwendige Mittel, das in seiner Gewalt ist.

Whoever wills the end, wills also (so far as reason decides his conduct) the means in his power which are indispensably necessary thereto.

‘Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics’ (1785, translation by T. K. Abbott) sect. 2

Glückseligkeit nicht ein Ideal der Vernunft, sondern der Einbildungstraft ist.

Happiness is not an ideal of reason but of imagination.

‘Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics’ (1785, translation by T. K. Abbott) sect. 2

Handle so, dass du die Menschheit, so wohl in deiner Person, als in der Person eines jeden andern, jederzeit zugleich als Zweck, niemals blos als Mittel brauchest.

So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal, never as means only.

‘Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics’ (1785, translation by T. K. Abbott) sect. 2

Aus so krummem Holze, als woraus der Mensch gemacht ist, kann nichts ganz gerades gezimmert werden.

Out of the crooked timber of humanity no straight thing can ever be made.

‘Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht’ (1784) proposition 6

11.6 Alphonse Karr 1808-90

Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.

The more things change, the more they are the same.

‘Les Guêpes’ January 1849

Si l’on veut abolir la peine de mort en ce cas, que MM les assassins commencent.

If we are to abolish the death penalty, I should like to see the first step taken by our friends the murderers.

‘Les Guêpes’ January 1849

11.7 George S. Kaufman 1889-1961

Satire is what closes Saturday night.

In Scott Meredith ‘George S. Kaufman and his Friends’ (1974) ch. 6

11.8 Gerald Kaufman 1930—

The longest suicide note in history.

Describing the Labour Party’s ‘New Hope for Britain’ (1983), in Denis Healey ‘The Time of My Life’ (1989) ch. 23

11.9 Paul Kaufman and Mike Anthony

Poetry in motion.

Title of song (1960).

11.10 Christoph Kaufmann 1753-95

Sturm und Drang.

Storm and stress.

Title suggested by Kaufman for a romantic drama of the American War of Independence by the German playwright, F. M. Klinger (1775) and thereafter given to a period of literary ferment which prevailed in Germany during the latter part of the 18th century

11.11 Patrick Kavanagh 1905-67

Cassiopeia was over
Cassidy’s hanging hill,
I looked and three whin bushes rode across
The horizon—the Three Wise Kings.

‘A Christmas Childhood’ (1947)

Clay is the word and clay is the flesh
Where the potato-gatherers like mechanized scarecrows move
Along the side-fall of the hill—Maguire and his men.

‘The Great Hunger’ (1947)

That was how his life happened.
No mad hooves galloping in the sky,
But the weak, washy way of true tragedy—
A sick horse nosing around the meadow for a clean place to die.

‘The Great Hunger’ (1947)

I hate what every poet hates in spite
Of all the solemn talk of contemplation.
Oh, Alexander Selkirk knew the plight
Of being king and government and nation.
A road, a mile of kingdom, I am king
Of banks and stones and every blooming thing.
‘Inniskeen Road: July Evening’ (1936).

11.12 Ted Kavanagh 1892-1958

Can I do you now, sir?
‘Mrs Mopp’ in ‘ITMA’ (BBC radio programme, 1939-49)

I go—I come back.
‘Ali Oop’ in ‘ITMA’ (BBC radio programme, 1939-49)

It’s being so cheerful as keeps me going.
‘Mona Lott’ in ‘ITMA’ (BBC radio programme, 1939-49)

11.13 Denis Kearney 1847-1907

Horny-handed sons of toil.
Speaking in San Francisco, c.1878.

11.14 John Keats 1795-1821

Other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come.
‘Addressed to [Haydon]’ (1817)

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
‘Bards of Passion and of Mirth’ (1820)

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth.
‘Bards of Passion and of Mirth’ (1820)

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores.

‘Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art’ (1819)

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

‘Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art’ (1819)

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast.

‘The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone’ (written 1819)

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness.

‘Endymion’ (1818) preface

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.

‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 1, l. 1

The grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead.

‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 1, l. 20

They alway must be with us, or we die.

‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 1, l. 33

Who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 1, l. 835

Here is wine,
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple.

‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 2, l. 441

To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,

She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind.
‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 4, l. 173

Their smiles,
Wan as primroses gathered at midnight
By chilly fingered spring.
‘Endymion’ (1818) bk. 4, l. 969

St Agnes’ Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 1

The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 2

The silver, snarling trumpets ’gan to chide.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 4

And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 6

The music, yearning like a God in pain.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 7

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 18

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 23

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag’ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth’s deep-damasked wings.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 24

By degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 26

Trembling in her soft and chilly nest.
‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 27

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 27

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 30

He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called, ‘La belle dame sans mercy.’

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 33

And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 40

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 42

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

‘The Eve of St Agnes’ (1820) st. 42

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect.

‘The Fall of Hyperion’ (written 1819) l. 1

‘None can usurp this height,’ returned that shade,
‘But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.’

‘The Fall of Hyperion’ (written 1819) l. 147

The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.
The one pours out a balm upon the world,
The other vexes it.

‘The Fall of Hyperion’ (written 1819) l. 199

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

‘Fancy’ (1820) l. 1

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer’s joys are spoilt by use.

‘Fancy’ (1820) l. 9

Where’s the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where’s the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
‘Fancy’ (1820) l. 69

Where’s the face
One would meet in every place?
‘Fancy’ (1820) l. 73

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man.
‘The Human Seasons’ (1819)

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve’s one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 1

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer’s day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 7

The Naiad ’mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 13

That large utterance of the early gods!
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 51

O aching time! O moments big as years!
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 64

As when, upon a trancéd summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charméd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 72

Sometimes eagle’s wings,
Unseen before by gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 182

And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 1, l. 353

Knowledge enormous makes a god of me.
‘Hyperion: A Fragment’ (1820) bk. 3, l. 113

I had a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied,
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving.
'I had a dove and the sweet dove died' (written 1818)

In drear nighted December
Too happy, happy tree
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
'In drear nighted December' (written 1817)

But were there ever any
Writhed not of passéd joy:
To know the change and feel it
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbed sense to steel it
Was never said in rhyme.
'In drear nighted December' (written 1817)

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?
'Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil' (1820) st. 16

So the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode past fair Florence.
'Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil' (1820) st. 27

And she forgot the stars, the moon,and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moistened it with tears unto the core.
'Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil' (1820) st. 53

'For cruel 'tis,' said she,
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me.'
'Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil' (1820) st. 62

And then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.
'I stood tip-toe upon a little hill' (1817) l. 10

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight.

‘I stood tip-toe upon a little hill’ (1817) l. 57

Oh, what can ail thee knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake
And no birds sing!

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 1

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 3

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery’s child
Her hair was long, her foot was light
And her eyes were wild.

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 4

She looked at me as she did love
And made sweet moan.

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 5

I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery’s song.

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 6

‘La belle dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall.’

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 10

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

‘La belle dame sans merci’ (1820) st. 11

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barred.

‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 1, l. 47

Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.

‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 1, l. 127

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit’s fast.
‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 2, l. 1

That purple-linéd palace of sweet sin.
‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 2, l. 31

In pale contented sort of discontent.
‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 2, l. 135

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an Angel’s wings.
‘Lamia’ (1820) pt. 2, l. 229

Souls of poets dead and gone,
\What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host’s Canary wine?
‘Lines on the Mermaid Tavern’ (1820)

Pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.
‘Lines on the Mermaid Tavern’ (1820)

Rich in the simple worship of a day.
‘Mother of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!’ (written 1818)

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time.
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 1

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 1

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 2

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 2

For ever piping songs for ever new.
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 3

For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 3

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead’st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 4

O Attic shape! Fair attitude!
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 5

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 5

‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty,’—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ (1820) st. 5

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf’s-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine.
‘Ode on Melancholy’ (1820) st. 1

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche.
‘Ode on Melancholy’ (1820) st. 1

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globéd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.
‘Ode on Melancholy’ (1820) st. 2

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy’s grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.
‘Ode on Melancholy’ (1820) st. 3

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
’Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 1

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 2

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 3

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 4

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 5

Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May’s eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 5

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 6

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 7

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 8

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
‘Ode to a Nightingale’ (1820) st. 8

‘Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian.
‘Ode to Psyche’ (1820) st. 1

Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours.
‘Ode to Psyche’ (1820) st. 2

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchéd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind.
‘Ode to Psyche’ (1820) st. 4

A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!
‘Ode to Psyche’ (1820) st. 4

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.
‘On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer’ (1817)

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
‘On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer’ (1817)

Mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.
‘On Seeing the Elgin Marbles’ (1817)

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
‘On the Grasshopper and Cricket’ (1817)

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores,—and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns.

‘On the Sea’ (1817)

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul’s pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

‘O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell’ (1817)

O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet the Evening listens.

‘O thou whose face hath felt the winter’s wind’ (written 1818)

Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.

‘Shed no tear—O shed no tear’ (written 1819)

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree’s summit; a poor Indian’s sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci.

‘Sleep and Poetry’ (1817) l. 85

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

‘Sleep and Poetry’ (1817) l. 96

They swayed about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus.

‘Sleep and Poetry’ (1817) l. 186

And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.

‘Sleep and Poetry’ (1817) l. 267

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleased eyes.

‘Sonnet to Sleep’ (written 1819)

Turn the key deftly in the oiléd wards,
And seal the hushéd casket of my soul.

‘Sonnet to Sleep’ (written 1819)

This living hand, now warm and capable

Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thus be conscience-calmed—see here it is
I hold it towards you.

‘This living hand, now warm and capable’ (written 1819)

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run.

‘To Autumn’ (1820) st. 1

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers.

‘To Autumn’ (1820) st. 2

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.

‘To Autumn’ (1820) st. 3

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies.

‘To Autumn’ (1820) st. 3

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

‘To Autumn’ (1820) st. 3

Oh Chatterton! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow! son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscured that eye,
Whence genius wildly flashed.

‘To Chatterton’ (written 1815)

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.

‘To George Felton Mathew’ (1817) l. 1

Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,

And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen.

‘To Homer’ (written 1818)

It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn:
It spoils the singing of the nightingale.

‘To J. H. Reynolds, Esq.’ (written 1818)

Glory and loveliness have passed away.

‘To Leigh Hunt, Esq.’ (1817)

To one who has been long in city pent,
’Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven.

‘To one who has been long in city pent’ (1817)

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain.

‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’ (written 1818)

When I behold, upon the night’s starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance.

‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’ (written 1818)

Then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’ (written 1818)

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies.

‘Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain’ (1817)

I remember your saying that you had notions of a good genius presiding over you—I have of late had the same thought. For things which [I] do half at random are afterwards confirmed by my judgement in a dozen features of propriety—Is it too daring to fancy Shakespeare this presider?

Letter to B. R. Haydon, 10 May 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) ‘The Letters of John Keats’ (1958) vol. 1, p. 141

A long poem is a test of invention which I take to be the polar star of poetry, as fancy is the sails, and imagination the rudder.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 8 October 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) ‘The Letters of John Keats’ (1958) vol. 1, p. 170

A man should have the fine point of his soul taken off to become fit for this world.

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 22 November 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) ‘The Letters of John Keats’ (1958) vol. 1, p. 188

I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart’s affections and the truth of imagination—

what the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 22 November 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 184.

I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 22 November 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 185

O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 22 November 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 185

The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate, from their being in close relationship with beauty and truth.

Letter to George and Thomas Keats, 21 December 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 192

Negative Capability, that is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason—Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the penetralium of mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half knowledge.

Letter to George and Thomas Keats, 21 December 1817, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 194

There is nothing stable in the world—uproar's your only music.

Letter to George and Thomas Keats, 13 January 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 204

For the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist?

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 3 February 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 223; on the overbearing influence of Wordsworth upon his contemporaries

We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us—and if we do not agree, seems to put its hand in its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject.

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 3 February 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 224

Poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity—it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

Letter to John Taylor, 27 February 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 238

Its [poetry's] touches of beauty should never be half way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content...If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree it had better not come at all.

Letter to John Taylor, 27 February 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 238

Scenery is fine—but human nature is finer.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 13 March 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 242

It is impossible to live in a country which is continually under hatches....Rain! Rain! Rain!

Letter to J. H. Reynolds from Devon, 10 April 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 269

I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love for philosophy—were I calculated for the former I should be glad—but as I am not I shall turn all my soul to the latter.

Letter to John Taylor, 24 April 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 271

Axioms in philosophy are not axioms until they are proved upon our pulses: We read fine—things, but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the author.

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 3 May 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 279

I am in that temper that if I were under water I would scarcely kick to come to the top.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 25 May 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 287

I do think better of womankind than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats five feet high likes them or not.

Letter to Benjamin Bailey, 18 July 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 342

I wish I could say Tom was any better. His identity presses upon me so all day that I am obliged to go out.

Referring to his youngest brother in a letter to C. W. Dilke, 21 September 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 368

There is an awful warmth about my heart like a load of immortality.

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 22 September 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 370

In Endymion, I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice.

Letter to James Hessey, 8 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 374

I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.

Letter to James Hessey, 8 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 374

As to the poetical character itself, (I mean that sort of which, if I am any thing, I am a member; that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian or egotistical sublime; which is a thing per se and stands alone) it is not itself—it has no self....It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen.

Letter to Richard Woodhouse, 27 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 386

A poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for—and filling some other body.

Letter to Richard Woodhouse, 27 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 387

I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 14 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 394

The roaring of the wind is my wife and the stars through the window pane are my children.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 24 October 1818, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 1, p. 403

A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 19 February 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 67

I have come to this resolution—never to write for the sake of writing, or making a poem, but from running over with any little knowledge or experience which many years of reflection may perhaps give me—otherwise I shall be dumb.

Letter to B. R. Haydon, 8 March 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 43

It is true that in the height of enthusiasm I have been cheated into some fine passages but that is nothing.

Letter to B. R. Haydon, 8 March 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 43

I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a fieldmouse peeping out of the withered grass—The creature hath a purpose and its eyes are bright with it—I go amongst the buildings of a city and I see a man hurrying along—to what? The Creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 19 March 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 80

Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—even a proverb is no proverb to you till your life has illustrated it.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 19 March 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 81

Call the world if you please 'The vale of soul-making'.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 21 April 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 102

I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a poem and to be given away by a novel.

Letter to Fanny Brawne, 8 July 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 127

I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death. O that I could have possession of them both in the same minute.

Letter to Fanny Brawne, 25 July 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 133

I am convinced more and more day by day that fine writing is next to fine doing the top thing in the world.

Letter to J. H. Reynolds, 24 August 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 146

All clean and comfortable I sit down to write.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 17 September 1819, in H. E. Rollins(ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 186

The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts. Not a select party.

Letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 24 September 1819, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 213

'If I should die,' said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.'

Letter to Fanny Brawne, c.February 1820, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 263

I long to believe in immortality...If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life—I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you for ever.

Letter to Fanny Brawne, June 1820, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 293

I wish you could invent some means to make me at all happy without you. Every hour I am more and more concentrated in you; every thing else tastes like chaff in my mouth.

Letter to Fanny Brawne, August 1820, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 311

You I am sure will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity and be more of an artist, and 'load every rift' of your subject with ore.

Letter to Shelley, August 1820, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 323; echoing Edmund Spenser 'The Faerie Queen' (1596) bk. 2, canto 7, st. 28, l. 5: 'And with rich metal loaded every rift'

I shall soon be laid in the quiet grave—thank God for the quiet grave—O! I can feel the cold earth upon me—the daisies growing over me—O for this quiet—it will be my first.

In a letter from Joseph Severn to John Taylor, 6 March 1821, in H. E. Rollins (ed.) 'The Letters of John Keats' (1958) vol. 2, p. 378

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

Epitaph for himself, in Richard Monckton Milnes 'Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats' (1848) vol. 2, p. 91.

11.15 John Keble 1792-1866

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

'Holy Matrimony' (1869)

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;

Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
'The Christian Year' (1827) 'Morning'

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
'The Christian Year' (1827) 'Septuagesima'

If the Church of England were to fail, it would be found in my parish.
In D. Newsome 'The Parting of Friends' (1966) p. 395

11.16 George Keith, 5th Earl Marischal 1553-1623

They haif said: Quhat say they? Lat thame say.
Motto of the Earls Marischal of Scotland, inscribed at Marischal College, founded by the fifth Earl at Aberdeen in 1593; a similarly defiant motto in Greek has been found engraved in remains from classical antiquity

11.17 Frank B. Kellogg 1856-1937

See Aristide Briand (2.193)

11.18 Hugh Kelly 1739-77

Of all the stages in a woman's life, none is so dangerous as the period between her acknowledgment of a passion for a man, and the day set apart for her nuptials.
'Memoirs of a Magadalen' (1767)

Your people of refined sentiments are the most troublesome creatures in the world to deal with.
'False Delicacy' (performed 1768)

11.19 Thomas á Kempis (Thomas Hämmertein or Hämmerken 1380-1741) 1380-1471

See Thomas (8.27) in Volume II

11.20 Thomas Ken 1637-1711

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run.
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
'Morning Hymn' in Winchester College 'Manual of Prayers' (1695) but in use before 1674

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last.
'Morning Hymn' (1709 ed.) v. 2

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

‘Evening Hymn’ in Winchester College ‘Manual of Prayers’ (1695) but in use before 1674 (the first line later changed to ‘Glory to thee, my God this night’)

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

‘Evening Hymn’ in Winchester College ‘Manual of Prayers’ (1695) but in use before 1674

11.21 John F. Kennedy 1917-63

We stand today on the edge of a new frontier...But the New Frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises—it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to offer the American people, but what I intend to ask of them.

Speech accepting the Democratic nomination in Los Angeles, 15 July 1960, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 August 1960, p. 611

Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world. Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 226

If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 226

Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 227

All this will not be finished in the first 100 days. Nor will it be finished in the first 1,000 days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 227

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need—not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, ‘rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation’—a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 227

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country. My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Inaugural address, 20 January 1961, in ‘Vital Speeches’ 1 February 1961, p. 227. Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., speaking at Keene, New Hampshire, 30 May 1884 said: ‘We pause to...recall what our country has done for each of us and to ask ourselves what we can do for our country in return’; but the form of words chosen by

Kennedy's speechwriters suggests that they drew here (Frontier': 'Are you a politician asking what your country can do for you or a zealous one asking what you can do for your country?'

Mankind must put an end to war or war will put an end to mankind.

Speech to United Nations General Assembly, 25 September 1961, in 'New York Times' 26 September 1961, p. 14

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.

Speech at the White House, 13 March 1962, in 'Vital Speeches' 1 April 1962, p. 356

No one has been barred on account of his race from fighting or dying for America—there are no 'white' or 'coloured' signs on the foxholes or graveyards of battle.

Message to Congress on proposed civil rights bill, 19 June 1963

Ich bin ein Berliner.

I am a Berliner.

Speech in West Berlin, 26 June 1963, in 'New York Times' 27 June 1963, p. 12; ein Berliner is the name given in Germany to a doughnut, and the occasion, therefore, of much hilarity.

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstone of our judgement.

Speech at Amherst College, Mass., 26 October 1963, in 'New York Times' 27 October 1963, p. 87

In free society art is not a weapon...Artists are not engineers of the soul.

Speech at Amherst College, Mass., 26 October 1963, in 'New York Times' 27 October 1963, p. 87

It was involuntary. They sank my boat.

On being asked how he became a war hero, in Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. 'A Thousand Days' (1965) ch. 4

11.22 Joseph P. Kennedy 1888-1969

When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

In J. H. Cutler 'Honey Fitz' (1962) p. 291 (also attributed to Knute Rockne)

Don't buy a single vote more than necessary. I'll be damned if I'm going to pay for a landslide.

Telegraphed message, 1958, to his son, John F. Kennedy, in J. F. Cutler 'Honey Fitz' (1962) p. 306

11.23 Lloyd Kenyon (first Baron Kenyon) 1732-1802

The Christian religion is part of the law of the land.

Decision in William's Case (1797)

11.24 Lady Caroline Keppel b. 1735

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?

O! they’re all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

‘Robin Adair’

11.25 Jack Kerouac 1922-69

Sitting around trying to think up the meaning of the Lost Generation and the subsequent Existentialism...I said, ‘You know, this is really a beat generation.’

‘Playboy’ June 1959, p. 32.

11.26 Ralph Kettell 1563-1643

Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hey for Cuddesdon! and Hey Hockley! but here’s nobody cries, Hey for God Almighty!

Sermon at Garsington Revel, in Oliver Lawson Dick (ed.) ‘Aubrey’s Brief Lives’ (1949) ‘Ralph Kettell’

11.27 Francis Scott Key 1779-1843

’Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ (1814)

11.28 Maynard Keynes (John Maynard Keynes, first Baron Keynes of Tilton) 1883-1946

I work for a Government I despise for ends I think criminal.

Letter to Duncan Grant, 15 December 1917, in ‘British Library Add. MSS 57931’ fo. 119

He felt about France what Pericles felt of Athens—unique value in her, nothing else mattering; but his theory of politics was Bismarck’s. He had one illusion—France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen, and his colleagues not least.

‘The Economic Consequences of the Peace’ (1919) ch. 3 (on Clemenceau)

Like Odysseus, the President looked wiser when he was seated.

‘The Economic Consequences of the Peace’ (1919) ch. 3 (on Woodrow Wilson)

Lenin was right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose.

‘The Economic Consequences of the Peace’ (1919) ch. 6

I do not know which makes a man more conservative—to know nothing but the present, or nothing but the past.

‘The End of Laissez-Faire’ (1926) pt. 1

Marxian Socialism must always remain a portent to the historians of opinion—how a doctrine so illogical and so dull can have exercised so powerful and enduring an influence over the minds of men, and, through them, the events of history.

‘The End of Laissez-Faire’ (1926) pt. 3

The important thing for Government is not to do things which individuals are doing already,

and to do them a little better or a little worse; but to do those things which at present are not done at all.

'The End of Laissez-Faire' (1926) pt. 4

I think that capitalism, wisely managed, can probably be made more efficient for attaining economic ends than any alternative system yet in sight, but that in itself it is in many ways extremely objectionable.

'The End of Laissez-Faire' (1926) pt. 5

This extraordinary figure of our time, this syren, this goat-footed bard, this half-human visitor to our age from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity.

'Essays in Biography' (1933) 'Mr Lloyd George'

The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood...Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.

'The General Theory of Employment' (1947 ed.) ch. 24

In the long run we are all dead.

'A Tract on Monetary Reform' (1923) ch. 3

11.29 Nikita Khrushchev 1894-1971

If anyone believes that our smiles involve abandonment of the teaching of Marx, Engels and Lenin he deceives himself. Those who wait for that must wait until a shrimp learns to whistle.

Speech in Moscow, 17 September 1955, in 'New York Times' 18 September 1955, p. 19

We say this not only for the socialist states, who are more akin to us. We base ourselves on the idea that we must peacefully co-exist. About the capitalist States, it doesn't depend on you whether or not we exist. If you don't like us, don't accept our invitations and don't invite us to come to see you. Whether you like it or not, history is on our side. We will bury you.

Speech to Western diplomats at reception in Moscow for Polish leader Mr Gomulka, 18 November 1956, in 'The Times' 19 November 1956

Anyone who believes that the worker can be lulled by fine revolutionary phrases is mistaken.... If no concern is shown for the growth of material and spiritual riches, the people will listen today, they will listen tomorrow, and then they may say: 'Why do you promise us everything for the future? You are talking, so to speak, about life beyond the grave. The priest has already told us about this.'

Speech at World Youth Forum, 19 September 1964, in 'Pravda' 22 September 1964

If one cannot catch the bird of paradise, better take a wet hen.

In 'Time' 6 January 1958

If you start throwing hedgehogs under me, I shall throw a couple of porcupines under you.

In 'New York Times' 7 November 1963

11.30 Joyce Kilmer 1886-1918

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

‘Trees’

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

‘Trees’

11.31 Lord Kilmuir (Sir David Maxwell Fyfe) 1900-67

Loyalty is the Tory’s secret weapon.

In Anthony Sampson ‘Anatomy of Britain’ (1962) ch. 6

11.32 Francis Kilvert 1840-79

Of all noxious animals, too, the most noxious is a tourist. And of all tourists the most vulgar, ill-bred, offensive and loathsome is the British tourist.

W. Plomer (ed.) ‘Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert’ (1938-40) 5 April 1870

The Vicar of St Ives says the smell of fish there is sometimes so terrific as to stop the church clock.

W. Plomer (ed.) ‘Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert’ (1938-40) 21 July 1870

It is a fine thing to be out on the hills alone. A man can hardly be a beast or a fool alone on a great mountain.

W. Plomer (ed.) ‘Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert’ (1938-40) 29 May 1871

An angel satyr walks these hills.

W. Plomer (ed.) ‘Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert’ (1938-40) 20 June 1871 (on ‘the Black Mountain’ in Wales)

11.33 Benjamin Franklin King 1857-94

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash ’t is gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

‘The Pessimist’

Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

‘The Pessimist’

11.34 Henry King 1592-1669

Sleep on (my Love!) in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted.
My last Good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.

'An Exequy' l. 81 (written for his wife Anne who died in 1624)

But hark! My pulse, like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And, slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear! (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

'An Exequy' l. 111 (written for his wife Anne who died in 1624)

We that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.

'The Surrender'

11.35 Martin Luther King 1929-68

I want to be the white man's brother, not his brother-in-law.

In 'New York Journal-American' 10 September 1962, p. 1

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.

Letter from Birmingham Jail, Alabama, 16 April 1963, in 'Atlantic Monthly' August 1963, p. 78

The Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens Councillor or the Ku Klux Klanner but the white moderate who is more devoted to order than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is

the presence of justice.

Letter from Birmingham Jail, Alabama, 16 April 1963, in ‘Atlantic Monthly’ August 1963, p. 81

I submit to you that if a man hasn’t discovered something he will die for, he isn’t fit to live.

Speech in Detroit, 23 June 1963, in James Bishop ‘The Days of Martin Luther King’ (1971) ch. 4

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood... I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

Speech at Civil Rights March in Washington, 28 August 1963, in ‘New York Times’ 29 August 1963, p. 21

We must learn to live together as brothers or perish together as fools.

Speech at St Louis, 22 March 1964, in ‘St Louis Post-Dispatch’ 23 March 1964

The means by which we live have outdistanced the ends for which we live. Our scientific power has outrun our spiritual power. We have guided missiles and misguided men.

‘Strength to Love’ (1963) ch. 7

A riot is at bottom the language of the unheard.

‘Where Do We Go From Here?’ (1967) ch. 4

I just want to do God’s will. And he’s allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I’ve looked over, and I’ve seen the promised land...So I’m happy tonight. I’m not worried about anything. I’m not fearing any man.

Speech in Memphis, 3 April 1968 (the day before his assassination), in ‘New York Times’ 4 April 1968, p. 24

11.36 Stoddard King 1889-1933

There’s a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There’s a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I’ll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

‘There’s a Long, Long Trail’ (1913 song)

11.37 Charles Kingsley 1819-75

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me!

‘Airly Beacon’

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the weary haunt for me,

All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

‘Airly Beacon’

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make Life, Death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

‘A Farewell’ (1858)

What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
Do the work that’s nearest,
Though it’s dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

‘Letter to Thomas Hughes’

’Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.

‘Ode to the North-East Wind’

Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings’ blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

‘Ode to the North-East Wind’

‘O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.’
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

‘The Sands of Dee’

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

‘The Sands of Dee’

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town.

‘The Three Fishers’

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there’s little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

‘The Three Fishers’

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

‘Young and Old’ (from ‘The Water Babies’, 1863)

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue.

‘Health and Education’ (1874) p. 20

We have used the Bible as if it was a constable’s handbook—an opium-dose for keeping beasts of burden patient while they are being overloaded.

‘Letters to the Chartists’ no. 2.

As thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour’s goods.

‘The Water Babies’ (1863) ch. 4

Eustace is a man no longer; he is become a thing, a tool, a Jesuit.

‘Westward Ho!’ (1855) ch. 23

Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy.

Reviewing J. A. Froude’s History of England, in ‘Macmillan’s Magazine’ January 1864

11.38 Hugh Kingsmill (Hugh Kingsmill Lunn) 1889-1949

What still alive at twenty-two,
A clean upstanding chap like you?
Sure, if your throat ’tis hard to slit,
Slit your girl’s, and swing for it.

Like enough, you won’t be glad,
When they come to hang you, lad:
But bacon’s not the only thing
That’s cured by hanging from a string.

‘Two Poems, after A. E. Housman’ (1933) no. 1

’Tis Summer Time on Bredon,
And now the farmers swear:

The cattle rise and listen
In valleys far and near,
And blush at what they hear.

But when the mists in autumn
On Bredon top are thick,
And happy hymns of farmers
Go up from fold and rick,
The cattle then are sick.

‘Two Poems, after A. E. Housman’ (1933) no. 2

God’s apology for relations.

On friends, in Michael Holroyd ‘The Best of Hugh Kingsmill’ (1970) introduction

Society is based on the assumption that everyone is alike and no one is alive.

In Michael Holroyd ‘Hugh Kingsmill’ (1964)

11.39 Neil Kinnock 1942—

I warn you not to be ordinary, I warn you not to be young, I warn you not to fall ill, and I warn you not to grow old.

On the prospect of a Conservative re-election, in speech at Bridgend, 7 June 1983; ‘Guardian’ 8 June 1983

They left their guts on Goose Green.

Referring to British soldiers of the Falklands War, a remark he was later to retract, in ‘Hansard’

11.40 Rudyard Kipling 1865-1936

When you’ve shouted ‘Rule Britannia’, when you’ve sung ‘God save the Queen’—
When you’ve finished killing Kruger with your mouth—
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in Kharki ordered South?
He’s an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great—
But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate—
And he’s left a lot o’ little things behind him!

‘The Absent-Minded Beggar’ (1899) st. 1

England’s on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England’s being hammered, hammered, hammered into line!

‘The Anvil’ (1927)

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great Judgement Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come from the ends of earth!

‘The Ballad of East and West’ (1892)

And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.

‘The Ballad of the King’s Jest’ (1892)

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin’ over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin’ up and down again!)

‘Boots’ (1903).

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

‘Common Form’ (1919)

We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: ‘It’s clever, but is it Art?’

‘The Conundrum of the Workshops’ (1892)

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re hangin’ him to-day;
They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his stripes away,
An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

‘Danny Deever’ (1892)

The ’eathen in ’is blindness bows down to wood an’ stone;
‘E don’t obey no orders unless they is ’is own;
‘E keeps ’is side-arms awful: ’e leaves ’em all about,
An’ then comes up the Regiment an’ pokes the ’eathen out.

‘The ‘Eathen’ (1896).

The ’eathen in ’is blindness must end where ’e began.
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!

‘The ‘Eathen’ (1896)

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag.

‘The English Flag’ (1892)

The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

‘The Female of the Species’ (1919)

There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
What stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

‘For All We Have and Are’ (1914) p. 2

So ’ere’s to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your ’ome in the Soudan;

You’re a pore benighted ’eathen but a first-class fightin’ man;
An’ ’ere’s to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your ’ayrick ’ead of ’air—
You big black boundin’ beggar—for you broke a British square!
‘Fuzzy-Wuzzy’ (1892)

We’re poor little lambs who’ve lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We’re little black sheep who’ve gone astray,
Baa-aa-aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha’ mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!
‘Gentlemen-Rankers’ (1892)

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing:—’Oh, how beautiful!’ and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner-knives.
‘The Glory of the Garden’ (1911)

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began:—
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,
And the burnt Fool’s bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire.
‘The Gods of the Copybook Headings’ (1927)

The uniform ’e wore
Was nothin’ much before,
An’ rather less than ’arf o’ that be’ind.
‘Gunga Din’ (1892)

Though I’ve belted you and flayed you,
By the livin’ Gawd that made you,
You’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din!
‘Gunga Din’ (1892)

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right!
‘In the Neolithic Age’ (1893)

But I consort with long-haired things
In velvet collar-rolls,
Who talk about the Aims of Art,
And ‘theories’ and ‘goals’,
And moo and coo with women-folk
About their blessed souls.

‘In Partibus’ (1909)

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.
‘The Islanders’ (1903)

I’ve taken my fun where I’ve found it,
An’ now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you ’ave known o’ the others
The less will you settle to one.
‘The Ladies’ (1896)

When you get to a man in the case,
They’re like as a row of pins—
For the Colonel’s Lady an’ Judy O’Grady
Are sisters under their skins!
‘The Ladies’ (1896)

And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!
‘The Last Chantey’ (1896)

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship’s upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
‘L’Envoi’ (‘Barrack-Room Ballads’, 1892)

Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone.
‘L’Envoi’ (‘The Story of the Gadsbys’, 1890)

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o’ mine, O mother o’ mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o’ mine, O mother o’ mine!
‘The Light That Failed’ (1891) dedication

The Liner she’s a lady, an’ she never looks nor ’eeds—
The Man-o’-War’s ’er ’usband, ’an ’e gives ’er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo boats that sail the wet seas roun’,
They’re just the same as you ’an me a-plyin’ up and down!
‘The Liner She’s a Lady’ (1896)

It’s north you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or south to the blind Horn’s hate;
Or east all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or west to the Golden Gate.
‘The Long Trail’ (1918)

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin’ eastward to the sea,

There’s a Burma girl a-settin’, and I know she thinks o’ me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an’ the temple-bells they say:
‘Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!’
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay:
Can’t you ’ear their paddles chunkin’ from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin’-fishes play,
An’ the dawn comes up like thunder outer China ’crost the Bay!

‘Mandalay’ (1892)

An’ I seed her first a-smokin’ of a whackin’ white cheroot,
An’ a-wastin’ Christian kisses on an ’eathen idol’s foot.

‘Mandalay’ (1892)

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren’t no Ten Commandments an’ a man can raise a thirst.

‘Mandalay’ (1892)

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: ‘A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.’

‘The Naulahka’ (1892) ch. 5

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne:
‘Daughter am I in my mother’s house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my Mother’s House.’
Said our Lady of the Snows.

‘Our Lady of the Snows’ (1898)

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

‘Pagett, MP’ (1886)

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

‘The Power of the Dog’ (1909)

What is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

‘Puck of Pook’s Hill’ (1906) ‘Harp Song of the Dane Women’

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
‘Baccy for the Clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

‘Puck of Pook’s Hill’ (1906) ‘A Smuggler’s Song’

Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

‘Puck of Pook’s Hill’ (1906) ‘A Tree Song’

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

‘Recessional’ (1897)

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh, and Tyre!

‘Recessional’ (1897)

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law.

‘Recessional’ (1897)

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,
Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,

And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same...

‘Rewards and Fairies’ (1910) ‘If—’

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!

‘Rewards and Fairies’ (1910) ‘If—’

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.

‘Rewards and Fairies’ (1910) ‘The Thousandth Man’.

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods.

‘Rewards and Fairies’ (1910) ‘The Way through the Woods’

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing.

‘The Sea and the Hills’ (1903)

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there’s never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed’s unrest
To the shark and sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha’ paid in full!

‘The Song of the Dead’ (1896)

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling
And here, each warning each,

The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.
‘Sussex’ (1903)

God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man’s heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Belovéd over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!
‘Sussex’ (1903)

For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one!
‘Tomlinson’ (1892)

O it’s Tommy this, an’ Tommy that, an’ ‘Tommy, go away’;
But it’s ‘Thank you, Mister Atkins,’ when the band begins to play.
‘Tommy’ (1892)

Then it’s Tommy this, an’ Tommy that, an ‘Tommy ’ow’s yer soul?’
But it’s ‘Thin red line of ’eroes’ when the drums begin to roll.
‘Tommy’ (1892)

For it’s Tommy this, an’ Tommy that, an’ ‘Chuck him out, the brute!’
But it’s ‘Saviour of ’is country’ when the guns begin to shoot.
‘Tommy’ (1892)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!)
‘The Vampire’ st. 1

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation,
To puff and look important and to say:—
‘Though we know we should defeat you, we have not the time to meet you,
We will therefore pay you cash to go away.’

And that is called paying the Dane-geld;
But we’ve proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane.
‘What Dane-geld means’ (1911)

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

‘When Earth’s Last Picture is Painted’ (1896)

When ‘Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre,
He’d ’eard men sing by land an’ sea;
An’ what he thought ’e might require,
‘E went an’ took—the same as me!

‘When ‘Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre’ (1896)

Take up the White Man’s burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives’ need.

‘The White Man’s Burden’ (1899)

When you’re wounded and left on Afghanistan’s plains
And the women come out to cut up what remains
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An’ go to your Gawd like a soldier.

‘The Young British Soldier’ (1892)

Lalun is a member of the most ancient profession in the world.

‘In Black and White’ (1888) ‘On the City Wall’

What the horses o’ Kansas think to-day, the horses of America will think tomorrow; an’ I tell you that when the horses of America rise in their might, the day o’ the Oppressor is ended.

‘The Day’s Work’ (1898) ‘A Walking Delegate’

‘We be one blood, thou and I’, Mowgli answered. ‘I take my life from thee to-night. My kill shall be thy kill if ever thou art hungry, O Kaa.’

‘The Jungle Book’ (1894) ‘Kaa’s Hunting’

Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

‘The Jungle Book’ (1894) ‘Road Song of the Bandar-Log’

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!).
And I’d like to roll to Rio
Some day before I’m old!

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Beginning of the Armadilloes’

He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Cat that Walked by Himself’

And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Cat that Walked by Himself’

One Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant’s Child—who was full of ’satiable curtiosity.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Elephant’s Child’

Then the Elephant’s Child put his head down close to the Crocodile’s musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose...’Led go! You are hurtig be!’

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Elephant’s Child’

I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘The Elephant’s Child’

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘How the Camel got his Hump’

You must not forget the suspenders, Best Beloved.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘How the Whale got his Throat’

And the small ‘Stute Fish said in a small ’stute voice, ‘Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted Man?’ ‘No,’ said the Whale. ‘What is it like?’ ‘Nice,’ said the small ‘Stute Fish. ‘Nice but nubbly.’

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘How the Whale got his Throat’

He had his Mummy’s leave to paddle, or else he would never have done it, because he was a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.

‘Just So Stories’ (1902) ‘How the Whale got his Throat’

Little Friend of all the World.

‘Kim’ (1901) ch. 1 (Kim’s nickname)

The mad all are in God’s keeping.

‘Kim’ (1901) ch. 2

The man who would be king.

Title of story (1888)

Every one is more or less mad on one point.

‘Plain Tales from the Hills’ (1888) ‘On the Strength of a Likeness’

Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool.

‘Plain Tales from the Hills’ (1888) ‘Three and—an Extra’

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

‘The Second Jungle Book’ (1895) ‘The Law of the Jungle’

Mr Raymond Martin, beyond question, was born in a gutter, and bred in a Board-School,

where they played marbles. He was further (I give the barest handful from great store) a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker, a Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper...and several other things which it is not seemly to put down.

'Stalky & Co.' (1899) p. 214

Being kissed by a man who didn't wax his moustache was—like eating an egg without salt.

'The Story of the Gadsbys' (1889) 'Poor Dear Mamma'

'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walked down a street.

'Traffics and Discoveries' (1904) 'Mrs Bathurst'

Power without responsibility: the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.

Summing up Max Aitken (Lord Beaverbrook)'s political standpoint vis-á-vis the Daily Express, the latter having said in conversation with Kipling: 'What I want is power. Kiss 'em one day and kick 'em the next'; in 'Kipling Journal' vol. 38, no. 180, December 1971, p. 6. Stanley Baldwin, Kipling's cousin, subsequently obtained permission to use the phrase in a speech in London on 18 March 1931

11.41 Henry Kissinger 1923—

Power is the great aphrodisiac.

In 'New York Times' 19 January 1971, p. 12

We are the President's men.

In M. and B. Kalb 'Kissinger' (1974) ch. 7

11.42 Fred Kitchen 1872-1950

Meredith, we're in!

Catch-phrase originating in 'The Bailiff' (1907 stage sketch). J. P. Gallagher 'Fred Karno' (1971) ch. 9, p. 90

11.43 Lord Kitchener 1850-1916

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy...In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King.

Message to soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force (1914), in 'The Times' 19 August 1914

I don't mind your being killed, but I object to your being taken prisoner.

To the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) on his asking to be allowed to the Front during World War I, in Viscount Esher 'Journal' 18 December 1914

11.44 Paul Klee 1879-1940

Eine aktive Linie, die sich frei ergeht, ein Spaziergang um seiner selbst willen, ohne Ziel. Das agens ist ein Punkt, der sich verschiebt.

An active line on a walk, moving freely without a goal. A walk for walk's sake.

'Pedagogical Sketchbook' (1925) p. 6

Kunst gibt nicht das Sichtbare wieder, sondern macht sichtbar.

Art does not reproduce the visible; rather, it makes visible.

‘Creative Credo’ (1920) in ‘Inward Vision’ (1958) p. 5

11.45 Friedrich Klopstock 1724-1803

God and I both knew what it meant once; now God alone knows.

In C. Lombroso ‘The Man of Genius’ (1891) pt. 1, ch. 2; also attributed to Browning, vis-á-vis Sordello, in the form ‘When it was written, God and Robert Browning knew what it meant; now only God knows’

11.46 Charles Knight and Kenneth Lyle

When there’s trouble brewing,
When there’s something doing,
Are we downhearted?
No! Let ’em all come!

‘Here we are! Here we are again!!’ (1914 song)

11.47 Mary Knowles 1733-1807

He gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears out the heart of it.

On Samuel Johnson, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934 ed.) vol. 3, p. 284 (15 April 1778)

11.48 John Knox 1505-72

Un homme avec Dieu est toujours dans la majoritè.

A man with God is always in the majority.

Inscription on the Reformation Monument, Geneva

The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.

Title of Pamphlet (1558)

11.49 Ronald Knox 1888-1957

When suave politeness, tempering bigot zeal,
Corrected I believe to One does feel.

‘Absolute and Abitofhell’ (1913)

Evangelical vicar, in want of a portable, second-hand font, would dispose, for the same, of a portrait, in frame, of the Bishop, elect, of Vermont.

Advertisement placed in a newspaper. W. S. Baring-Gould ‘The Lure of the Limerick’ pt. 1, ch. 1, n. 5

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
And we are left with large supplies
Of cold blancmange and rhubarb tart.

‘After the Party’ in L. E. Eyres (ed.) ‘In Three Tongues’ (1959) p. 130.

O God, for as much as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee,
Help us all by Thy grace

To convince the whole race
It knows nothing whatever about Thee.

Attributed, in Langford Reed ‘Complete Limerick Book’ (1924)

There once was a man who said, ‘God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there’s no one about in the Quad.’

In Langford Reed ‘Complete Limerick Book’ (1924), to which came the following anonymous reply:

Dear Sir,
Your astonishment’s odd:
I am always about in the Quad.
And that’s why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by Yours faithfully, God.

The baby doesn’t understand English and the Devil knows Latin.

On being asked to perform a baptism in English, in Evelyn Waugh ‘Ronald Knox’ (1959) pt. 1, ch. 5

A loud noise at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other.

Definition of a baby (attributed)

11.50 Vicesimus Knox 1752-1821

That learning belongs not to the female character, and that the female mind is not capable of a degree of improvement equal to that of the other sex, are narrow and unphilosophical prejudices.

‘Essays’ ‘Moral and Literary’ (1782) no. 142

All sensible people agree in thinking that large seminaries of young ladies, though managed with all the vigilance and caution which human abilities can exert, are in danger of great corruption.

‘Liberal Education’ (1780) sect. 27 ‘On the literary education of women’

Can anything be more absurd than keeping women in a state of ignorance, and yet so vehemently to insist on their resisting temptation?

In Mary Wollstonecraft ‘A Vindication of the Rights of Woman’ (1792) ch. 7

11.51 Arthur Koestler 1905-83

One may not regard the world as a sort of metaphysical brothel for emotions.

‘Darkness at Noon’ (1940) ‘The Second Hearing’ ch. 7

The definition of the individual was: a multitude of one million divided by one million.

‘Darkness at Noon’ (1940) ‘The Grammatical Fiction’ ch. 2

Behaviourism is indeed a kind of flat-earth view of the mind...it has substituted for the erstwhile anthropomorphic view of the rat, a ratomorphic view of man.

‘The Ghost in the Machine’ (1967) ch. 1

God seems to have left the receiver off the hook, and time is running out.

'The Ghost in the Machine' (1967) ch. 18

A writer's ambition should be to trade a hundred contemporary readers for ten readers in ten years' time and for one reader in a hundred years' time.

In 'New York Times Book Review' 1 April 1951

11.52 Jiddu Krishnamurti d. 1986

Happiness comes uninvited; and the moment you are conscious that you are happy, you are no longer happy.

'The Penguin Krishnamurti Reader' 'Questions and Answers'

Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect.

Speech in Holland, 3 August 1929, in Lilly Heber 'Krishnamurti' (1931) ch. 2

Religion is the frozen thought of men out of which they build temples.

In 'Observer' 22 April 1928 'Sayings of the Week'

11.53 Kris Kristofferson 1936—and Fred Foster

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free.

'Me and Bobby McGee' (1969 song)

11.54 Jeremy Joe Kronsberg

Every which way but loose.

Title of film (1978); starring Clint Eastwood

11.55 Paul Kruger 1825-1904

A bill of indemnity...for raid by Dr Jameson and the British South Africa Company's troops. The amount falls under two heads—first, material damage, total of claim, £677,938 3s.3d.—second, moral or intellectual damage, total of claim, £1,000,000.

Telegram from the South African Republic communicated to the House of Commons by Joseph Chamberlain, in 'Hansard' 18 February 1897, col. 726

11.56 Joseph Wood Krutch 1893-1970

The most serious charge which can be brought against New England is not Puritanism but February.

'The Twelve Seasons' (1949) 'February'

Cats seem to go on the principle that it never does any harm to ask for what you want.

'The Twelve Seasons' (1949) 'February'

11.57 Stanley Kubrick 1928—

The great nations have always acted like gangsters, and the small nations like prostitutes.

In ‘Guardian’ 5 June 1963

11.58 Satish Kumar 1937—

Lead me from death to life, from falsehood to truth.
Lead me from despair to hope, from fear to trust.
Lead me from hate to love, from war to peace.
Let peace fill our heart, our world, our universe.
‘Prayer for Peace’ (1981, adapted from the Upanishads)

11.59 Milan Kundera 1929—

The unbearable lightness of being.
Title of novel (1984)

11.60 Thomas Kyd 1558-94

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 2, sc. 5, l. 1

Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death;
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs.
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 3, sc. 2, l. 1

Thus must we toil in other men’s extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own.
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 3, sc. 6, l. 1

I am never better than when I am mad. Then methinks I am a brave fellow; then I do wonders. But reason abuseth me, and there’s the torment, there’s the hell.
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 3, sc. 7, The Fourth Addition (1602 ed.) l. 164

My son—and what’s a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout,
A lump bred up in darkness.
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 3, sc. 11, The Third Addition (1602 ed.) l. 5

Duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water.
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows and did bear our son,
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant.
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 3, sc. 12, The Fourth Addition (1602 ed.) l. 66

For what’s a play without a woman in it?
‘The Spanish Tragedy’ (1592) act 4, sc. 1, l. 97

12.0 L

12.1 Henry Labouchere 1831-1912

He [Labouchere] did not object to the old man always having a card up his sleeve, but he did object to his insinuating that the Almighty had placed it there.

On Gladstone's 'frequent appeals to a higher power': Earl Curzon 'Modern Parliamentary Eloquence' (1913) p. 25. A. L. Thorold quotes Labouchere from a private letter in 'The Life of Henry Labouchere' (1913) ch. 15: 'Who cannot refrain from perpetually bringing an ace down his sleeve, even when he has only to play fair to win the trick.'

12.2 Jean de la Bruyére 1645-96

Le commencement et le dèclin de l'amour se font sentir par l'embarras où l'on est de se trouver seuls.

The onset and the waning of love make themselves felt in the uneasiness experienced at being alone together.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'Du Coeur'

Le peuple n'a guére d'esprit et les grands n'ont point d'âme...faut-il opter, je ne balance pas, je veux être peuple.

The people have little intelligence, the great no heart...if I had to choose I should have no hesitation: I would be of the people.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'Des Grands'

There are only three events in a man's life; birth, life, and death; he is not conscious of being born, he dies in pain, and he forgets to live.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'De l'homme'

Entre le bon sens et le bon goût il y a la diffèrence de la cause et son effet.

Between good sense and good taste there is the same difference as between cause and effect.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'Des Jugements'

Tout est dit et l'on vient trop tard depuis plus de sept mille ans qu'il y a des hommes et qui pensent.

Everything has been said, and we are more than seven thousand years of human thought too late.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit'

C'est un mètier que de faire un livre, comme de faire une pendule: il faut plus que de l'esprit pour être auteur.

Making a book is a craft, as is making a clock; it takes more than wit to become an author.

'Les Caractéres ou les moeurs de ce siécle' (1688) 'Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit'

12.3 Nivelle de la Chaussèe 1692-1754

Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison.

When everyone is wrong, everyone is right.

‘La Gouvernante’ (1747) act 1, sc. 3

12.4 James Lackington 1746-1815

At last, by singing and repeating enthusiastic amorous hymns, and ignorantly applying particular texts of scripture, I got my imagination to the proper pitch, and thus was I born again in an instant.

‘Memoirs’ (1791)

12.5 Jean de la Fontaine 1621-95

Aide-toi, le ciel t’aidera.

Help yourself, and heaven will help you.

‘Fables’ bk. 6 (1668) ‘Le Chartier Embourbè’

Je plie et ne romps pas.

I bend and I break not.

‘Fables’ bk. 1 (1668) ‘Le Chêne et le Roseau’

C’est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur.

It is doubly pleasing to trick the trickster.

‘Fables’ bk. 2 (1668) ‘Le Coq et le Renard’

La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.

The reason of the strongest is always the best.

‘Fables’ bk. 1 (1668) ‘Le Loup et l’Agneau’

Il connaît l’univers et ne se connaît pas.

He knows the world and does not know himself.

‘Fables’ bk. 8 (1678-9) ‘Dèmocrite et les Abdèritains’

La mort ne surprend point le sage,
Il est toujours prêt á partir.

Death never takes the wise man by surprise; he is always ready to go.

‘Fables’ bk. 8 (1678-9) ‘La Mort et le Mourant’.

Certain renard voulut, dit-on, se faire loup. Hè! qui peu dire que pour le mètier de mouton jamais aucun loup ne soupire?

A certain fox, it is said, wanted to become a wolf. Ah! who can say why no wolf has ever craved the life of a sheep?

‘Fables Choisies’ (1693 ed.) bk. 7, no. 9

12.6 Jules Laforgue 1860-87

Ah! que la vie est quotidienne.

Oh, what a day-to-day business life is.

‘Complainte sur certains ennuis’ (1885)

12.7 Fiorello La Guardia 1882-1947

When I make a mistake, it's a beaut!

On the appointment of Herbert O'Brien as a judge in 1936, in William Manners 'Patience and Fortitude' (1976) p. 219

12.8 R. D. Laing 1927-89

The divided self.

Title of book (1960) on schizophrenia

The brotherhood of man is evoked by particular men according to their circumstances...In the name of our freedom and our brotherhood we are prepared to blow up the other half of mankind and to be blown up in turn.

'The Politics of Experience' (1967) ch. 4

Madness need not be all breakdown. It may also be break-through.

'The Politics of Experience' (1967) ch. 6

True guilt is guilt at the obligation one owes to oneself to be oneself. False guilt is guilt felt at not being what other people feel we ought to be or assume that one is.

'Self and Others' (1961) ch. 10

12.9 Alphonse de Lamartine 1790-1869

Un être seul vous manque, et tout est dèpeuplè.

Only one being is wanting, and your whole world is bereft of people.

'L'Isolement' (1820)

Ô temps! suspend ton vol, et vous, heures propices! Suspendez votre cours.

O Time! arrest your flight, and you, propitious hours, stay your course.

'Le Lac' (1820) st. 6

12.10 Lady Caroline Lamb 1785-1828

Mad, bad, and dangerous to know.

Writing of Byron in her journal after their first meeting at a ball in March, 1812: Elizabeth Jenkins 'Lady Caroline Lamb' (1932) ch. 6.

12.11 Charles Lamb 1775-1834

I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature...but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind.

'Essays of Elia' (1823) 'A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People'

If the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in first habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you...Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was

coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Bachelor’s Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People’

Ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Bachelor’s Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People’

I have no ear.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Chapter on Ears’

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Chapter on Ears’

Presents, I often say, endear Absents.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Dissertation upon Roast Pig’

She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘Mrs Battle’s Opinions on Whist’

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his substance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘Oxford in the Vacation’

The uncommunicating muteness of fishes.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘A Quakers’ Meeting’

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘The Two Races of Men’

Your borrowers of books—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘The Two Races of Men’

Credulity is the man’s weakness, but the child’s strength.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘Witches, and Other Night-Fears’

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door.

‘Essays of Elia’ (1823) ‘Valentine’s Day’

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man’s self to himself.

‘Last Essays of Elia’ (1833) ‘The Convalescent’

Books think for me.

‘Last Essays of Elia’ (1833) ‘Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading’

Things in books’ clothing.

‘Last Essays of Elia’ (1833) ‘Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading’

A poor relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature.

‘Last Essays of Elia’ (1833) ‘Poor Relations’

[A pun] is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect.

‘Last Essays of Elia’ (1833) ‘Popular Fallacies’ no. 9

I have something more to do than feel.

On the death of his mother, at his sister Mary’s hands: letter to Coleridge, 1796, in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’

Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge.

Letter to S. T. Coleridge, 8 November 1796, in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 1 (1975) p. 60

The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet Street.

Letter to Thomas Manning, 15 February 1802 (quoting from ‘The Londoner’, no. 1), in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 2 (1976) p. 57

Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke—what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes?

On London in a letter to Thomas Manning, 15 February 1802 (quoting from ‘The Londoner’, no. 1), in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 2 (1976) p. 58

Nothing puzzles me more than time and space; and yet nothing troubles me less, as I never think about them.

Letter to Thomas Manning, 2 January 1810, in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 3 (1978) p. 36

Anything awful makes me laugh.

Letter to Robert Southey, 9 August 1815, in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 3 (1978) p. 181

This very night I am going to leave off tobacco! Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized.

Letter to Thomas Manning, 26 December 1815, in E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 3 (1978) p. 207

An Archangel a little damaged.

On Coleridge, in a letter to Wordsworth, 26 April 1816: E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 3 (1978) p. 215

The rogue gives you Love Powders, and then a strong horse drench to bring ’em off your stomach that they mayn’t hurt you.

On Coleridge, in a letter to Wordsworth, 23 September 1816: E. Marrs (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb’ vol. 3 (1978) p. 225

Fanny Kelly’s divine plain face.

Letter to Mary Wordsworth, 18 February 1818, in Henry H. Harper (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles Lamb’ (1905) vol. 4, p. 105

Who first invented work—and tied the free
And holy-day rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business?

Letter to Bernard Barton, 11 September 1822, in Henry H. Harper (ed.) ‘The Letters of Charles Lamb’ (1905) vol. 4, p. 189

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

‘Table Talk by the late Elia’ in ‘The Athenaeum’ 4 January 1834

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die.

‘A Farewell to Tobacco’ l. 122

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.

‘Hester’ (1803) st. 7

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

‘The Old Familiar Faces’

A child’s a plaything for an hour.

‘Parental Recollections’ (1809); often attributed to Lamb’s sister Mary

If ever I marry a wife,
I’ll marry a landlord’s daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy and water.

‘Written in a copy of Coelebs in Search of a Wife’

If dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!

In Leigh Hunt ‘Lord Byron and his Contemporaries’ (1828) p. 299

I do not [know the lady]; but damn her at a venture.

In E. V. Lucas ‘Charles Lamb’ (1905) vol. 1, p. 320 n.

The last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun.

‘The Diaries of William Charles Macready 1833-1851’ (ed. W. Toynbee, 1912) 9 January 1834

I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue.

On being asked ‘how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate’, in Thomas Noon Talfourd ‘Memoirs of Charles Lamb’ (1892) p. 262

12.12 Constant Lambert 1905-51

The whole trouble with a folk song is that once you have played it through there is nothing much you can do except play it over again and play it rather louder.

‘Music Ho!’ (1934) ch. 3

The average English critic is a don manquè, hopelessly parochial when not exaggeratedly teutonophile, over whose desk must surely hang the motto (presumably in Gothic lettering) ‘Above all no enthusiasm’.

‘Opera’ December 1950

12.13 John George Lambton (first Earl of Durham) 1792-1840

£40,000 a year a moderate income—such a one as a man might jog on with.

In Sir Herbert Maxwell (ed.) 'The Creevey Papers' (1903) vol. 2, p. 32, from a letter from Mr Creevey to Miss Elizabeth Ord, 13 September 1821

12.14 George Lamming b. 1927

In the castle of my skin.

Title of novel (1953)

12.15 Giuseppe di Lampedusa 1896-1957

Se vogliamo che tutto rimanga come é, bisogna che tutto cambi.

If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change.

'The Leopard' (1957) p. 33

12.16 Sir Osbert Lancaster 1908-86

Nymphs and tribal deities of excessive female physique and alarming size balanced precariously on broken pediments, threatening the passer-by with a shower of stone fruit.

'Pillar to Post' (1938) 'Edwardian Baroque'

Fan-vaulting...from an aesthetic standpoint frequently belongs to the 'Last-supper-carved-on-a-peach-stone' class of masterpiece.

'Pillar to Post' (1938) 'Perpendicular'

All over the country the latest and most scientific methods of mass-production are being utilized to turn out a stream of old oak beams, leaded window-panes and small discs of bottle-glass, all structural devices which our ancestors lost no time in abandoning as soon as an increase in wealth and knowledge enabled them to do so.

'Pillar to Post' (1938) 'Stockbroker's Tudor'

12.17 Bert Lance 1931—

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

In 'Nation's Business' May 1977, p. 27

12.18 Letitia Elizabeth Landon 1802-38

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor.

'The Poor'

12.19 Walter Savage Landor 1775-1864

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

'Death stands above me' (1853)

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

‘Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher’ (1853)

Past ruined Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; ’tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

‘To Ianthe’ (1831)

Ireland never was contented...
Say you so? You are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St Patrick’s bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

‘Ireland never was contented’ (1853)

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!

‘Rose Aylmer’ (1806)

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

‘Rose Aylmer’ (1806)

There is delight in singing, tho’ none hear
Beside the singer.

‘To Robert Browning’ (1846)

Thee gentle Spenser fondly led;
But me he mostly sent to bed.

‘To Wordsworth: Those Who Have Laid the Harp Aside’

George the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
God be praised the Georges ended!

Epigram in ‘The Atlas’, 28 April 1855. ‘Notes & Queries’ 3 May 1902, p. 354, for an earlier version

There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave.

‘Imaginary Conversations’ ‘Aesop and Rhodope’ in ‘The Works of Walter Savage Landor’ (1846) vol. 2, p. 93

Prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry: on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose.

‘Imaginary Conversations’ ‘Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor’ in ‘The Last Fruit off an Old Tree’ (1853)

States, like men, have their growth, their manhood, their decrepitude, their decay.

‘Imaginary Conversations’ ‘Pollio and Calvus’ in ‘The Works of Walter Savage Landor’ (1876) vol. 2, p. 441

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

‘Imaginary Conversations’ (1824) ‘Southey and Porson’

Fleas know not whether they are upon the body of a giant or upon one of ordinary size.

‘Imaginary Conversations’ (1824) ‘Southey and Porson’

12.20 Andrew Lang 1844-1912

St Andrews by the Northern sea,
A haunted town it is to me!

‘Alma Matres’ (1884)

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he’s bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsoled.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

‘Brahma’.

They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

‘The Odyssey’

12.21 Julia Lang 1921—

Are you sitting comfortably?

Introducing stories on ‘Listen with Mother’, BBC Radio 1950-82

12.22 Suzanne K. Langer 1895-1985

Art is the objectification of feeling, and the subjectification of nature.

‘Mind’ (1967) vol. 1, pt. 2, ch. 4

12.23 William Langland c.1330-c.1400

In a somer seson, whan softe was the sonne.

‘The Vision of Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) prologue l. 1

Ac on a May morwenynge on Malverne hilles
Me bifel a ferly, of Fairye me thoghte.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) prologue l. 5; ‘Ac on a May mornyng on Maluerne hulles / Me biful for to slepe, for werynesse of-walked’ in C text (ed. D. Pearsall, 1978) prologue, l. 6

A faire feeld ful of folk fond I ther bitwene—
Of alle manere of men, the meene and the riche,
Werchynge and wandrynge as the world asketh.

‘Piers Plowman’, B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) prologue l. 17

A gloton of wordes.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) prologue l. 139

Whan alle tresors arn tried, Truthe is the beste.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 1, l. 135

Brewesters and baksters, bochiers and cokes—
For thise are men on this molde that moost harm wercheth
To the povere peple.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 3, l. 79; ‘As bakeres and breweres, bocheres and cokes; / For thyse men don most harm to the mene peple’ in C text (ed. D. Pearsall, 1978) Passus 3, l. 80

For if hevene be on this erthe, and ese to any soule,
It is in cloistre or in scole.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 10, l. 297

Suffraunce is a soverayn vertue, and a swift vengeaunce.
Who suffreth moore than God?

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 11, l. 378

Grammer, the ground of al.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 15, l. 370

Innocence is next God, and nyght and day it crieth
‘Vengeaunce! Vengeaunce! Forgyve be it nevere
That shente us and shedde oure blood!

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 17, l. 289

‘After sharpest shoures,’ quath Pees ’most shene is the sonne;
Is no weder warmer than after watry cloudes.’

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 18, l. 411 (Pees Peace)

Forthi be noght abasshed to bide and to be nedy,
Since he that wroghte al the world was wilfulliche nedy.

‘Piers Plowman’ B text (ed. A. V. C. Schmidt, 1987) Passus 20, l. 48

12.24 Archbishop Stephen Langton d. 1228

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,

Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.

Come, Holy Spirit, and send out from heaven the beam of your light.

The ‘Golden Sequence’ for Whitsunday; attributed also to several others, notably Pope Innocent III

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Wash what is dirty, water what is dry, heal what is wounded. Bend what is stiff, warm what is cold, guide what goes off the road.

The ‘Golden Sequence’ for Whitsunday

12.25 Lâo Tse

Heaven and Earth are not ruthful;
To them the Ten Thousand Things are but as straw dogs.

‘Tao-Tê-Ching’ ch. 5, translated by Arthur Waley in ‘The Way and its Power’ (1934) (Ten Thousand Things all life forms; straw dogs sacrificial tokens)

12.26 Ring Lardner 1885-1933

Are you lost daddy I arsked tenderly. Shut up he explained.

‘The Young Immigrunts’ (1920) ch. 10

12.27 Philip Larkin 1922-1985

Sexual intercourse began
In nineteen sixty-three
(Which was rather late for me)—
Between the end of the Chatterley ban
And the Beatles’ first LP.

‘Annus Mirabilis’ (1974)

Time has transfigured them into
Untruth. The stone fidelity
They hardly meant has come to be
Their final blazon, and to prove
Our almost-instinct almost true:
What will survive of us is love.

‘An Arundel Tomb’ (1964)

Hatless, I take off
My cycle-clips in awkward reverence.

‘Church Going’ (1955)

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.

‘Church Going’ (1955)

What are days for?
Days are where we live.
They come, they wake us
Time and time over.
They are to be happy in:
Where can we live but days?

‘Days’ (1964)

Life is first boredom, then fear.
Whether or not we use it, it goes,
And leaves what something hidden from us chose,
And age, and then the only end of age.

‘Dockery & Son’ (1964)

Rather than words comes the thought of high windows:
The sun-comprehending glass,
And beyond it, the deep blue air, that shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.

‘High Windows’ (1974)

Next year we are to bring the soldiers home
For lack of money, and it is all right.
Places they guarded, or kept orderly,
Must guard themselves, and keep themselves orderly.

‘Homage to a Government’ (1974)

Next year we shall be living in a country
That brought its soldiers home for lack of money.
The statues will be standing in the same
Tree-muffled squares, and look nearly the same.
Our children will not know it’s a different country.
All we can hope to leave them now is money.

‘Homage to a Government’ (1974)

Nothing, like something, happens anywhere.

‘I Remember, I Remember’ (1955)

Never such innocence,
Never before or since,
As changed itself to past
Without a word—the men

Leaving the gardens tidy,
The thousands of marriages
Lasting a little while longer:
Never such innocence again.
‘MCMXIV’ (1964)

Perhaps being old is having lighted rooms
Inside your head, and people in them, acting.
People you know, yet can’t quite name.
‘The Old Fools’ (1974)

Don’t read too much now: the dude
Who lets the girl down before
The hero arrives, the chap
Who’s yellow and keeps the store,
Seem far too familiar. Get stewed:
Books are a load of crap.
‘Study of Reading Habits’ (1964)

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.
‘This Be The Verse’ (1974)

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don’t have any kids yourself.
‘This Be The Verse’ (1974)

Why should I let the toad work
Squat on my life?
Can’t I use my wit as a pitchfork
And drive the brute off?

Six days of the week it soils
With its sickening poison—
Just for paying a few bills!
That’s out of proportion.
‘Toads’ (1955)

Give me your arm, old toad;
Help me down Cemetery Road.
‘Toads Revisited’ (1964)

I thought of London spread out in the sun,
Its postal districts packed like squares of wheat.

‘The Whitsun Weddings’ (1964)

A beginning, a muddle, and an end.

‘New Fiction’ no. 15, January 1978 (the ‘classic formula’ for a novel)

Deprivation is for me what daffodils were for Wordsworth.

‘Required Writing’ (1983) p. 47

12.28 Duc de la Rochefoucauld 1613-80

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d’autrui.

We are all strong enough to bear the misfortunes of others.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 19

Il est plus honteux de se dèfier de ses amis que d’en être trompè

It is more shameful to spurn one’s friends than to be duped by them.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 84

Il y a de bons mariages, mais il n’y en a point de dèlicieux.

There are good marriages, but no delightful ones.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 113

L’hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend á la vertu.

Hypocrisy is a tribute which vice pays to virtue.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 218

C’est une grande habiletè que de savoir cacher son habiletè.

The height of cleverness is to be able to conceal it.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 245

Il n’y a guére d’homme assez habile pour connaître tout le mal qu’il fait.

There is scarcely a single man sufficiently aware to know all the evil he does.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 269

L’absence diminue les mèdiocres passions, et augmente les grandes, comme le vent èteint les bougies, et allume le feu.

Absence diminishes commonplace passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and kindles fire.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 276.

La reconnaissance de la plupart des hommes n’est qu’une secréte envie de recevoir de plus grands bienfaits.

In most of mankind gratitude is merely a secret hope for greater favours.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 298

L’accent du pays oû l’on est nè demeure dans l’esprit et dans le coeur comme dans le langage.

The accent of one’s birthplace lingers in the mind and in the heart as it does in one’s speech.

‘Maximes’ (1678) no. 342

On n’est jamais si malheureux qu’on croit, ni si heureux qu’on espére.

One is never as unhappy as one thinks, nor as happy as one hopes.

‘Sentences et Maximes de Morale’ (Dutch edition, 1664) maxim 128

12.29 Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt 1747-1827

Louis XVI: C’est une grande rèvolte.
La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt: Non, Sire, c’est une grande rèvolution.

‘It is a big revolt.’ ‘No, Sir, a big revolution.’

On the Fall of the Bastille being reported at Versailles, 1789, in F. Dreyfus ‘La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt’ (1903) ch. 2, sect. 3

12.30 Hugh Latimer c.1485-1555

Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed saepe cadendo.

The drop of rain maketh a hole in the stone, not by violence, but by oft falling.

Sermon preached 19 April 1549, in ‘The Second Sermon preached before the King’s Majesty’ (1549).

Be of good comfort Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God’s grace in England, as (I trust) shall never be put out.

On being burned for heresy, 16 October 1555, in John Foxe ‘Actes and Monuments’ (1570 ed.) p. 1937

12.31 William Laud 1573-1645

Lord I am coming as fast as I can, I know I must pass through the shadow of death, before I can come to see thee; But it is but Umbra Mortis, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but thou by thy merits and passion, hast broke through the jaws of death; the Lord receive my soul, and have mercy upon me, and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ his sake, if it be thy will.

Prayer at the scaffold, in Peter Heylin ‘Cyprianus Anglicus’ (1668) p. 537

12.32 Sir Harry Lauder 1870-1950

Keep right on to the end of the road,
Keep right on to the end.
Tho’ the way be long, let your heart be strong,
Keep right on round the bend.
Tho’ you’re tired and weary,
Still journey on
Till you come to your happy abode,
Where all you love you’ve been dreaming of
Will be there at the end of the road.

‘The End of the Road’ (1924 song)

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She’s as pure as the lily in the dell.

She's as sweet as the heather, the bonnie bloomin' heather—
Mary, ma Scotch Bluebell.
'I Love a Lassie' (1905 song)

Roamin' in the gloamin',
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.
Roamin' in the gloamin'
Wae my lassie by my side.
'Roamin' in the Gloamin'' (1911 song)

See also R. F. Morrison (1.179) in Volume II

12.33 Stan Laurel (Arthur Stanley Jefferson) 1890-1965

Another nice mess you've gotten me into.
'Another Fine Mess' (1930 film) and many other Laurel and Hardy films; spoken by Oliver Hardy

12.34 William L. Laurence 1888-1977

At first it was a giant column that soon took the shape of a supramundane mushroom.
On the first atomic explosion in New Mexico, 16 July 1945; in 'New York Times' 26 September 1945

12.35 James Laver 1899-1975

The same costume will be
Indecent ... 10 years before its time
Shameless ... 5 years before its time
Outrè (daring) ... 1 year before its time
Smart
Dowdy ... 1 year after its time
Hideous ... 10 years after its time
Ridiculous ... 20 years after its time
Amusing ... 30 years after its time
Quaint ... 50 years after its time
Charming ... 70 years after its time
Romantic ... 100 years after its time
Beautiful ... 150 years after its time
'Taste and Fashion' (1937) ch. 18

12.36 Andrew Bonar Law 1858-1923

See Bonar Law (2.149)

12.37 D. H. Lawrence (David Herbert Lawrence) 1885-1930

To the Puritan all things are impure, as somebody says.
'Etruscan Places' (1932) 'Cerveteri'

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically.

‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ (1928) ch. 1

John Thomas says good-night to Lady Jane, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart.

‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ (1928) ch. 19

And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead.

‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ (1928) ch. 9

The English...are paralysed by fear. That is what thwarts and distorts the Anglo-Saxon existence. It...seemed to dig in to the English soul at the time of the Renaissance. Nothing could be more lovely and fearless than Chaucer. But already Shakespeare is morbid with fear, fear of consequences. That is the strange phenomenon of the English Renaissance: this mystic terror of the consequences, the consequences of action.

‘Phoenix’ (1936) ‘An Introduction to these Paintings’

If you try to nail anything down in the novel, either it kills the novel, or the novel gets up and walks away with the nail.

‘Phoenix’ (1936) ‘Morality and the Novel’

Pornography is the attempt to insult sex, to do dirt on it.

‘Phoenix’ (1936) ‘Pornography and Obscenity’ ch. 3

In life...no new thing has ever arisen, or can arise, save out of the impulse of the male upon the female, the female upon the male. The interaction of the male and female spirit begot the wheel, the plough, and the first utterance that was made on the face of the earth.

‘Phoenix’ (1936) ‘Study of Thomas Hardy’ ch. 7

The novel is the one bright book of life.

‘Phoenix’ (1936) ‘Why the novel matters’

Never trust the artist. Trust the tale. The proper function of a critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it.

‘Studies in Classic American Literature’ (1923) ch. 1

Be a good animal, true to your instincts.

‘The White Peacock’ (1911) pt. 2, ch. 2

Don’t you find it a beautiful clean thought, a world empty of people, just uninterrupted grass, and a hare sitting up?

‘Women in Love’ (1920) ch. 11

The Forsytes are all parasites...parasites upon the thoughts, the feelings, the whole body of life of really living individuals who have gone before them and who live alongside them. All they can do, having no individual life of their own, is out of fear to rake together property.

xxx

Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans?
The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly-smiling Etruscans
Who made so little noise outside the cypress groves?

‘Cypresses’ (1923)

Don’t be sucked in by the su-superior,
don’t swallow the culture bait,
don’t drink, don’t drink and get beerier and beerier,
do learn to discriminate.

‘Don’ts’ (1929)

Along the avenue of cypresses
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices
Of linen go the chanting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

‘Giorno dei Morti’ (1917)

How beastly the bourgeois is
Especially the male of the species.

‘How Beastly the Bourgeois Is’ (1929)

For while we have sex in the mind, we truly have none in the body.

‘Leave Sex Alone’ (1929)

Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

‘Mountain Lion’ (1923)

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

‘Piano’ (1918)

I never saw a wild thing
Sorry for itself.

‘Self-Pity’ (1929)

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
And the long journey towards oblivion...
Have you built your ship of death, O have you?
O build your ship of death, for you will need it.

‘Ship of Death’ (1932)

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

‘Snake’ (1923)

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.
For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate:
A pettiness.

‘Snake’ (1923)

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.

‘Song of a Man who has Come Through’ (1917)

When I read Shakespeare I am struck with wonder
That such trivial people should muse and thunder
In such lovely language.

‘When I Read Shakespeare’ (1929)

Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the slimy, the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable sodding rotters, the flaming sods, the snivelling, dribbling, dithering, palsied, pulse-less lot that make up England today. They’ve got white of egg in their veins, and their spunk is that watery it’s a marvel they can breed. They can nothing but frog-spawn—the gibberers! God, how I hate them!

Letter to Edward Garnett, 3 July 1912, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 1

Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery.

Letter to A. W. McLeod, 6 October 1912, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 1

I like to write when I feel spiteful; it’s like having a good sneeze.

Letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith, c.25 November 1913, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 1

The dead don’t die. They look on and help.

Letter to J. Middleton Murry, 2 February 1923, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 2

The autumn always gets me badly, as it breaks into colours. I want to go south, where there is no autumn, where the cold doesn’t crouch over one like a snow-leopard waiting to pounce. The heart of the North is dead, and the fingers of cold are corpse fingers.

Letter to J. Middleton Murry, 3 October 1924, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 2

I’d like to write an essay on [Arnold] Bennett—sort of pig in clover.

Letter to Aldous Huxley, 27 March 1928, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 2

My God, what a clumsy olla putrida James Joyce is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness.

Letter to Aldous and Maria Huxley, 15 August 1928, in H. T. Moore (ed.) ‘Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence’ (1962) vol. 2

12.38 T. E. Lawrence 1888-1935

Many men would take the death-sentence without a whimper to escape the life-sentence which fate carries in her other hand.

'The Mint' (1955) pt. 1, ch. 4

The trumpets came out brazenly with the last post. We all swallowed our spittle, chokingly, while our eyes smarted against our wills. A man hates to be moved to folly by a noise.

'The Mint' (1955) pt. 3, ch. 9

I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands and wrote my will across the sky in stars

To earn you freedom, the seven pillared worthy house, that your eyes might be shining for me When we came.

'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom' (1926) dedication

12.39 Emma Lazarus 1849-87

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

'The New Colossus' (inscription on the Statue of Liberty, New York)

12.40 Sir Edmund Leach 1910—

Far from being the basis of the good society, the family, with its narrow privacy and tawdry secrets, is the source of all our discontents.

BBC Reith Lectures, 1967, in 'Listener' 30 November 1967

12.41 Stephen Leacock 1869-1944

I am what is called a professor emeritus—from the Latin e, 'out', and meritus, 'so he ought to be'.

'Here are my Lectures' (1938) ch. 14

The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

'Literary Lapses' (1910) 'Boarding-House Geometry'

There are no handles to a horse, but the 1910 model has a string to each side of its face for turning its head when there is anything you want it to see.

'Literary Lapses' (1910) 'Reflections on Riding'

A sportsman is a man who, every now and then, simply has to get out and kill something. Not that he's cruel. He wouldn't hurt a fly. It's not big enough.

'My Remarkable Uncle' (1942) p. 73

Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and

rode madly off in all directions.

‘Nonsense Novels’ (1911) ‘Gertrude the Governess’

A decision of the courts decided that the game of golf may be played on Sunday, not being a game within the view of the law, but being a form of moral effort.

‘Over the Footlights’ (1923) ‘Why I Refuse to Play Golf’

12.42 Mary Leapor 1722-46

In spite of all romantic poets sing,
This gold, my dearest, is an useful thing.

‘Mira to Octavia’ (1748)

Woman, a pleasing but a short-lived flower,
Too soft for business and too weak for power:
A wife in bondage, or neglected maid:
Despised, if ugly; if she’s fair, betrayed.

‘An Essay on Woman’ (1751)

12.43 Edward Lear 1812-88

Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akond of Swat?

‘The Akond of Swat’ (1888)

On the coast of Coromandel
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods,
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bó.
Two old chairs, and half a candle;—
One old jug without a handle,—
These were all his worldly goods.

‘The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bó’ (1871)

When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights,
When the angry breakers roar
As they beat on the rocky shore;—
When storm-clouds brood on the towering heights
Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore.

‘The Dong with a Luminous Nose’ (1871)

And those who watch at that midnight hour
From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,
Cry as the wild light passes along,—
‘The Dong!—the Dong!

The wandering Dong through the forest goes!
The Dong!—the Dong!
The Dong with a Luminous Nose!’

‘The Dong with a Luminous Nose’ (1871)

O My agéd Uncle Arly!
Sitting on a heap of Barley
Thro’ the silent hours of night,—
Close beside a leafy thicket;—
On his nose there was a Cricket,—
In his hat a Railway-Ticket;—
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

‘Incidents in the Life of my Uncle Arly’ (1871)

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

‘The Jumblies’ (1871)

They called aloud ‘Our Sieve ain’t big,
But we don’t care a button! We don’t care a fig!’

‘The Jumblies’ (1871)

And they brought an Owl, and a useful Cart,
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,
And a hive of silvery Bees.
And they brought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws, and forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,
And no end of Stilton Cheese.

‘The Jumblies’ (1871)

Nasticreechia Krorluppia.

‘More Nonsense’ (1872) ‘Nonsense Botany’

There was an old person of Ware,
Who rode on the back of a bear:
When they asked,—’Does it trot?’—
He said, ‘Certainly not!
He’s a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear.’

‘More Nonsense’ (1872) ‘One Hundred Nonsense Pictures and Rhymes’

There was an old man of Thermopylae,
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, ‘If you choose
To boil eggs in your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylae.’

‘More Nonsense’ (1872) ‘One Hundred Nonsense Pictures and Rhymes’

Till Mrs Discobbolos said
‘Oh! W! X! Y! Z!
It has just come into my head—
Suppose we should happen to fall!!!!
Darling Mr Discobbolos?’

‘Mr and Mrs Discobbolos’ (1871)

‘How pleasant to know Mr Lear!’
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

‘Nonsense Songs’ (1871) preface

He has many friends, laymen and clerical.
Old Foss is the name of his cat:
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

‘Nonsense Songs’ (1871) preface

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the Stars above
And sang to a small guitar,
‘Oh lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are.’

‘The Owl and the Pussy-Cat’ (1871)

Pussy said to the Owl, ‘You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?’
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose.

‘The Owl and the Pussy-Cat’ (1871)

‘Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?’ Said the Piggy, ‘I will.’

‘The Owl and the Pussy-Cat’ (1871)

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.

‘The Owl and the Pussy-Cat’ (1871)

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, ‘Some day you may lose them all’;—
He replied,—’Fish fiddle de-dee!’

His Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, ‘The world in general knows
There’s nothing so good for a Pobble’s toes!’

‘The Pobble Who Has No Toes’ (1871)

When boats or ships came near him
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell.

‘The Pobble Who Has No Toes’ (1871)

He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska’s
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!

‘The Pobble Who Has No Toes’ (1871)

‘But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!’
Said the Quangle-Wangle Quee.

‘The Quangle-Wangle’s Hat’ (1871)

And what can we expect if we haven’t any dinner,
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing thinner?

‘The Two Old Bachelors’ (1871)

12.44 Timothy Leary 1920—

If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sense organs seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in and drop out.

Lecture, June 1966, in ‘The Politics of Ecstasy’ (1968) ch. 21

12.45 Mary Elizabeth Lease 1853-1933

Kansas had better stop raising corn and begin raising hell.

Attributed

12.46 F. R. Leavis 1895-1978

The common pursuit.

Title of book (1952)

The few really great—the major novelists...are significant in terms of the human awareness they promote; awareness of the possibilities of life.

'The Great Tradition' (1948) ch. 1

He [Rupert Brooke] energized the Garden-Suburb ethos with a certain original talent and the vigour of a prolonged adolescence...rather like Keats's vulgarity with a Public School accent.

'New Bearings in English Poetry' (1932) ch. 2

The Sitwells belong to the history of publicity rather than of poetry.

'New Bearings in English Poetry' (1932) ch. 2

Self-contempt, well-grounded.

On the foundation of T. S. Eliot's work, in 'Times Literary Supplement' 21 October 1988, p. 1177 (from a BBC radio talk by Christopher Ricks)

12.47 Fran Lebowitz

There is no such thing as inner peace. There is only nervousness or death.

'Metropolitan Life' (1978) p. 6

Life is something to do when you can't get to sleep.

'Metropolitan Life' (1978) p. 101

12.48 Stanislaw Lec 1909-66

Is it progress if a cannibal uses knife and fork?

'Mysli Nieuczesane' (Unkempt Thoughts, 1962) p. 78

12.49 John le Carrè (David John Moore Cornwell) 1931—

The spy who came in from the cold.

Title of novel (1963)

12.50 Le Corbusier (Charles Èdouard Jeanneret) 1887-1965

Une maison est une machine-á-habiter.

A house is a machine for living in.

'Vers une architecture' (Towards an Architecture, 1923) p. ix.

This frightful word [function] was born under other skies than those I have loved—those where the sun shines supreme.

Quoted in letter to 'The Times' 15 January 1992

12.51 Alexandre Auguste Ledru-Rollin 1807-74

Eh! je suis leur chef, il fallait bien les suivre.

Ah well! I am their leader, I have to follow them!

In E. de Mirecourt 'Histoire Contemporaine' no. 79 'Ledru-Rollin' (1857)

12.52 Gypsy Rose Lee (Rose Louise Hovick) 1914-70

God is love but get it in writing.
Attributed

12.53 Harper Lee 1926—

Shoot all the bluejays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird.
'To Kill a Mockingbird' (1960) ch. 10

12.54 Henry Lee ('Light-Horse Harry') 1756-1818

A citizen, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.
'Resolutions Adopted by the Congress on the Death of Washington', 19 December 1799; moved by John Marshall and misquoted in his Life of Washington as '...first in the hearts of his fellow citizens.'

12.55 Laurie Lee 1914—

I was set down from the carrier's cart at the age of three; and there with a sense of bewilderment and terror my life in the village began.
'Cider with Rosie' (1959) p. 9

Such a morning it is when love
leans through geranium windows
and calls with a cockerel's tongue.

When red-haired girls scamper like roses
over the rain-green grass,
and the sun drips honey.
'Day of these Days' (1947)

12.56 Nathaniel Lee c.1653-92

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things, Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace. That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.
'The Rival Queens' (1677) act 1

'Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way.
'The Rival Queens' (1677) act 1

Then he will talk, Good Gods, How he will talk.
'The Rival Queens' (1677) act 3

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!
'The Rival Queens' (1677) act 4, sc. 2

Philip fought men, but Alexander women.
'The Rival Queens' (1677) act 4, sc. 2

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.
'Theodosius' (1680) act 3, sc. 2

12.57 Robert E. Lee 1807-70

It is well that war is so terrible. We should grow too fond of it.
Attributed; after the battle of Fredericksburg, December 1862

12.58 Richard Le Gallienne 1866-1947

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.
'The Cry of the Little Peoples'

12.59 Ernest Lehman

Sweet smell of success.
Title of book and film (1957)

12.60 Tom Lehrer 1928—

Plagiarize! Let no one else's work evade your eyes,
Remember why the good Lord made your eyes.
'Lobachevski' (1953 song)

Life is like a sewer. What you get out of it depends on what you put into it.
Preamble to 'We Will All Go Together When We Go', in 'An Evening Wasted with Tom Lehrer' (1953 record album)

And we will all go together when we go—
Every Hottentot and every Eskimo.
'We Will All Go Together When We Go' (1953 song)

12.61 Fred W. Leigh d. 1924

There was I, waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church, waiting at the church,
When I found he'd left me in the lurch...
Here's the very note,
This is what he wrote—
'Can't get away to marry you today,
My wife won't let me!'
'Waiting at the Church (My Wife Won't Let Me)' (1906 song)

12.62 Fred W. Leigh d. 1924, Charles Collins, and Lily Morris

Why am I always the bridesmaid, Never the blushing bride?
'Why Am I Always the Bridesmaid?' (1917 song)

12.63 Henry Sambrooke Leigh 1837-83

The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense.
'Carols of Cockayne' (1869) 'Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly'

12.64 Charles G. Leland 1824-1903

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
'Hans Breitmann's Barty'

All goned afay mit de lager-beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!
'Hans Breitmann's Barty'

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from the train.
'The Masher'

12.65 Curtis E. LeMay 1906-90

They've got to draw in their horns and stop their aggression, or we're going to bomb them back into the Stone Age.
On the North Vietnamese, in 'Mission with LeMay' (1965) p. 565

12.66 Lenin (Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov) 1870-1924

Communism is Soviet power plus the electrification of the whole country.
Report to 8th Congress, 1920, in 'Collected Works' (ed. 5) vol. 42, p. 30

Imperialism is the monopoly stage of capitalism.
'Briefest possible definition of imperialism' in 'Imperialism as the Last Stage of Capitalism' ch. 7

No, Democracy is not identical with majority rule. No, Democracy is a State which recognizes the subjection of the minority to the majority, that is, an organization for the systematic use of violence by one class against the other, by one part of the population against another.
'State and Revolution' (1919) ch. 4

While the State exists, there can be no freedom. When there is freedom there will be no State.
'State and Revolution' (1919) ch. 5

What is to be done?
Title of pamphlet (1902)

Who? Whom? We or they?
Definition of his political theory, in Alan Bullock 'Hitler and Stalin' (1991)

A good man fallen among Fabians.
On George Bernard Shaw, in Arthur Ransome 'Six Weeks in Russia in 1919' (1919) 'Notes of Conversations with Lenin'

Liberty is precious—so precious that it must be rationed.
In Sidney and Beatrice Webb 'Soviet Communism' (1936) p. 1036

12.67 John Lennon 1940-80

Imagine there's no heaven,
It's easy if you try,
No hell below us,

Above us only sky,
Imagine all the people
Living for today.

‘Imagine’ (1971 song)

Will the people in the cheaper seats clap your hands? All the rest of you, if you’ll just rattle your jewellery.

At Royal Variety Performance, 4 November 1963, in R. Colman ‘John Winston Lennon’ (1984) pt. 1, ch. 11

We’re more popular than Jesus now; I don’t know which will go first—rock ’n’ roll or Christianity.

‘Evening Standard’ 4 March 1966 (interview with Maureen Cleave).

12.68 John Lennon 1940-1980 and Paul McCartney 1942—

Back in the USSR.

Title of song (1968)

For I don’t care too much for money,
For money can’t buy me love.

‘Can’t Buy Me Love’ (1964 song)

I heard the news today, oh boy.
Four thousand holes in Blackburn Lancashire.
And though the holes were rather small,
They had to count them all.
Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.
I’d love to turn you on.

‘A Day in the Life’ (1967 song)

Give peace a chance.

Title of song (1969)

It’s been a hard day’s night,
And I’ve been working like a dog.

‘A Hard Day’s Night’ (1964 song)

Strawberry fields forever.

Title of song (1967)

She’s got a ticket to ride, but she don’t care.

‘Ticket to Ride’ (1965 song)

Will you still need me, will you still feed me,
When I’m sixty four?

‘When I’m Sixty Four’ (1967 song)

Oh I get by with a little help from my friends.

‘With a Little Help From My Friends’ (1967 song)

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away,
Now it looks as though they’re here to stay.

Oh I believe in yesterday.

‘Yesterday’ (1965 song)

12.69 Dan Leno (George Galvin) 1860-1904

Ah! what is man? Wherefore does he why? Whence did he whence? Whither is he withering?

‘Dan Leno Hys Booke’ (1901) ch. 1

12.70 William Lenthall 1591-1662

I have neither eye to see, nor tongue to speak here, but as the House is pleased to direct me.

Said to Charles I on 4 January 1642, when asked if he saw any of the five M.P.s whom the King had ordered to be arrested, in John Rushworth ‘Historical Collections. The Third Part’ vol. 2 (1692) p. 478

12.71 Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519

Whoever in discussion adduces authority uses not intellect but rather memory.

Edward McCurdy (ed. and trans.) ‘Leonardo da Vinci’s Notebooks’ (1906) bk. 1, p. 54

Every man at three years old is half his height.

Irma A. Richter (ed.) ‘Selections from the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci’ (World’s Classics, 1952) p. 149

The poet ranks far below the painter in the representation of visible things, and far below the musician in that of invisible things.

Irma A. Richter (ed.) ‘Selections from the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci’ (World’s Classics, 1952) p. 198

Life well spent is long.

Irma A. Richter (ed.) ‘Selections from the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci’ (World’s Classics, 1952)

Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigour of the mind.

Irma A. Richter (ed.) ‘Selections from the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci’ (World’s Classics, 1952)

[In Nature’s] inventions nothing is lacking, and nothing is superfluous.

Irma A. Richter (ed.) ‘Selections from the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci’ (World’s Classics, 1952)

12.72 Alan Jay Lerner 1918-86

Thank heaven for little girls!
For little girls get bigger every day.

‘Gigi’ (1958) ‘Thank Heaven for Little Girls’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

I’m getting married in the morning,
Ding! dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Pull out the stopper;
Let’s have a whopper;
But get me to the church on time!

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘Get Me to the Church on Time’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

Why can’t a woman be more like a man?
Men are so honest, so thoroughly square;
Eternally noble, historically fair;

Who, when you win, will always give your back a pat.
Why can’t a woman be like that?

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘A Hymn to Him’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

I’ve grown accustomed to the trace
Of something in the air;
Accustomed to her face.

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘I’ve Grown Accustomed to her Face’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘The Rain in Spain’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

In Hampshire, Hertfordshire, and Herefordshire,
Hurricanes hardly ever happen.

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘The Rain in Spain’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air,
With one enormous chair;
Oh, wouldn’t it be loverly?

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956) ‘Wouldn’t it be Loverly’ (music by Frederick Loewe)

Oozing charm from every pore,
He oiled his way around the floor.

‘My Fair Lady’ (1956)

12.73 Doris Lessing 1919—

There’s only one real sin, and that is to persuade oneself that the second-best is anything but the second-best.

‘The Golden Notebook’ (1962) p. 554

When old settlers say ‘One has to understand the country,’ what they mean is, ‘You have to get used to our ideas about the native.’

‘The Grass is Singing’ (1950) ch. 1

When a white man in Africa by accident looks into the eyes of a native and sees the human being (which it is his chief preoccupation to avoid), his sense of guilt, which he denies, fumes up in resentment and he brings down the whip.

‘The Grass is Singing’ (1950) ch. 8

Pleasure resorts are like film stars and royalty...embarrassed by the figures they cut in the fantasies of people who have never met them.

‘The Habit of Loving’ (1957) ch. 17

What of October, that ambiguous month, the month of tension, the unendurable month?

‘The Martha Quest’ (1952) pt. 4, ch. 1

What is charm then? The free giving of a grace, the spending of something given by nature in her role of spendthrift...something extra, superfluous, unnecessary, essentially a power thrown away.

‘Particularly Cats’ (1967) ch. 9

12.74 G. E. Lessing 1729-81

Gestern liebt’ ich,
Heute leid’ ich,
Morgen sterb’ ich:
Dennoch denk’ ich
Heut und morgen
Gern an gestern.

Yesterday I loved, today I suffer, tomorrow I die: but I still think fondly, today and tomorrow, of yesterday.

‘Lied aus dem Spanischen’

Ein einziger dankbarer Gedanke gen Himmel ist das volkommenste Gebet.

One single grateful thought raised to heaven is the most perfect prayer.

‘Minna von Barnhelm’ (1767) act 2, sc. 7

Wenn Gott in seiner Rechten alle Wahrheit und in seiner Linken den einzigen, immer regen Trieb nach Warhheit, obgleich mit dem Zusatz, mich immer und ewig zu irren, verschlossen hielte and spräche zu mir: Wähle! ich fiele ihm mit Demut in seine Linke und sagte: Vater, gieb! Die reine Warhheit ist ja doch nur für Dich allein.

If God were to hold out enclosed in His right hand all Truth, and in His left hand just the active search for Truth, though with the condition that I should ever err therein, and should say to me: Choose! I should humbly take His left hand and say: Father! Give me this one; absolute Truth belongs to Thee alone.

‘Wolfenbüttler Fragmente’

12.75 Winifred Mary Letts 1882-1972

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-grey sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

‘The Spires of Oxford’ (1916)

12.76 Ros Levenstein

I’m only here for the beer.

Slogan for Double Diamond beer, 1971 onwards. Nigel Rees ‘Slogans’ (1982) p. 11

12.77 Ada Leverson 1865-1936

He seemed at ease and to have the look of the last gentleman in Europe.

On Oscar Wilde, in ‘Letters to the Sphinx’ (1930) p. 34

You don’t know a woman until you have had a letter from her.

‘Tenterhooks’ (1912) ch. 7

‘No hurry, no hurry,’ said Sir James, with that air of self-denial that conveys the urgent necessity of intense speed.

‘The Twelfth Hour’ ch. 2

Before he left, Aunt William pressed a sovereign into his hand, as if it were conscience money. He, on his side, took it as though it were a doctor’s fee, and both ignored the transaction.

‘The Twelfth Hour’ (1907) ch. 4

12.78 Bernard Levin 1928—

Paul Getty...had always been vastly, immeasurably wealthy, and yet went about looking like a man who cannot quite remember whether he remembered to turn the gas off before leaving home.

‘The Pendulum Years’ (1970) ch. 1

In every age of transition men are never so firmly bound to one way of life as when they are about to abandon it, so that fanaticism and intolerance reach their most intense forms before tolerance and mutual acceptance come to be the natural order of things.

‘The Pendulum Years’ (1970) ch. 4

Between them, then, the Walrus and Carpenter, they divided up the Sixties.

On the Harolds, Macmillan and Wilson, in ‘The Pendulum Years’ (1970) ch. 12

Whom the mad would destroy, they first make gods.

Of Mao Tse-Tung in 1967; Levin quoting himself in ‘The Times’ 21 September 1987.

A stag at bay with the mentality of a fox at large.

On Harold Macmillan; attributed

12.79 Duc de Lèvis 1764-1830

Noblesse oblige.

Nobility has its obligations.

‘Maximes et Rèflexions’ (1812 ed.) ‘Morale: Maximes et Prèceptes’ no. 73

Gouverner, c’est choisir.

To govern is to choose.

‘Maximes et Rèflexions’ (1812 ed.) ‘Politique: Maximes de Politique’ no. 19

12.80 Claude Lèvi-Strauss 1908—

La langue est une raison humaine qui a ses raisons, et que l’homme ne connaît pas.

Language is a form of human reason, and has its reasons which are unknown to man.

‘La Pensèe sauvage’ (1962) ch. 9.

12.81 G. H. Lewes (George Henry Lewes) 1817-78

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families.

‘The Physiology of Common Life’ (1859) ch. 12

The pen, in our age, weighs heavier in the social scale than the sword of a Norman Baron.

‘Ranthorpe’ (1847) epilogue

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed.

‘A Spanish Drama’ ch. 2

12.82 C. Day Lewis

See C. Day-Lewis (4.21)

12.83 C. S. Lewis 1898-1963

We have trained them [men] to think of the Future as a promised land which favoured heroes attain—not as something which everyone reaches at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, whatever he does, whoever he is.

‘The Screwtape Letters’ (1942) no. 25

She’s the sort of woman who lives for others—you can always tell the others by their hunted expression.

‘The Screwtape Letters’ (1942) no. 26

Term, holidays, term, holidays, till we leave school, and then work, work, work till we die.

‘Suprised by Joy’ (1955) ch. 4

Leavis demands moral earnestness; I prefer morality...I’d sooner live among people who don’t cheat at cards than among people who are earnest about not cheating at cards.

In Brian Aldiss and Kingsley Amis ‘Spectrum IV’

Courage is not simply one of the virtues but the form of every virtue at the testing point, which means at the point of highest reality.

In Cyril Connolly ‘The Unquiet Grave’ (1944) ch. 31

12.84 Esther Lewis (later Clark) fl. 1747-89

Are simple women only fit
To dress, to darn, to flower, or knit,
To mind the distaff, or the spit?
Why are the needle and the pen
Thought incompatible by men?

‘A Mirror for Detractors’ (1754) l. 146

12.85 Sir George Cornewall Lewis 1806-63

Life would be tolerable but for its amusements.

‘Dictionary of National Biography’

12.86 John Spedan Lewis 1885-1963

Never knowingly undersold.

Slogan (c. 1920) of the John Lewis Partnership, in 'Partnership for All' (1948) ch. 29

12.87 Wyndham Lewis (Percy Wyndham Lewis) 1882-1957

Those prosperous mountebanks who alternately imitate and mock at and traduce those figures they at once admire and hate.

Defining the eponymous Apes of God (1930) pt. 3

Gertrude Stein's prose-song is a cold, black suet-pudding...Cut it at any point, it is the same thing...all fat, without nerve.

'Time and Western Man' (1927) pt. 1, ch. 13

Angels in jumpers.

Describing the figures in Stanley Spencer's paintings; attributed

12.88 Sam M. Lewis 1885-1959 and Joe Young 1889-1939

How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm (after they've seen Paree)?

Title of song (1919)

Mammy, Mammy, look at me. Don't you know me? I'm your little baby.

'My Mammy' (1920 song); sung by Al Jolson

12.89 Sinclair Lewis 1885-1951

Our American professors like their literature clear and cold and pure and very dead.

'The American Fear of Literature' (Nobel Prize Address, 12 December 1930), in H. Frenz 'Literature 1901-67' (1969) p. 285

To George F. Babbitt, as to most prosperous citizens of Zenith, his motor car was poetry and tragedy, love and heroism. The office was his pirate ship but the car his perilous excursion ashore.

'Babbitt' (1922) ch. 3

In other countries, art and literature are left to a lot of shabby bums living in attics and feeding on booze and spaghetti, but in America the successful writer or picture-painter is indistinguishable from any other decent business man.

'Babbitt' (1922) ch. 14

She did her work with the thoroughness of a mind that reveres details and never quite understands them.

'Babbitt' (1922) ch. 18

It can't happen here.

Title of novel (1935)

12.90 Robert Ley 1890-1945

Kraft durch Freude.

Strength through joy.

German Labour Front slogan, in 'The Times' 30 November 1933, p. 13

12.91 George Leybourne d. 1884

O he flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.

'The Daring Young Man' (1868 song)

12.92 Liberace (Wladziu Valentino Liberace) 1919-87

He [Liberace] begins to belabour the critics announcing that he doesn't mind what they say but that poor George [his brother] 'cried all the way to the bank'.

'Collier's' 17 September 1954. Liberace's 'Autobiography' (1973) ch. 2: 'When the reviews are bad I tell my staff that they can join me as I cry all the way to the bank')

12.93 Georg Christoph Lichtenberg 1742-99

The journalists have constructed for themselves a little wooden chapel, which they also call the Temple of Fame, in which they put up and take down portraits all day long and make such a hammering you can't hear yourself speak.

In 'Observer' 18 November 1990, p. 20

12.94 Charles-Joseph, Prince de Ligne 1735-1814

Le congrés ne marche pas, il danse.

The Congress makes no progress; it dances.

In Auguste de la Garde-Chambonas 'Souvenirs du Congrés de Vienne' (1820) ch. 1

12.95 Beatrice Lillie 1894-1989

Never darken my Dior again!

To a waiter, who had spilled soup down her neck, in 'Every Other Inch a Lady' (1973) ch. 14

12.96 George Lillo 1693-1739

There's sure no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in music.

'The Fatal Curiosity' (1736) act 1, sc. 2

12.97 Abraham Lincoln 1809-1865

The ballot is stronger than the bullet.

Speech, 19 May 1856

'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free.

Speech, 16 June 1858.

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all of the time.

Attributed, in a speech at Clinton, 8 September 1858: N. W. Stephenson 'Autobiography of A. Lincoln' (1927). Attributed also to Phineas Barnum

What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried?

Speech, 27 February 1860

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Speech, 27 February 1860

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules.

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1861

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1861

Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history...No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honour or dishonour to the last generation.

Annual Message to Congress, 1 December 1862

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth.

Annual Message to Congress, 1 December 1862

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, ‘The judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’

Second Inaugural Address, 4 March 1865

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Second Inaugural Address, 4 March 1865

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal...In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and

that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
Address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 19 November 1863, as reported the following day; the Lincoln Memorial inscription reads ‘by the people, for the people’.

I think the necessity of being ready increases.—Look to it.
The whole of a letter to Governor Andrew Curtin of Pennsylvania, 8 April 1861

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union...If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that...I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.
Letter to Horace Greeley, 22 August 1862

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.
Letter to A. G. Hodges, 4 April 1864

As President, I have no eyes but constitutional eyes; I cannot see you.
Attributed reply to the South Carolina Commissioners.

The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is why he makes so many of them.
In James Morgan ‘Our President’ ch. 6

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.
Reply to National Union League, 9 June 1864, in J. G. Nicolay and J. Hay ‘Abraham Lincoln’ bk. 9

People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like.
Judgement on a book, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 30

So you’re the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war!
On meeting Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ (1852); in Carl Sandburg ‘Abraham Lincoln: The War Years’ vol. 2, ch. 39

12.98 R. M. Lindner 1914-56

Rebel without a cause.
Title of book (1944) and film (1955) starring James Dean

12.99 Vachel Lindsay 1879-1931

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,
Cutting through the forest with a golden track.
‘The Congo’ pt. 1 (1914)

Booth led boldly with his big brass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: ‘He’s come.’
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking Lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—

Minds still passion-ridden, soul-power frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

'General William Booth Enters into Heaven' (1913).

Booth died blind and still by faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.

'General William Booth Enters into Heaven' (1913)

12.100 Eric Linklater 1899-1974

'There won't be any revolution in America,' said Isadore. Nikitin agreed. 'The people are all too clean. They spend all their time changing their shirts and washing themselves. You can't feel fierce and revolutionary in a bathroom.'

'Juan in America' (1931) bk. 5, pt. 3

12.101 Art Linkletter 1912—

The four stages of man are infancy, childhood, adolescence and obsolescence.

'A Child's Garden of Misinformation' (1965) ch. 8

12.102 George Linley 1798-1865

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh, let the prayer re-echo:
'God bless the Prince of Wales!'

'God Bless the Prince of Wales'

12.103 Walter Lippmann 1889-1974

Mr Coolidge's genius for inactivity is developed to a very high point. It is far from being an indolent activity. It is a grim, determined, alert inactivity which keeps Mr Coolidge occupied constantly. Nobody has ever worked harder at inactivity, with such force of character, with such unremitting attention to detail, with such conscientious devotion to the task.

'Men of Destiny' (1927) p. 12

12.104 Joan Littlewood and Charles Chilton 1914—

Oh what a lovely war.

Title of stage show (1963)

12.105 Maxim Litvinov 1876-1951

Peace is indivisible.

Note to the Allies, 25 February 1920, in A. U. Pope 'Maxim Litvinoff' (1943) p. 234

12.106 Livy (Titus Livius) 59 B.C.—AD 17

Vae victis.

Down with the defeated!

The cry (already proverbial) of the Gallic King, Brennus, on capturing Rome (390 B.C.), in ‘Ab Urbe Condita’ bk. 5, ch. 48, sect. 9

Pugna magna victi sumus.

In a battle, a big one, we were the defeated!

The announcement of the Roman disaster in Hannibal’s ambush at Lake Trasimene (217 B.C.), in ‘Ab Urbe Condita’ bk. 22, ch. 7, sect. 8

12.107 Richard Llewellyn (Richard Dafydd Vivian Llewellyn Lloyd) 1907-83

How green was my valley.

Title of book (1939)

12.108 Robert Lloyd

Turn parson, Colman, that’s the way to thrive;
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.

‘The Law-Student’ (1762)

Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chicanery of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Sense!

‘The Law-Student’ (1762) (on Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice, 1756-88)

True Genius, like Armida’s wand,
Can raise the spring from barren land.
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf’ring from the first creation.

‘Shakespeare’ (1762)

12.109 David Lloyd George (Earl Lloyd-George of Dwyfor) 1863-1945

The leal and trusty mastiff which is to watch over our interests, but which runs away at the first snarl of the trade unions....A mastiff? It is the right hon. Gentleman’s poodle.

On the House of Lords and Lord Balfour, in ‘Hansard’ 26 June 1907, col. 1429

A fully-equipped duke costs as much to keep up as two Dreadnoughts; and dukes are just as great a terror and they last longer.

Speech at Newcastle, 9 October 1909, in ‘The Times’ 11 October 1909

The great peaks of honour we had forgotten—Duty, Patriotism, and—clad in glittering white—the great pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven.

Speech at Queen’s Hall, London, 19 September 1914, in ‘The Times’ 20 September 1914

At eleven o’clock this morning came to an end the cruellest and most terrible war that has ever

scourged mankind. I hope we may say that thus, this fateful morning, came to an end all wars.
In 'Hansard' 11 November 1918, col. 2463.

What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in.
Speech at Wolverhampton, 23 November 1918, in 'The Times' 25 November 1918

M. Clemenceau...is one of the greatest living orators, but he knows that the finest eloquence is that which gets things done and the worst is that which delays them.
Speech at Paris Peace Conference, 18 January 1919, in 'The Times' 20 January 1919

A politician was a person with whose politics you did not agree. When you did agree, he was a statesman.
Speech at Central Hall, Westminster, 2 July 1935, in 'The Times' 3 July 1935

Negotiating with de Valera...is like trying to pick up mercury with a fork.
In M. J. MacManus 'Eamon de Valera' (1944) ch. 6 (to which de Valera replied, 'Why doesn't he use a spoon?')

The world is becoming like a lunatic asylum run by lunatics.
In 'Observer' 8 January 1933.

Sufficient conscience to bother him, but not sufficient to keep him straight.
On Ramsay MacDonald, in A. J. Sylvester 'Life with Lloyd George' (1975) p. 216

12.110 John Locke 1632-1704

New opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) dedicatory epistle

The commonwealth of learning is not at this time without master-builders, whose mighty designs, in advancing the sciences, will leave lasting monuments to the admiration of posterity... in an age that produces such masters as the great Huygenius and the incomparable Mr Newton...'tis ambition enough to be employed as an under-labourer in clearing ground a little, and removing some of the rubbish that lies in the way of knowledge.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) epistle to the reader

General propositions are seldom mentioned in the huts of Indians: much less are they to found in the thoughts of children.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) bk. 1, ch. 2, sect. 11

Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no uses.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) bk. 2, ch. 1, sect. 15

No man's knowledge here can go beyond his experience.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) bk. 2, ch. 1, sect. 19

It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of truth.
'An Essay concerning Human Understanding' (1690) bk. 4, ch. 7, sect. 11

There are very few lovers of truth, for truth-sake, even among those who persuade themselves that they are so. How a man may know, whether he be so, in earnest, is worth enquiry; and I think, there is this one unerring mark of it, viz. the not entertaining any proposition with greater

assurance than the proof it is built on will warrant. Whoever goes beyond this measure of assent, it is plain, receives not truth in the love of it, loves not truth for truth-sake, but for some other by-end.

‘An Essay concerning Human Understanding’ (1690) bk. 4, ch. 19, sect. 1

Reason is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light, and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties.

‘An Essay concerning Human Understanding’ (1690) bk. 4, ch. 19, sect. 4

Crooked things may be as stiff and unflexible as straight: and men may be as positive in error as in truth.

‘An Essay concerning Human Understanding’ (1690) bk. 4, ch. 19, sect. 11

All men are liable to error; and most men are, in many points, by passion or interest, under temptation to it.

‘An Essay concerning Human Understanding’ (1690) bk. 4, ch. 20, sect. 17

The great and chief end...of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690)

Whatsoever...[man] removes out of the state that nature hath provided and left it in, he hath mixed his labour with, and joined to it something that is his own, and thereby makes it his property.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 5, sect. 27

[That] ill deserves the name of confinement which hedges us in only from bogs and precipices. So that, however it may be mistaken, the end of law is, not to abolish or restrain, but to preserve and enlarge freedom.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 6, sect. 57

Man...hath by nature a power...to preserve his property—that is, his life, liberty, and estate—against the injuries and attempts of other men.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 7, sect. 87

Man being...by nature all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate, and subjected to the political power of another, without his own consent.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 8, sect. 95

The only way by which any one divests himself of his natural liberty and puts on the bonds of civil society is by agreeing with other men to join and unite into a community.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 8, sect. 95

This power to act according to discretion for the public good, without the prescription of the law, and sometimes even against it, is that which is called prerogative.

‘Second Treatise of Civil Government’ (1690) ch. 14, sect. 160

The rod, which is the only instrument of government that tutors generally know, or ever think of, is the most unfit of any to be used in education.

‘Some Thoughts Concerning Education’ (5th ed., 1705) sect. 47

You would think him a very foolish fellow, that should not value a virtuous, or a wise man, infinitely before a great scholar.

'Some Thoughts Concerning Education' (5th ed., 1705) sect. 147

12.111 Frederick Locker-Lampson 1821-95

The world's as ugly, ay, as sin,
And almost as delightful.

'The Jester's Plea' (1868)

And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs Grundy.

'The Jester's Plea' (1868)

Some men are good for righting wrongs,—
And some for writing verses.

'The Jester's Plea' (1868)

12.112 John Gibson Lockhart 1794-1854

It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop Mr John, back to 'plasters, pills, and ointment boxes.'

Reviewing Keats Endymion in 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine' August 1818

Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

'Epitaph for William Maginn (1794-1842)', in William Maginn 'Miscellanies' (1885) vol. 1, p. xviii

Here lies that peerless paper peer Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and metre.

Epitaph for Patrick ('Peter'), Lord Robertson, in 'The Journal of Sir Walter Scott' (1890) vol. 1, p. 259, n. 2

12.113 Francis Lockier 1667-1740

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense. I believe everybody of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can.

In Joseph Spence 'Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters, of Books and Men' (1820) sect. 2, p. 72

12.114 David Lodge 1935—

Literature is mostly about having sex and not much about having children. Life is the other way round.

'The British Museum is Falling Down' (1965) ch. 4

Four times, under our educational rules, the human pack is shuffled and cut—at eleven-plus, sixteen-plus, eighteen-plus and twenty-plus—and happy is he who comes top of the deck on each occasion, but especially the last. This is called Finals, the very name of which implies that nothing of importance can happen after it.

'Changing Places' (1975) ch. 1

The British postgraduate student is a lonely forlorn soul, uncertain of what he is doing or whom he is trying to please—you may recognize him...by the glazed look in his eyes, the vacant stare of the shell-shocked veteran for whom nothing has been real since the Big Push.

'Changing Places' (1975) ch. 1

He understood...Walt Whitman who laid end to end words never seen in each other's company before outside of a dictionary, and Herman Melville who split the atom of the traditional novel in the effort to make whaling a universal metaphor.

'Changing Places' (1975) ch. 5

12.115 Thomas Lodge c.1558-1625

Love, in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet.

'Love, In My Bosom'

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

'Rosalind's Description'

12.116 Frank Loesser 1910-69

See what the boys in the back room will have
And tell them I'm having the same.

'Boys in the Back Room' (1939 song)

Isn't it grand! Isn't it fine! Look at the cut, the style, the line!
The suit of clothes is altogether, but altogether its altogether
The most remarkable suit of clothes that I have ever seen.

'The King's New Clothes' (1952 song), from the film 'Hans Christian Andersen'

I'd love to get you
On a slow boat to China,
All to myself, alone.

'Slow Boat to China' (1948 song)

12.117 Friedrich von Logau 1604-55

Gottes Mühlen mahlen langsam, mahlen aber trefflich klein;
Ob aus Langmut Er sich säumet, bringt mit Schärf' Er alles ein.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

'Sinnegedichte' (1654) Desz Dritten Tausend, Andres Hundert, no. 24 (translation by Longfellow)

12.118 Jack London (John Griffith London) 1876-1916

The call of the wild.

Title of novel (1903)

12.119 Huey Long 1893-1935

The time has come for all good men to rise above principle.
In T. Harry Williams ‘Huey Long’ (1969)

Hell, I was born barefoot.
To a rival candidate, who had claimed he never wore shoes until he was eight, in T. Harry Williams ‘Huey Long’ (1969)

12.120 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807-82

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where.
‘The Arrow and the Song’ (1845)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
‘The Building of the Ship’ (1849)

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
‘Children’ (1849)

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations,
That is known as the Children’s Hour.
‘The Children’s Hour’ (1859)

The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
‘The Day is Done’ (1844)

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.
‘Elegiac Verse’ (1880)

This is the forest primeval.
‘Evangeline’ (1847) introduction

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
‘Evangeline’ (1847) pt. 2, l. 60

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, ’mid snow and ice,

A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

‘Excelsior’ (1841)

‘Try not the Pass!’ the old man said;
‘Dark lowers the tempest overhead.’

‘Excelsior’ (1841)

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found.

‘Excelsior’ (1841)

Giotto’s tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone.

‘Giotto’s Tower’ (1866)

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God’s-Acre!

‘God’s-Acre’ (1841)

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart.

‘Holidays’

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

‘The Ladder of Saint Augustine’ (1850)

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

‘Maidenhood’ (1841)

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

‘Michael Angelo’ (1883) pt. 1, sect. 5

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-rides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
‘A boy’s will is the wind’s will

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.’

‘My Lost Youth’ (1858)

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

‘Nuremberg’ (1844) (on Albrecht Dürer)

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

‘The Poets’ (1876)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838).

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838).

Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o’erhead!

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838).

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838)

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838).

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

‘A Psalm of Life’ (1838)

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

‘Santa Filomena’ (1857) (on Florence Nightingale)

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

‘The Slave’s Dream’ (1842)

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

‘The Song of Hiawatha’ (1855) ‘Hiawatha’s Childhood’

From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

‘The Song of Hiawatha’ (1855) ‘Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis’

Onaway! Awake, beloved!

‘The Song of Hiawatha’ (1855) ‘Hiawatha’s Wedding-feast’

He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!

‘The Song of Hiawatha’ (1855) 15 ‘Hiawatha’s Lamentation’

Listen, my children, and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five.

‘Tales of a Wayside Inn’ pt. 1 (1863) ‘The Landlord’s Tale: Paul Revere’s Ride’

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out from a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.

‘Tales of a Wayside Inn’ pt. 1 (1863) ‘The Landlord’s Tale: Paul Revere’s Ride’

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence.

‘Tales of a Wayside Inn’ pt. 3 (1874) ‘The Theologian’s Tale: Elizabeth’ pt. 4

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

‘The Village Blacksmith’ (1839)

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

‘The Wreck of the Hesperus’ (1839)

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

‘The Wreck of the Hesperus’ (1839)

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

Composed for, and sung to, his second daughter while a babe in arms, c.1850. B. R. Tucker-Macchetta ‘The Home Life of Henry W. Longfellow’ (1882) ch. 5, also E. W. Longfellow ‘Random Memories’ (1922) p. 15

The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight-ninths of the whole, alighted on the jasmines, and a female buzzed responsive to the hum of the male inclosed at night in a water-lily.

O, beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees.

‘Kavanagh’ (1849) ch. 4

See also Friedrich von Logau (12.117)

12.121 Longinus

Sublimity is the echo of a noble mind.

‘On the Sublime’ sect. 9

12.122 Frederick Lonsdale 1881-1954

Don’t keep finishing your sentences, I’m not a bloody fool.

To the author, in Frances Donaldson ‘Child of the Twenties’ (1959) p. 11

12.123 Anita Loos 1893-1981

So this gentleman said a girl with brains ought to do something with them besides think.

‘Gentlemen Prefer Blondes’ (1925) ch. 1

She said she always believed in the old addage, ‘Leave them while you’re looking good.’

‘Gentlemen Prefer Blondes’ (1925) ch. 1

Kissing your hand may make you feel very very good but a diamond and safire bracelet lasts forever.

‘Gentlemen Prefer Blondes’ (1925) ch. 4.

Fun is fun but no girl wants to laugh all of the time.

‘Gentlemen Prefer Blondes’ (1925) ch. 4

So then Dr Froyd said that all I needed was to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep.

‘Gentlemen Prefer Blondes’ (1925) ch. 5

12.124 Frederico García Lorca 1899-1936

See García Lorca (7.12)

12.125 Konrad Lorenz 1903-89

Überhaupt ist es für den Forscher ein guter Morgensport, täglich vor dem Frühstück eine Lieblingshypothese einzustampfen—das erhält jung.

It is a good morning exercise for a research scientist to discard a pet hypothesis every day before breakfast. It keeps him young.

‘Das sogennante Böse’ (The So-Called Evil, 1963; translated by Marjorie Latzke as ‘On Aggression’, 1966) ch. 2

12.126 Louis XIV 1638-1715

L’Ètat c’est moi.

I am the State.

Before the Parlement de Paris, 13 April 1655, in Dulaure ‘Histoire de Paris’ (1834) vol. 6, p. 298 (probably

apocryphal)

J’ai failli attendre.

I almost had to wait.

Expressing impatience; attribution doubted, among others, by E. Fournier in ‘L’Esprit dans l’Histoire’ (4th edition, 1884) ch. 48

Toutes les fois que je donne une place vacante, je fais cent mècontents et un ingrat.

Every time I create an appointment, I create a hundred malcontents and one ingrate.

In Voltaire ‘Siécle de Louis XIV’ (1753) ch. 26

Il n’y a plus de Pyrènèes.

The Pyrenees are no more.

On the accession of his grandson to the throne of Spain, 1700. Attributed by Voltaire in ‘Siécle de Louis XIV’ (1753) ch. 26, but to the Spanish Ambassador in ‘Mercure Galant’ November 1700, p. 237

12.127 Louis XVIII 1755-1824

Rappelez-vous bien qu’il n’est aucun de vous qui n’ait dans sa giberne le bâton de marèchal du duc de Reggio; c’est á vous á l’en fait sortir.

Speech to Saint Cyr cadets, 9 August 1819, in ‘Moniteur Universel’ 10 August 1819

L’exactitude est la politesse des rois.

Punctuality is the politeness of kings.

Attributed, in ‘Souvenirs de J. Lafitte’ (1844) bk. 1, ch. 3

12.128 Richard Lovelace 1618-58

Lucasta that bright northern star.

‘Amyntor from Beyond the Sea to Alexis’

Forbear, thou great good husband, little ant.

‘The Ant’

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye;
The Gods, that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

‘To Althea, From Prison’

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

‘To Althea, From Prison’

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,

Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

‘To Althea, From Prison’

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

‘To Althea, From Prison’

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then my Lucasta might I crave
Pity from blust’ring wind, or swallowing wave.

‘To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas’

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

‘To Lucasta, Going to the Wars’

12.129 Samuel Lover 1797-1868

When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen.

‘Handy Andy’ (1842) ch. 36

12.130 David Low 1891-1963

Colonel Blimp.

Generic name for the archetypal right-wing voter from the shires

I have never met anyone who wasn't against war. Even Hitler and Mussolini were, according to themselves.

'New York Times Magazine' 10 February 1946

12.131 Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke 1811-92

I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters.

In 'Hansard' 15 July 1867, col. 1549, on the passing of the Reform Bill, popularized as 'We must educate our masters'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man whose duties make him more or less of a taxing machine. He is intrusted with a certain amount of misery which it is his duty to distribute as fairly as he can.

In 'Hansard' 11 April 1870, col. 1639

12.132 Amy Lowell 1874-1925

And the softness of my body will be guarded by embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

'Patterns' (1916)

I [Death] was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.

'Sheppy' (1933) act 3

All books are either dreams or swords,
You can cut, or you can drug, with words.

'Sword Blades and Poppy Seed' (1914).

12.133 James Russell Lowell 1819-91

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'The Biglow Papers' (First Series, 1848) no. 1 'A Letter'

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded.

'The Biglow Papers' (First Series, 1848) no. 6 'The Pious Editor's Creed'

We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag; an' ef this
Ain't to be interpendunt, why, wut on airth is?

‘The Biglow Papers’ (Second Series, 1867) no. 4 ‘A Message of Jeff. Davis in Secret Session’

There comes Poe with his raven like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.

‘A Fable for Critics’ (1848) l. 1215.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will:
And blesséd are the horny hands of toil!

‘A Glance Behind the Curtain’ (1844)

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English thread.

‘In a Copy of Omar Khayy m’

Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

‘On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves’ (1854)

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

‘The Present Crisis’ (1845)

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

‘The Present Crisis’ (1845)

New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

‘The Present Crisis’ (1845)

May is a pious fraud of the almanac.

‘Under the Willows’ (1869) l. 21

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

‘Democracy and other Addresses’ (1887) ‘Democracy’

12.134 Robert Lowell 1917-77

My eyes have seen what my hand did.

‘Dolphin’ (1973)

Terrible that old life of decency
without unseemly intimacy
or quarrels, when the unemancipated woman
still had her Freudian papa and maids!

‘During Fever’ (1959)

The aquarium is gone. Everywhere,
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

‘For the Union Dead’ (1964)

Their monument sticks like a fishbone
in the city’s throat.

‘For the Union Dead’ (1964)

These are the tranquillized Fifties,
and I am forty. Ought I to regret my seed-time?
I was a fire-breathing Catholic C.O.,
and made my manic statement,
telling off the state and president, and then
sat waiting sentence in the bull pen
beside a Negro boy with curlicues
of marijuana in his hair.

‘Memories of West Street and Lepke’ (1956)

I saw the spiders marching through the air,
Swimming from tree to tree that mildewed day
In latter August when the hay
Came creaking to the barn.

‘Mr Edwards and the Spider’ (1950)

This is death.
To die and know it. This is the Black Widow, death.

‘Mr Edwards and the Spider’ (1950)

The Lord survives the rainbow of His will.

‘The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket’ (1950)

We feel the machine slipping from our hands
As if someone else were steering;
If we see light at the end of the tunnel,
It’s the light of the oncoming train.

‘Since 1939’ (1977).

My mind’s not right.

A car radio bleats,
‘Love, O careless Love...’ I hear
my ill-spirit sob in each blood cell,
as if my hand were at its throat...
I myself am hell,
nobody’s here.

‘Skunk Hour’ (1959) st. 5

But I suppose even God was born
too late to trust the old religion—
all those settings out
that never left the ground,
beginning in wisdom, dying in doubt.
‘Tenth Muse’ (1964)

At forty-five,
What next, what next?
At every corner,
I meet my Father,
my age, still alive.
‘Middle Age’ (1964)

Who asks for me, the Shelley of my age,
must lay his heart out for my bed and board.
‘Words for Hart Crane’ (1959)

12.135 William Lowndes 1652-1724

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.
In Lord Chesterfield ‘Letters Written...to his Son’ (1774) 5 February1750; ‘...for the pounds...’ in an earlier letter, 6 November 1747

12.136 L. S. Lowry 1887-1976

I’m a simple man, and I use simple materials.
In Mervyn Levy ‘Paintings of L. S. Lowry’ (1975) p. 11

12.137 Malcolm Lowry 1909-57

How alike are the groans of love to those of the dying.
‘Under the Volcano’ (1947) ch. 12

12.138 Lucan A.D. 39-65

Quis iustius induit arma
Scire nefas, magno se iudice quisque tuetur:
Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

It is not granted to know which man took up arms with more right on his side. Each pleads his cause before a great judge: the winning cause pleased the gods, but the losing one pleased Cato.
‘Pharsalia’ bk. 1, l. 126

Stat magni nominis umbra.

There stands the ghost of a great name.
‘Pharsalia’ bk. 1, l. 135 (on Pompey)

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.

Thinking nothing done while anything remained to be done.
‘Pharsalia’ bk. 2, l. 657

Coniunx
Est mihi, sunt nati: dedimus tot pignora fatis.

I have a wife, I have sons: all of them hostages to fortune.
‘Pharsalia’ bk. 6, l. 661.

Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris.

Jupiter is whatever you see, whichever way you move.
‘Pharsalia’ bk. 9, l. 580

12.139 George Lucas 1944—

The Empire strikes back.
Title of film (1980)

Then man your ships, and may the force be with you.
‘Star Wars’ (1977 film)

12.140 Lucilius (Gaius Lucilius) c.180-102 B.C.

Maior erat natu; non omnia possumus omnes.

He was older; we cannot all do everything.
In Macrobius ‘Saturnalia’ bk. 6, ch. 1, sect. 35.

12.141 Lucretius c.94-55 B.C.

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
Atque omne immensum peragravit, mente animoque.

So the vital strength of his spirit won through, and he made his way far outside the flaming walls of the world and ranged over the measureless whole, both in mind and spirit.
‘De Rerum Natura’ bk. 1, l. 72 (on Epicurus)

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

So much wrong could religion induce.
‘De Rerum Natura’ bk. 1, l. 101

Nil posse creari
De nilo.

Nothing can be created out of nothing.
‘De Rerum Natura’ bk. 1, l. 155

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.

Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli.
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.

Lovely it is, when the winds are churning up the waves on the great sea, to gaze out from the land on the great efforts of someone else; not because it's an enjoyable pleasure that somebody is in difficulties, but because it's lovely to realize what troubles you are yourself spared. Lovely also to witness great battle-plans of war, carried out across the plains, without your having any share in the danger. But nothing is sweeter than to occupy the quiet precincts that are well protected by the teachings of the wise, from where you can look down on others and see them wandering all over the place, getting lost and seeking the way in life, striving by their wits, pitting their noble birth, by night and by day struggling by superior efforts to rise to power at the top and make all theirs.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 2, l. 1

Augescunt aliae gentes, aliae minuntur,
Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecla animantum
Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.

Some races increase, others are reduced, and in a short while the generations of living creatures are changed and like runners relay the torch of life.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 2, l. 7

Nil igitur mors est ad nos neque pertinet hilum,
Quandoquidem natura animi mortalis habetur.

Death therefore is nothing to us nor does it concern us a scrap, seeing that the nature of the spirit we possess is something mortal.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 3, l. 830

Scire licet nobis nil esse in morte timendum
Nec miserum fieri qui non est posse neque hilum
Differre an nullo fuerit iam tempore natus,
Mortalem vitam mors cum immortalis ademit.

We can know there is nothing to be feared in death, that one who is not cannot be made unhappy, and that it matters not a scrap whether one might ever have been born at all, when death that is immortal has taken over one's mortal life.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 3, l. 866

Vitaque mancipio, nulli datur, omnibus usu.

And life is given to none freehold, but it is leasehold for all.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 3, l. 971

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

From the midst of the fountain of delights rises something bitter that chokes them all amongst the flowers.

'De Rerum Natura' bk. 4, l. 1133

12.142 Fray Luis de León c.1527-91

Que descansada vida
la del que huye el mundanal ruido,
y sigue la escondida
senda, por donde han ido
los pocos sabios que en el mundo han sido!

What a relaxed life is that which flees the worldly clamour, and follows the hidden path down which have gone the few wise men there have been in the world!

'Vida Retirada'

Dicebamus hesterno die...

We were saying yesterday...

On resuming a lecture at Salamanca University, in 1577, after five years' imprisonment; attributed, among others, by A. F. G. Bell in 'Luis de León' ch. 8

12.143 Martin Luther 1483-1546

Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude in Christo.

Be a sinner and sin strongly, but more strongly have faith and rejoice in Christ.

Letter to Melanchthon, 1521, in 'Epistolae' (Jena, 1556) vol. 1, folio 345 verso

Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.

Here stand I. I can do no other. God help me. Amen.

Speech at the Diet of Worms, 18 April 1521, in 'The Autobiography of Martin Luther' (translated by J. P. Lawson, 1836) ch. 5

Wenn ich gewusst hätte, dass so viel Teufel auf mich gezielet hätten, als Ziegel auf den Dächern waren zu Worms, wäre ich dennoch eingeritten.

If I had heard that as many devils would set on me in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I should none the less have ridden there.

To the Princes of Saxony, 21 August 1524, in 'Sämmtliche Schriften' vol. 16 (1745) ch. 10, sect. 1, no. 763:15

Darum gibt unser Herr Gott gemeinglich Reichtum den grossen Eseln, denen er sonst nichts gönnt.

So our Lord God commonly gives riches to those gross asses to whom He vouchsafes nothing else.

‘Colloquia’ (collected by J. Aurifaber, 1566) ch. 20

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gutes Wehr und Waffen.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon.

‘Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott’ (1529) translation by Thomas Carlyle

Das alleine das trawen und gleuben des hertzens machet beide Gott und abeGott.

The confidence and faith of the heart alone make both God and an idol.

‘Large Catechism’ (1529) ‘The First Commandment’

Worauf du nu...dein hertz hengest und verlessest, das ist eygentlich dein Gott.

Whatever your heart clings to and confides in that is really your God.

‘Large Catechism’(1529) ‘The First Commandment’

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

Who loves not woman, wine, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Attributed; written in the Luther room in the Wartburg, but no proof exists of its authorship

12.144 Rosa Luxemburg 1871-1919

Freiheit ist immer nur Freiheit des anders Denkenden.

Freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the one who thinks differently.

‘Die Russische Revolution’ (1918) sect. 4

12.145 John Lydgate c.1370-c.1451

Sithe off oure language he was the lodesterre.

‘The Fall of Princes’ prologue l. 252 (on Chaucer)

Sithe he off Inglissh in makyng was the beste,
Preie onto God to yiue his soule good reste.

‘The Fall of Princes’ prologue l. 356

Comparisouns doon offte gret greuaunce.

‘The Fall of Princes’ bk. 3, l. 2188

Woord is but wynd; leff woord and tak the dede.

‘Secrees of Old Phillsoffres’ l. 1224

Love is mor than gold or gret richesse.

‘The Story of Thebes’ pt. 3, l. 2716

12.146 John Lyly c.1554-1606

Campaspe: Were women never so fair, men would be false.
Apelles: Were women never so false, men would be fond.

‘Campaspe’ (1584) act 3, sc. 3

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid.

‘Campaspe’ (1584) act 3, sc. 5

At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

‘Campaspe’ (1584) act 3, sc. 5

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O ’tis the ravished nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

‘Campaspe’ (1584) act 5, sc. 1

How at heaven’s gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

‘Campaspe’ (1584) act 5, sc. 1 (the lark)

Be valiant, but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly.

‘Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit’ (1578) p. 39 in the Arber ed. (1868)

Night hath a thousand eyes.

‘The Maydes Metamorphosis’ (1600) act 3, sc. 1

If all the earth were paper white
And all the sea were ink
’Twere not enough for me to write
As my poor heart doth think.

‘If all the earth were paper white’ in R. Warwick Bond (ed.) ‘The Complete Works’ (1902) vol. 3, p. 452

12.147 Baron Lyndhurst 1772-1863

Campbell has added another terror to death.

On being reassured that he had not yet been included in Lord Campbell’s ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors’; attributed by Sir H. Poland. E. Bowen-Rowlands ‘Seventy-Two Years At the Bar’ ch. 10.

12.148 Lysander d. 395 B.C.

Deceive boys with toys, but men with oaths.

In Plutarch ‘Parallel Lives’ ‘Lysander’ ch. 8

12.149 H. F. Lyte 1793-1847

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

'Abide with Me' (probably written in 1847). See St Luke ch. 24, v. 29: 'Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent'

12.150 George Lyttelton (first Baron Lyttleton) 1709-73

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat.

'Advice to a Lady' (1773)

12.151 E. R. Bulwer, first Earl of Lytton

See Owen Meredith (1.114) in Volume II

1.0 M

1.1 Ward McAllister 1827-95

There are only about four hundred people in New York society.

Interview with Charles H. Crandall in 'New York Tribune', 1888, in 'Dictionary of American Biography' vol. 11 (1933)

1.2 Alexander McArthur and H. Kingsley Long

Battles and sex are the only free diversions in slum life. Couple them with drink, which costs money, and you have the three principal outlets for that escape complex which is for ever working in the tenement dweller's subconscious mind.

'No Mean City' (1935) ch. 4

1.3 Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964

In war, indeed, there can be no substitute for victory.

'Congressional Record' 19 April 1951, vol. 97, pt. 3, p. 4125

I came through and I shall return.

On reaching Australia, 20 March 1942, having broken through Japanese lines on his way from Corregidor; 'New York Times' 21 March 1942, p. 1

1.4 Thomas Babington Macaulay (first Baron Macaulay of Rothley Temple) 1800-59

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

'Biographical Essays' (1857) 'Frederic the Great'

The English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.

'John Dryden' in 'Edinburgh Review' January 1828

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar.

'John Dryden' in 'Edinburgh Review' January 1828

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion.

'Essay on Athenian Orators' in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' August 1824

The business of everybody is the business of nobody.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Hallam'

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Hallam'

He knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'John Hampden'

The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Samuel Johnson'

They knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Samuel Johnson'

The gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Samuel Johnson'

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the Devil.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Machiavelli'

As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Milton'

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Milton'

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they [the Puritans] looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Milton'

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Moore's Life of Lord Byron'

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Moore's Life of Lord Byron'

We have heard it said that five per cent is the natural interest of money.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 1 'Southey's Colloquies'

With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'Lord Bacon'

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'Lord Bacon'

The rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories.

On Gladstone in 'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'Gladstone on Church and State'

The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and to reflect the dawn.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'Sir James Mackintosh'

The history of England is emphatically the history of progress.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'Sir James Mackintosh'

Biographers, translators, editors, all, in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or writings of others, are peculiarly exposed to the Lues Boswelliana, or disease of admiration.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'William Pitt, Earl of Chatham'

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' 1843 vol. 2 'Horace Walpole'

The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it [the territory] is worth.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 2 'War of the Succession in Spain'

Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 3 'Lord Clive'

The Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 3 'Warren Hastings'

That temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 3 'Warren Hastings' (on Westminster Abbey)

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 3 'Von Ranke'.

She [the Church of Rome] thoroughly understands what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts.

'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1843) vol. 3 'Von Ranke'

A rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.

On Richard Steele in 'Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review'' (1850) 'The Life and Writings of Addison'

[History] is a debatable line. It lies on the confines of two distinct territories. It is under the jurisdiction of two hostile powers; and like other districts similarly situated it is ill-defined, ill-cultivated, and ill-regulated. Instead of being equally shared between its two rulers, the Reason and the Imagination, it falls alternately under the sole and absolute dominion of each. It is sometimes fiction. It is sometimes theory.

'History' in 'Edinburgh Review' May 1828

Knowledge advances by steps, and not by leaps.

'History' in 'Edinburgh Review' May 1828

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.

'History of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 1

Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world.

'History of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 1

Persecution produced its natural effect on them [Puritans and Calvinists]. It found them a sect; it made them a faction.

'History of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 1

It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians.

'History of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 2

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

'History of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 2

We must at present do our best to form a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern; a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect.

Minute, as Member of Supreme Council of India, 2 February 1835, in W. Nassan Lees 'Indian Musalm ns' (1871) p. 93

Chatham was only the ruin of Pitt, but an awful and majestic ruin, not to be contemplated by any man of sense and feeling without emotions resembling those which are excited by the remains of the Parthenon and the Coliseum.

'William Pitt' in 'Edinburgh Review' January 1859

Thank you, madam, the agony is abated.

Aged four, hot coffee having been spilt over his legs, in G. M. Trevelyan 'The Life and Letters of Macaulay' ch. 1

We were regaled by a dogfight...How odd that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation.

In G. M. Trevelyan 'The Life and Letters of Macaulay' ch. 14

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
'The Armada' (1833)

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.
'The Armada' (1833)

Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron.
'The Battle of Naseby' (1824) fictitious author's name.

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?
'The Battle of Naseby' (1824)

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.
'The Battle of Naseby' (1824)

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
'A Jacobite's Epitaph' (1845)

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.
'A Jacobite's Epitaph' (1845)

Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day.
'Lays of Ancient Rome' (1842) 'The Battle of Lake Regillus' st. 35

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.
'Lays of Ancient Rome' (1842) 'Horatius' st. 1

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
‘To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?’

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 27

‘Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?’

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 29

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 32

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried ‘Forward!’
And those before cried ‘Back!’

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 50

‘Oh, Tiber! father Tiber
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!’

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 59

And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 60

With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ (1842) ‘Horatius’ st. 70

1.5 Dame Rose Macaulay 1881-1958

Gentlemen know that fresh air should be kept in its proper place—out of doors—and that, God having given us indoors and out-of-doors, we should not attempt to do away with this distinction.

'Crewe Train' pt. 1, ch. 5

'What does a lovely maid with rhyming, pray?' 'It makes no differ, being a maid,' Julian told him...'It makes no differ. Men or women, if we crave to write verse, we must write it, and write it the best we can.'

'They Were Defeated' (1932) pt. 3, ch. 5

'Take my camel, dear,' said my aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass.

'The Towers of Trebizond' (1956) p. 9

1.6 General Anthony McAuliffe 1898-1975

Nuts!

Reply to the German demand to surrender at Bastogne, Belgium, 22 December 1944; in 'New York Times' 28 December 1944, p. 4, and 30 December 1944, p. 1

1.7 Joseph McCarthy 1908-57

McCarthyism is Americanism with its sleeves rolled.

Speech in Wisconsin, 1952, in Richard Rovere 'Senator Joe McCarthy' (1973) p. 8

1.8 Mary McCarthy 1912-89

If someone tells you he is going to make a 'realistic decision', you immediately understand that he has resolved to do something bad.

'On the Contrary' (1961) 'American Realist Playwrights'

The immense popularity of American movies abroad demonstrates that Europe is the unfinished negative of which America is the proof.

'On the Contrary' (1961) 'America the Beautiful'

In violence, we forget who we are.

'On the Contrary' (1961) 'Characters in Fiction

There are no new truths, but only truths that have not been recognized by those who have perceived them without noticing.

'On the Contrary' (1961) 'Vita Activa'

Every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the'.

Quoting herself on Lillian Hellman in 'New York Times' 16 February 1980, p. 12

1.9 George B. McClellan 1826-85

All quiet along the Potomac.

Attributed in the American Civil War.

1.10 David McCord 1897—

By and by
God caught his eye.
‘Remainders’ (1935) (epitaph for a waiter)

1.11 Horace McCoy 1897-1955

They shoot horses don’t they.
Title of novel (1935)

1.12 John McCrae 1872-1918

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
‘In Flanders Fields’ (1915)

To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow.
‘In Flanders Fields’ (1915)

1.13 Hugh MacDiarmid (Christopher Murray Grieve) 1892-1978

I’ll ha’e nae hauf-way hoose, but aye be whaur
Extremes meet—it’s the only way I ken
To dodge the curst conceit o’ bein’ richt
That damns the vast majority o’ men.
‘A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle’ (1926) p. 6

He’s no a man ava’,
And lacks a proper pride,
Gin less than a’ the world
Can ser’ him for a bride!
‘A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle’ (1926) p. 36

1.14 George MacDonald 1824-1905

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
‘At the Back of the North Wind’ (1871) ch. 33 ‘Song’

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde:
Hae mercy o’ my soul, Lord God;
As I wad do, were I Lord God,

And ye were Martin Elginbrodde.
‘David Elginbrod’ (1863) bk. 1, ch. 13

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes, and lift them high;
Thou cam’st, a little baby thing,
That made a woman cry.
‘That Holy Thing’

1.15 Ramsay MacDonald 1866-1937

We hear war called murder. It is not: it is suicide.
In ‘Observer’ 4 May 1930

Tomorrow every Duchess in London will be wanting to kiss me!
After forming the National Government, 25 August 1931; in Philip Viscount Snowden ‘An Autobiography’ (1934) vol. 2, p. 957

1.16 A. G. MacDonell 1889—

England, their England.
Title of novel (1933).

1.17 William McGonagall c.1825-1902

Alas! Lord and Lady Dalhousie are dead, and buried at last,
Which causes many people to feel a little downcast.
‘The Death of Lord and Lady Dalhousie’

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv’ry Tay!
Alas, I am very sorry to say
That ninety lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remembered for a very long time.
‘The Tay Bridge Disaster’

1.18 Roger McGough 1937—

You will put on a dress of guilt
and shoes with broken high ideals.
‘Comeclose and Sleepnow’

Let me die a youngman’s death
Not a clean & in-between—
The-sheets, holy-water death,
Not a famous-last-words
Peaceful out-of-breath death.
‘Let Me Die a Youngman’s Death’ (1967)

1.19 Sir Ian MacGregor 1912—

People are now discovering the price of insubordination and insurrection. And boy, are we going to make it stick!

Reported during the coal-miners' strike, in 'Sunday Telegraph' 10 March 1985.

1.20 Jimmy McGregor

Oh, he's football crazy, he's football mad
And the football it has robbed him o' the wee bit sense he had.
And it would take a dozen skivvies, his clothes to wash and scrub,
Since our Jock became a member of that terrible football club.

'Football Crazy' (1960 song)

1.21 Antonio Machado 1875-1902

Yo vivo en paz con los hombres
y en guerra con mis entrañas.

I am living at peace with men and at war with my innards.

'Proverbios y Cantares' no. 22 in 'Campos de Castilla' (1917)

1.22 Niccoló Machiavelli 1469-1527

As a prince must be able to act just like a beast, he should learn from the fox and the lion; because the lion does not defend himself against traps, and the fox does not defend himself against wolves. So one has to be a fox in order to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten off wolves.

'The Prince' (1532) ch. 18

1.23 Claude McKay 1890-1948

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.

'If We Must Die' (1953)

1.24 Sir Compton Mackenzie 1883-1972

Women do not find it difficult nowadays to behave like men, but they often find it extremely difficult to behave like gentlemen.

'Literature in My Time' (1933) ch. 22

You are offered a piece of bread and butter that feels like a damp handkerchief and sometimes, when cucumber is added to it, like a wet one.

'Vestal Fire' (1927) bk. 1, ch. 3

1.25 Sir James Mackintosh 1765-1832

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions.

‘Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy’ (1830) sect. 6 ‘Jeremy Bentham’

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.

‘Vindiciae Gallicae’ (1791) sect. 1

1.26 Alexander Maclaren 1826-1910

‘The Church is an anvil which has worn out many hammers’, and the story of the first collision is, in essentials, the story of all.

‘Expositions of Holy Scripture: Acts of the Apostles’ (1907) ch. 4

1.27 Archibald MacLeish 1892-1982

A Poem should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—
A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds

‘Ars Poetica’ (1926)

A poem should not mean
But be.

‘Ars Poetica’ (1926)

1.28 Murdoch McLennanfl. 1715

There’s some say that we wan, some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a’, man;
But one thing I’m sure, that at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was which I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
And we ran; and they ran awa’, man!

‘Sheriffmuir’ in J. Woodfall Ebsworth (ed.) ‘Roxburghe Ballads’ vol. 6 (1889). In James Hogg ‘The Jacobite Relics of Scotland’ (1821) vol. 2, the last line reads: ‘But Florence ran fastest of a’, man’ (Florence being the Marquis of Huntley’s horse)

1.29 Fiona McLeod 1855-1905

My heart is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill.

‘The Lonely Hunter’ (1896)

1.30 Marshall McLuhan 1911-80

The new electronic interdependence recreates the world in the image of a global village.

‘The Gutenberg Galaxy’ (1962) p. 31

The medium is the message.

‘Understanding Media’ (1964) ch. 1 (title)

The name of a man is a numbing blow from which he never recovers.

‘Understanding Media’ (1964) p. 32

The car has become an article of dress without which we feel uncertain, unclad and incomplete in the urban compound.

‘Understanding Media’ (1964) p. 217

1.31 Marèchal de Mac-Mahon 1808-93

J’y suis, j’y reste.

Here I am, and here I stay.

At the taking of the Malakoff fortress during the Crimean War, 8 September 1855; MacMahon later cast doubt on his having expressed himself so tersely. G. Hanotaux ‘Histoire de la France Contemporaine’ (1903-8) vol. 2, ch. 1, sect. 1

1.32 Harold Macmillan (first Earl of Stockton) 1894-1986

There ain’t gonna be no war.

At a London press conference, 24 July 1955, following the Geneva summit; in ‘News Chronicle’ 25 July 1955

Let us be frank about it: most of our people have never had it so good.

Speech at Bedford, 20 July 1957, in ‘The Times’ 22 July 1957; ‘You Never Had It So Good’ was the Democratic Party slogan in the US election campaign of 1952

I thought the best thing to do was to settle up these little local difficulties, and then turn to the wider vision of the Commonwealth.

Statement at London airport on leaving for a Commonwealth tour, 7 January 1958, following the resignation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and others, in ‘The Times’ 8 January 1958

The wind of change is blowing through this continent, and, whether we like it or not, this growth of [African] national consciousness is a political fact.

Speech at Cape Town, 3 February 1960, in ‘Pointing the Way’ (1972) p. 475

First of all the Georgian silver goes, and then all that nice furniture that used to be in the saloon. Then the Canalettos go.

Speech on privatization to the Tory Reform Group, 8 November 1985, in ‘The Times’ 9 November 1985

Forever poised between a clichè and an indiscretion.

In ‘Newsweek’ 30 Apr. 1956 (on the life of a Foreign Secretary)

He [Aneurin Bevan] enjoys prophesying the imminent fall of the capitalist system and is prepared to play a part, any part, in its burial, except that of mute.

In Michael Foot ‘Aneurin Bevan’ (1962) pt. 1, ch. 5

I was determined that no British government should be brought down by the action of two tarts.

Comment on the Profumo affair, July 1963, in Anthony Sampson ‘Macmillan’ (1967) p. 243

There were three bodies no sensible man directly challenged: the Roman Catholic Church, the

Brigade of Guards and the National Union of Mineworkers.

Alan Watkins, quoting Macmillan, in ‘Observer’ 22 February 1981.

Even Mr Gladstone only had a suitcase named after him.

On opening a building at Pembroke College, Oxford, which had been given his name; attributed

1.33 Leonard MacNally 1752-1820

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will,
I’d crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

‘The Lass of Richmond Hill’; also attributed to W. Upton in The Oxford Song Book, and to W. Hudson in S. Baring-Gould English Minstrelsie (1895) vol. 3

1.34 Louis MacNeice 1907-63

Better authentic mammon than a bogus god.

‘Autumn Journal’ (1939) p. 49

It’s no go the merrygoround, it’s no go the rickshaw,
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.

‘Bagpipe Music’ (1938)

It’s no go the picture palace, it’s no go the stadium,
It’s no go the country cot with a pot of pink geraniums,
It’s no go the Government grants, it’s no go the elections,
Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a pension.

‘Bagpipe Music’ (1938)

It’s no go my honey love, it’s no go my poppet;
Work your hands from day to day, the winds will blow the profit.
The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever,
But if you break the bloody glass you won’t hold up the weather.

‘Bagpipe Music’ (1938)

And under the totem poles—the ancient terror—
Between the enormous fluted Ionic columns
There seeps from heavily jowled or hawk-like foreign faces
The guttural sorrow of the refugees.

‘The British Museum Reading Room’ (1941)

Crumbling between the fingers, under the feet,
Crumbling behind the eyes,
Their world gives way and dies
And something twangs and breaks at the end of the street.

‘Dèbâcle’ (1941)

Time was away and somewhere else,

There were two glasses and two chairs
And two people with the one pulse
(Somebody stopped the moving stairs):
Time was away and somewhere else.

‘Meeting Point’

I am not yet born; O fill me
With strength against those who would freeze my
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton,
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with
one face, a thing, and against all those
who would dissipate my entirety, would
blow me like thistledown hither and
thither or hither and thither
like water held in the
hands would spill me.
Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me,
Otherwise kill me.

‘Prayer Before Birth’ (1944)

World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.

‘Snow’ (1935)

Down the road someone is practising scales,
The notes like little fishes vanish with a wink of tails,
Man’s heart expands to tinker with his car
For this is Sunday morning, Fate’s great bazaar.

‘Sunday Morning’ (1935)

The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold,
We cannot cage the minute
Within its net of gold,
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon.

‘Sunlight on the Garden’ (1938)

Our freedom as free lances
Advances towards its end;
The earth compels, upon it
Sonnets and birds descend;
And soon, my friend,

We shall have no time for dances.
‘Sunlight on the Garden’ (1938)

So they were married—to be the more together—
And found they were never again so much together,
Divided by the morning tea,
By the evening paper,
By children and tradesmen’s bills.
‘Les Sylphides’ (1941)

By a high star our course is set,
Our end is Life. Put out to sea.
‘Thalassa’ (1964)

1.35 Geoffrey Madan 1895-1947

King George, passing slowly in a closed car, looking like a big, rather worn penny in the window.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 66 (of George V)

Warm lagoon of indolence and irreligion which seems to be the proper habitat of youth.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 66

The great tragedy of the classical languages is to have been born twins.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 67

Peers: a kind of eye-shade or smoked glass, to protect us from the full glare of Royalty.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 70

Don’s room, like the nest of a foolish bird.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 70

Conservative ideal of freedom and progress: everyone to have an unfettered opportunity of remaining exactly where they are.
In J. A. Gere and John Sparrow ‘Geoffrey Madan’s Notebooks’ (1981) p. 70

The dust of exploded beliefs may make a fine sunset.
‘Livre sans nom: Twelve Reflections’ (privately printed 1934) no. 12

1.36 Salvador de Madariaga 1886-1978

Since, in the main, it is not armaments that cause wars but wars (or the fears thereof) that cause armaments, it follows that every nation will at every moment strive to keep its armament in an efficient state as required by its fear, otherwise styled security.
‘Morning Without Noon’ (1974) pt. 1, ch. 9

1.37 Samuel Madden 1686-1765

Words are men’s daughters, but God’s sons are things.
‘Boulter’s Monument’ (1745) l. 377.

1.38 James Madison 1751-1836

Liberty is to faction what air is to fire, an ailment without which it instantly expires. But it could not be less folly to abolish liberty, which is essential to political life, because it nourishes faction than it would be to wish the annihilation of air, which is essential to animal life, because it imparts to fire its destructive agency.

'The Federalist' (1787) no. 10

The diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable obstacle to a uniformity of interests. The protection of these faculties is the first object of government. From the protection of different and unequal faculties of acquiring property, the possession of different degrees and kinds of property immediately results.

'The Federalist' (1787) no. 10

1.39 Maurice Maeterlinck 1862-1949

Il n'y a pas de morts.

There are no dead.

'L'Oiseau bleu' (1909) act 4

1.40 Archbishop Magee 1821-91

It would be better that England should be free than that England should be compulsorily sober.

Speech on the Intoxicating Liquor Bill in 'Hansard', House of Lords, 2 May 1872, col. 86

1.41 Magna Carta 1215

Quod Anglicana ecclesia libera sit.

That the English Church shall be free.

Clause 1

Nullius liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissaisiatur, aut utlagetur, aut exuletur, aut aliquo modo destruator, nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per legale judicium parium suorum vel per legem terrae.

No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or dispossessed, or outlawed or exiled, or in any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor will we send against him except by the lawful judgement of his peers or by the law of the land.

Clause 39

Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus, rectum aut justitiam.

To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay, right or justice.

Clause 40

1.42 Alfred T. Mahan 1840-1914

Those far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world.

'The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire 1793-1812' (1892) vol. 2, ch. 15

1.43 Gustav Mahler 1860-1911

Fortissimo at last!

On seeing Niagara Falls, in K. Blaukopf ‘Gustav Mahler’ (1973) ch. 8

1.44 Derek Mahon 1941—

‘I am just going outside and may be some time.’
The others nod, pretending not to know.
At the heart of the ridiculous, the sublime.

‘Antarctica’ (1985) title poem.

1.45 Norman Mailer 1923—

Sentimentality is the emotional promiscuity of those who have no sentiment.

‘Cannibals and Christians’ (1966) p. 51

The horror of the Twentieth Century was the size of each event, and the paucity of its reverberation.

‘A Fire on the Moon’ (1970) pt. 1, ch. 2

So we think of Marilyn who was every man’s love affair with America, Marilyn Monroe who was blonde and beautiful and had a sweet little rinky-dink of a voice and all the cleanliness of all the clean American backyards.

‘Marilyn’ (1973) p. 15

Ultimately a hero is a man who would argue with the Gods, and so awakens devils to contest his vision.

‘The Presidential Papers’ (1976) Special Preface to the 1st Berkeley Edition

Hip is the sophistication of the wise primitive in a giant jungle.

‘Voices of Dissent’ (1959) ‘The White Negro’

1.46 Sir Henry Maine 1822-88

The movement of the progressive societies has hitherto been a movement from Status to Contract.

‘Ancient Law’ (1861) ch. 5

So great is the ascendancy of the Law of Actions in the infancy of Courts of Justice, that substantive law has at first the look of being gradually secreted in the interstices of procedure; and the early lawyer can only see the law through the envelope of its technical forms.

‘Dissertations on Early Law and Custom’ (1883) ch. 11

Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin.

‘Village Communities’ (3rd ed., 1876) p. 238

1.47 Joseph de Maistre 1753-1821

Toute nation a le gouvernement qu’elle mèrite.

Every country has the government it deserves.

‘Lettres et Opuscules Inèdits’ (1851) vol. 1, letter 53, 15 August 1811

1.48 Bernard Malamud 1914-86

The past exudes legend: one can’t make pure clay of time’s mud. There is no life that can be recaptured wholly; as it was. Which is to say that all biography is ultimately fiction.

‘Dubin’s Lives’ (1979) p. 20

1.49 Stèphane Mallarmè 1842-98

La chair est triste, hèlas! et j’ai lu tous les livres.

The flesh, alas, is wearied; and I have read all the books there are.

‘Brise Marin’

Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd’hui.

That virgin, vital, fine day: today.

‘Plusieurs Sonnets’

Un coup de dès jamais n’abolira le hasard.

A throw of the dice will never eliminate chance.

‘Cosmopolis’ May 1897

1.50 David Mallet (or Malloch) c.1705-65

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough, for nature’s ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

Imitation of Horace.

And thrice he called on Margaret’s name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave.
And word spake never more.

‘William and Margaret’ l. 65

1.51 George Leigh Mallory 1886-1924

Because it’s there.

Explaining why he wanted to climb Mount Everest, in ‘New York Times’ 18 March 1923

1.52 Sir Thomas Malory d. 1471

Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise King born of all England.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (finished 1470, printed by Caxton 1485) bk. 1, ch. 4

This beast went to the well and drank, and the noise was in the beast’s belly like unto the questing of thirty couple hounds, but all the while the beast drank there was no noise in the beast’s belly.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 1, ch. 19 (questing yelping)

Me repenteth, said Merlin; because of the death of that lady thou shalt strike a stroke most dolorous that ever man struck, except the stroke of our Lord, for thou shalt hurt the truest knight and the man of most worship that now liveth, and through that stroke three kingdoms shall be in great poverty, misery and wretchedness twelve years, and the knight shall not be whole of that wound for many years.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 2, ch. 8

Ah, my little son, thou hast murdered thy mother! And therefore I suppose thou that art a murderer so young, thou art full likely to be a manly man in thine age...When he is christened let call him Tristram, that is as much to say as a sorrowful birth.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 8, ch. 1

Meanwhile came Sir Palomides, the good knight, following the questing beast that had in shape like a serpent’s head and a body like a leopard, buttocked like a lion and footed like a hart. And in his body there was such a noise as it had been twenty couple of hounds questing, and such noise that beast made wheresomever he went.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 9, ch. 12

God defend me, said Dinadan, for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 10, ch. 56

Now I thank God, said Sir Launcelot, for His great mercy of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me. For, as I suppose, no man in this world hath lived better than I have done, to achieve that I have done.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 17, ch. 16

Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 17, ch. 22

Thus endeth the story of the Sangreal, that was briefly drawn out of French into English, the which is a story chronicled for one of the truest and the holiest that is in this world.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 17, ch. 23

The month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit; for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in likewise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 18, ch. 25

Therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenevere, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 18, ch. 25

Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain.

‘Le Morte D’Arthur’ (1485) bk. 21, ch. 9

Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never no more. Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works: and they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made.

'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) bk. 21, ch. 10

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping.

'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) bk. 21, ch. 10

Then Sir Launcelot never after ate but little meat, ne drank, till he was dead.

'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) bk. 21, ch. 12

I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him.

'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) bk. 21, ch. 12

Said Sir Ector...Sir Launcelot...thou wert never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou wert the courteoust knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.

'Le Morte D'Arthur' (1485) bk. 21, ch. 13

1.53 Andrè Malraux 1901-76

La Condition humaine.

Title of book (1933)

L'art est un anti-destin.

Art is a revolt against fate.

'Les Voix du silence' (1951) pt. 4, ch. 7

1.54 Thomas Robert Malthus 1766-1834

Population, when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio.

'Essay on the Principle of Population' (1798) ch. 1

The perpetual struggle for room and food.

'Essay on the Principle of Population' (1798) ch. 3

1.55 Lord Mancroft (Baron Mancroft) 1914—

Cricket—a game which the English, not being a spiritual people, have invented in order to give themselves some conception of eternity.

'Bees in Some Bonnets' (1979) p. 185

1.56 W. R. Mandale

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel!

'Pop Goes the Weasel' (1853 song)

1.57 Winnie Mandela 1936—

With that stick of matches, with our necklace, we shall liberate this country.

Speech in black townships, 14 April 1986, in 'Guardian' 15 April 1986

1.58 Osip Mandelstam 1891-1938

Perhaps my whisper was already born before my lips.

'Selected Poems' (1973, translated by D. McDuff) p. 129 'Poems Published Posthumously' (written 1934)

1.59 Manilius (Marcus Manilius)

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi,
et sonitum ventis concessit, nubibus ignem.

And snatched from Jove the lightning shaft and power to thunder, and attributed the noise to the winds, the flame to the clouds.

'Astronomica' bk. 1, l. 104 (on human intelligence)

1.60 Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1909—

Fasten your seat-belts, it's going to be a bumpy night.

Spoken by Bette Davis in 'All About Eve' (1950 film)

1.61 Mrs Manley 1663-1724

No time like the present.

'The Lost Lover' (1696) act 4, sc. 1

1.62 Horace Mann 1796-1859

The object of punishment is, prevention from evil; it never can be made impulsive to good.

'Lectures and Reports on Education' (1867 ed.) lecture 7

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between Sunrise and Sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

'Lost, Two Golden Hours'

1.63 Thomas Mann 1875-1955

Our capacity for disgust, let me observe, is in proportion to our desires; that is in proportion to the intensity of our attachment to the things of this world.

'The Confessions of Felix Krull' (1954) pt. 1, ch. 5

Time has no divisions to mark its passage, there is never a thunderstorm or blare of trumpets to

announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 4, sect. 4 (translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter)

And waiting means hanging on ahead, it means regarding time and the present moment not as a boon, but an obstruction; it means making their actual content null and void, by mentally overleaping them. Waiting we say is long. We might just as well—or more accurately—say it is short, since it consumes whole spaces of time without our living them or making any use of them as such.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 5, sect. 5 (translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter)

We come out of the dark and go into the dark again, and in between lie the experiences of our life. But the beginning and end, birth and death, we do not experience; they have no subjective character, they fall entirely in the category of objective events, and that's that.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 6, sect. (translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter)

Human reason needs only to will more strongly than fate, and she is fate.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 6

All interest in disease and death is only another expression of interest in life.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 6, sect. 7

Unser Sterben mehr eine Angelegenheit der Weiterlebenden als unserer selbst.

A man's dying is more the survivor's affair than his own.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 6, sect. 8, (translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter)

For time is the medium of narration, as it is the medium of life. Both are inextricably bound up with it, as are bodies in space. Similarly, time is the medium of music; music divides, measures, articulates time, and can shorten it, yet enhance its value, both at once.

'The Magic Mountain' (1924) ch. 7, sect. 1, (translation by H. T. Lowe-Porter)

1.64 Lord John Manners, Duke of Rutland 1818-1906

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility!

'England's Trust' (1841), pt. 3, l. 227

1.65 Katherine Mansfield (Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp) 1888-1923

E. M. Forster never gets any further than warming the teapot. He's a rare fine hand at that. Feel this teapot. Is it not beautifully warm? Yes, but there ain't going to be no tea.

'Journal' May 1917 (1927) p. 69

Whenever I prepare for a journey I prepare as though for death. Should I never return, all is in order.

'Journal' 29 January 1922 (1927) p. 224

1.66 Lord Mansfield 1705-93

The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgements: God forbid it

should! We must not regard political consequences; however formidable soever they might be: if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say ‘fiat justitia, ruat caelum’.

Rex v. Wilkes, 8 June 1768.

Consider what you think justice requires, and decide accordingly. But never give your reasons; for your judgement will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong.

Advice to a newly appointed colonial governor ignorant in the law, in John Lord Campbell ‘The Lives of the Chief Justices of England’ (1849) vol. 2, ch. 40

1.67 Mao Tse-Tung 1893-1976

A revolution is not the same as inviting people to dinner, or writing an essay, or painting a picture...A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another.

Report, March 1927, in ‘Selected Works’ (1954) vol. 1, p. 27

Politics is war without bloodshed while war is politics with bloodshed.

Lecture, 1938, in ‘Selected Works’ (1965) vol. 2, p. 153

Every Communist must grasp the truth, ‘Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun’.

Speech at 6th Plenary Session of 6th Central Committee, 6 November 1938, in ‘Selected Works’ (1965) vol. 2, p. 224

The atom bomb is a paper tiger which the United States reactionaries use to scare people. It looks terrible, but in fact it isn’t ... All reactionaries are paper tigers.

Interview with Anne Louise Strong, August 1946, in ‘Selected Works’ (1961) vol. 4, p. 100

Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the policy for promoting progress in the arts and the sciences and a flourishing socialist culture in our land.

Speech at Peking, 27 February 1957, in ‘Quotations of Chairman Mao’ (1966) p. 302

1.68 William Learned Marcy 1786-1857

The politicians of New York...see nothing wrong in the rule, that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy.

Speech to the Senate, 25 January 1832, in James Parton ‘Life of Andrew Jackson’ (1860) vol. 3, ch. 29

1.69 Miriam Margoyles

Life, if you’re fat, is a minefield—you have to pick your way, otherwise you blow up.

In ‘Observer’ 9 June 1991

1.70 Marie-Antoinette 1755-93

Qu’ils mangent de la brioche.

Let them eat cake.

On being told that her people had no bread, though much older in origin. In Confessions (1740) Rousseau refers to a similar remark being a well known saying; in Relation d’un Voyage á Bruxelles et á Coblentz en 1791 (1823, p. 59) Louis XVIII attributes ‘Que ne mangent-ils de la croûte de pâtè? [Why don’t they eat pastry?]’ to Marie-Thèrése (1638-83), wife of Louis XIV

1.71 Edwin Markham 1852-1940

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

'The Man with the Hoe' (1899)

1.72 Johnny Marks 1909-85

Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer
Had a very shiny nose,
And if you ever saw it,
You would even say it glows.

'Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer' (1949 song) based on a Robert L. May story (1939)

1.73 Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough 1660-1744

The Duke returned from the wars today and did pleasure me in his top-boots.

Oral tradition, attributed in various forms. See, among others, I. Butler 'Rule of Three' (1967) ch. 7

If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough.

Refusing the offer of marriage from the Duke of Somerset, in W. S. Churchill 'Marlborough: His Life and Times' (1938)

1.74 Bob Marley 1945-81

Get up, stand up.

Title of song

I shot the sheriff.

Title of song

1.75 Christopher Marlowe 1564-93

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.

'Doctor Faustus' (published 1604) act 1, sc. 1

I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl.

'Doctor Faustus' (1604) act 1, sc. 1

I'll hae them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertemberg.
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,

Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 1, sc. 1

Faustus: And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Mephistopheles: Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 1, sc. 3

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss!

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 1, sc. 3

Hell hath no limits nor is circumscribed
In one self place, where we are is Hell,
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 2, sc. 1

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me?

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!
Come Helen, come give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 5, sc. 1

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature’s eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

O I’ll leap up to my God: who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ’s blood streams in the firmament.
One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my Christ.
‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 5, sc. 2

You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.
‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 5, sc. 2

Ah, Pythagoras’ metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast.
‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 5, sc. 2

O soul, be changed into little water drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne’er be found:
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me.
‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) act 5, sc. 2

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnéd is Apollo’s laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
‘Doctor Faustus’ (1604) epilogue

My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat feet dance an antic hay.
‘Edward II’ (1593) act 1, sc. 1

His body was as straight as Circe’s wand etc.
‘Hero and Leander’ (published 1598) First Sestiad, l. 61

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
‘Hero and Leander’ (published 1598) First Sestiad, l. 167.

I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.

‘The Jew of Malta’ (written and performed c.1592) prologue

Thus methinks should men of judgement frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.

‘The Jew of Malta’ (c.1592) act 1, sc. 1

As for myself, I walk abroad o’ nights And kill sick people groaning under walls: Sometimes I go about and poison wells.

‘The Jew of Malta’ (c.1592) act 2, sc. 3

Barnardine: Thou hast committed—
Barabas: Fornication? But that was in another country: and besides, the wench is dead.

‘The Jew of Malta’ (c.1592) act 4, sc. 1

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

‘The Passionate Shepherd to his Love’.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

‘The Passionate Shepherd to his Love’

From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We’ll lead you to the stately tents of war.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (performed c.1588, published 1590) pt. 1, prologue

Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2

Our swords shall play the orators for us.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2

With Nature’s pride, and richest furniture?
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 1, act 1, sc. 2

Accurst be he that first invented war.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 1, act 2, sc. 4

Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 1, act 2, sc. 5

Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world:
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

'Tamburlaine the Great' (1590) pt. 1, act 2, sc. 7

Virtue is the fount whence honour springs.

'Tamburlaine the Great' (1590) pt. 1, act 4, sc. 4

Ah fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee.

'Tamburlaine the Great' (1590) act 5, sc. 5

What is beauty saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes:
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

'Tamburlaine the Great' (1590) pt. 1, act 5, sc. 1

And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.

'Tamburlaine the Great' (1590) pt. 1, act 5, sc. 1

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 2, act 2, sc. 4

Yet let me kiss my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 2, act 2, sc. 4

Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 2, act 2, sc. 4.

More childish valourous than manly wise.

‘Tamburlaine the Great’ (1590) pt. 2, act 4, sc. 1

1.76 Don Marquis 1878-1937

procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ch. 12 ‘certain maxims of archy’

an optimist is a guy that has never had much experience.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ch. 12 ‘certain maxims of archy’

but wotthehell
archy wotthehell
it s cheerio
my deario that
pulls a lady through.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ‘cheerio, my deario’

I have got you out here
in the great open spaces
where cats are cats.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ch. 14 ‘mehitabel has an adventure’

but wotthehell archy wotthehell
jamais triste archy jamais triste
that is my motto.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ch. 46 ‘mehitabel sees paris’

but wotthehell wotthehell
oh i should worry and fret
death and I will coquette
there s a dance in the old dame yet
toujours gai toujours gai.

‘archy and mehitabel’ (1927) ch. 3 ‘the song of mehitabel’

boss there is always
a comforting thought
in time of trouble when
it is not our trouble

‘archy does his part’ (1935) ‘comforting thoughts’

honesty is a good
thing but
it is not profitable to
its possessor
unless it is
kept under control.

‘archys life of mehitabel’ (1933) ch. 40 ‘archygrams’

did you ever
notice that when
a politician
does get an idea
he usually
gets it all wrong.

‘archys life of mehitabel’ (1933) ch. 40 ‘archygrams’

now and then
there is a person born
who is so unlucky
that he runs into accidents
which started to happen
to somebody else.

‘archys life of mehitabel’ (1933) ch. 41 ‘archy says’

Writing a book of poetry is like dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

In E. Anthony ‘O Rare Don Marquis’ (1962) p. 146

The art of newspaper paragraphing is to stroke a platitude until it purrs like an epigram.

In E. Anthony ‘O Rare Don Marquis’ (1962) p. 354

1.77 Captain Marryat 1792-1848

There’s no getting blood out of a turnip.

‘Japhet, in Search of a Father’ (1836) ch. 4

As savage as a bear with a sore head.

‘The King’s Own’ (1830) vol. 2, ch. 6

If you please, ma’am, it was a very little one.

‘Mr Midshipman Easy’ (1836) ch. 3 (the nurse, excusing her illegitimate baby)

All zeal...all zeal, Mr Easy.

‘Mr Midshipman Easy’ (1836) ch. 9

1.78 Arthur Marshall 1910-89

Oh My! Bertha’s got a bang on the boko. Keep a stiff upper lip, Bertha dear. What, knocked a tooth out? Never mind, dear, laugh it off, laugh it off; it’s all part of life’s rich pageant.

‘The Games Mistress’ (recorded monologue, 1937)

1.79 Thomas R. Marshall 1854-1925

What this country needs is a really good 5-cent cigar.

In ‘New York Tribune’ 4 January 1920, pt. 7, p. 1

1.80 Martial A.D. c.40-104

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere ‘Vivam’:
Sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie.

Believe me, wise men don’t say ‘I shall live to do that’, tomorrow’s life’s too late; live today.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 1, no. 15

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare:
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

I don’t love you, Sabidius, and I can’t tell you why; all I can tell you is this, that I don’t love you.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 1, no. 32.

Laudant illa sed ista legunt.

They praise those works, but they’re not the ones they read.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 4, no. 49

Bonosque
Soles effugere atque abire sentit,
Qui nobis pereunt et imputantur.

Each of us feels the good days speed and depart, and they’re lost to us and counted against us.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 5, no. 20

Non est vivere, sed valere vita est.

Life’s not just being alive, but being well.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 6, no. 70

Difficilis facilis, iucundus acerbus es idem:
Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te.

Difficult or easy, pleasant or bitter, you are the same you: I cannot live with you—nor without you.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 12, no. 46(47)

Rus in urbe.

Country in the town.

‘Epigrammata’ bk. 12, no. 57

1.81 Andrew Marvell 1621-78

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean’s bosom unespied.

‘Bermudas’ (written c.1653, published 1681)

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.

‘Bermudas’ (written c.1653, published 1681)

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel’s pearl upon our coast.

‘Bermudas’ (written c.1653, published 1681)

Oh let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven’s vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

‘Bermudas’ (written c.1653, published 1681)

My love is of a birth as rare
As ’tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne’er have flown
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

‘The Definition of Love’ (1681)

As lines (so loves) oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

‘The Definition of Love’ (1681)

Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height;
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true.

‘The First Anniversary of the Government under His Highness the Lord Protector, 1655’ l. 245

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see

Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 1

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 2

Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 2

The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow.
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 4

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 5

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 6

Annihilating all that’s made
To a green thought in a green shade.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 6

Here at the fountain’s sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree’s mossy root,
Casting the body’s vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 7

Such was that happy garden-state,

While man there walked without a mate.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 8

But ’twas beyond a mortal’s share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises ’twere in one
To live in paradise alone.
‘The Garden’ (1681) st. 8

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene:
But with his keener eye
The axe’s edge did try:
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head,
Down as upon a bed.
‘An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s Return from Ireland’ (written 1650, published 1681) l. 57 (on Charles I)

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
‘An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s Return from Ireland’ (written 1650, published 1681) l. 75

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince’s funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the grass’s fall.
‘The Mower to the Glow-worms’ (1681)

It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
’Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race:
And when ’t had left me far away,
’Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod, as on the foùr winds.
‘The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn’ (1681) l. 63

I have a garden of my own

But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.

‘The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn’ (1681) l. 71

Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

‘The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn’ (1681) l. 91

For though the whole world cannot show such another,
Yet we’d better by far have him than his brother.

‘The Statue in Stocks-Market’ (1689), on Charles II

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love’s day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges’ side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.

‘To His coy Mistress’ (1681) l. 1

But at my back I always hear
Time’s wingéd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave’s a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

‘To His Coy Mistress’ (1681) l. 21

Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.

Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.
‘To His Coy Mistress’ (1681) l. 41

He is translation’s thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author.
‘To His Worthy Friend Dr Witty’ (1651)

What need of all this marble crust
T’impark the wanton mote of dust.
‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 3

A stately frontispiece of poor
Adorns without the open door:
Nor less the rooms within commends
Daily new furniture of friends.
The House was built upon the place
Only as for a mark of grace;
And for an inn to entertain
Its lord a while, but not remain.
‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 9

Oh thou, that dear and happy isle
The garden of the world ere while,
Thou paradise of four seas,
Which heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery if not flaming sword;
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?
‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 41

For he did, with his utmost skill,
Ambition weed, but conscience till:
Conscience, that heaven-nurséd plant,
Which most our earthy gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at every touch;
But flowers eternal, and divine,
That in the crowns of saints do shine.
‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 45

And now to the abyss I pass
Of that unfathomable grass,
Where men like grasshoppers appear,

But grasshoppers are giants there:
They, in their squeaking laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low than them:
And, from the precipices tall
Of the green spires, to us do call.

‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 47

Unhappy birds! what does it boot
To build below the grass’s root,
When lowness is unsafe as height,
And chance o’ertakes, what ’scapeth spite?

‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 52

’Tis not what once it was, the world,
But a rude heap together hurled.

‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 96

But now the salmon-fishers moist
Their leathern boats begin to hoist;
And, like Antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoes.
How tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go!

‘Upon Appleton House’ (1681) st. 97

1.82 Holt Marvell

A cigarette that bears a lipstick’s traces,
An airline ticket to romantic places;
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you.

‘These Foolish Things Remind Me of You’ (1935 song)

1.83 Chico Marx 1891-1961

I wasn’t kissing her, I was just whispering in her mouth.

On being discovered by his wife with a chorus girl, in Groucho Marx and Richard J. Anobile ‘Marx Brothers Scrapbook’ (1973) ch. 24

1.84 Groucho Marx 1895-1977

please accept my resignation. i don’t want to belong to any club that will accept me as a member.

‘Groucho and Me’ (1959) ch. 26

I never forget a face, but in your case I’ll be glad to make an exception.

In Leo Rosten ‘People I have Loved, Known or Admired’ (1970) ‘Groucho’

I like a cigar, but every now and again I take it out of my mouth.

To a lady, who was the mother of ten children; attributed

1.85 Karl Marx 1818-83

From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.

'Critique of the Gotha Programme' (written 1875) but of earlier origin. Morelly 'Code de la nature' (1755) pt. 4, p. 190, and J. J. L. Blanc 'Organisation du travail' (1839) p. 126 (who, in quoting Saint-Simon, rejects the notion) for possible sources.

Religion...is the opium of the people.

'A Contribution to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right' (1843-4) introduction.

Mankind always sets itself only such problems as it can solve; since, looking at the matter more closely, it will always be found that the task itself arises only when the material conditions for its solution already exist or are at least in the process of formation.

'A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy' (1859) preface (translation by D. McLellan)

It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but their social existence that determines their consciousness.

'A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy' (1859) preface

And even when a society has got upon the right track for the discovery of the natural laws of its movement—and it is the ultimate aim of this work, to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society—it can neither clear by bold leaps, nor remove by legal enactments, the obstacles offered by the successive phases of its normal development. But it can shorten and lessen the birth-pangs.

'Das Kapital' (1st German ed., 1867) preface (25 July 1865)

Hegel says somewhere that all great events and personalities in world history reappear in one fashion or another. He forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce.

'The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte' (1852) sect. 1.

The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point is to change it.

'Theses on Feuerbach' (written 1845, published 1888) no. 11

What I did that was new was to prove...that the class struggle necessarily leads to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Letter to Joseph Weydemeyer 5 March 1852. The phrase 'dictatorship of the proletariat' had earlier been used in the Constitution of the World Society of Revolutionary Communists (1850), signed by Marx and others. Marx claimed that the phrase had been coined by Auguste Blanqui (1805-81), but it has not been found in this form in Blanqui's work. D. Fernbach (ed.) 'Karl Marx: The Revolutions of 1848: Political Writings' (1973 vol. 1, p. 24

All I know is that I am not a Marxist.

Attributed in a letter from Engels to C. Schmidt, 5 August 1890

1.86 Karl Marx 1818-83 and Friedrich Engels 1820-95

A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism.

'The Communist Manifesto' (1848) opening words

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonists, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the free development of all.

'The Communist Manifesto' (1848) para. 2

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.

'The Communist Manifesto' (1848) 'Bourgeois and Proletarians'

The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. working men of all countries, unite!

'The Communist Manifesto' (1848) closing words (from the 1888 translation by Samuel Moore, edited by Engels). D. Fernbach (ed.) 'Karl Marx: The Revolutions of 1848: Political Writings' (1973) vol. 1, p. 62

1.87 Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots 1542-87

In my end is my beginning.

Motto.

1.88 Mary Tudor 1516-58

When I am dead and opened, you shall find 'Calais' lying in my heart.

'Holinshed's Chronicles' vol. 4 (1808) p. 137

1.89 Queen Mary 1867-1953

To give up all that for this—!

Referring to her son [Edward VIII]'s natural inheritance on the one hand, and the Instrument of Abdication on the other; in J. Bryan III and Charles J. V. Murphy 'The Windsor Story' (1979) bk. 2, ch. 11, sometimes quoted 'To give up all this for that!—' 'that' being Mrs Simpson

'Well, Mr Baldwin! this is a pretty kettle of fish!'

On the abdication crisis, in James Pope-Hennessy 'Life of Queen Mary' (1959) pt. 4, ch. 7

1.90 Eric Maschwitz 1901-69

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

Title of song (1940)

1.91 John Masefield 1878-1967

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

'Cargoes' (1903)

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig lead,

Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.
‘Cargoes’ (1903)

In the dark womb where I began
My mother’s life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her.
‘C.L.M.’ (1910)

Jane brought the bowl of stewing gin
And poured the egg and lemon in,
And whisked it up and served it out
While bawdy questions went about.
Jack chucked her chin, and Jim accost her
With bits out of the ‘Maid of Gloster’.
And fifteen arms went round her waist.
(And then men ask, Are Barmaids Chaste?)
‘The Everlasting Mercy’ (1911) st. 26

The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.
‘The Everlasting Mercy’ (1911) st. 86

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel’s kick and the wind’s song and the white sail’s shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea’s face and a grey dawn breaking.
‘Sea Fever’ (1902)

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
‘Sea Fever’ (1902)

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull’s way and the whale’s way where the wind’s like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick’s over.
‘Sea Fever’ (1902)

Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.
‘Pompey The Great’ (1910) act 2

1.92 Donald Mason 1913—

Sighted sub, sank same.

Radio message, 28 January 1942, in ‘New York Times’ 27 February 1942, on sinking a Japanese submarine in the Atlantic region, the first US naval success in the war

1.93 Philip Massinger 1583-1640

Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is in a prince the virtue.

‘The Bashful Lover’ (licensed 1636, published 1655) act 1, sc. 2

Pray enter
You are learned Europeans and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.

‘The City Madam’ (licensed 1632, published 1658) act 3, sc. 3

Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean!

‘The Great Duke of Florence’ (licensed 1627, printed 1635) act 1, sc. 1.

Oh that thou hadst like others been all words,
And no performance.

‘The Parliament of Love’ (1624) act 4, sc. 2

Death has a thousand doors to let out life:
I shall find one.

‘A Very Woman’ (licensed 1634, published 1655) act 5, sc. 4.

1.94 Sir James Mathew 1830-1908

In England, justice is open to all—like the Ritz Hotel.

In R. E. Megarry ‘Miscellany-at-Law’ (1955) p. 254.

1.95 Henri Matisse 1869-1954

Ce que je rêve, c’est un art d’èquilibre, de puretè, de tranquillitè, sans sujet inquiètant ou prèoccupant, qui soit...un lènifiant, un calmant cèrèbral, quelque chose d’analogue á un bon fauteuil qui le dèlasse de ses fatigues physiques.

What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity and serenity devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter...a soothing, calming influence on the mind, rather like a good armchair which provides relaxation from physical fatigue.

‘Notes d’un peintre’ (1908) in Dominique Fourcade ‘Ècrits et propos sur l’art’ (1972) p. 30

1.96 W. Somerset Maugham 1874-1965

Hypocrisy is the most difficult and nerve-racking vice that any man can pursue; it needs an unceasing vigilance and a rare detachment of spirit. It cannot, like adultery or gluttony, be

practised at spare moments; it is a whole-time job.

'Cakes and Ale' (1930) ch. 1

From the earliest times the old have rubbed it into the young that they are wiser than they, and before the young had discovered what nonsense this was they were old too, and it profited them to carry on the imposture.

'Cakes and Ale' (1930) ch. 11

Poor Henry [James], he's spending eternity wandering round and round a stately park and the fence is just too high for him to peep over and they're having tea just too far away for him to hear what the countess is saying.

'Cakes and Ale' (1930) ch. 11

You can't learn too soon that the most useful thing about a principle is that it can always be sacrificed to expediency.

'The Circle' (1921) act 3

A woman will always sacrifice herself if you give her the opportunity. It is her favourite form of self-indulgence.

'The Circle' (1921) act 3

Impropriety is the soul of wit.

'The Moon and Sixpence' (1919) ch. 4

It is not true that suffering ennobles the character; happiness does that sometimes, but suffering, for the most part, makes men petty and vindictive.

'The Moon and Sixpence' (1919) ch. 17

'A woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her,' he said, 'but she can never forgive him for the sacrifices he makes on her account.'

'The Moon and Sixpence' (1919) ch. 41

Like all weak men he laid an exaggerated stress on not changing one's mind.

'Of Human Bondage' (1915) ch. 39

People ask you for criticism, but they only want praise.

'Of Human Bondage' (1915) ch. 50

Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make a complete use of the other five.

'Of Human Bondage' (1915) ch. 51

Few misfortunes can befall a boy which bring worse consequences than to have a really affectionate mother.

'A Writer's Notebook' (1949) p. 27 (written in 1896)

1.97 Bill Mauldin 1921—

I feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages.

Cartoon caption in 'Up Front' (1945)

1.98 James Maxton 1885-1946

All I say is, if you cannot ride two horses you have no right in the circus.

Opposing disaffiliation of the Scottish Independent Labour Party from the Labour Party, in ‘Daily Herald’ 12 January 1931 (often quoted as ‘...no right in the bloody circus’)

1.99 Jonathan Mayhew 1720-66

Rulers have no authority from God to do mischief...As soon as the prince sets himself up above the law, he loses the king in the tyrant. He does to all intents and purpose unking himself...and in such cases has no more right to be obeyed than any inferior officer who acts beyond his commission.

‘A Discourse Concerning Unlimited Submission and Non-Resistance to the Higher Powers’ 30 January 1750

1.100 Margaret Mead 1901-78

The knowledge that the personalities of the two sexes are socially produced is congenial to every programme that looks forward towards a planned order of society. It is a two-edged sword.

‘Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies’ (1935)

1.101 Shepherd Mead 1914—

How to succeed in business without really trying.

Title of book (1952)

1.102 Hughes Mearns 1875-1965

As I was walking up the stair
I met a man who wasn’t there.
He wasn’t there again today.
I wish, I wish he’d stay away.

Lines written for ‘The Psycho-ed’, an amateur play, in Philadelphia, 1910. Set to music in 1939 as ‘The Little Man Who Wasn’t There’

1.103 Cosimo De’ Medici 1389-1464

We read that we ought to forgive our enemies; but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends.

In Francis Bacon ‘Apophthegms’ (1625) no. 206 (speaking of what Bacon calls ‘perfidious friends’)

1.104 Lorenzo De’ Medici 1449-92

Quanto é bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto sia:
Di doman non ci é certezza.

How beautiful is youth, that is always slipping away! Whoever wants to be happy, let him be so: of tomorrow there’s no knowing.

‘Trionfo di Bacco di Arianna’

1.105 Dame Nellie Melba (Helen Porter Mitchell) 1861-1931

Sing ’em muck! It’s all they can understand!

Advice to Dame Clara Butt, prior to her departure for Australia, in W. H. Ponder ‘Clara Butt’ (1928) ch. 12

1.106 Lord Melbourne 1779-1848

Now, is it to lower the price of corn, or isn’t it? It is not much matter which we say, but mind, we must all say the same.

Attributed, in Walter Bagehot ‘The English Constitution’ (1867) ch. 1, p. 16 n.

What I like about the Order of the Garter is that there is no damned merit about it.

In Lord David Cecil ‘The Young Melbourne’ (1939) ch. 9

The worst of the present day is that men hate one another so damnably. For my part I love them all.

In Lord David Cecil ‘The Young Melbourne’ (1939) ch. 9

God help the Minister that meddles with art!

In Lord David Cecil ‘Lord M’ (1954) ch. 3

What I want is men who will support me when I am in the wrong.

Replying to a politician who said ‘I will support you as long as you are in the right’, in Lord David Cecil ‘Lord M’ (1954) ch. 4

Damn it! Another Bishop dead! I believe they die to vex me.

Attributed, in Lord David Cecil ‘Lord M’ (1954) ch. 4

I do not know why there is all this fuss about education; none of the Paget family can read or write, and they do very well.

Attributed to Melbourne, in conversation with Queen Victoria, in Lord David Cecil ‘Lord M’ (1954) ch. 4

I have always thought complaints of ill-usage contemptible, whether from a seduced disappointed girl or a turned out Prime Minister.

On being dismissed by William IV, in V. Dickinson (ed.) ‘Miss Eden’s Letters’ (1919) letter from Emily Eden to Mrs Lister, 23 November 1834

What all the wise men promised has not happened, and what all the d—d fools said would happen has come to pass.

Referring to the Catholic Emancipation Act (1829), in H. Dunckley ‘Lord Melbourne’ (1890) ch. 9

Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life.

Remark on hearing an evangelical sermon, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 6

1.107 Herman Melville 1819-91

That Calvanistic sense of innate depravity and original sin from whose visitations, in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free.

‘Hawthorne and His Mosses’ (1850)

Genius all over the world stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round.

‘Hawthorne and His Mosses’ (1850)

Call me Ishmael.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) opening words

Delight—top-gallant delight is to him, who acknowledges no law or lord, but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to heaven.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) ch. 1

But when a man’s religion becomes really frantic; when it is a positive torment to him; and, in fine, makes this earth of ours an uncomfortable inn to lodge in; then I think it high time to take that individual aside and argue the point with him.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) ch. 17

A whaleship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) ch. 24

This it is, that forever keeps God’s true princes of the Empire from the world’s hustings; and leaves the highest honours that this air can give, to those men who become famous more through their infinite inferiority to the choice hidden handful of the Divine Inert, than through their undoubted superiority over the dead level of the mass.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) ch. 33

From hell’s heart I stab at thee.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851)

Aye, toil as we may, we all sleep at last on the field. Sleep? Aye, and rust amid greenness; as last year’s scythes flung down, and left in the half-cut swaths.

‘Moby Dick’ (1851) ch. 132

1.108 Gilles Mènage 1613-92

Comme nous nous entretenions de ce qui pouvait rendre heureux, je lui dis; Sanitas sanitatum, et omnia sanitas.

While we were discussing what could make one happy, I said to him: Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas.

From a conversation with Jean-Louis Guez de Balzac (1594-1654), in ‘Mènagiana’ (1693) p. 166 (sanitas health).

1.109 Menander c.342-292 B.C.

Whom the gods love dies young.

‘Dis Exapaton’ fragment 4, in F. H. Sandbach (ed.) ‘Menandri Reliquiae Selectae’ (1990)

We live, not as we wish to, but as we can.

‘The Lady of Andros’ in ‘Menander: the Principal Fragments’ translated by F. G. Allinson (1951) p. 316

1.110 H. L. Mencken 1880-1956

He [Calvin Coolidge] slept more than any other President, whether by day or by night. Nero fiddled, but Coolidge only snored.

‘American Mercury’ April 1933

The saddest life is that of a political aspirant under democracy. His failure is ignominious and his success is disgraceful.

‘Baltimore Evening Sun’ 9 December 1929

Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another.

‘Chrestomathy’ (1949) ch. 30.

Puritanism. The haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy.

‘Chrestomathy’ (1949) ch. 30

Democracy is the theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard.

‘A Little Book in C major’ (1916) p. 19

Conscience: the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking.

‘A Little Book in C major’ (1916) p. 42

It is now quite lawful for a Catholic woman to avoid pregnancy by a resort to mathematics, though she is still forbidden to resort to physics and chemistry.

‘Notebooks’ (1956) ‘Minority Report’

1.111 David Mercer 1928-80

A suitable case for treatment.

Title of television play (1962), later filmed as ‘Morgan-A Suitable Case for Treatment’ (1966)

1.112 Johnny Mercer 1909-76

You’ve got to ac-cent-tchu-ate the positive
Elim-my-nate the negative
Latch on to the affirmative
Don’t mess with Mister In-between.

‘Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive’ (1944 song)

Jeepers Creepers—where you get them peepers?

‘Jeepers Creepers’ (1938 song); sung to a horse of the same name, by Louis Armstrong, in the film ‘Going Places’ (1939)

We’re drinking my friend,
To the end of a brief episode,
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road.

‘One For My Baby’ (1943 song)

That old black magic.

Title of song (1942)

1.113 George Meredith 1828-1909

The lark ascending.

Title of poem (1881)

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!
‘Love in the Valley’ st. 2

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend...
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.
‘Lucifer in Starlight’

‘I play for Seasons; not Eternities!’
Says Nature.
‘Modern Love’ (1862) st. 13

In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.
‘Modern Love’ (1862) st. 43

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!
‘Modern Love’ (1862) st. 50

Thoughts of heroes were as good as warming-pans.
‘Beauchamp’s Career’ (1876) ch. 4

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.
‘Diana of the Crossways’ (1885) ch. 1

’Tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too.
‘Diana of the Crossways’ (1885) ch. 2

She was a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment.
‘Diana of the Crossways’ (1885) ch. 14

There is nothing the body suffers the soul may not profit by.
‘Diana of the Crossways’ (1885) ch. 43

A Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar.
‘The Egoist’ (1879) ch. 2

A dainty rogue in porcelain.
‘The Egoist’ (1879) ch. 5

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism without the coxcomb’s feathers.
‘The Egoist’ (1879) ch. 7

In...the Book of Egoism it is written: Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity.
‘The Egoist’ (1879) ch. 14

None of your dam punctilio.

‘One of Our Conquerors’ (1891) ch. 1

I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man.

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 1

In action Wisdom goes by majorities.

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 1

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 12

The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters. The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts.

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 19

Kissing don’t last: cookery do!

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 28

Speech is the small change of silence.

‘The Ordeal of Richard Feverel’ (1859) ch. 34

Much benevolence of the passive order may be traced to a disinclination to inflict pain upon oneself.

‘Vittoria’ (1866) ch. 42

1.114 Owen Meredith (Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, first Earl of Lytton) 1831-91

Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it can.

‘Last Words of a Sensitive Second-Rate Poet’

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

‘Lucile’ (1860) pt. 1, canto 2, sect. 24

1.115 Dixon Lanier Merritt 1879-1972

Oh, a wondrous bird is the pelican!
His beak holds more than his belican.
He takes in his beak
Food enough for a week.
But I’ll be darned if I know how the helican.

In ‘Nashville Banner’ 22 April 1913

1.116 Le Curè Meslier c.1664-1733

Il me souvient á ce sujet d'un souhait que faisait autrefois un homme, qui n'avait ni science ni ètude...Il souhaitait, disait-il...que tous les grands de la terre et que tous les nobles fussent pendus et ètranglès avec les boyaux des prêtres. Pour ce qui est de moi...je souhaitais d'avoir les bras et la force d'Hercule pour purger le monde de tout vice et de toute iniquitè, et pour avoir le plaisir d'assommer tous ces monstres d'erreurs et d'iniquitè qui font gèmir si pitoyablement tous les peuples de la terre.

I remember, on this matter, the wish made once by an ignorant, uneducated man...He said he wished...that all the great men in the world and all the nobility could be hanged, and strangled in the guts of priests. For myself...I wish I could have the strength of Hercules to purge the world of all vice and sin, and the pleasure of destroying all those monsters of error and sin [priests] who make all the peoples of the world groan so pitiably.

'Testament' (ed. R. Charles, 1864) vol. 1, ch. 2; often quoted as 'Je voudrais...que le dernier des rois fût ètranglè avec les boyaux du dernier prêtre [I should like...the last of the kings to be strangled with the guts of the last priest]' or in Diderot's version:

Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre
Serrons le cou du dernier roi.
And [with] the guts of the last priest
Let's shake the neck of the last king.

1.117 Prince Metternich 1773-1859

I would like to call out to the representatives of social upheaval: 'Citizen of a world, that exists but in your dreams, nothing is altered. On 14 March, nothing happened save the elimination of a single man.

On his own downfall in 1848, in 'Aus Metternich's Nachgelassenen Papieren' (ed. A. von Klinkowström, 1880) vol. 8, p. 232

The Emperor is everything, Vienna is nothing.

'Aus Metternich's Nachgelassenen Papieren' (ed. A. von Klinkowström, 1880) vol. 8, p. 424

The true merit of a statesman...consists of governing so as to avoid a situation in which concessions become necessary.

'Aus Metternich's Nachgelassenen Papieren' (ed. A. von Klinkowström, 1880) vol. 8, p. 562

The word freedom has for me never had the character of a point of departure but of a goal. The point of departure is order which alone can produce freedom. Without order the appeal to freedom is no more than the quest of some specific party for its special objectives and will in practice always lead to tyranny.

'Aus Metternich's Nachgelassenen Papieren' (ed. A. von Klinkowström, 1880) vol. 8, p. 633

Religion, morality, legislation, economics, politics, administration, all seem to have become a common good and accessible to everyone. Science appears intuitive, experience has no value for the presumptuous; faith means nothing to him, and he substitutes for it the pretence of a personal conviction.

Memorandum to Czar Alexander I (1820)

L'erreur n'a jamais approchè de mon esprit.

Error has never approached my spirit.

Addressed to Guizot in 1848, in Francois Pierre G. Guizot ‘Mèmoires’ (1858-1867) vol. 4, p. 21

Italien ist ein geographischer Begriff.

Italy is a geographical expression.

Discussing the Italian question with Palmerston in 1847. ‘Aus dem Nachlasse des Grafen Prokesch-Osten’ (1881) vol. 2, p. 343; and Mèmoires, Documents, etc. de ‘Metternich publiès par son fils’ (1883) vol. 7, p. 415

1.118 Charlotte Mew 1869-1928

She sleeps up in the attic there
Alone, poor maid. ’Tis but a stair
Betwixt us. Oh! my God! the down,
The soft young down of her, the brown,
The brown of her—her eyes, her hair, her hair!

‘The Farmer’s Bride’

1.119 William Julius Mickle 1735-88

For there’s nae luck about the house,
There’s nae luck at a’,
There’s little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman’s awa.

‘There’s nae Luck about the House’

1.120 Thomas Middleton c.1580-1627

Anything for a quiet life.

Title of play (written c.1620, possibly with John Webster).

I never heard
Of any true affection, but ’twas nipt
With care.

‘Blurt, Master-Constable’ (published 1602) act 3, sc. 1

Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?

‘The Revenger’s Tragedy’ (1607) act 3, sc. 5, l. 71 (previously thought to be the work of Cyril Tourneur, c.1575-1626)

There’s no hate lost between us.

‘The Witch’ (written 1609-16, printed 1778) act 4, sc. 3

1.121 Thomas Middleton 1580-1627 and William Rowley c.1585-1626

I could not get the ring without the finger.

‘The Changeling’ (performed c.1622) act 3, sc. 4

Y’are the deed’s creature.

‘The Changeling’ (performed c.1622) act 3, sc. 4

O come not near me sir; I shall defile you.
I that am of your blood was taken from you
For your better health. Look no more upon’t,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly;
Let the common sewer take it from distinction.
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, ’mongst things corruptible;
I ne’er could pluck it from him. My loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne’er believed.
‘The Changeling’ (performed c.1622) act 5, sc. 3

1.122 George Mikes 1912—

On the Continent people have good food; in England people have good table manners.
‘How to be an Alien’ (1946) p. 10

Continental people have sex life; the English have hot-water bottles.
‘How to be an Alien’ (1946) p. 25

An Englishman, even if he is alone, forms an orderly queue of one.
‘How to be an Alien’ (1946) p. 44

1.123 John Stuart Mill 1806-73

Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so.
‘Autobiography’ (1873) ch. 5

No great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought.
‘Autobiography’ (1873) ch. 7

As often as a study is cultivated by narrow minds, they will draw from it narrow conclusions.
‘Auguste Comte and Positivism’ (1865) pt. 1, p. 82

The Conservatives...being by the law of their existence the stupidest party.
‘Considerations on Representative Government’ (1861) ch. 7 (note)

When society requires to be rebuilt, there is no use in attempting to rebuild it on the old plan.
‘Dissertations and Discussions’ vol. 1 (1859) ‘Essay on Coleridge’

If we may be excused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is heard, poetry is overheard.
‘Dissertations and Discussions’ vol. 1 (1859) ‘Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties’

Detention by the State of the unearned increment of rent.
‘Dissertations and Discussions’ vol. 4 (1875) ‘The Right of Property in Land’

I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.
‘Examination of Sir William Hamilton’s Philosophy’ (1865) ch. 7

The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with

the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 1

The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 1

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 2

We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 2

A party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 2

The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 3

All good things which exist are the fruits of originality.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 3

Liberty consists in doing what one desires.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 5

The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 5

A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

‘On Liberty’ (1859) ch. 5

The great majority of those who speak of perfectibility as a dream, do so because they feel that it is one which would afford them no pleasure if it were realized.

‘Speech on Perfectibility’ (1828) in ‘Autobiography’ (ed. Harold J. Laski, 1924) p. 290

The principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement...it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other.

‘The Subjection of Women’ (1869) ch. 1

The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence, when the most fundamental of the social relations [marriage] is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and in cultivation.

‘The Subjection of Women’ (1869) ch. 4

The most important thing women have to do is to stir up the zeal of women themselves.

Letter to Alexander Bain, 14 July 1869, in Hugh S. R. Elliot (ed.) ‘Letters of John Stuart Mill’ vol. 2 (1910)

Were there but a few hearts and intellects like hers this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven.

Epitaph (1859) inscribed on the tomb of his wife, Harriet, at the cemetery of St Vèran, near Avignon. M. St J. Packe ‘Life of John Stuart Mill’ (1954) bk. 7, ch. 3

1.124 Edna St Vincent Millay 1892-1950

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age and at a certain age
The child is grown, and puts away childish things.
Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.
Nobody that matters, that is.

‘Childhood is the Kingdom where Nobody dies’ (1934).

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

‘Dirge Without Music’ (1928)

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light.

‘A Few Figs From Thistles’ (1920) ‘First Fig’

Safe upon solid rock the ugly houses stand:
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!

‘A Few Figs From Thistles’ (1920) ‘Second Fig’

I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

‘The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems’ (1923) sonnet 19

Death devours all lovely things;
Lesbia with her sparrow
Shares the darkness—presently
Every bed is narrow.

‘Passer Mortuus Est’ (1921).

After all, my erstwhile dear,
My no longer cherished,
Need we say it was not love,
Now that love is perished?

‘Passer Mortuus Est’ (1921)

1.125 Alice Duer Miller 1874-1942

I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

'The White Cliffs' (1940) p. 70

1.126 Arthur Miller 1915—

A suicide kills two people, Maggie, that's what it's for!

'After the Fall' (1964) act 2

All organization is and must be grounded on the idea of exclusion and prohibition just as two objects cannot occupy the same space.

'The Crucible' (1952) act 1

The world is an oyster, but you don't crack it open on a mattress.

'Death of a Salesman' (1949) act 1

Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid.

'Death of a Salesman' (1949) act 1

For a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back—that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

'Death of a Salesman' (1949) 'Requiem'

'How do you find your way back in the dark?...'Just head for that big star straight on. The highway's under it; take us right home.'

'The Misfits' (1961) ch. 12

The car, the furniture, the wife, the children—everything has to be disposable. Because you see the main thing today is—shopping.

'The Price' (1968) act 1

The gullet of New York, swallowing the tonnage of the world.

'A View from the Bridge' (1955); describing Red Hook

The structure of a play is always the story of how the birds came home to roost.

'Shadows of the Gods: A critical View of the American Theatre', in 'Harper's Magazine' August 1958

A good newspaper, I suppose, is a nation talking to itself.

In 'Observer' 26 November 1961

A theatre where no-one is allowed to walk out and everyone is forced to applause.

Describing Eastern Europe in 'Omnibus' (BBC TV) 30 October 1987; in 'Independent' 31 October 1987

1.127 Henry Miller 1891-1980

Even before the music begins there is that bored look on people's faces. A polite form of self-imposed torture, the concert.

'Tropic of Cancer' (1934) p. 84

Every man with a bellyful of the classics is an enemy to the human race.

'Tropic of Cancer' (1934) p. 280

1.128 Jonathan Miller 1934—

In fact, I'm not really a Jew. Just Jew-ish. Not the whole hog, you know.

'Beyond the Fringe' (1960 review) 'Real Class'

1.129 William Miller 1810-72

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs in his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,
Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?

'Willie Winkie' (1841)

1.130 Spike Milligan (Terence Alan Milligan) 1918—

You silly twisted boy.

'The Goon Show' (BBC radio series) 'The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler' 12 October 1954

Ying tong iddle I po.

'The Goon Show' (BBC radio series) 'The Dreaded Batter Pudding Hurler' 12 October 1954; also in 'The Ying Tong Song' (1956)

You rotten swines. I told you I'd be deaded.

'The Goon Show' (BBC radio series) 'The Hastings Flyer' 3 January 1956 (Bluebottle speaking)

Moriarty: Sapristi Nuckoes—do you always drink ink?
Seagoon: Only in the mating season.

'The Goon Show' (BBC radio series) 'Napoleon's Piano' 11 October 1955

He's fallen in the water.

'The Goon Show' (BBC radio series) 1956 onwards; 'Little Jim' [Spike Milligan]'s catch-phrase

Money couldn't buy friends but you got a better class of enemy.

'Puckoon' (1963) ch. 6

1.131 A. J. Mills, Fred Godfrey, and Bennett Scott

Take me back to dear old Blighty.

Title of song (1916)

1.132 A. A. Milne 1882-1956

'I don't want him,' said Rabbit. 'But it's always useful to know where a friend-and-relation is, whether you want him or whether you don't.'

‘The House at Pooh Corner’ (1928) ch. 3

He respects Owl, because you can’t help respecting anybody who can spell TUESDAY, even if he doesn’t spell it right; but spelling isn’t everything. There are days when spelling Tuesday simply doesn’t count.

‘The House at Pooh Corner’ (1928) ch. 5

Pooh began to feel a little more comfortable, because when you are a Bear of Very Little Brain, and you Think of Things, you sometimes find that a Thing which seemed very Thingish inside you is quite different when it gets out into the open and has other people looking at it.

‘The House at Pooh Corner’ (1928) ch. 6

They’re changing guard at Buckingham Palace—
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
Alice is marrying one of the guard.
‘A soldier’s life is terrible hard,’
Says Alice.

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘Buckingham Palace’

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother,
Though he was only three.
James James
Said to his Mother,
‘Mother,’ he said, said he;
‘You must never go down to the end of the town, if you don’t go down with me.’

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘Disobedience’

There once was a Dormouse who lived in a bed
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),
And all the day long he’d a wonderful view
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue).

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘The Dormouse and the Doctor’

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
‘Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?’

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘The King’s Breakfast’

And some of the bigger bears try to pretend
That they came round the corner to look for a friend;

And they try to pretend that nobody cares
Whether you walk on the lines or squares.
But only the sillies believe their talk;
It’s ever so portant how you walk. And it’s ever so jolly to call out, ‘Bears,
Just watch me walking in all the squares!’

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘Lines and Squares’

What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She’s perfectly well and she hasn’t a pain,
And it’s lovely rice pudding for dinner again!
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘Rice Pudding’

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

‘When We Were Very Young’ (1924) ‘Vespers’

Isn’t it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 1

How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
It makes him very proud
To be a little cloud.

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 1

Pooh woke up suddenly with a sinking feeling. He had had that sinking feeling before, and he knew what it meant. He was hungry.

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 5

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.
A fly can’t bird, but a bird can fly.
Ask me a riddle and I reply:
‘Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.’

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 6

Time for a little something.

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 6

My spelling is Wobbly. It’s good spelling but it Wobbles, and the letters get in the wrong places.

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 6

Owl hasn’t exactly got Brain, but he Knows Things.

‘Winnie-the-Pooh’ (1926) ch. 9

1.133 Lord Milner (Alfred, Viscount Milner) 1854-1925

If we believe a thing to be bad, and if we have a right to prevent it, it is our duty to try to prevent it and to damn the consequences.

Speech at Glasgow, 26 November 1909, in ‘The Times’ 27 November 1909

1.134 John Milton 1608-74

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

‘Arcades’ (1645) l. 68

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven’s joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice, and Verse.

‘At a Solemn Music’ (1645)

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.

‘At a Solemn Music’ (1645)

Before the starry threshold of Jove’s Court
My mansion is.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 1

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 5

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 12

That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadornéd bosom of the deep.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 22

An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 33

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 95

What hath night to do with sleep?

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 122

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

‘Comus’ (1637) l. 143

When the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer’s weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus’ wain.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 188

O thievish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 195

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 221

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv’st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander’s margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 230

Can any mortal mixture of earth’s mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 244

Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 263

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap’stry halls
And courts of princes.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 321

With thy long levelled rule of streaming light.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 340

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom’s self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort

Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i’ the centre, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 373

Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 410

’Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 420

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbéd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 475

What the sage poets taught by th’ heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 515

And filled the air with barbarous dissonance.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 550

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 560

Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 586

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 706

Beauty is Nature’s coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 739

Beauty is Nature’s brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife’s wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 745

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason’s garb.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 759

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 859

Thus I set my printless feet
O’er the cowslip’s velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 897

Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
‘Comus’ (1637) l. 1019

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 1

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 7

Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O’erlaid with black staid wisdom’s hue.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 12

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 31

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 45

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 49

Sweet bird that shunn’st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 61

And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven’s wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 65

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 73

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 79

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing

Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto’s cheek.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 105

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 120

Hide me from day’s garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
And such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 141

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister’s pale.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 155

And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars’ massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 157

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
‘Il Penseroso’ (1645) l. 173

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
’Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 1

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 24 (on Euphrosyne (Mirth), one of the three graces)

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 25

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 31

Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 38

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 49

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 59

While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o’er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 63

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers, and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 75

Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.

‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 85

And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 94

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 100

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 117

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 121

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque, and antique pageantry:
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson’s learnéd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare fancy’s child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 125

Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
‘L’Allegro’ (1645) l. 148

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 1

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 18

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 23

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 37

The woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o’ergrown.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 39

Where were ye nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o’er the head of your loved Lycidas?

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 50

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd’s trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse;
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera’s hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th’ abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 64

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 78

It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th’ eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 100

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 108

Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck’ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs!

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 114

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll’n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 123

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 132

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 142

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit’st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona’s hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 156

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 166

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 178

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th’ oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 186

At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

‘Lycidas’ (1638) l. 192

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piléd stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

‘On Shakespeare’ (1632)

O fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

‘On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough’ (1673) st. 1

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the son of heaven’s eternal king,

Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his father work us a perpetual peace.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity’ (1645) st. 1

The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity’ (1645) st. 4

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born-child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity: The Hymn’ (1645) st. 1

No war, or battle’s sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity: The Hymn’ (1645) st. 4

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity: The Hymn’ (1645) st. 6

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity: The Hymn’ (1645) st. 8

The helméd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed.
‘On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity: The Hymn’ (1645) st. 11

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;

And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 13

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 14

And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 14

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 18

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 19

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 26

But see the virgin blest,
Hath laid her babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending.
'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity: The Hymn' (1645) st. 27

Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed.
'On the University Carrier' (1645)

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours.
'On Time' (1645)

Rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) ‘The Verse’ (preface, added 1668)

The troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) ‘The Verse’ (preface, added 1668)

Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 1

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 16

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 22

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 34

Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 44

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 61

But O how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 84

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 88

Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre; that fixed mind
And high disdain, from sense of injured merit.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 94

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 105

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 126

Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 157

And out of good still to find means of evil.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 165

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 190

The will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 211

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 242

Farewell, happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail

Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor: one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 249

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 261

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 292

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched imbower.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 302

First Moloch, horrid king besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents’ tears.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 392

For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 423

But in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 428

Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 439

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer’s day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 446

And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 500

The imperial ensign, which full high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 536

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hell’s concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 540

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mode
Of flutes and soft recorders.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 549

That small infantry
Warred on by cranes.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 575 (on the Pygmies)

What resounds
In fable or romance of Uther’s son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 579

As when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 594

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 648

Mammon led them on,

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven, for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven’s pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 678

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 690

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 710

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer’s day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 742

Nor aught availed him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 748

Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 1, l. 756

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 1

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 44

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert, I boast not.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 51

Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 109

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 146

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 184

Thus Belial with words clothed in reason’s garb
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. l. 226

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. l. 274

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 300

To sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 377

Who shall tempt with wandering feet

The dark unbottomed infinite abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 404

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 432

O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 496

In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 555

Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 562

The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 594

Feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 598

O’er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 620

The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,

For each seemed either, black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 666

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 681

Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 707

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 712

I fled, and cried out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 787

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 879

Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him high arbiter
Chance governs all.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 907

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 962

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 995

So he with difficulty and labour hard

Moved on, with difficulty and labour he.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 2, l. 1021

Hail, holy Light, offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear’st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 1

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature’s works to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 37

Die he or justice must.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 210

Dark with excessive bright.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 380

So on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walked up and down alone bent on his prey.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 440

Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l.495

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 3, l. 682

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 34

Warring in heaven against heaven’s matchless king.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 41

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 55

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 73

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 108

So clomb this first grand thief into God’s fold:
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 192

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 248

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 256

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 268

For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,

He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 297

And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 309

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 323

The unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 345

These two
Emparadised in one another’s arms
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 505

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 598

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman’s happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 637

Sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,

And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 646

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 677

Into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turned I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 738

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 750

Sleep on
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 773

Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 799

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 917

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 4, l. 970

His sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 3

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven’s last best gift, my ever new delight.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 18

Best image of myself and dearer half.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 95

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 164

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 331

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover’s hell.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 449

Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 538

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 574

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 600

All seemed well pleased, all seemed, but were not all.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 617

Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in their motions harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones, that God’s own ear
Listens delighted.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 620

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 5, l. 658

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single has maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 6, l. 29

Headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 6, l. 864

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall’n on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 7, l. 23

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 7, l. 32

Necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 7, l. 172

There Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 7, l. 412

The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great creator from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days’ work, a world.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 7, l. 563

He his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o’er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 76

Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:

Think only what concerns thee and thy being.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 172

Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 280

In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 364

So absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 547

Ofttimes nothing profits more
Than self esteem, grounded on just and right
Well managed.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 8, l. 571

My celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 21

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 44

The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 86

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 249

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer’s morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 445

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 489

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our reason is our law.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 652

Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 780

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God’s works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 896

For with thee
Certain my resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 906

Flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 914

What thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 9, l. 957

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 10, l. 77

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 10, l. 506

O why did God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature?

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 10, l. 888

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 11, l. 485

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 11, l. 547

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv’st
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 11, l. 553

The evening star,
Love’s harbinger.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 11, l. 588

For now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 11, l. 783

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 12, l. 469

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 12, l. 581

In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 12, l. 615

They looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

‘Paradise Lost’ (1667) bk. 12, l. 641

Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 2, l. 161

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 3, l. 56

But on occasion’s forelock watchful wait.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 3, l. 173

He who seeking asses found a kingdom.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 3, l. 242 (referring to Saul). See Samuel ch. 9, v. 3

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o’er all the world.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 4, l. 220

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 4, l. 240

The first and wisest of them all professed

To know this only, that he nothing knew.
‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 4, l. 293.

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgement equal or superior
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself.
‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 4, l. 322

In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so.
‘Paradise Regained’ (1671) bk. 4, l. 361 (on the prophets)

But headlong joy is ever on the wing.
‘The Passion’ (1645) st. 1

Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 40

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 80

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 86

To live a life half dead, a living death.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 100

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 129

Wisest men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne’er so wise.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 210

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 293

Of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 297

But what availed this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 558

That grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men; that to the public good
Private respects must yield.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 865

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possessed.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1003

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1008

Lords are lordliest in their wine.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1418

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1538

And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perchéd roosts,
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1692

Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embossed,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1699

And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1706

Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.

‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1709

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1721

All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.

‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1745

His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

‘Samson Agonistes’ (1671) l. 1755

How soon hath time the subtle thief of youth,
Stol’n on his wing my three and twentieth year!

‘Sonnet’ 7 ‘How soon hath time’ (1645)

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.

‘Sonnet’ 12 ‘I did but prompt the age’ (1673)

Licence they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good.

‘Sonnet’ 12 ‘I did but prompt the age’ (1673)

Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask; but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best, his state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

‘Sonnet’ 16 ‘When I consider how my light is spent’ (1673)

Today deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws.

‘Sonnet’ 18 ‘Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench’ (1673)

Methought I saw my late espouséd saint

Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave.

‘Sonnet’ 19 ‘Methought I saw my late espouséd saint’ (1673)

But oh as to embrace me she inclined
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

‘Sonnet’ 19 ‘Methought I saw my late espouséd saint’ (1673)

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

‘On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament’ (1646)

For what can war, but endless war still breed?

‘On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester’ (written 1648, published 1694)

Cromwell, our chief of men.

‘To the Lord General Cromwell’ (written 1652, published 1694)

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

‘To the Lord General Cromwell’ (written 1652, published 1694)

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem.

‘An Apology for Smectymnuus’ (1642) introduction, p. 16

His words...like so many nimble and airy servitors trip about him at command.

‘An Apology for Smectymnuus’ (1642) sect. 12, p. 55

For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.

‘Areopagitica’ (1644) p. 1

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

‘Areopagitica’ (1644) p. 4

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God’s image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.

‘Areopagitica’ (1644) p. 4

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

‘Areopagitica’ (1644) p. 4

It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom that Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

‘Areopagitica’ (1644) p. 12

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet

abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 12

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man...It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to pratle as they do, but must be licenced what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers?

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 16

From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 29

To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 30

God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does he then but reveal Himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen?

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 31

Behold now this vast city [London]; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 31

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 31

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 34

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 34

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field,

we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

'Areopagitica' (1644) p. 35

Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.

'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce' (1643) 'To the Parliament of England'

I owe no light or leading received from any man in the discovery of this truth.

'The Judgement of Martin Bucer' (1644); on 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce' (1643)

I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war.

'Of Education' (1644)

Ornate rhetoric taught out of the rule of Plato...To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate.

'Of Education' (1644)

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

'Of Education' (1644) 'Their Exercise'

What I have spoken, is the language of that which is not called amiss The good old Cause.

'The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth' (2nd ed., 1660) p. 106

But because about the manner and order of this government, whether it ought to be Presbyterial, or Prelatical, such endless question, or rather uproar is arisen in this land, as may be justly termed, what the fever is to the physicians, the eternal reproach of our divines.

'The Reason of Church Government' (1642) preface

This manner of writing [prose] wherein knowing myself inferior to myself...I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand.

'The Reason of Church Government' (1642) bk. 2, introduction

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.

'The Reason of Church Government' (1642) bk. 2, introduction

The land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.

'The Reason of Church Government' (1642) bk. 2, introduction

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.

'The Reason of Church Government' (1642) bk. 2, introduction

None can love freedom heartily, but good men; the rest love not freedom, but licence.

'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates' (1649)

No man who knows aught, can be so stupid to deny that all men naturally were born free.

'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates' (1649)

1.135 Comte de Mirabeau 1749-91

La guerre est l'industrie nationale de la Prusse.

War is the national industry of Prussia.

Attributed to Mirabeau by Albert Sorel, based on words found in the introduction to Mirabeau's 'De la monarchie prussienne sous Frèdèric le Grand' (1788)

1.136 The Missal

Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor.

Sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed.

'Anthem at Sprinkling the Holy Water'.

Dominus vobiscum.
Et cum spiritu tuo.

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Introibo ad altare Dei.

I will go unto the altar of God.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

'The Ordinary of the Mass' 'The Doxology'.

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatae Mariae semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistae, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis, et tibi, Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere, mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.

I confess to almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to you, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Kyrie eleison...Christe eleison.

Lord, have mercy upon us...Christ, have mercy upon us.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise thee, we bless thee, we adore thee, we glorify thee.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Oremus.

Let us pray.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Deo gratias.

Thanks be to God.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula: Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero; genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt. Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem, descendit de coelis; et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine; ET HOMO FACTUS EST. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas; et ascendit in coelum; sedet ad dexteram Patris; et iterum venturus est cum gloria, judicare vivos et mortuos; cuius regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit; qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur, et conglorificatur; qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum Baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi saeculi.

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and born of the Father before all ages; God of God, light of light; true God of true God; begotten, not made; consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven; and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary; AND WAS MADE MAN. He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father; and he is to come again with glory, to judge both the living and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end. And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified; who spoke by the Prophets. And one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I confess one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I expect the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

'The Ordinary of the Mass' 'The Nicene Creed'.

Sursum corda.

Lift up your hearts.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Dignum et justum est.

It is right and fitting.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Pater noster, qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua sicut in coelo, et in terra; panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.

The peace of the Lord be always with you.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, give us peace.

'The Ordinary of the Mass' Domine, non sum dignus ut intres sub tectum meum; sed tantum dic verbo, et sanabitur anima mea.

Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; but say only the word, and my soul shall be healed.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Ite missa est.

Go, you are dismissed.

'The Ordinary of the Mass' (commonly interpreted as 'Go, the Mass is ended')

In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat Verbum.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

'The Ordinary of the Mass'.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine on them.

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

That day, the day of wrath, will turn the universe to ashes, as David foretells (and the Sibyl too).

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’ ‘Sequentia’ (commonly known as ‘Dies Irae’); attributed to Thomas of Celano (c.1190-1260) l. 1

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et nat ura,
Cum resurget creatura
Iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus iudicetur.

The trumpet will fling out a wonderful sound through the tombs of all regions, it will drive everyone before the throne. Death will be aghast and so will nature, when creation rises again to make answer to the judge. The written book will be brought forth, in which everything is included whereby the world will be judged.

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’ ‘Sequentia’ (commonly known as ‘Dies Irae’); attributed to Thomas of Celano (c.1190-1260) l. 7

Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

O King of tremendous majesty, who freely saves those who should be saved, save me, O source of pity!

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’ ‘Sequentia’ (commonly known as ‘Dies Irae’); attributed to Thomas of Celano (c.1190-1260) l. 22

Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab haedis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Among the sheep set me a place and separate me from the goats, standing me on the right-hand side.

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’ ‘Sequentia’ (commonly known as ‘Dies Irae’); attributed to Thomas of Celano (c.1190-1260) l. 43

Requiescant in pace.

May they rest in peace.

‘Order of Mass for the Dead’

O felix culpa, quae talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem.

O happy fault, which has earned such a mighty Redeemer.

‘Exsultet’ on Holy Saturday

1.137 Adrian Mitchell 1932—

Most people ignore most poetry
because
most poetry ignores most people.

‘Poems’ (1964) p. 8

1.138 Joni Mitchell 1945—

I’ve looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow
It’s life’s illusions I recall;
I really don’t know life at all.

‘Both Sides Now’ (1967 song)

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot,
With a pink hotel,
A boutique, and a swinging hot spot.

‘Big Yellow Taxi’ (1970 song)

We are stardust,
We are golden,
And we got to get ourselves
Back to the garden.

‘Woodstock’ (1969 song)

1.139 Margaret Mitchell 1900-49

Death and taxes and childbirth! There’s never any convenient time for any of them.

‘Gone with the Wind’ (1936) ch. 38.

I wish I could care what you do or where you go but I can’t...My dear, I don’t give a damn.

‘Gone with the Wind’ (1936) ch. 57 (Rhett Butler to Scarlett); ‘Frankly, my dear, I don’t give a damn!’ in the 1939 screen version by Sidney Howard

After all, tomorrow is another day.

‘Gone with the Wind’ (1936) closing words

1.140 Nancy Mitford 1904-73

‘Always be civil to the girls, you never know who they may marry’ is an aphorism which has

saved many an English spinster from being treated like an Indian widow.
'Love in a Cold Climate' (1949) pt. 1, ch. 2

An aristocracy in a republic is like a chicken whose head has been cut off: it may run about in a lively way, but in fact it is dead.
'Noblesse Oblige' (1956) 'The English Aristocracy'

Frogs...are slightly better than Huns or Wops, but abroad is unutterably bloody and foreigners are fiends.
'The Pursuit of Love' (1945) ch. 15

Wooing, so tiring, you know.
'The Pursuit of Love' (1945)

There's a letter for you from France. How disgusting.
'The Pursuit of Love' (1945)

1.141 François Mitterand 1916—

You, Attali, are a mere chapter. I am the entire volume.
To his adviser, Jacques Attali, in 'Observer' 'Sayings of the Year' (1991)

1.142 Addison Mizner 1892-1933

See Ethel Watts Mumford (1.195)

1.143 Wilson Mizner 1876-1933

Be nice to people on your way up because you'll meet 'em on your way down.
In Alva Johnston 'The Legendary Mizners' (1953) ch. 4

Treat a whore like a lady and a lady like a whore.
In Alva Johnston 'The Legendary Mizners' (1953) ch. 4

If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism; if you steal from many, it's research.
In Alva Johnston 'The Legendary Mizners' (1953) ch. 4

A trip through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat.
On Hollywood, in Alva Johnston 'The Legendary Mizners' (1953) ch. 4; converted by Mayor Jimmy Walker into 'A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat'

1.144 Moliére (Jean-Baptiste Poquelin) 1622-73

Prèsentez toujours le devant au monde.

Always present your front to the world.
'L'Avare' (1669) act 3, sc. 1

Il faut manger pour vivre et non pas vivre pour manger.

One should eat to live, and not live to eat.
'L'Avare' (1669) act 3, sc. 1

Tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers; et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose.

All that is not prose is verse; and all that is not verse is prose.

‘Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme’ (1671) act 2, sc. 4

M. Jourdain: Quoi? quand je dis: ‘Nicole, apportez-moi mes pantoufles, et me donnez mon bonnet de nuit’, c’est de la prose?

Maître de Philosophie: Oui, Monsieur.

M. Jourdain: Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j’en susse rien.

M. Jourdain: What? when I say: ‘Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap,’ is that prose?

Philosophy Teacher: Yes, Sir.

M. Jourdain: Good heavens! For more than forty years I have been speaking prose without knowing it.

‘Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme’ (1671) act 2, sc. 4

Ah, la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose.

Ah, it’s a lovely thing, to know a thing or two.

‘Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme’ (1671) act 2, sc. 4

C’est une ètrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens.

It’s an odd job, making decent people laugh.

‘La Critique de l’école des femmes’ (1663) sc. 6

Je voudrais bien savoir si la grande régle de toutes les régles n’est pas de plaire.

I shouldn’t be surprised if the greatest rule of all weren’t to give pleasure.

‘La Critique de l’école des femmes’ (1663) sc. 6

On ne meurt qu’une fois, et c’est pour si longtemps!

One dies only once, and it’s for such a long time!

‘Le Dèpit Amoureux’ (performed 1656, published 1662) act 5, sc. 3

Qui vit sans tabac n’est pas digne de vivre.

He who lives without tobacco is not worthy to live.

‘Dom Juan’ (performed 1665) act 1, sc. 1

Je vis de bonne soupe et non de beau langage.

It’s good food and not fine words that keeps me alive.

‘Les femmes savantes’ (1672) act 2, sc. 7

Guenille, si l’on veut: ma guenille m’est chére.

Rags and tatters, if you like: I am fond of my rags and tatters.

‘Les femmes savantes’ (1672) act 2, sc. 7

Un sot savant est sot plus qu’un sot ignorant.

A knowledgeable fool is a greater fool than an ignorant fool.

‘Les femmes savantes’ (1672) act 4, sc. 3

Les livres cadrent mal avec le mariage.

Reading goes ill with the married state.

‘Les femmes savantes’ (1672) act 5, sc. 3

Gèronte: Il me semble que vous les placez autrement qu’ils ne sont: que le coeur est du côtè gauche, et le foie du côtè droit.

Sganarelle: Oui, cela ètait autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changè tout cela, et nous faisons maintenant la mèdecine d’une mèthode toute nouvelle.

Gèronte: It seems to me you are locating them wrongly: the heart is on the left and the liver is on the right.

Sganarelle: Yes, in the old days that was so, but we have changed all that, and we now practise medicine by a completely new method.

‘Le Mèdecin malgrè lui’ (1667) act 2, sc. 4

Il faut, parmi le monde, une vertu traitable.

Virtue, in the great world, should be amenable.

‘Le Misanthrope’ (1666) act 1, sc. 1

Et c’est une folie á nulle autre seconde,
De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde.

Of all human follies there’s none could be greater
Than trying to render our fellow-men better.

‘Le Misanthrope’ (1666) act 1, sc. 1

On doit se regarder soi-même, un fort long temps,
Avant que de songer á condamner les gens.

One should look long and carefully at oneself before passing judgement on others.

‘Le Misanthrope’ (1666) act 3, sc. 4

C’est un homme expèditif, qui aime á dèpêcher ses malades; et quand on a á mourir, cela se fait avec lui le plus vite du monde.

He’s an expeditious man, who likes to hurry his patients along; and when you have to die, he sees to that quicker than anyone.

‘Monsieur de Pourceaugnac’ (1670) act 1, sc. 5

Ils commencent ici par faire pendre un homme et puis ils lui font son procés.

Here [in Paris] they hang a man first, and try him afterwards.

‘Monsieur de Pourceaugnac’ (1670) act 1, sc. 5

Les gens de qualitè savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris.

People of quality know everything without ever having been taught anything.

‘Les Prècieuses ridicules’ (1660) sc. 9

Assassiner c’est le plus court chemin.

Assassination is the quickest way.

‘Le Sicilien’ (1668) sc. 12

Ah, pour être dèvot, je n’en suis pas moins homme.

I am not the less human for being devout.

‘Le Tartuffe’ (performed 1664, published 1669) act 3, sc. 3

Le ciel dèfend, de vrai, certains contentements;
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodements.

God, it is true, does some delights condemn,
But ’tis not hard to come to terms with Him.

‘Le Tartuffe’ (1669) act 4, sc. 5

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l’offense,
Et ce n’est pas pècher que pècher en silence.

It is public scandal that constitutes offence, and to sin in secret is not to sin at all.

‘Le Tartuffe’ (1669) act 4, sc. 5

L’homme est, je vous l’avoue, un mèchant animal.

Man, I can assure you, is a nasty creature.

‘Le Tartuffe’ (1669) act 5, sc. 6

Il m’est permis de reprendre mon bien oû je le trouve.

It is permitted me to take good fortune where I find it.

In J. L. Le Gallois ‘La Vie de Moliére’ (1704) p. 14

1.145 Mary Mollineux 1648-95

How sweet is harmless solitude!
What can its joys control?
Tumults and noise may not intrude,
To interrupt the soul.

‘Solitude’ (1670)

1.146 Helmuth Von Moltke 1800-91

Der ewige Friede ist ein Traum, und nicht einmal ein schöner und der Krieg ein Glied in Gottes Weltordnung...Ohne den Krieg würde die Welt in Materialismus versumpfen.

Everlasting peace is a dream, and not even a pleasant one; and war is a necessary part of God’s arrangement of the world...Without war the world would deteriorate into materialism.

Letter to Dr J. K. Bluntschli, 11 December 1880, in ‘Field-Marshall Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent’ (1893) p. 272 (translation by Mary Herms)

1.147 Walter Mondale 1928—

See Cliff Freeman (6.81) in Volume I

1.148 William Cosmo Monkhouse 1840-1901

There once was an old man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time,
When asked ‘Why a third?’
He replied, ‘One’s absurd!

And bigamy, Sir, is a crime!'
'Nonsense Rhymes' (1902)

1.149 Duke of Monmouth 1649-85

Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell.
Words addressed to his executioner, in T. B. Macaulay 'History of England' vol. 1 (1849), ch. 5

1.150 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 1689-1762

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
'Answered, for Lord William Hamilton' in Lord Wharncliffe (ed.) 'The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu' (1861) vol. 2, p. 477

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part she is to blame, who has been tried,
He comes too near, that comes to be denied.
'The Plain Dealer' (27 April 1724) 'The Resolve'

And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last.
'Six Town Eclogues' (1747) 'The Lover' l. 25

As Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.
'Six Town Eclogues' (1747) 'The Lover' l. 47

In chains and darkness, wherefore should I stay,
And mourn in prison, while I keep the key?
'Verses on Self-Murder' in 'The London Magazine' (1749)

This world consists of men, women, and Herveys.
'Letters' vol. 1, p. 67; John Hervey (Baron Hervey of Ickworth, 1696-1743) was much satirised by Pope, Lady Mary collaborating with him in his attempts at retaliation

General notions are generally wrong.
Letter to her husband Edward Wortley Montagu, 28 March 1710, in Robert Halsband (ed.) 'The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu' vol. 1 (1965) p. 24

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.
Letter to her daughter Mary, Countess of Bute, 30 May 1756, in Robert Halsband (ed.) 'The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu' vol. 3 (1967) p. 107

People wish their enemies dead—but I do not; I say give them the gout, give them the stone!
Letter from Horace Walpole to the Earl of Harcourt, 17 September 1778, in W. S. Lewis et al. (eds.) 'Horace Walpole's Correspondence' vol. 35 (1973) p. 489

1.151 C. E. Montague 1867-1928

War hath no fury like a non-combatant.
'Disenchantment' (1922) ch. 16

1.152 Montaigne (Michel Eyquem de Montaigne) 1533-92

Pour juger des choses grandes et hautes, il faut une âme de même, autrement nous leur attribuons le vice qui est le nôtre.

To make judgements about great and high things, a soul of the same stature is needed; otherwise we ascribe to them that vice which is our own.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 14 [References are to M. Rat's edition of the 'Essais' (1958) which, in accordance with the Strowski and Gebelin text (1906-33), conflates the 1580 edition of books 1 and 2, the revised and enlarged 1588 edition of all three books, and later manuscript additions published posthumously]

Il faut être toujours bottè et prêt á partir.

One should always have one's boots on, and be ready to leave.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 20.

Je veux...que la mort me trouve plantant mes choux, mais nonchalant d'elle, et encore plus de mon jardin imparfait.

I want death to find me planting my cabbages, but caring little for it, and even less about the imperfections of my garden.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 20

Le continuel ouvrage de votre vie, c'est bâtir la mort.

The ceaseless labour of your life is to build the house of death.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 20

L'utilitè du vivre n'est pas en l'espace, elle est en l'usage; tel a vècu longtemps qui a peu vècu...Il gît en votre volontè, non au nombre des ans, que vous ayez assez vècu.

The value of life lies not in the length of days but in the use you make of them; he has lived for a long time who has little lived. Whether you have lived enough depends not on the number of your years but on your will.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 20

Il faut noter, que les jeux d'enfants ne sont pas jeux, et les faut juger en eux comme leurs plus sèrieuses actions.

It should be noted that children at play are not playing about; their games should be seen as their most serious-minded activity.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 23

Si on me presse de dire pourquoi je l'aimais, je sens que cela ne se peut s'exprimer, qu'en rèpondant: 'Parce que c'ètait lui; parce que c'ètait moi.'

If I am pressed to say why I loved him, I feel it can only be explained by replying: 'Because it was he; because it was me.'

'Essais' (1580) bk. 1, ch. 28 (on his friend Ètienne de la Boètie)

Il n'y a guére moins de tourment au gouvernement d'une famille que d'un ètat entier...et, pour être les occupations domestiques moins importantes, elles n'en sont pas moins importunes.

There is scarcely any less bother in the running of a family than in that of an entire state. And

domestic business is no less importunate for being less important.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 1, ch. 39

Il se faut rèserver une arriére boutique toute nôtre, toute franche, en laquelle nous ètablissons nôtre vraie libertè et principale retraite et solitude.

A man should keep for himself a little back shop, all his own, quite unadulterated, in which he establishes his true freedom and chief place of seclusion and solitude.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 1, ch. 39

La plus grande chose du monde, c’est de savoir être á soi.

The greatest thing in the world is to know how to be one’s own.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 1, ch. 39

La gloire et le repos sont choses qui ne peuvent loger en même gîte.

Fame and tranquillity can never be bedfellows.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 1, ch. 39

Mon mètier et mon art c’est vivre.

Living is my job and my art.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 6

La vertu refuse la facilitè pour compagne...Elle demande un chemin âpre et èpineux.

Virtue shuns ease as a companion....It demands a rough and thorny path.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 11

Notre religion est faite pour extirper les vices; elle les couvre, les nourrit, les incite.

Our religion is made so as to wipe out vices; it covers them up, nourishes them, incites them.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 12

Quand je me joue á ma chatte, qui sait si elle passe son temps de moi plus que je ne fais d’elle?

When I play with my cat, who knows whether she isn’t amusing herself with me more than I am with her?

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 12

‘Que sais-je?’

What do I know?

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 12 (on discussing the position of the sceptic)

L’homme est bien insensè. Il ne saurait forger un ciron, et forge des Dieux á douzaines.

Man is quite insane. He wouldn’t know how to create a maggot, and he creates Gods by the dozen.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 12

Ceux qui ont appariè notre vie á un songe, ont eu de la raison, á l’aventure plus qu’ils ne pensaient...Nous veillons dormants, et veillants dormons.

Those who have likened our life to a dream were more right, by chance, than they realised. We are awake while sleeping, and waking sleep.

‘Essais’ (1580) bk. 2, ch. 12

Quelqu'un pourrait dire de moi que j'ai seulement fait ici un amas de fleurs ètrangéres, n'y ayant fourni du mien que le filet á les lier.

It could be said of me that in this book I have only made up a bunch of other men's flowers, providing of my own only the string that ties them together.

'Essais' (1580) bk. 3, ch. 12

1.153 Montesquieu (Charles-Louis Secondat) 1689-1755

A man should be mourned at his birth, not his death.

'Lettres Persanes' (1721) no. 40

If triangles had a god, he would have three sides.

'Lettres Persanes' (1721) no. 59

Freedom is the right of doing whatever the laws permit.

'De l'Esprit des Lois' (1748)

Under moderate government, men are more attached to morals and less to religion; in despotic countries, they are more attached to religion and less to morals.

'De l'Esprit des Lois' (1748)

Les grands seigneurs ont des plaisirs, le peuple a de la joie.

Great lords have their pleasures, but the people have fun.

'Pensèes et fragments inèdits de Montesquieu' vol. 2 (1901) no. 992

Les Anglais sont occupès; ils n'ont pas le temps d'être polis.

The English are busy; they don't have time to be polite.

'Pensèes et fragments inèdits de Montesquieu' vol. 2 (1901) no. 1428

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books!

Attributed to Montesquieu by Thomas Carlyle, in 'History of Frederick the Great' bk. 16, ch. 1.

1.154 Field-Marshal Montgomery (Viscount Montgomery of Alamein) 1887-1976

Rule 1, on page 1 of the book of war, is: 'Do not march on Moscow'...[Rule 2] is: 'Do not go fighting with your land armies in China.'

'Hansard' (Lords) 30 May 1962, col. 227

I have heard some say...that such [homosexual] practices are allowed in France and in other NATO countries. We are not French, and we are not other nationals. We are British, thank God!

Speaking on the 2nd reading of the Sexual Offences Bill; in 'Hansard' (Lords) 24 May 1965, col. 648

1.155 Robert Montgomery 1807-55

The solitary monk who shook the world.

'Luther: a Poem' (1842) ch. 3 'Man's Need and God's Supply'

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

'The Omnipresence of the Deity' (1830 ed.) pt. 1, l. 105

1.156 Casimir, Comte de Montrond 1768-1843

Dèfiez-vous des premiers mouvements parce qu'ils sont bons.

Have no truck with first impulses for they are always generous ones.

Attributed, in Comte J. d'Estourmel 'Derniers Souvenirs' (1860) p. 319, where the attribution to Talleyrand is denied.

1.157 Marquis of Montrose

See James Graham (7.77) in Volume I

1.158 Percy Montrose

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, Forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.
Oh, my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone for ever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

'Clementine' (1884)

1.159 Clement C. Moore 1779-1863

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

'A Visit from St Nicholas' (December 1823)

1.160 Edward Moore 1712-57

This is adding insult to injuries.

'The Foundling' (1748) act 5, sc. 5

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

'The Gamester' (1753) act 2, sc. 2.

1.161 George Moore 1852-1933

The lot of critics is to be remembered by what they failed to understand.

'Impressions and Opinions' (1891) 'Balzac'

All reformers are bachelors.

'The Bending of the Bough' (1900) act 1

A man travels the world in search of what he needs and returns home to find it.

'The Brook Kerith' (1916) ch. 11

Art must be parochial in the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end.

'Hail and Farewell: Ave' (1911) p. 3 (quoting himself)

Acting is therefore the lowest of the arts, if it be an art at all.
'Impressions and Opinions' (1891) 'Mummer-Worship'

1.162 Marianne Moore 1887-1972

O to be a dragon,
a symbol of the power of Heaven—of silkworm
size or immense; at times invisible.
Felicitous phenomenon!
'O To Be a Dragon' (1959)

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle. Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it, after all, a place for the genuine.
'Poetry' (1935)

Nor till the poets among us can be
'literalists of
the imagination'—above
insolence and triviality and can present
for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them, shall we have it.
'Poetry' (1935)

My father used to say,
'Superior people never make long visits,
have to be shown Longfellow's grave
or the glass flowers at Harvard.'
'Silence' (1935)

Nor was he insincere in saying, 'Make my house your inn.'
Inns are not residences.
'Silence' (1935)

1.163 Sturge Moore 1870-1944

Then, cleaving the grass, gazelles appear
(The gentler dolphins of kindlier waves)
With sensitive heads alert of ear;
Frail crowds that a delicate hearing saves.
'The Gazelles'

1.164 Thomas Moore 1779-1852

Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?
'The Fudge Family in Paris' (1818) letter 8, l. 64

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print.
'The Fudges in England' (1835) letter 3, l. 64

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Believe me, if all those endearing young charms’

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Believe me, if all those endearing young charms’

’Twas from Kathleen’s eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘By that Lake’

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Farewell!-but whenever’

The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory’s thrill is o’er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘The harp that once through Tara’s halls’

No, there’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Love’s Young Dream’

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘The Minstrel Boy’

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Oh! blame not the bard’

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Oh! breathe not his name’

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘Rich and rare were the gems she wore’

My only books
Were woman’s looks,
And folly’s all they’ve taught me.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘The time I’ve lost in wooing’

’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘’Tis the last rose of summer’

Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear;
’Tis never too late for delight, my dear;
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

‘Irish Melodies’ (1807) ‘The young May moon’

Oh! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But ’twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

‘Lalla Rookh’ (1817) ‘The Fire-Worshippers’ pt. 1, l. 279

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!

‘Lalla Rookh’ (1817) ‘The Fire-Worshippers’ pt. 2, l. 484

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

‘Lalla Rookh’ (1817) ‘The Veiled Prophet’ pt. 3, l. 356

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

‘National Airs’ (1815) ‘Oft in the Stilly Night’

1.165 Thomas Osbert Mordaunt 1730-1809

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

‘A Poem, said to be written by Major Mordaunt during the last German War’, in ‘The Bee, or Literary Weekly Intelligencer’ 12 October 1791

1.166 Hannah More 1745-1833

For you’ll ne’er mend your fortunes, nor help the just cause,
By breaking of windows, or breaking of laws.

‘An Address to the Meeting in Spa Fields’ (1817), in H. Thompson ‘The Life of Hannah More’ (1838) appendix, no. 7

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.

‘Florio’ (1786) pt. 1, l. 77

He liked those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others’ books;
And ruin half an author’s graces
By plucking bon-mots from their places.

‘Florio’ (1786) pt. 1, l. 123

Did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request.

‘Moses in the Bulrushes’ (1782) pt. 1, l. 35

Whether we consider the manual industry of the poor, or the intellectual exertions of the superior classes, we shall find that diligent occupation, if not criminally perverted from its purposes, is at once the instrument of virtue and the secret of happiness. Man cannot be safely trusted with a life of leisure.

‘Christian Morals’ (1813) vol. 2

The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal hinges on which the great machine of human society turns.

‘Essays on Various Subjects Principally Designed for Young Ladies’ (1777)

How much it is to be regretted, that the British ladies should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform; to entertain, when they might instruct; and to dazzle for an hour, when they are candidates for eternity!

‘Essays on Various Subjects Principally Designed for Young Ladies’ (1777)

It is humbling to reflect, that in those countries in which the fondness for the mere persons of

women is carried to the highest excess, they are slaves; and that their moral and intellectual degradation increases in direct proportion to the adoration which is paid to mere external charms.

'Strictures on the Modern System of Education' (1799) vol. 1

1.167 Sir Thomas More 1478-1535

Oves inquam vestrae, quae tam mites esse, tamque exiguo solent ali, nunc (uti fertur) tam edaces atque indomitae esse coeperunt ut homines devorent ipsos, agros, domos, oppida vastent ac depopulentur.

Your sheep, that were wont to be so meek and tame, and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers, and so wild, that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves.

'Utopia' (1516) bk. 1 (following the marginal prècis 'The Disaster Produced by Standing Military Garrisons')

After his head was upon the block, [he] lift it up again, and gently drew his beard aside, and said, This hath not offended the king.

In Francis Bacon 'Apophthegms New and Old' (1625) no. 22

In good faith, I rejoiced, son, that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those Lords I had gone so far, as without great shame I could never go back again.

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (Early English Text Society: Original Series 197, p. 69)

Indignatio principis mors est.

'Is that all, my Lord?' quoth he [to the Duke of Norfolk]. 'Then in good faith is there no more difference between your grace and me, but that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow.'

William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (E. E. T. S. Original Series 197, p. 71)

Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won.

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (E. E. T. S. Original Series 197, p. 73)

Is not this house [the Tower of London] as nigh heaven as my own?

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (E. E. T. S. Original Series 197, p. 83)

I pray you, master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and my coming down let me shift for my self.

On mounting the scaffold, in William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (E. E. T. S. Original Series 197, p. 103)

Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.

Words addressed to the executioner, in William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More' (E. E. T. S. Original Series 197, p. 103)

We may not look at our pleasure to go to heaven in feather-beds; it is not the way.

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More'

Son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof [the King having entertained him at Chelsea], for if my head could wish him a castle in France it should not fail to go.

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More'

If the parties will at my hands call for justice, then, all were it my father stood on the one side, and the Devil on the other, his cause being good, the Devil should have right.

In William Roper 'The Life of Sir Thomas More'

I cumber [burden] you goode Margaret muche, but I woulde be sorye, if it shoulde be any lenger than to morrowe, for it is S. Thomas evin and the vtas of Sainte Peter and therefore to morowe longe I to goe to God, it were a daye very meete and conveniente for me. I neuer liked your maner towarde me better then when you kissed me laste for I loue when doughterly loue and deere charitie hathe no laisor to looke to worldely curtesye. Fare well my deere childe and praye for me, and I shall for you and all your freindes that we maie merily meete in heaven.

Last letter to Margaret Roper, his daughter, 5 July 1535 in E. F. Rogers (ed.) 'The Correspondence of Sir Thomas More' (1947). More was beheaded the following morning.

1.168 Thomas Morell 1703-84

See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

'Judas Maccabeus' (1747) 'A chorus of youths' and 'Joshua' (1748) pt. 3 (to music by Handel)

1.169 Robin Morgan 1941—

Sisterhood is powerful.

Title of book (1970)

1.170 Christopher Morley 1890-1957

Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it.

'Thunder on the Left' (1925) ch. 14.

1.171 Lord Morley (John, Viscount Morley of Blackburn) 1838-1923

The whole of the golden Gospel of Silence is now effectively compressed in thirty-five volumes.

'Critical Miscellanies' (1886) 'Carlyle'

You have not converted a man, because you have silenced him.

'On Compromise' (1874) ch. 5

1.172 Countess Morphy (Marcelle Azra Forbes) fl. 1930-50

The tragedy of English cooking is that 'plain' cooking cannot be entrusted to 'plain' cooks.

'English Recipes' (1935) p. 17

1.173 Charles Morris 1745-1838

But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves, O! a good grove of chimneys for me.

'Country and Town'

1.174 Desmond Morris 1928—

The city is not a concrete jungle, it is a human zoo.

‘The Human Zoo’ (1969) introduction

There are one hundred and ninety-three living species of monkeys and apes. One hundred and ninety-two of them are covered with hair. The exception is a naked ape self-named Homo sapiens.

‘The Naked Ape’ (1967) introduction

I enjoy laughter and good living and believe life is like a very short visit to a toyshop between birth and death.

In ‘Sunday Express’ 3 November 1991

1.175 George Pope Morris 1802-64

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I’ll protect it now.

‘Woodman, Spare That Tree’ (1830).

1.176 William Morris 1834-96

What is this, the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
’Tis the people marching on.

‘Chants for Socialists’ (1885) ‘The March of the Workers’

Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

‘The Earthly Paradise’ (1868-70) ‘An Apology’

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

‘The Earthly Paradise’ (1868-70) ‘An Apology’

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small and white and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green.

‘The Earthly Paradise’ (1868-70) ‘Prologue: The Wanderers’ opening lines

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods?

‘The Haystack in the Floods’ (1858) l. 1

And ever she sung from noon to noon,
‘Two red roses across the moon.’

‘Two Red Roses across the Moon’

Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death: and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship’s sake that ye do them.

‘A Dream of John Ball’ (1888) ch. 4

Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful.

‘Hopes and Fears for Art’ (1882) ‘Making the Best of It’ (a paper read before the Trades’ Guild of Learning and the Birmingham Society of Artists)

The reward of labour is life.

‘News from Nowhere’ (1891) ch. 15

1.177 Herbert Morrison (Baron Morrison of Lambeth) 1888-1965

Work is the call. Work at war speed. Good-night—and go to it.

Broadcast as Minister of Supply, 22 May 1940, in ‘Daily Herald’ 23 May 1940

1.178 Jim Morrison 1943-1971, Ray Manzarek 1935-, Robby Krieger 1946-, and John Densmore 1945—

C’mon, baby, light my fire.

‘Light My Fire’ (1967 song); attributed to Robby Krieger in John Densmore ‘Riders on the Storm’ (1990) ch. 5

1.179 R. F. Morrison

Just a wee deoch-an-doris,
Just a wee yin, that’s a’.
Just a wee deoch-an-doris,
Before we gang awa’.
There’s a wee wifie waitin’,
In a wee but-an-ben;
If you can say
‘It’s a braw bricht moonlicht nicht’,
Ye’re a’ richt, ye ken.

‘Just a Wee Deoch-an-Doris’ (1911 song); popularized by Harry Lauder

1.180 Dwight Morrow 1873-1931

The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition.

Letter to his son, in Harold Nicolson 'Dwight Morrow' (1935) ch. 3

1.181 John Mortimer 1923—

The law seems like a sort of maze through which a client must be led to safety, a collection of reefs, rocks and underwater hazards through which he or she must be piloted.

'Clinging to the Wreckage' (1982) ch. 7

They do you a very decent death on the hunting field.

'Paradise Postponed'

At school I never minded the lessons. I just resented having to work terribly hard at playing.

'A Voyage Round My Father' (1971) act 1

No brilliance is needed in the law. Nothing but common sense, and relatively clean finger nails.

'A Voyage Round My Father' (1971) act 1

All drama is conflict, and unless there's a war going on, marriage is the great situation in which conflict takes place.

Interviewed in 'Sunday Times' 24 April 1988

A champagne socialist.

Describing himself; attributed

1.182 J. B. Morton ('Beachcomber') 1893-1975

One disadvantage of being a hog is that at any moment some blundering fool may try to make a silk purse out of your wife's ear.

'By the Way' (1931) p. 282

Hush, hush,
Nobody cares!
Christopher Robin
Has
Fallen
Down—
Stairs.

'By the Way' (1931) p. 367

The man with the false nose had gone to that bourne from which no hollingsworth returns.

'Gallimaufry' (1936) 'Another True Story'

The Doctor is said also to have invented an extraordinary weapon which will make war less brutal. It is described as a very powerful liquid which rots braces at a distance of a mile.

'Gallimaufry' (1936) 'Bracerot'

Dr Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht has patented a new invention. It is an illuminated trouser-clip for bicyclists who are using main roads at night.

'Morton's Folly' (1933) p. 99

1.183 Rogers Morton 1914-79

I'm not going to rearrange the furniture on the deck of the Titanic.

Having lost five of the last six primaries as President Ford's campaign manager, in 'Washington Post' 16 May 1976, p. C8

1.184 Thomas Morton c.1764-1838

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

'A Cure for the Heartache' (1797) act 5, sc. 2

I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well—but that's all.

'A Roland for an Oliver' (1819) act 1, sc. 1

Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs Grundy zay? What will Mrs Grundy think?

'Speed the Plough' (1798) act 1, sc. 1

1.185 Sir Oswald Mosley 1896-1980

I am not, and never have been, a man of the right. My position was on the left and is now in the centre of politics.

Letter to 'The Times' 26 April 1968

1.186 John Lothrop Motley 1814-77

As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

On William of Orange in 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' (1856) pt. 6, ch. 7.

Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities.

In Oliver Wendell Holmes 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' (1857-8) ch. 6

1.187 Peter Anthony Motteux 1660-1718

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, and the devil a monk he'd be.

Translation of Rabelais Gargantua and Pantagruel (1693) bk. 4 (1708 ed.) ch. 24 (version of a medieval Latin proverb)

1.188 Lord Louis Mountbatten (Viscount Mountbatten of Burma) 1900-79

The nuclear arms race has no military purpose. Wars cannot be fought with nuclear weapons. Their existence only adds to our perils.

Speech at Strasbourg, 11 May 1979, in P. Ziegler 'Mountbatten' (1985) ch. 52

1.189 Robert Mugabe 1924—

Cricket civilizes people and creates good gentlemen. I want everyone to play cricket in Zimbabwe; I want ours to be a nation of gentlemen.

In 'Sunday Times' 26 February 1984

1.190 Malcolm Muggeridge 1903-90

I developed...a theory...that to succeed pre-eminently in English public life it is necessary to conform either to the popular image of a bookie or of a clergyman; Churchill being a perfect example of the former, Halifax of the latter.

'Chronicles of Wasted Time' vol. 2 'The Infernal Grove' (1973) ch. 1

An orgy looks particularly alluring seen through the mists of righteous indignation.

'The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge' (1966) 'Dolce Vita in a Cold Climate'

Good taste and humour...are a contradiction in terms, like a chaste whore.

'Time' 14 September 1953

The orgasm has replaced the Cross as the focus of longing and the image of fulfilment.

'Tread Softly' (1966) p. 46

He was not only a bore; he bored for England.

'Tread Softly' (1966) p. 147 (of Sir Anthony Eden)

Human life in all its public or collective manifestations is only theatre, and mostly cheap melodrama at that.

In 'Guardian' 15 November 1990

1.191 Edwin Muir 1887-1959

And without fear the lawless roads
Ran wrong through all the land.

'Journeys and Places' (1937) 'Hölderlin's Journey'

1.192 Frank Muir

The thinking man's crumpet.

Of Joan Bakewell (English broadcaster); attributed

1.193 Herbert J. Muller 1905—

Few have heard of Fra Luca Pacioli, the inventor of double-entry book-keeping; but he has probably had much more influence on human life than has Dante or Michelangelo.

'Uses of the Past' (1957) ch. 8

1.194 Wilhelm Müller 1794-1827

Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht
Auf dieser ganzen Reise.

Between dusk and dawn many a head has turned white. Who can believe it? And mine has not changed on all this long journey.

'Die Winterreise' bk. 2 'Der greise Kopf'

1.195 Ethel Watts Mumford 1878-1940, Oliver Herford 1863-1935, and Addison Mizner 1872-1933

In the midst of life we are in debt.

'Altogether New Cynic's Calendar' (1907).

1.196 Lewis Mumford 1895—

Every generation revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers.

'The Brown Decades' (1931) p. 3

Our national flower is the concrete cloverleaf.

'Quote Magazine' 8 October 1961

1.197 Iris Murdoch b. 1919

Dora Greenfield left her husband because she was afraid of him. She decided six months later to return to him for the same reason.

'The Bell' (1958) opening lines

The Greeks said God was always doing geometry, modern physicists say he's playing roulette, everything depends on the observer, the universe is a totality of observations, it's a work of art created by us.

'The Good Apprentice'

Only in our virtues are we original, because virtue is difficult...Vices are general, virtues are particular.

'Nuns and Soldiers'

One doesn't have to get anywhere in a marriage. It's not a public conveyance.

'A Severed Head' (1961) ch. 3

Anything thst consoles is fake.

In R. Harries 'Prayer and the Pursuit of Happiness' (1985) p. 115

We live in a fantasy world, a world of illusion. The great task in life is to find reality.

In 'The Times' 15 April 1983 'Profile'

1.198 C. W. Murphy and Will Letters

Has anybody here seen Kelly? Kelly from the Isle of Man?

'Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?' (1909 song)

1.199 Fred Murray

Ginger, you're balmy!

Title of song (1910)

I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!
Henery the Eighth, I am, I am!
I got married to the widow next door,
She's been married seven times before.

Every one was a Henery,
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.
I'm her eighth old man named Henery
I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!

'I'm Henery the Eighth, I Am!' (1911 song)

1.200 Ed Murrow (Edward Roscoe Murrow) 1908-65

This—is London.

Opening his broadcasts from London, 1938-45. E. R. Murrow 'In Search of Light' (1967) '1938-1945'

He [Winston Churchill] mobilized the English language and sent it into battle to steady his fellow countrymen and hearten those Europeans upon whom the long dark night of tyranny had descended.

Broadcast, 30 November 1954, in 'In Search of Light' (1967) p. 276

Anyone who isn't confused doesn't really understand the situation.

On the Vietnam War, in Walter Bryan 'The Improbable Irish' (1969) ch. 1

1.201 Alfred De Musset 1810-57

Mon verre n'est pas grand mais je bois dans mon verre.

The glass I drink from is not large, but at least it is my own.

'La Coupe et les lévres'

Malgrè moi l'infini me tourmente.

I can't help it, the idea of the infinite torments me.

'Premiéres Poèsies' 'L'Espoir en Dieu'

Le seul bien qui me rest au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleurè.

The only good thing left to me is that I have sometimes wept.

'Poémes'

Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.

I have come too late into a world too old.

'Rollo' (1833)

1.202 Benito Mussolini 1883-1945

Voglio partire in perfetto orario...D'ora innanzi ogni cosa deve camminare alla perfezione.

We must leave exactly on time...From now on everything must function to perfection.

Speaking to a station-master, in Giorgio Pini 'Mussolini' (1939) vol. 2, ch. 6, p. 251. HRH Infanta Eulalia of Spain 'Courts and Countries after the War' (1925) ch. 13: 'The first benefit of Benito Mussolini's direction in Italy begins to be felt when one crosses the Italian Frontier and hears " Il treno arriva all'orario [the train is arriving on time]"'

1.203 A. J. Muste 1885-1967

There is no way to peace. Peace is the way.
In ‘New York Times’ 16 November 1967, p. 46

2.0 N

2.1 Vladimir Nabokov 1899-1977

Her exotic daydreams do not prevent her from being small-town bourgeois at heart, clinging to conventional ideas or committing this or that conventional violation of the conventional, adultery being a most conventional way to rise above the conventional.
‘Lectures on Literature’ (1980) ‘Madame Bovary’

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.
‘Lolita’ (1955) ch. 1

Life is a great surprise. I do not see why death should not be an even greater one.
‘Pale Fire’ (1962) p. 225.

The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness.
‘Speak, Memory’ (1951) ch. 1

I think like a genius, I write like a distinguished author, and I speak like a child.
‘Strong Opinions’ (1973) foreword

A work of art has no importance whatever to society. It is only important to the individual, and only the individual reader is important to me.
‘Strong Opinions’ (1973) p. 33

2.2 Ralph Nader 1934—

Unsafe at any speed.
Title of book (1965)

2.3 Sarojini Naidu 1879-1949

If only Bapu [Gandhi] knew the cost of setting him up in poverty!
In A. Campbell-Johnson ‘Mission with Mountbatten’ (1951) ch. 12

2.4 Ian Nairn 1930—

If what is called development is allowed to multiply at the present rate, then by the end of the century Great Britain will consist of isolated oases of preserved monuments in a desert of wire, concrete roads, cosy plots and bungalows...Upon this new Britain the Review bestows a name in the hope that it will stick—SUBTOPIA.
‘Architectural Review’ June 1955 p. 365

2.5 Fridtjof Nansen 1861-1930

Never stop because you are afraid—you are never so likely to be wrong. Never keep a line of

retreat: it is a wretched invention. The difficult is what takes a little time; the impossible is what takes a little longer.

In 'Listener' 14 December 1939, p. 1153.

2.6 Napoleon I 1769-1821

The Channel is a mere ditch, and will be crossed as soon as someone has the courage to attempt it.

'Correspondance de Napolèon Ier' (1854-69) vol. 9 (16 November 1803)

A prince who gets a reputation for good nature in the first year of his reign, is laughed at in the second.

'Correspondance de Napolèon Ier' (1854-69) vol. 15 (4 April 1807)

Religion is an all-important matter in a public school for girls. Whatever people say, it is the mother's safeguard, and the husband's. What we ask of education is not that girls should think, but that they should believe.

'Correspondance de Napolèon Ier' (1854-69) vol. 15 (15 May 1807)

A la guerre, les trois quarts sont des affaires morales, la balance des forces rèelles n'est que pour un autre quart.

In war, three-quarters turns on personal character and relations; the balance of manpower and materials counts only for the remaining quarter.

'Correspondance de Napolèon Ier' vol. 17 (1865) no.14276 'Observations sur les affaires d'Espagne, Saint-Cloud, 27 août 1808'

It is a matter of great interest what sovereigns are doing; but as to what Grand Duchesses are doing—Who cares?

'Lettres inèdits de Napolèon I' (1897) vol. 2, p. 915 (17 December 1811)

Les savants conçurent une autre idèe tout-á-fait ètrangére au bienfait de l'unitè de poids et de mesures; ils y adaptérent la numèration dècimale, en prenant le métre pour unitè; ils supprimérent tous les nombres complexes. Rien n'est plus contraire á l'organisation de l'esprit, de la mèmoire et de l'imagination...Le nouveau systéme de poids et mesures sera un sujet d'embarras et de difficultès pour plusieurs gènèrations...C'est tourmenter le peuple par des vètilles!!!

The scientists had another idea which was totally at odds with the benefits to be derived from the standardization of weights and measures; they adapted to them the decimal system, on the basis of the metre as a unit; they suppressed all complicated numbers. Nothing is more contrary to the organization of the mind, of the memory, and of the imagination...The new system of weights and measures will be a stumbling block and the source of difficulties for several generations...It's just tormenting the people with trivia!!!

Referring to the introduction of the metric system, in 'Mèmoires...ècrits á Ste-Hèléne' bk. 4, ch. 21, pt. 4

It is easier to put up with unpleasantness from a man of one's own way of thinking than from one who takes an entirely different point of view.

'Mèmoires et Correspondance publiques et militaires du Roi Joseph' (1855) vol. 3 (14 April 1807)

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.

There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

To De Pradt, Polish ambassador, after the retreat from Moscow in 1812, in D. G. De Pradt ‘Histoire de l’Ambassade dans le grand-duchè de Varsovie en 1812’ (1815) p. 215.

Soldats, songez que, du haut de ces pyramides, quarante siécles vous contemplent.

Think of it, soldiers; from the summit of these pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you.

Speech to the Army of Egypt on 21 July 1798, before the Battle of the Pyramids in Gourgaud ‘Mèmoires, Guerre d’Orient’ 1, p. 160

Quant au courage moral, il avait trouvè fort rare, disait-il, celui de deux heures aprés minuit; c’est-á-dire le courage de l’improviste.

As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with two o’clock in the morning courage: I mean instantaneous courage.

In E. A. de Las Cases ‘Mèmorial de Ste-Hèléne’ (1823) vol. 1, pt. 2, 4-5 December 1815

An army marches on its stomach.

Attributed, but probably condensed from a long passage in E. A. de Las Cases ‘Mèmorial de Ste-Hèléne’ (1823) vol. 4, 14 November 1816. ‘Windsor Magazine’ 1904 p. 268. Also attributed to Frederick the Great, in ‘Notes and Queries’ 10 March 1866, p. 196

On s’engage, et aprés on voit.

One engages [with the enemy]—and then one sees.

Habitual mode of describing his system of warfare, in Caulincourt ‘Conversations with Napoleon’

La carriére ouverte aux talents.

The career open to talents.

In Barry E. O’Meara ‘Napoleon in Exile’ (1822) vol. 1, p. 103

L’Angleterre est une nation de boutiquiers.

England is a nation of shopkeepers.

Attributed by Barry E. O’Meara ‘Napoleon in Exile’ (1822) vol. 2, p. 81.

As though he had 200,000 men.

When asked how to treat the Pope, in J. M. Robinson ‘Cardinal Consalvi’ (1987) p. 65.

Has he luck?

Attributed. Habitually asked, to assess a man’s probable practical value. A. J. P. Taylor ‘Politics in Wartime’ (1964) ch. 16

2.7 Ogden Nash 1902-1971

The turtle lives ’twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

‘Autres Bêtes, Autres Moeurs’ (1931)

The camel has a single hump;
The dromedary, two;
Or else the other way around,

I’m never sure. Are you?
‘The Camel’ (1936)

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other, milk;
‘The Cow’ (1931)

One would be in less danger
From the wiles of the stranger
If one’s own kin and kith
Were more fun to be with.
‘Family Court’ (1931)

Parsley
Is gharsley.
‘Further Reflections on Parsley’ (1842)

Beneath this slab
John Brown is stowed.
He watched the ads,
And not the road.
‘Lather as You Go’ (1942)

I have a bone to pick with Fate.
Come here and tell me, girlie,
Do you think my mind is maturing late,
Or simply rotted early?
‘Lines on Facing Forty’ (1942)

He tells you when you’ve got on too much lipstick,
And helps you with your girdle when your hips stick.
‘The Perfect Husband’ (1949)

Any kiddie in school can love like a fool,
But hating, my boy, is an art.
‘Plea for Less Malice Toward None’ (1933)

Candy
Is dandy
But liquor
Is quicker.
‘Reflections on Ice-breaking’ (1931)

I test my bath before I sit,
And I’m always moved to wonderment
That what chills the finger not a bit
Is so frigid upon the fundament.
‘Samson Agonistes’ (1942)

I think that I shall never see

A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.
'Song of the Open Road' (1933).

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants;
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance—
Have you seen yourself retreating?
'What's the Use?' (1940)

Professional men, they have no cares; whatever happens, they get theirs.
'I Yield to my Learned Brother' (1935)

2.8 Thomas Nashe 1567-1601

O, tis a precious apothegmatical Pedant, who will find matter enough to dilate a whole day of the first invention of Fy, fa, fum, I smell the blood of an English-man.
'Have with you to Saffron-walden' (1596) F3 recto

Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us.
'In Time of Pestilence'

From winter, plague and pestilence, good lord, deliver us!
Songs from 'Summer's Last Will and Testament' (performed c.1592, published 1600)

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo
'Summer's Last Will and Testament' (1600) Song

2.9 Terry Nation

Exterminate! Exterminate!
The Daleks in 'Dr Who' (BBC television series) December 1963 onwards

2.10 James Ball Naylor 1860-1945

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends,
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them—

With many, many qualms!—
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms.
'King David and King Solomon' (1935)

2.11 Jawaharlal Nehru 1889-1964

The light has gone out of our lives and there is darkness everywhere.
In a broadcast, 30 January 1948, following Gandhi's assassination; Richard J. Walsh 'Nehru on Gandhi' (1948) ch. 6

Democracy and socialism are means to an end, not the end itself.
'Basic Approach', written for private circulation and reprinted in Vincent Shean 'Nehru: the Years of Power' (1960) p. 294

Normally speaking, it may be said that the forces of a capitalist society, if left unchecked, tend to make the rich richer and the poor poorer and thus increase the gap between them.
'Basic Approach', reprinted in Vincent Shean 'Nehru: the Years of Power' (1960) p. 295

2.12 Horatio, Lord Nelson 1758-1805

It is my turn now; and if I come back, it is yours.
Exercising his privilege, as second lieutenant, to board a prize ship before the Master, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 1

You must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king: and...you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil.
In Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 3

Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey.
Before the battle of the Nile, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 5

I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes...I really do not see the signal!
At the battle of Copenhagen, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 7

In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.
When asked to cover the stars on his uniform, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the Commander of the Fleet but almost to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch', it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!'
Letter to Lady Hamilton, 1 October 1805, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

England expects that every man will do his duty.
At the battle of Trafalgar, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long.
At the battle of Trafalgar, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

Thank God, I have done my duty.
At the battle of Trafalgar, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

Kiss me, Hardy.
At the battle of Trafalgar, in Robert Southey 'Life of Nelson' (1813) ch. 9

2.13 Emperor Nero A.D. 37-68

Qualis artifex pereo!

What an artist dies with me!

In Suetonius ‘Lives of the Caesars’ ‘Nero’ sect. 49

2.14 Gèrard de Nerval 1808-55

Dieu est mort! le ciel est vide—
Pleurez! enfants, vous n’avez plus de pére.

God is dead! Heaven is empty—Weep, children, you no longer have a father.

‘Les Chiméres’ (1854) ‘Le Christ aux Oliviers’ epigraph (summarising a passage in Jean Paul’s Blumen-Frucht-und Dornstücke (1796-7) in which God’s children are referred to as ‘orphans’)

Je suis le tènèbreux,—le veuf,—l’inconsolè,
Le prince d’Aquitaine á la tour abolie:
Ma seule ètoile est morte, et mon luth constellè
Porte le soleil noir de la mèlancolie.

I am the darkly shaded, the bereaved, the inconsolate, the prince of Aquitaine, with the blasted tower. My only star is dead, and my star-strewn lute carries on it the black sun of melancholy.

‘El Desdichado’

En quoi un homard est-il plus ridicule qu’un chien...ou [que] toute autre bête dont on se fait suivre? J’ai le goût des homards, qui sont tranquilles, sèrieux, savent les secrets de la mer, n’aboient pas et n’avalent pas la monade des gens comme les chiens, si antipathiques á Goethe, lequel pourtant n’ètait pas fou.

Why should a lobster be any more ridiculous than a dog...or any other animal that one chooses to take for a walk? I have a liking for lobsters. They are peaceful, serious creatures. They know the secrets of the sea, they don’t bark, and they don’t gnaw upon one’s monadic privacy like dogs do. And Goethe had an aversion to dogs, and he wasn’t mad.

In justification of his walking a lobster, on a lead, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, in T. Gautier ‘Portraits et Souvenirs Littèraires’ (1875) (translated by Richard Holmes in T. Gautier ‘My Phantoms’ (1976) p. 149)

2.15 Allan Nevins 1890-1971

The former Allies had blundered in the past by offering Germany too little, and offering even that too late, until finally Nazi Germany had become a menace to all mankind.

In ‘Current History’ (New York) May 1935, p. 178

2.16 Sir Henry Newbolt 1862-1938

‘Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder’s runnin’ low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I’ll quit the port o’ Heaven,
An’ drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.’

‘Drake’s Drum’

Drake he’s in his hammock till the great Armadas come.
(Capten, art tha sleepin’ there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin’ for the drum,
An’ dreamin’ arl the time o’ Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade’s plyin’ an’ the old flag flyin’
They shall find him ware an’ wakin’, as they found him long ago!

‘Drake’s Drum’

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she’s fading down the river,
But in England’s song for ever
She’s the Fighting Tèmèraire.

‘The Fighting Tèmèraire’

There’s a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it’s not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season’s fame,
But his Captain’s hand on his shoulder smote—
‘Play up! play up! and play the game!’

‘Vitaï Lampada’

2.17 Anthony Newley 1931—and Leslie Bricusse 1931—

Stop the world, I want to get off.

Title of musical (1961)

2.18 Cardinal Newman 1801-90

It is very difficult to get up resentment towards persons whom one has never seen.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘Mr Kingsley’s Method of Disputation’

There is such a thing as legitimate warfare: war has its laws; there are things which may fairly be done, and things which may not be done...He has attempted (as I may call it) to poison the wells.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘Mr Kingsley’s Method of Disputation’

I will vanquish, not my Accuser, but my judges.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘True Mode of meeting Mr Kingsley’

Two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘History of My Religious Opinions to the Year 1833’

It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘History of My Religious Opinions from 1833 to 1839’

From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘History of My Religious Opinions from 1833 to 1839’

This is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘History of My Religious Opinions from 1833 to 1839’

Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘Position of my Mind since 1845’

The all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries.

‘Apologia pro Vita Sua’ (1864) ‘Position of my Mind since 1845’

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain.

‘The Idea of a University’ (1852) ‘Knowledge and Religious Duty’

She [the Catholic Church] holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth...or steal one poor farthing without excuse.

‘Lectures on Anglican Difficulties’ (1852) Lecture 8

And this is all that is known, and more than all—yet nothing to what the angels know—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a Saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven.

‘Lives of the English Saints’ (1844-5) ‘The Legend of Saint Bettelin’; though attributed to Newman the phrase ‘and more than all’ may have been added by J. A. Froude

It is as absurd to argue men, as to torture them, into believing.

‘The Usurpations of Reason’ (1831), in ‘Oxford University Sermons’ (1843) no. 4

When men understand what each other mean, they see, for the most part, that controversy is either superfluous or hopeless.

‘Faith and Reason, contrasted as Habits of Mind’ (Epiphany, 1839), in ‘Oxford University Sermons’ (1843) no. 10

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

‘Wisdom and Innocence’ (19 February 1843), in ‘Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day’ (1843) no. 20

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;

And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

‘The Dream of Gerontius’ (1865)

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

‘The Dream of Gerontius’ (1865)

Softly and gently, in my most loving arms
I now enfold thee.

‘The Dream of Gerontius’ (1865)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

‘Lead, kindly Light’ (1834)

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

‘Lead, kindly Light’ (1834).

We can believe what we choose. We are answerable for what we choose to believe.

Letter to Mrs William Froude, 27 June 1848

If I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner roasts (which indeed does not seem quite the thing) I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards.

Letter to the Duke of Norfolk

Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.

From shadows and types to the reality.

Motto on his memorial tablet, in Owen Chadwick ‘Newman’ (1983) p. 78

Cor ad cor loquitur.

Heart speaks to heart.

Motto adopted for his coat-of-arms as cardinal, 1879

2.19 Huey Newton 1942—

I suggested [in 1966] that we use the panther as our symbol and call our political vehicle the Black Panther Party. The panther is a fierce animal, but he will not attack until he is backed into a corner; then he will strike out.

‘Revolutionary Suicide’ (1973) ch. 16

2.20 Sir Isaac Newton 1642-1727

If I have seen further it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.

Letter to Robert Hooke, 5 February 1676.

Philosophy is such an impertinently litigous lady that a man has as good be engaged in law suits as have to do with her.

Letter to Edmond Halley, 20 June 1685, in 'Correspondence' vol. 2, p. 437

Whence is it that Nature does nothing in vain: and whence arises all that order and beauty which we see in the world?...does it not appear from phenomena that there is a Being incorporeal, living, intelligent, omnipresent, who in infinite space, as it were in his Sensory, sees the things themselves intimately, and thoroughly perceives them, and comprehends them wholly.

'Opticks' (1730 ed.) bk. 3, pt. 1, qu. 28

The changing of bodies into light, and light into bodies, is very conformable to the course of Nature, which seems delighted with transmutations.

'Opticks' (1730 ed.) bk. 3, pt. 1, qu. 30

Every body continues in its state of rest, or of uniform motion in a right line, unless it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it.

'Principia Mathematica' (1687) Laws of Motion 1 (translated by Andrew Motte, 1729)

To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction: or, the mutual actions of two bodies upon each other are always equal, and directed to contrary parts.

'Principia Mathematica' (1687) Laws of Motion 3

Hypotheses non fingo.

I do not feign hypotheses.

'Principia Mathematica' (1713 ed.) 'Scholium Generale'

O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!

Remark to a dog who knocked down a candle and so set fire to some papers and 'destroyed the almost finished labours of some years', in Thomas Maude 'Wensley-Dale...a Poem' (1772) st. 23 n. (probably apocryphal. D. Gjertsen 'The Newton Handbook' (1986) p. 177

I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem only to have been like a boy playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

In Joseph Spence 'Anecdotes' (ed. J. Osborn, 1966) no. 1259

2.21 Nicholas I 1796-1855

Turkey is a dying man. We may endeavour to keep him alive, but we shall not succeed. He will, he must die.

In F. Max Müller (ed.) 'Memoirs of Baron Stockmar' (translated by G. A. M. Müller, 1872) vol. 2, p. 107

Russia has two generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier [January] and Fèvrier [February].

Attributed. 'Punch' 10 March 1855

2.22 Vivian Nicholson 1936—

Spend, spend, spend.

Title of television drama (1977) by Jack Rosenthal, based on her life; on arriving to collect her husband's football pools winnings of £152,000 she told reporters, 'I want to spend, and spend, and spend'; in 'Daily Herald' 28 September 1961

2.23 Nicias c.470-413 B.C.

For a city consists in its men, and not in its walls nor ships empty of men.

Speech to the defeated Athenian army at Syracuse, 413 B.C. in Thucydides 'History of the Peloponnesian Wars' bk. 7, sect. 77

2.24 Sir Harold Nicolson 1886-1968

Ponderous and uncertain is that relation between pressure and resistance which constitutes the balance of power. The arch of peace is morticed by no iron tenons: the monoliths of which it is composed are joined by no cement...One night a handful of dust will patter from the vaulting: the bats will squeak and wheel in sudden panic: nor can the fragile fingers of man then stay the rush and rumble of destruction.

'Public Faces' (1932) ch. 6

We shall have to walk and live a Woolworth life hereafter.

Predicting the outcome of World War II, in Nigel Nicolson (ed.) 'Harold Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1939-45' (1967) 4 June 1941

I am haunted by mental decay such as I saw creeping over Ramsay MacDonald. A gradual dimming of the lights.

In Nigel Nicolson (ed.) 'Harold Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1945-62' (1968) 28 April 1947

For seventeen years he did nothing at all but kill animals and stick in stamps.

On King George V, in Nigel Nicolson (ed.) 'Harold Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1945-62' (1968) 17 August 1949

2.25 Reinhold Niebuhr 1892-1971

Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary.

'Children of Light and Children of Darkness' (1944) foreword

God, give us the serenity to accept what cannot be changed;
Give us the courage to change what should be changed;
Give us the wisdom to distinguish one from the other.

In Richard Wightman Fox 'Reinhold Niebuhr' (1985) ch. 12 (prayer said to have been first published in 1951)

2.26 Carl Nielsen 1865-1931

Musik er liv, som dette und slukkelig.

Music is life, and like it is inextinguishable.

'4th Symphony' ('The Inextinguishable', 1916) preface

2.27 Martin Niemöller 1892-1984

When Hitler attacked the Jews I was not a Jew, therefore, I was not concerned. And when Hitler attacked the Catholics, I was not a Catholic, and therefore, I was not concerned. And when Hitler attacked the unions and the industrialists, I was not a member of the unions and I was not concerned. Then, Hitler attacked me and the Protestant church—and there was nobody left to be concerned.

In 'Congressional Record' 14 October 1968, p. 31636; often attributed in the form 'In Germany they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist...' and so on

2.28 Friedrich Nietzsche 1844-1900

Ich lehre euch den Übermenschen. Der Mensch ist Etwas, das überwunden werden soll.

I teach you the superman. Man is something to be surpassed.

'Also Sprach Zarathustra' (1883) prologue, sect. 3

Auf Andere warte ich...auf Höhere, Stärkere, Sieghaftere, Wohlgemutere, Solche, die rechtwinklig gebaut sind an Leib und Seele: lachende Löwen müssen kommen.

For others do I wait...for higher ones, stronger ones, more triumphant ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul: laughing lions must come.

'Also Sprach Zarathustra' (1883) bk. 4 'Die Begrüssung'

You are going to women? Do not forget the whip.

'Also Sprach Zarathustra' (1883)

Das Erbarmen Gottes mit der einzigen Not, die alle Paradiese an sich haben, kennt keine Grenzen: er schuf alsbald noch andere Tiere. Erster Fehlgriff Gottes: der Mensch fand die Tiere nicht unterhaltend,—er herrschte über sie, er wollte nicht einmal 'Tier' sein.

[Man found a solitary existence tedious.] There are no limits to God's compassion with Paradises over their one universally felt want: he immediately created other animals besides. God's first blunder: Man didn't find the animals amusing,—he dominated them, and didn't even want to be an 'animal'.

'Umwerthung aller Werthe' (1888) bk. 1 'Der Antichrist' aphorism 48

Das Weib war der zweite Fehlgriff Gottes.

Woman was God's second blunder.

'Umwerthung aller Werthe' (1888) bk. 1 'Der Antichrist' aphorism 48

Wie ich den Philosophen verstehe, als einen furchtbaren Explosionsstoff, vor dem Alles in Gefahr ist.

What I understand by 'philosopher': a terrible explosive in the presence of which everything is in danger.

'Ecce Homo' (1908) 'Die Unzeitgemässen' sect. 3

Gott ist tot: aber so wie die Art der Menschen ist, wird es vielleicht noch Jahrtausende lang Höhlen geben, in denen man seinen Schatten zeigt.

God is dead: but considering the state the species Man is in, there will perhaps be caves, for ages yet, in which his shadow will be shown.

'Die fröhliche Wissenschaft' (1882) bk. 3, sect. 108

Moralität ist Heerden-Instinkt in Einzelnen.

Morality is the herd-instinct in the individual.

'Die fröhliche Wissenschaft' (1882) bk. 3, sect. 116

Der christliche Entschluss, die Welt hässlich und schlecht zu finden, hat die Welt hässlich und schlecht gemacht.

The Christian resolution to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad.

'Die fröhliche Wissenschaft' (1882) bk. 3, sect. 130

Glaubt es mir!—das Geheimniss, um die grösste Fruchtbarkeit und den grössten Genuss vom Dasein einzuernten, heisst: gefährlich leben!

Believe me! The secret of reaping the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment from life is to live dangerously!

'Die fröhliche Wissenschaft' (1882) bk. 4, sect. 283

Wer mit Ungeheuern kämpft, mag zusehn, dass er nicht dabei zum Ungeheuer wird. Und wenn du lange in einen Abgrund blickst, blickt der Abgrund auch in dich hinein.

He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.

'Jenseits von Gut und Böse' [Beyond Good and Evil] (1886) ch. 4, no. 146

Der Gedanke an den Selbstmord ist ein starkes Trostmittel: mit ihm kommt man gut über manche böse Nacht hinweg.

The thought of suicide is a great source of comfort: with it a calm passage is to be made across many a bad night.

'Jenseits von Gut und Böse' [Beyond Good and Evil] (1886) ch. 4, no. 157

Herren-Moral und Sklaven-Moral.

Master-morality and slave-morality.

'Jenseits von Gut und Böse' [Beyond Good and Evil] (1886) ch. 9, no. 260

Der Witz ist das Epigramm auf den Tod eines Gefühls.

Wit is the epitaph of an emotion.

'Menschliches, Allzumenschliches' (1867-80) vol. 2, sect. 1, no. 202

Auf dem Grunde aller dieser vornehmen Rassen ist das Raubtier, die prachtvolle nach Beute und Sieg lüstern schweifende blonde Bestie nicht zu verkennen.

At the base of all these aristocratic races the predator is not to be mistaken, the splendorous blond beast, avidly rampant for plunder and victory.

'Zur Genealogie der Moral' (1887) 1st treatise, no. 11

2.29 Florence Nightingale 1820-1910

Too kind, too kind.

On the Order of Merit being brought to her at her home, 5 December 1907; in E. Cook ‘The Life of Florence Nightingale’ (1913) vol. 2, pt. 7, ch. 9

2.30 Richard Milhous Nixon 1913—

You won’t have Nixon to kick around any more because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference.

After losing the election for Governor of California, 5 November 1962, in ‘New York Times’ 8 November 1962, p. 8

It is time for the great silent majority of Americans to stand up and be counted.

Election speech, October 1970

There can be no whitewash at the White House.

Television speech on Watergate, 30 April 1973, in ‘New York Times’ 1 May 1973, p. 31

I made my mistakes, but in all my years of public life, I have never profited, never profited from public service. I’ve earned every cent. And in all of my years in public life I have never obstructed justice...I welcome this kind of examination because people have got to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I’m not a crook.

Speech at press conference, 17 November 1973, in ‘New York Times’ 18 November 1973, p. 62

This country needs good farmers, good businessmen, good plumbers, good carpenters.

Farewell address at White House, 9 August 1974, cited in ‘New York Times’ 10 August 1974, p. 4

When the President does it, that means that it is not illegal.

In David Frost ‘I Gave Them a Sword’ (1978) ch. 8

I brought myself down. I gave them a sword. And they stuck it in.

Television interview, 19 May 1977, in David Frost ‘I Gave Them a Sword’ (1978) ch. 10

2.31 Thomas Noel 1799-1861

Rattle his bones over the stones;
He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

‘The Pauper’s Drive’ (1841)

2.32 Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk 1746-1815

I cannot be a good Catholic; I cannot go to heaven; and if a man is to go to the devil, he may as well go thither from the House of Lords as from any other place on earth.

In Henry Best ‘Personal and Literary Memorials’ (1829) ch. 18

2.33 Frank Norman 1931—and Lionel Bart 1930—

Fings ain’t wot they used t’be.

Title of musical (1959).

2.34 Christopher North (Professor John Wilson) 1785-1854

Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be above national prejudices, and in all

companies it gives me true pleasure to declare, that, as a people, the English are very little indeed inferior to the Scotch.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 28 (October 1826)

His Majesty’s dominions, on which the sun never sets.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 20 (April 1829)

Laws were made to be broken.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 24 (May 1830)

Insultin’ the sun, and quarrellin wi’ the equawtor.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 24 (May 1830)

Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 35 (August 1834)

I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the shopocracy.

‘Noctes Ambrosianae’ no. 39 (February 1835)

2.35 Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe) 1865-1922

When I want a peerage, I shall buy it like an honest man.

Attributed

2.36 Caroline Norton 1808-77

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world’s shore,
And all our calm is in that balm—
Not lost but gone before.

‘Not Lost but Gone Before’

2.37 Jack Norworth 1879-1959

Oh, shine on, shine on, harvest moon
Up in the sky.
I ain’t had no lovin’
Since April, January, June, or July.

‘Shine On, Harvest Moon’ (1908 song)

2.38 Novalis (Friedrich Von Hardenberg) 1772-1801

Oft fühl ich jetzt...[und] je tiefer ich einsehe, dass Schicksal und Gemüt Namen eines Begriffes sind.

I often feel, and ever more deeply I realize, that fate and character are the same conception.

‘Heinrich von Ofterdingen’ (1802) bk. 2. Often quoted as ‘Character is destiny’ or ‘Character is fate’.

Ein Gott-betrunkener Mensch.

A God-intoxicated man.

On Spinoza; attributed

2.39 Alfred Noyes 1880-1958

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.
'The Highwayman' (1907)

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.
'The Highwayman' (1907)

Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!
'The Highwayman' (1907)

2.40 Bill Nye (Edgar Wilson Nye)

I have been told that Wagner's music is better than it sounds.
In Mark Twain 'Autobiography' (1924) vol. 1, p. 338

2.41 Captain Lawrence Oates 1880-1912

I am just going outside and may be some time.
Last words, in Scott's diary entry for 16-17 March 1912; 'Scott's Last Expedition' (1913) p. 593

2.42 Edna O'Brien 1932—

August is a wicked month.
Title of novel (1965)

2.43 Flann O'Brien (Brian O'Nolan or O Nuallain) 1911-66

The Pooka MacPhellimey, a member of the devil class, sat in his hut in the middle of a firwood meditating on the nature of the numerals and segregating in his mind the odd ones from the even.
'At Swim-Two-Birds' (1939) ch. 1

The conclusion of your syllogism, I said lightly, is fallacious, being based upon licensed premises.
'At Swim-Two-Birds' (1939) ch. 1

A pint of plain is your only man.
'At Swim-Two-Birds' (1939) 'The Workman's Friend'

It is not that I half knew my mother. I knew half of her: the lower half—her lap, legs, feet, her

hands and wrists as she bent forward.

‘The Hard Life’ (1961) p. 11

People who spend most of their natural lives riding iron bicycles over the rocky roadsteads of this parish get their personalities mixed up with the personalities of their bicycles as a result of the interchanging of the atoms of each of them and you would be surprised at the number of people in these parts who nearly are half people and half bicycles.

‘The Third Policeman’ (1967) p. 85

3.0 O

3.1 Sean O’Casey 1884-1964

I killin’ meself workin’, an’ he struttin’ about from mornin’ till night like a paycock!

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 1

He’s an oul’ butty o’ mine—oh, he’s a darlin’ man, a daarlin’ man.

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 1

The whole worl’s in a state o’ chassis!

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 1

I often looked up at the sky an’ assed meself the question—what is the stars, what is the stars?

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 1

Sacred Heart of the Crucified Jesus, take our hearts o’ stone...an’ give us hearts o’ flesh!...Take away this murdherin’ hate...an’ give us Thine own eternal love!

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 2

The Polis as Polis, in this city, is Null an’ Void!

‘Juno and the Paycock’ (1925) act 3

There’s no reason to bring religion into it. I think we ought to have as great a regard for religion as we can, so as to keep it out of as many things as possible.

‘The Plough and the Stars’ (1926) act 1

It’s my rule never to lose me temper till it would be dethrimental to keep it.

‘The Plough and the Stars’ (1926) act 2

English literature’s performing flea.

On P. G. Wodehouse, in P. G. Wodehouse ‘Performing Flea’ (1953) p. 217

3.2 William of Occam (or Ockham) c.1285-1347

Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem.

No more things should be presumed to exist than are absolutely necessary.

‘Occams’s Razor’, an ancient philosophical principle often attributed to Occam but earlier in origin; not found in this form in his writings, though he frequently used similar expressions, e.g. Pluralitas non est ponenda sine necessitate [Plurality should not be assumed unnecessarily] in ‘Quodlibeta’ (c.1324) no. 5, question 1, art. 2. J. C. Way (ed.) ‘Opera Theologica’ (1980) vol. 9, p. 476

3.3 Adolph S. Ochs 1858-1935

All the news that's fit to print.
Motto of the New York Times, from 1896

3.4 David Ogilvy 1911—

The consumer isn't a moron; she is your wife.
'Confessions of an Advertising Man' (1963) ch. 5

3.5 James Ogilvy, first Earl of Seafield 1664-1730

Now there's ane end of ane old song.
As he signed the engrossed exemplification of the Act of Union, 1706, in 'The Lockhart Papers' (1817) vol. 1, p. 223

3.6 Geoffrey O'Hara 1882-1967

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;—
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cow shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
'K-K-K-Katy' (1918 song)

3.7 John O'Hara 1905-70

An artist is his own fault.
'The Portable F. Scott Fitzgerald' (1945) introduction

3.8 Theodore O'Hara 1820-67

Sons of the dark and bloody ground.
'The Bivouac of the Dead' (1847) st. 1

3.9 Patrick O'Keefe 1872-1934

Say it with flowers.
Slogan for the Society of American Florists, in 'Florists' Exchange' 15 December 1917, p. 1268

3.10 John O'Keeffe 1747-1833

Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nom'native case,
And she's of the feminine gender.
'The Agreeable Surprise' (1781) act 2, sc. 2

Fat, fair and forty were all the toasts of the young men.
'The Irish Mimic' (1795) sc. 2

3.11 Dennis O'Kelly c.1720-87

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Comment at Epsom, 3 May 1769, in 'Annals of Sporting' vol. 2 (1822) p. 271. 'Dictionary of National Biography' gives the occasion as the Queen's Plate at Winchester, 1769

3.12 Chauncey Olcott and George Graff Jr.

When Irish eyes are smiling.

Title of song (1912)

3.13 William Oldys 1696-1761

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Gently drink, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup.

'The Fly' (1732)

3.14 Frederick Scott Oliver 1864-1934

A wise politician will never grudge a genuflexion or a rapture if it is expected of him by prevalent opinion.

'The Endless Adventure' (1930) vol. 1, pt. 1, ch. 20

3.15 Laurence Olivier (Baron Olivier of Brighton) 1907-89

The tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind.

Introduction to his screen adaptation of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' (1948 film)

Shakespeare—the nearest thing in incarnation to the eye of God.

In 'Kenneth Harris Talking To' 'Sir Laurence Olivier'

Acting is a masochistic form of exhibitionism. It is not quite the occupation of an adult.

In 'Time' 3 July 1978, p. 33

Can a muse of fire exist under a ceiling of commerce?

Appealing on behalf of the Rose Theatre remains; in 'The Times' 12 July 1989, p. 24

3.16 Frank Ward O'Malley 1875-1932

See Elbert Hubbard (8.146) in Volume I

3.17 Eugene O'Neill 1888-1953

For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks.

'The Emperor Jones' (1921) sc. 1

The iceman cometh.

Title of play (1946)

A long day's journey into night.

Title of play (written 1940-1; published 1956)

Life is perhaps most wisely regarded as a bad dream between two awakenings, and every day is a life in miniature.

'Marco Millions' (1928) act 2, sc. 2

The sea hates a coward!

'Mourning becomes Electra' (1931) pt. 2, act 4

The only living life is in the past and future...the present is an interlude...strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living.

'Strange Interlude' (1928) pt. 2, act 8

3.18 Brian O'Nolan 1911-66

See Flann O'Brien (2.43)

3.19 Yoko Ono 1933—

Woman is the nigger of the world.

Attributed

3.20 John Opie 1761-1807

I mix them with my brains, sir.

On being asked with what he mixed his colours; in Samuel Smiles 'Self-Help' (1859) ch. 4

3.21 J. Robert Oppenheimer 1904-67

In some sort of crude sense which no vulgarity, no humour, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose.

Lecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 25 November 1947; in 'Open Mind' (1955) ch. 5

3.22 Susie Orbach 1946—

Fat is a feminist issue.

Title of book (1978)

3.23 Roy Orbison and Joe Melsom

Only the lonely.

Title of song (1960)

3.24 Baroness Orczy 1865-1947

We seek him here, we seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.
Is he in heaven?—Is he in hell?
That demmed, elusive Pimpernel?

'The Scarlet Pimpernel' (1905) ch. 12

3.25 David Ormsby Gore 1918-85

See Lord Harlech (8.42) in Volume I

3.26 Josè Ortega y Gasset 1883-1955

Yo soy yo y mi circumstancia, y si no la salvo a ella no me salvo yo.

I am I plus my surroundings and if I do not preserve the latter, I do not preserve myself.

'Meditaciones del Quijote' (1914) in 'Obras Completas' (1946) vol. 1, p. 322

La civilización no es otra cosa que el ensayo de reducir la fuerza a ultima ratio.

Civilization is nothing more than the effort to reduce the use of force to the last resort.

'La Rebelión de las Masas' (1930) in 'Obras Completas' (1947) vol. 4, p. 191

3.27 Joe Orton 1933-67

I'd the upbringing a nun would envy and that's the truth. Until I was fifteen I was more familiar with Africa than my own body.

'Entertaining Mr Sloane' (1964) act 1

Kath: Can he be present at the birth of his child?...
Ed: It's all any reasonable child can expect if the dad is present at the conception.

'Entertaining Mr Sloane' (1964) act 3

Every luxury was lavished on you—atheism, breast-feeding, circumcision.

'Loot' (1967) act 1

Policemen, like red squirrels, must be protected.

'Loot' (1967) act 1

Reading isn't an occupation we encourage among police officers. We try to keep the paper work down to a minimum.

'Loot' (1967) act 2

You were born with your legs apart. They'll send you to the grave in a Y-shaped coffin.

'What the Butler Saw' (1969) act 1

3.28 George Orwell (Eric Blair) 1903-50

Man is the only creature that consumes without producing.

'Animal Farm' (1945) ch. 1

Four legs good, two legs bad.

'Animal Farm' (1945) ch. 3

All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others.

'Animal Farm' (1945) ch. 10

Attlee reminds me of nothing so much as a recently dead fish, before it has had time to stiffen.

Diary, 19 May 1942, in Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (eds.) 'The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell' (1968) vol. 2, p. 426

At 50, everyone has the face he deserves.

Last words in his notebook, 17 April 1949, in Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (eds.) 'The Collected Essays,

Journalism and Letters of George Orwell' (1968) vol. 4, p. 515

Good prose is like a window-pane.

'Collected Essays' (1968) vol. 1 'Why I Write'

I'm fat, but I'm thin inside. Has it ever struck you that there's a thin man inside every fat man, just as they say there's a statue inside every block of stone?

'Coming up For Air' (1939) pt. 1, ch. 3.

He was an embittered atheist (the sort of atheist who does not so much disbelieve in God as personally dislike Him), and took a sort of pleasure in thinking that human affairs would never improve.

'Down and Out in Paris and London' (1933) ch. 30

The deep, deep sleep of England.

'Homage to Catalonia' (1939) ad fin.

Whatever is funny is subversive, every joke is ultimately a custard pie...A dirty joke is a sort of mental rebellion.

'Horizon' September 1941 'The Art of Donald McGill'

Most revolutionaries are potential Tories, because they imagine that everything can be put right by altering the shape of society; once that change is effected, as it sometimes is, they see no need for any other.

'Inside the Whale' (1940) 'Charles Dickens'

Keep the aspidistra flying.

Title of novel (1936)

England...resembles a family, a rather stuffy Victorian family, with not many black sheep in it but with all its cupboards bursting with skeletons. It has rich relations who have to be kowtowed to and poor relations who are horribly sat upon, and there is a deep conspiracy of silence about the source of the family income (ie the Empire). It is a family in which the young are generally thwarted and most of the power is in the hands of irresponisble uncles and bed-ridden aunts. Still, it is a family. It has its private language and its common memories, and at the approach of an enemy it closes its ranks. A family with the wrong members in control.

'The Lion and the Unicorn' (1941) pt. 1 'England Your England'

Probably the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, but the opening battles of all subsequent wars have been lost there.

'The Lion and the Unicorn' (1941) pt. 1 'England Your England'.

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

'Nineteen Eighty-Four' (1949) pt. 1, ch. 1

Big brother is watching you.

'Nineteen Eighty-Four' (1949) pt. 1, ch. 1

War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.

'Nineteen Eighty-Four' (1949) pt. 1, ch. 1

Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.

'Nineteen Eighty-Four' (1949) pt. 1, ch. 3

Don’t you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 1, ch. 5

Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four. If that is granted, all else follows.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 1, ch. 7

Syme was not only dead, he was abolished, an un-person.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 2, ch. 5

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one’s mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 2, ch. 9

Power is not a means, it is an end. One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish the dictatorship.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 3, ch. 3

If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—for ever.

‘Nineteen Eighty-Four’ (1949) pt. 3, ch. 3

The quickest way of ending a war is to lose it.

‘Polemic’ May 1946 ‘Second Thoughts on James Burnham’

A person of bourgeois origin goes through life with some expectation of getting what he wants, within reasonable limits. Hence the fact that in times of stress ‘educated’ people tend to come to the front.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937) ch. 3

The typical Socialist is...a prim little man with a white-collar job, usually a secret teetotaller and often with vegetarian leanings, with a history of Nonconformity behind him, and, above all, with a social position which he has no intention of forfeiting.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937) ch. 11

To the ordinary working man, the sort you would meet in any pub on Saturday night, Socialism does not mean much more than better wages and shorter hours and nobody bossing you about.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937) ch. 11

The high-water mark, so to speak, of Socialist literature is W. H. Auden, a sort of gutless Kipling.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937) ch. 11

We of the sinking middle class...may sink without further struggles into the working class where we belong, and probably when we get there it will not be so dreadful as we feared, for, after all, we have nothing to lose but our aitches.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937) ch. 13

Freedom is the right to tell people what they do not want to hear.

‘The Road to Wigan Pier’ (1937)

In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defence of the indefensible.

‘Shooting an Elephant’ (1950) ‘Politics and the English Language’

The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one’s real and one’s declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish squirting out ink.

‘Shooting an Elephant’ (1950) ‘Politics and the English Language’

Serious sport has nothing to do with fair play. It is bound up with hatred, jealousy, boastfulness, and disregard of all the rules.

‘Shooting an Elephant’ (1950)

Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.

‘Shooting an Elephant’ (1950) ‘Politics and the English Language’

Saints should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent.

‘Shooting an Elephant’ (1950) ‘Reflections on Gandhi’

Advertising is the rattling of a stick inside a swill bucket.

Attributed

3.29 Dorothy Osborne 1627-95

The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o’clock, I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads...I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world, but the knowledge that they are so.

‘The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple’ (ed. G. C. Moore Smith, 1928) June 1653

All letters, methinks, should be as free and easy as one’s discourse, not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm.

Letter to Sir William Temple, October 1653

I had rather agree to what you say than tell you that Dr Taylor (whose devote you must know I am) says there is a great advantage to be gained in resigning up one’s will to the command of another, because the same action which in itself is wholly indifferent if done upon our own choice, becomes an act of duty and religion if done in obedience to the command of any person whom nature, the laws, or our selves have given a power over us.

‘The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple’ (ed. G. C. Moore Smith, 1928) March 1654

3.30 John Osborne 1929—

Don’t clap too hard—it’s a very old building.

‘The Entertainer’ (1957) no. 7

Thank God we’re normal, normal, normal,
Thank God we’re normal,
Yes, this is our finest shower!

‘The Entertainer’ (1957) no. 7

But I have a go, lady, don't I? I 'ave a go. I do.

'The Entertainer' (1957) no. 7

I'm dead behind these eyes. I'm dead, but just like the whole inert, shoddy lot out there. It doesn't matter because I don't feel a thing, and neither do they.

'The Entertainer' (1957) no. 8

Oh heavens, how I long for a little ordinary human enthusiasm. Just enthusiaism—that's all. I want to hear a warm, thrilling voice cry out Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'm alive!

'Look Back in Anger' (1956) act 1

His knowledge of life and ordinary human beings is so hazy, he really deserves some sort of decoration for it—a medal inscribed 'For Vaguery in the Field'.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956) act 1

I don't think one 'comes down' from Jimmy's university. According to him, it's not even red brick, but white tile.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956) act 2, sc. 1

They spend their time mostly looking forward to the past.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956) act 2, sc. 1

There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off, it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned, grand design. It'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much-thank-you. About as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956) act 3, sc. 1

The old firm is selling out.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956)

The eternal flaming racket of the female.

'Look Back in Anger' (1956)

She's like the old line about justice—not only must be done, but must be seen to be done. 'Time Present' act 1

This is a letter of hate. It is for you my countrymen, I mean those men of my country who have defiled it. The men with manic fingers leading the sightless, feeble, betrayed body of my country to its death...damn you England. You're rotting now, and quite soon you'll disappear.

'Tribune' 18 August 1961

Monarchy is the gold filling in the mouth of decay.

In Bernard Levin 'The Pendulum Years' (1976)

3.31 Arthur O'Shaughnessy 1844-81

We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
We are the movers and shakers

Of the world for ever, it seems.

‘Ode’

For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

‘Ode’

3.32 Sir William Osler 1849-1919

That man can interrogate as well as observe nature, was a lesson slowly learned in his evolution.

In ‘Aphorisms from his Bedside Teachings’ (1961) p. 62

One finger in the throat and one in the rectum makes a good diagnostician.

In ‘Aphorisms from his Bedside Teachings’ (1961) p. 104

The natural man has only two primal passions, to get and beget.

‘Science and Immortality’ (1904) ch. 2

The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

In H. Cushing ‘Life of Sir William Osler’ (1925) vol. 1, ch. 14

3.33 John L. O’Sullivan 1813-95

Understood as a central consolidated power, managing and directing the various general interests of the society, all government is evil, and the parent of evil...The best government is that which governs least.

‘The United States Magazine and Democratic Review’ (1837) introduction

A spirit of hostile interference against us...checking the fulfilment of our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions.

On opposition to the annexation of Texas, in ‘The United States Magazine and Democratic Review’ (1837) vol. 17, July-August 1845, p. 5

A torchlight procession marching down your throat.

Describing some whisky, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 19

3.34 James Otis 1725-83

Taxation without representation is tyranny.

Watchword (coined c.1761) of the American Revolution. Samuel Eliot Morison ‘James Otis’ ‘Dictionary of American Biography’ vol. 14, p. 102

3.35 Thomas Otway 1652-85

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There’s in you all that we belive of heaven,

Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
‘Venice Preserved’ (1682) act 1, l. 337

No praying, it spoils business.
‘Venice Preserved’ (1682) act 2, l. 87

3.36 Peter Demianovich Ouspensky 1878-1947

Truths that become old become decrepit and unreliable; sometimes they may be kept going artificially for a certain time, but there is no life in them.
‘A New Model of the Universe’ (2nd ed., 1934) preface

3.37 Sir Thomas Overbury 1581-1613

He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own.
‘Miscellaneous Works’ (1632) ‘An Affected Traveller’.

You cannot name any example in any heathen author but I will better it in Scripture.
In ‘Crumms Fal’n From King James’s Table’ no. 10, in E. F. Rimbault (ed.) ‘The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury’ (1856) p. 257

3.38 Ovid 43 B.C.-A.D. 17

Procul omen abesto!

Far be that fate from us!
‘Amores’ bk. 1, no. 14, l. 41

Procul hinc, procul este, severae!

Far hence, keep far from me, you grim women!
‘Amores’ bk. 2, no. 1, l. 3

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.

The women come to see the show, they come to make a show themselves.
‘Ars Amatoria’ bk. 1, l. 99

Iuppiter ex alto periuria ridet amantum.

Jupiter from on high laughs at lovers’ perjuries.
‘Ars Amatoria’ bk. 1, l. 633

It is convenient that there be gods, and, as it is convenient, let us believe there are.
‘Ars Amatoria’ bk. 1, l. 637

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

Perhaps my name too will be linked with theirs.
‘Ars Amatoria’ bk. 3, l. 339

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

Add the fact that to have conscientiously studied the liberal arts refines behaviour and does not

allow it to be savage.

‘Epistulae Ex Ponto’ bk. 2, no. 9, l. 47

Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas.

Though the strength is lacking, yet the willingness is to be praised.

‘Epistulae Ex Ponto’ bk. 3, no. 4, l. 79

Gutta cavat lapidem, consumitur anulus usu.

Dripping water hollows out a stone, a ring is worn away by use.

‘Epistulae Ex Ponto’ bk. 4, no. 10, l. 5.

Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.

Chaos, a rough and unordered mass.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 1, l. 7

Medio tutissimus ibis.

A middle course is the safest for you to take.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 2, l. 137

Inopem me copia fecit.

Plenty has made me poor.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 3, l. 466

Ipse docet quid agam; fas est et ab hoste doceri.

He himself teaches what I should do; it is right to be taught by the enemy.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 4, l. 428

Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.

I see the better way, and approve it; I follow the worse.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 7, l. 20

Tempus edax rerum.

Time the devourer of everything.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 15, l. 234

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

And now I have finished the work, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor the sword, nor devouring age shall be able to destroy.

‘Metamorphoses’ bk. 15, l. 871

Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

Stop it at the start, it’s late for medicine to be prepared when disease has grown strong through long delays.

‘Remedia Amoris’ l. 91

Qui finem quaeris amoris,

Cedet amor rebus; res age, tutus eris.

You who seek an end of love, love will yield to business: be busy, and you will be safe.

'Remedia Amoris' l. 143

Teque, rebellatrix, tandem, Germania, magni
Triste caput pedibus supposuisse ducis!

How you, rebellious Germany, laid your wretched head beneath the feet of the great general.

'Tristia' bk. 3, no. 12, l. 47

Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod temptabam dicere versus erat.

Of its own accord my song would come in the right rhythms, and what I was trying to say was poetry.

'Tristia' bk. 4, no. 10, l. 25

Vergilium vidi tantum.

I just saw Virgil.

'Tristia' bk. 4, no. 10, l. 51

3.39 John Owen c.1560-1622

God and the doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.

'Epigrams'.

3.40 Robert Owen 1771-1858

All the world is queer save thee and me, and even thou art a little queer.

To his partner W. Allen, on severing business relations at New Lanark, 1828; attributed

3.41 Wilfred Owen 1893-1918

My subject is War, and the pity of War.
The Poetry is in the pity.

Preface (written 1918)

All a poet can do today is warn.

Preface (written 1918)

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
—Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
‘Anthem for Doomed Youth’ (written 1917)

The pallor of girls’ brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.
‘Anthem for Doomed Youth’ (written 1917)

Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields half-sown...
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.
‘Futility’ (written 1918)

Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth’s sleep at all?
‘Futility’ (written 1918)

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
‘Greater Love’ (written 1917)

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up, they went.
They were not ours:
We never heard to which front these were sent.

Nor there if they yet mock what women meant
Who gave them flowers.
‘The Send-Off’ (written 1918)

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.
‘Strange Meeting’ (written 1918)

‘Strange friend,’ I said, ‘here is no cause to mourn.’
‘None,’ said that other, ‘save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world.
‘Strange Meeting’ (written 1918)

Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
‘Strange Meeting’ (written 1918)

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark: for you so frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now...

‘Strange Meeting’ (written 1918)

3.42 Count Oxenstierna 1583-1654

Vet du icke, min son, med husu liten wishet verlden regeras?

Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?

Letter to his son, 1648, in J. F. af Lundblad ‘Svensk Plutark’ (1826) pt. 2, p. 95. John Selden, in ‘Table Talk’ (1689), quotes ‘a certain Pope’ (possibly Julius III) saying: ‘Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world!’

3.43 Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford 1550-1604

If women could be fair and yet not fond.

‘Women’s Changeableness’

4.0 P

4.1 Vance Packard 1914—

The hidden persuaders.

Title of a study of the advertising industry (1957)

4.2 William Tyler Page 1868-1942

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

‘American’s Creed’ (prize-winning competition entry, 3 April 1918) in ‘Congressional Record’ vol. 56, pt. 12 (appendix), p. 286.

4.3 Thomas Paine 1737-1809

It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving, it consists in professing to believe what one does not believe.

‘The Age of Reason’ pt. 1 (1794) ch. 1

Any system of religion that has any thing in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true

system.

‘The Age of Reason’ pt. 1 (1794)

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime, makes the ridiculous; and one step above the ridiculous, makes the sublime again.

‘The Age of Reason’ pt. 2 (1795) p. 20

Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state, an intolerable one. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise.

‘Common Sense’ (1776) ch. 1

As to religion, I hold it to be the indispensable duty of government to protect all conscientious professors thereof, and I know of no other business which government hath to do therewith.

‘Common Sense’ (1776) ch. 4

These are the times that try men’s souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of men and women.

‘The Crisis’ (December 1776) introduction

As he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

On Edmund Burke losing the debate on the French Revolution to Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons; ‘Letter to the Addressers on the late Proclamation’ (1792) p. 4

The religion of humanity.

‘Letter to the People of England on the Invasion of England’ (1804)

[Edmund Burke] is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird.

‘The Rights of Man’ (1791) p. 26 (on Burke’s Reflections on the Revolution in France, 1790)

Lay then the axe to the root, and teach governments humanity. It is their sanguinary punishments which corrupt mankind.

‘The Rights of Man’ (1791) p. 33

Titles are but nick-names, and every nick-name is a title.

‘The Rights of Man’ (1791) pt. 1

[In France] All that class of equivocal generation, which in some countries is called aristocracy, and in others nobility, is done away, and the peer is exalted into MAN.

‘The Rights of Man’ (1791) pt. 1

Persecution is not an original feature of any religion; but it is always the strongly marked feature of all law-religions, or religions established by law.

‘The Rights of Man’ (1791) pt. 1

All hereditary government is in its nature tyranny...To inherit a government, is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds.

‘The Rights of Man’ pt. 2 (1792)

When, in countries that are called civilized, we see age going to the workhouse and youth to

the gallows, something must be wrong in the system of government.

'The Rights of Man' pt. 2 (1792)

I do not believe that any two men, on what are called doctrinal points, think alike who think at all. It is only those who have not thought that appear to agree.

'The Rights of Man' pt. 2 (1792)

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good.

'The Rights of Man' pt. 2 (1792) ch. 5

A share in two revolutions is living to some purpose.

Eric Foner 'Tom Paine and Revolutionary America' (1976) ch. 7

4.4 Josè de Palafox 1780-1847

War to the knife.

On 4 August 1808, at the siege of Saragossa, the French general Verdier sent a one-word suggestion: 'Capitulation'. Palafox replied 'Guerra y cuchillo [War and the knife]', later reported as 'Guerra a cuchillo', as above. It subsequently appeared, at the behest of Palafox himself, on survivors' medals. Josè Gómez de Arteche y Moro 'Guerra de la Independencia' (1875) vol. 2, ch. 4.

4.5 William Paley 1743-1805

Who can refute a sneer?

'Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy' (1785) bk. 5, ch. 9

4.6 Michael Palin 1943—

See Graham Chapman et al. (3.74) in Volume I

4.7 Lord Palmerston 1784-1865

We have no eternal allies and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual and these interests it is our duty to follow.

Speech on the Polish Question in the House of Commons, 1848

I therefore fearlessly challenge the verdict which this House...is to give...whether, as the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity, when he could say Civis Romanus sum; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.

House of Commons, 25 June 1850, in the Don Pacifico debate.

You may call it coalition, you may call it the accidental and fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

On a projected Palmerston-Disraeli coalition. House of Commons, 5 March 1857

We do not want Egypt any more than any rational man with an estate in the north of England and a residence in the south, would have wished to possess the inns on the north road. All he could want would have been that the inns should be well kept, always accessible, and furnishing him, when he came, with mutton chops and post horses.

Letter to Earl Cowley, 25 November 1859, in Hon. Evelyn Ashley 'Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston 1846-65' (1876) vol. 2, p. 1245

What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another.

In Thomas Carlyle ‘Shooting Niagara: and After?’ (1867) ch. 8

The function of a government is to calm, rather than to excite agitation.

In P. Guedella ‘Gladstone and Palmerston’ (1928) p. 281

Lord Palmerston, with characteristic levity had once said that only three men in Europe had ever understood [the Schleswig-Holstein] question, and of these the Prince Consort was dead, a Danish statesman (unnamed) was in an asylum, and he himself had forgotten it.

In R. W. Seton-Watson ‘Britain in Europe 1789-1914’ (1945) p. 438

Die, my dear Doctor, that’s the last thing I shall do!

Last words; attributed

4.8 Norman Panama 1914—and Melvin Frank 1913-1988

The pellet with the poison’s in the vessel with the pestle. The chalice from the palace has the brew that is true.

‘The Court Jester’ (1955 film); spoken by Danny Kaye

4.9 Dame Christabel Pankhurst 1880-1958

Never lose your temper with the Press or the public is a major rule of political life.

‘Unshackled’ (1959) ch. 5

We are here to claim our right as women, not only to be free, but to fight for freedom. That it is our right as well as our duty. It is our privilege, as well as our pride and our joy, to take some part in this militant movement which, as we believe, means the regeneration of all humanity.

Speech in London, 23 March 1911, in ‘Votes for Women’ 31 March 1911

4.10 Emmeline Pankhurst 1858-1928

There is something that Governments care far more for than human life, and that is the security of property, and so it is through property that we shall strike the enemy...I say to the Government: You have not dared to take the leaders of Ulster for their incitement to rebellion. Take me if you dare.

Speech at Albert Hall, 17 October 1912, in ‘My Own Story’ (1914) p. 265

The argument of the broken window pane is the most important argument in modern politics.

In George Dangerfield ‘The Strange Death of Liberal England’ (1911) ‘The Women’s Revolt’

4.11 Mitchell Parish

When the deep purple crawls over sleepy garden walls.

‘Deep Purple’ (1939 song)

4.12 Charlie Parker 1920-55

Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don’t live it, it won’t come out of your horn.

In Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff ‘Hear Me Talkin’ to Ya’ (1955) p. 358

4.13 Dorothy Parker 1893-1967

Scratch a lover, and find a foe.

‘Ballade of a Great Weariness’ (1937)

Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporanea;
And love is a thing that can never go wrong;
And I am Marie of Roumania.

‘Comment’ (1937)

Woman wants monogamy;
Man delights in novelty.
Love is woman’s moon and sun;
Man has other forms of fun.
Woman lives but in her lord;
Count to ten, and man is bored.
With this the gist and sum of it,
What earthly good can come of it?

‘General Review of the Sex Situation’ (1937)

Four be the things I’d been better without:
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.

‘Inventory’ (1937)

Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.

‘News Item’ (1937)

Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it’s always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

‘One Perfect Rose’ (1937)

If, with the literate, I am
Impelled to try an epigram,
I never seek to take the credit;
We all assume that Oscar said it.

‘A Pig’s-Eye View of Literature’ (1937)

Guns aren’t lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

‘Rèsumè’ (1937)

By the time you say you’re his,

Shivering and sighing
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

'Unfortunate Coincidence' (1937)

And I'll stay off Verlaine too; he was always chasing Rimbauds.

'Here Lies' (1939) 'The Little Hours'

Sorrow is tranquillity remembered in emotion.

'Here Lies' (1939) 'Sentiment'.

She ran the whole gamut of the emotions from A to B.

Of Katherine Hepburn in a Broadway first night; attributed

How do they know?

On being told that Calvin Coolidge had died, in Malcolm Cowley 'Writers at Work' 1st Series (1958) p. 65

As artists they're rot, but as providers they're oil wells; they gush.

On lady novelists, in Malcolm Cowley 'Writers at Work' 1st Series (1958) p. 69

Hollywood money isn't money. It's congealed snow, melts in your hand, and there you are.

In Malcolm Cowley 'Writers at Work' 1st Series (1958) p. 81

House Beautiful is play lousy.

Review in 'New Yorker' (1933). Phyllis Hartnoll 'Plays and Players' (1984) p. 89

Brevity is the soul of lingerie, as the Petticoat said to the Chemise.

Caption written for 'Vogue' (1916) in John Keats 'You Might as well Live' (1970) p. 32.

You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her think.

In John Keats 'You Might as well Live' (1970) p. 46

It serves me right for putting all my eggs in one bastard.

On her abortion, in John Keats 'You Might as well Live' (1970) pt. 2, ch. 3

There's a hell of a distance between wise-cracking and wit. Wit has truth in it; wise-cracking is simply callisthenics with words.

In 'Paris Review' Summer 1956, p. 81

Excuse My Dust.

Suggested epitaph for herself (1925), in Alexander Woollcott 'While Rome Burns' (1934) 'Our Mrs Parker'

4.14 Martin Parker d.c.1656

You gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
How little do you think
On the dangers of the seas.

'The Valiant Sailors'. J. O. Halliwell (ed.) 'Early Naval Ballads' (Percy Society, 1841) p. 34

But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King enjoys his own again.

‘Upon Defacing of Whitehall’ (1671)

4.15 Ross Parker 1914-74 and Hugh Charles 1907—

There’ll always be an England
While there’s a country lane,
Wherever there’s a cottage small
Beside a field of grain.

‘There’ll always be an England’ (1939 song)

4.16 C. Northcote Parkinson 1909—

Expenditure rises to meet income.

‘The Law and the Profits’ (1960) opening sentence

Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.

‘Parkinson’s Law’ (1958) ch. 1

Time spent on any item of the agenda will be in inverse proportion to the sum involved.

‘Parkinson’s Law’ (1958) ch. 3

The man who is denied the opportunity of taking decisions of importance begins to regard as important the decisions he is allowed to take.

‘Parkinson’s Law’ (1958) ch. 10

Men enter local politics solely as a result of being unhappily married.

‘Parkinson’s Law’ (1958) ch. 10

4.17 Charles Stewart Parnell 1846-91

No man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation; no man has a right to say to his country—thus far shalt thou go and no further.

Speech at Cork, 21 January 1885; in ‘The Times’ 22 January 1885

4.18 Blaise Pascal 1623-62

Je n’ai fait celle-ci plus longue que parce que je n’ai pas eu le loisir de la faire plus courte.

I have made this [letter] longer than usual, only because I have not had the time to make it shorter.

‘Lettres Provinciales’ (1657) no. 16

La derniére chose qu’on trouve en faisant un ouvrage, est de savoir celle qu’il faut mettre la premiére.

The last thing one knows in constructing a work is what to put first.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 19

Quand on voit le style naturel, on est tout ètonnè et ravi, car on s’attendait de voir un auteur, et on trouve un homme.

When we see a natural style, we are quite surprised and delighted, for we expected to see an author and we find a man.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 29

Tout le malheur des hommes vient d’une seule chose, qui est de ne savoir pas demeurer en repos dans une chambre.

All the misfortunes of men derive from one single thing, which is their inability to be at ease in a room.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 139

Le nez de Clèopâtre: s’il eût ètè plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changè.

Had Cleopatra’s nose been shorter, the whole face of the world would have changed.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 162

Le silence èternel de ces espaces infinis m’effraie.

The eternal silence of these infinite spaces [the heavens] terrifies me.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 206

Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comèdie en tout le reste.

The last act is bloody, however charming the rest of the play may be.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 210

On mourra seul.

We shall die alone.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 211

Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.

The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 277

L’homme n’est qu’un roseau, le plus faible de la nature; mais c’est un roseau pensant.

Man is only a reed, the weakest thing in nature; but he is a thinking reed.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 347

Le moi est haïssable.

The self is hateful.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 455

Console-toi, tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne m’avais trouvè.

Comfort yourself, you would not seek me if you had not found me.

‘Pensèes’ (1670) no. 553

FEU. Dieu d’Abraham, Dieu d’Isaac, Dieu de Jacob, non des philosophes et savants. Certitude. Certitude. Sentiment. Joie. Paix.

FIRE. God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not of the philosophers and scholars. Certainty. Certainty. Feeling. Joy. Peace.

On a paper, dated 23 November 1654, stitched into the lining of his coat and found after his death

4.19 Louis Pasteur 1822-95

Dans les champs de l’observation le hasard ne favorise que les esprits prèparès.

Where observation is concerned, chance favours only the prepared mind.

Address given on the inauguration of the Faculty of Science, University of Lille, 7 December 1854.

Il n'existe pas de sciences appliquèes, mais seulement des applications de la science.

There are no such things as applied sciences, only applications of science.

Address, 11 September 1872, in 'Comptes rendus des travaux du Congrés viticole et sèricicole de Lyon, 9-14 septembre 1872' p. 49

4.20 Walter Pater 1839-94

Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come', and the eyelids are a little weary.

On the Mona Lisa in 'Studies in the History of the Renaissance' (1873) 'Leonardo da Vinci'.

She [the Mona Lisa] is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

'Studies in the History of the Renaissance' (1873) 'Leonardo da Vinci'

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.

'Studies in the History of the Renaissance' (1873) 'The School of Giorgione'

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

'Studies in the History of the Renaissance' (1873) 'Conclusion'

Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliance of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

'Studies in the History of the Renaissance' (1873) 'Conclusion'

4.21 'Banjo' Paterson (Andrew Barton Paterson) 1864-1941

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree;
And he sang as he watched and waited till his 'Billy' boiled:
'You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.'

'Waltzing Matilda' (1903 song)

4.22 Coventry Patmore 1823-96

Well, Heaven be thanked my first-love failed,
As, Heaven be thanked, our first-loves do!
Thought I, when Fanny past me sailed,
Loved once, for what I never knew.

'The County Ball'

Her ball-dress seemed a breathing mist,
From the fair form exhaled and shed,
Raised in the dance with arm and wrist
All warmth and light unbraceleted.

‘The County Ball’

Ah, none but I discerned her looks,
When in the throng she passed me by,
For love is like a ghost, and brooks
Only the chosen seer’s eye.

‘The County Ball’

Hope’s self, when we were far apart,
With lonely feeling, like the smell
Of heath on mountains, filled my heart.
To see her seemed delight’s full scope,
And her kind smile, so clear of care,
Even then, though darkening all my hope,
Gilded the cloud of my despair.

‘Sahara’

Kind souls, you wonder why, love you,
When you, you wonder why, love none.
We love, Fool, for the good we do,
Not that which unto us is done!

‘A Riddle Solved’ in ‘The Angel in the House’ (1854-62) bk. 1, canto 6, prelude 4 (1904 ed.)

I drew my bride, beneath the moon,
Across my threshold; happy hour!
But, ah, the walk that afternoon
We saw the water-flags in flower!

‘The Spirit’s Epochs’ in ‘The Angel in the House’ (1854-62) bk. 1, canto 8, prelude 3 (1904 ed.)

‘I saw you take his kiss!’ ‘’Tis true.’
‘O modesty!’ ‘’Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept.’

‘The Kiss’ (1856)

Some dish more sharply spiced than this
Milk-soup men call domestic bliss.

‘Olympus’, l. 15

So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting’s well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!

‘The Azalea’ in ‘The Unknown Eros’ (1877) bk. 1

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere.

‘A Farewell’ in ‘The Unknown Eros’ (1877) bk. 1

He that but once too nearly hears
The music of forfended spheres
Is thenceforth lonely, and for all
His days as one who treads the Wall
Of China, and, on this hand, sees
Cities and their civilities
And, on the other, lions.

‘From Mrs. Graham’ in ‘The Victories of Love’ bk. 1

4.23 Alan Paton 1903—

Cry, the beloved country.

Title of novel (1948)

4.24 Mark Pattison 1813-84

In research the horizon recedes as we advance, and is no nearer at sixty than it was at twenty. As the power of endurance weakens with age, the urgency of the pursuit grows more intense... And research is always incomplete.

‘Isaac Casaubon’ (1875) ch. 10

4.25 Leslie Paul 1905—

Angry young man.

Title of book (1951)

4.26 James Payn 1830-98

I had never had a piece of toast
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side.

‘Chambers’s Journal’ 2 February 1884.

4.27 J. H. Payne 1791-1852

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There’s no place like home! there’s no place like home!

‘Clari, or, The Maid of Milan’ (1823 opera) ‘Home, Sweet Home’

4.28 Thomas Love Peacock 1785-1866

Ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant; where they had poetry, we have cant; where they had patriotism, we have cant; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant.

‘Crotchet Castle’ (1831) ch. 7

A book that furnishes no quotations is, me judice, no book—it is a plaything.

‘Crotchet Castle’ (1831) ch. 9

The march of mind has marched in through my back parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of night. The policeman, who was sent down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles.

‘Crotchet Castle’ (1831) ch. 17

A Sympathizer would seem to imply a certain degree of benevolent feeling. Nothing of the kind. It signifies a ready-made accomplice in any species of political villainy.

‘Gryll Grange’ (1861) ch. 1

Marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.

‘Melincourt’ (1817)

Laughter is pleasant, but the exertion is too much for me.

‘Nightmare Abbey’ (1818) ch. 5

Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country.

‘Nightmare Abbey’ (1818) ch. 11

Long night succeeds thy little day
Oh blighted blossom! can it be,
That this gray stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

‘Epitaph on his Daughter’ in Henry Cole (ed.) ‘The Works of Peacock’ (1875) Biographical Notice by E. Nicolls

But though first love’s impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours

Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

‘Love and Age’ (1860)

4.29 Norman Vincent Peale 1898—

The power of positive thinking.

Title of book (1952)

4.30 Hesketh Pearson 1887-1964

Misquotation is, in fact, the pride and privilege of the learned. A widely-read man never quotes accurately, for the rather obvious reason that he has read too widely.

‘Common Misquotations’ (1934) introduction

There is no stronger craving in the world than that of the rich for titles, except perhaps that of the titled for riches.

‘The Pilgrim Daughters’ (1961) ch. 6

4.31 Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil (Pedro IV of Portugal) 1798-1834

Como è para o bem de todos e a felicidade geral da naçáo, estou pronto. Diga ao povo que fico.

As it is for the good of all and the general happiness of the nation, I am ready and willing. Tell the people I’m staying.

In response to a popular delegation, and in defiance of a decree from Lisbon requiring his return, 9 September 1822; commonly rendered ‘Fico [I’m staying]’

4.32 Sir Robert Peel 1788-1850

I may be a Tory. I may be an illiberal—but...Tory as I am, I have the further satisfaction of knowing that there is not a single law connected with my name which has not had as its object some mitigation of the criminal law; some prevention of abuse in the exercise of it; or some security for its impartial administration.

House of Commons, 1 May 1827

4.33 George Peele c.1556-96

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

‘The Arraignment of Paris’ (1584) act 1, sc. 5 ‘Song of Oenone and Paris’

What thing is love for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing;
It is a fire, it is a coal

Whose flame creeps in at every hole.
'The Hunting of Cupid' (c.1591)

When as the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream,
Then O, then O, then O, my true love said,
Till that time come again,
She could not live a maid.
'The Old Wive's Tale' (1595) l. 75 'Song'

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart...

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.
'Polyhymnia' (1590) ad fin. 'Sonnet'

4.34 Charles Pèguy 1873-1914

Qui ne gueule pas la vèritè, quand il sait la vèritè, se fait le complice des menteurs et des faussaires.

He who does not bellow the truth when he knows the truth makes himself the accomplice of liars and forgers.
'Lettre du Provincial' 21 December 1899, in 'Basic Verities' (1943) p. 46

La tyrannie est toujours mieux organisèe que la libertè.

Tyranny is always better organised than freedom.
'Basic Verities' (1943) 'War and Peace'.

4.35 1st Earl of Pembroke c.1501-70

Out ye whores, to work, to work, ye whores, go spin.
In Andrew Clark (ed.) 'Brief Lives'...by John Aubrey (1898) vol. 1 'William Herbert, 1st earl of Pembroke' (commonly quoted as 'Go spin, you jades, go spin').

4.36 2nd Earl of Pembroke c.1534-1601

A parliament can do any thing but make a man a woman, and a woman a man.

Quoted by his son, the 4th Earl, in a speech on 11 April 1648, proving himself Chancellor of Oxford; in 'The Harleian Miscellany' (1745) vol. 5, p. 106

4.37 10th Earl of Pembroke 1734-94

Dr Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his bow-wow way.

In James Boswell 'The Life of Samuel Johnson' (1934 ed.) 27 March 1775, note

4.38 Vladimir Peniakoff 1897-1951

A message came on the wireless for me. It said: 'spread alarm and despondency'. So the time had come, I thought, Eighth Army was taking the offensive. The date was, I think, May 18th, 1942.

'Private Army' (1950) pt. 2, ch. 5. See Army Act 42 & 43 Vict. 33, sect. 5 (1879): 'Every person subject to military law who...spreads reports calculated to create unnecessary alarm or despondency...shall...be liable to suffer penal servitude'

4.39 William Penn 1644-1718

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

'No Cross, No Crown' (1669 pamphlet)

It is a reproach to religion and government to suffer so much poverty and excess.

'Some Fruits of Solitude' pt. 1, no. 52

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.

'Some Fruits of Solitude' pt. 1, no. 85

The taking of a bribe or gratuity, should be punished with as severe penalties as the defrauding of the State.

'Some Fruits of Solitude' pt. 1, no. 384

4.40 William H. Penn

See Albert H. Fitz (6.31) in Volume I

4.41 Samuel Pepys 1633-1703

Strange the difference of men's talk!

'Diary' 4 January 1660

I sat up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'

'Diary' 16 January 1660

And so to bed.

'Diary' 20 April 1660

I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered;

which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition.

‘Diary’ 13 October 1660

A good honest and painful sermon.

‘Diary’ 17 March 1661

If ever I was foxed it was now.

‘Diary’ 23 April 1661

But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain.

‘Diary’ 19 July 1662

I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men.

‘Diary’ 21 July 1662

But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange.

‘Diary’ 27 November 1662

My wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life.

‘Diary’ 19 December 1662

A woman sober, and no high flyer, as he calls it.

‘Diary’ 27 May 1663

Most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little.

‘Diary’ 22 November 1663

While we were talking came by several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle...I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!

‘Diary’ 7 August 1664

Pretty witty Nell. ‘Diary’ 3 April 1665 (of Nell Gwynne)

Strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody.

‘Diary’ 9 November 1665

Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition.

‘Diary’ 25 December 1665

Music and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is.

‘Diary’ 9 March 1666

But it is pretty to see what money will do.

‘Diary’ 21 March 1667

This day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost me above £12, an expense which I am almost ashamed of, though it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man’s life.

‘Diary’ 6 March 1669

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave—for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

‘Diary’ 31 May 1669, closing words

4.42 S. J. Perelman 1904-79

Crazy like a fox.

Title of book (1944)

4.43 Pericles c.495-429 B.C.

Our love of what is beautiful does not lead to extravagance; our love of the things of the mind does not make us soft.

Funeral Oration, Athens, 430 B.C., in Thucydides 'History of the Peloponnesian War' ii.40, 1 (translation by Rex Warner)

For famous men have the whole earth as their memorial.

In Thucydides 'History of the Peloponnesian War' ii.43, 3 (translation by Rex Warner)

Your great glory is not to be inferior to what God has made you, and the greatest glory of a woman is to be least talked about by men, whether they are praising you or criticizing you.

In Thucydides 'History of the Peloponnesian War' ii.45, 2 (translation by Rex Warner)

4.44 Charles Perrault 1628-1703

'Anne, ma soeur Anne, ne vois-tu rien venir?'

Et la soeur Anne lui rèpondit, 'Je ne vois rien que le soleil qui poudroye, et l'herbe qui verdoye.'

'Anne, sister Anne, do you see nothing coming?'

And her sister Anne replied, 'I see nothing but the sun making a dust, and the grass looking green.'

'Histoires et contes du temps passè' (1697) 'La barbe bleue'

4.45 Jimmy Perry and Derek Taverner

Who do you think you are kidding Mister Hitler?

Title of song (1971)

4.46 Persius (Aulus Persius Flaccus) A.D. 34-62

Nec te quaesiveris extra.

And don't consult anyone's opinions but your own.

'Satires' no. 1, l. 7

Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.

Let them recognize virtue and rot for having lost it.

'Satires' no. 3, l. 38

Venienti occurrite morbo.

Confront disease at its onset.

'Satires' no. 3, l. 64.

Tecum habita: noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Live with yourself: get to know how poorly furnished you are.

‘Satires’ no. 4, l. 52

4.47 Marshal Pètain (Henri Philippe Pètain) 1856-1951

To write one’s memoirs is to speak ill of everybody except oneself.

In ‘Observer’ 26 May 1946

4.48 Laurence Peter 1919—and Raymond Hull

In a hierarchy every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence.

‘The Peter Principle’ (1969) ch. 1

4.49 Petronius (Petronius Arbiter) d. A.D. 65

Canis ingens, catena vinctus, in pariete erat pictus superque quadrata littera scriptum ‘Cave canem.’

A huge dog, tied by a chain, was painted on the wall and over it was written in capital letters ‘Beware of the dog.’

‘Satyricon’ ‘Cena Trimalchionis’ ch. 29, sect. 1

Abiit ad plures.

He’s gone to join the majority [the dead].

‘Satyricon’ ‘Cena Trimalchionis’ ch. 42, sect. 5

Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: ‘Σιβυλλα τ• θ•λ•ισ’ respondebat illa ‘•ποθανε•ν θ•λω’.

‘I saw the Sibyl at Cumae’
(One said) ‘with mine own eye.
She hung in a cage, and read her rune
To all the passers-by.
Said the boys, “What wouldst thou, Sibyl?”
She answered, “I would die.”’

‘Satyricon’ ‘Cena Trimalchionis’ ch. 48, sect. 8 (translation by D. G. Rossetti)

Horatii curiosa felicitas.

Horace’s careful felicity.

‘Satyricon’ ch. 118, sect. 5

Foeda est in coitu et brevis voluptas
Et taedet Veneris statim peractae.

Delight of lust is gross and brief
And weariness treads on desire.

In A. Baehrens ‘Poetae Latinae Minores’ (1882) vol. 4, no. 101 (translated by Helen Waddell)

4.50 Pheidippides (or Philippides) d. 490 B.C.

Greetings, we win!

Dying words, having run back to Athens from Marathon with news of victory over the Persians; in Lucian bk. 3, ch. 64 'Pro Lapsu inter salutandum', para. 3

4.51 Kim Philby (Harold Adrian Russell Philby) 1912-88

To betray, you must first belong.

In 'Sunday Times' 17 December 1967, p. 2

4.52 Rear Admiral 'Jack' Philip 1840-1900

Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying.

At the Battle of Santiago, 4 July 1898; in Dumas Malone (ed.) 'The Dictionary of American Biography' vol. 14 (1934) 'John Woodward Philip'

4.53 Ambrose Philips c.1675-1749

The flowers anew, returning seasons bring;
But beauty faded has no second spring.

'The First Pastoral' (1708) 'Lobbin' l. 47

There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

'A Winter-Piece' in 'The Tatler' (7 May 1709)

The stag in limpid currents with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.

'A Winter-Piece' in 'The Tatler' (7 May 1709)

4.54 Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh 1921—

I don't think doing it [killing animals] for money makes it any more moral. I don't think a prostitute is more moral than a wife, but they are doing the same thing.

Speech in London, 6 Dec. 1988, comparing participation in blood sports to selling slaughtered meat, in 'The Times' 7 Dec. 1988

I never see any home cooking. All I get is fancy stuff.

In 'Observer' 28 Oct. 1962

If you stay here much longer you'll all be slitty-eyed.

Remark to Edinburgh University students in Peking, 16 Oct. 1986, in 'The Times' 17 Oct. 1986

Just at this moment we are suffering a national defeat comparable to any lost military campaign, and, what is more, it is self-inflicted. I could use any one of the several stock phrases or platitudes about this. But I prefer one I picked up during the war. It is brief and to the point: Gentlemen, I think it is about time we 'pulled our fingers out'....If we want to be more prosperous we've simply got to get down to it and work for it. The rest of the world does not owe us a living.

Speech in London, 17 Oct. 1961, in 'Daily Mail'18 Oct. 1961

We now look upon it [the English-Speaking Union] as including those countries which use 'pidgin-English' in this even though I am referred to in that splendid language as 'Fella belong

Mrs Queen’.

Speech to English-Speaking Union, Ottawa, 29 Oct. 1958, in ‘Prince Philip Speaks’ (1960) pt. 2, ch. 3

4.55 Morgan Phillips 1902-63

The Labour Party owes more to Methodism than to Marxism.

In James Callaghan ‘Time and Chance’ (1987) ch. 1

4.56 Stephen Phillips 1864-1915

Behold me now
A man not old, but mellow, like good wine.
Not over-jealous, yet an eager husband.

‘Ulysses’ (1902) act 3, sc. 2

4.57 Eden Phillpotts 1862-1960

Now old man’s talk o’ the days behind me;
My darter’s youngest darter to mind me;
A little dreamin’, a little dyin’,
A little lew corner of airth to lie in.

‘Gaffer’s Song’ (1942)

4.58 Edith Piaf (Edith Giovanna Gassion) 1915-63

La vie en rose.

Title of song (1946); piaf means ‘sparrow’

4.59 Pablo Picasso 1881-1973

We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth.

In Dore Ashton ‘Picasso on Art’ (1972) ‘Two statements by Picasso’

God is really only another artist. He invented the giraffe, the elephant, and the cat. He has no real style. He just goes on trying other things.

In Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake ‘Life With Picasso’ (1964) pt. 1

Every positive value has its price in negative terms...The genius of Einstein leads to Hiroshima.

In Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake ‘Life With Picasso’ (1964) pt. 2

I paint objects as I think them, not as I see them.

In John Golding ‘Cubism’ (1959) p. 60

4.60 Pindar 518-438 B.C.

Water is best.

‘Olympian Odes’ bk. 1, l. 1

I have many swift arrows in my quiver which speak to the wise, but for the crowd they need interpreters. The skilled poet is one who knows much through natural gift, but those who have learned their art chatter turbulently, vainly, against the divine bird of Zeus.

‘Olympian Odes’ bk. 2, l. 150

My soul, do not seek immortal life, but exhaust the realm of the possible.
‘Pythian Odes’ bk. 3, l. 109

Creatures of a day, what is a man? What is he not? Mankind is a dream of a shadow. But when a god-given brightness comes, a radiant light rests on men, and a gentle life.
‘Pythian Odes’ bk. 8, l. 135

4.61 Harold Pinter 1930—

I said to this monk, here, I said, look here, mister...you haven’t got a pair of shoes, have you, a pair of shoes, I said, enough to help me on my way. Look at these, they’re nearly out, I said, they’re no good to me. I heard you got a stock of shoes here. Piss off, he said to me.
‘The Caretaker’ (1960) act 1

Them bastards at the monastery let me down again.
‘The Caretaker’ (1960) act 1

If only I could get down to Sidcup! I’ve been waiting for the weather to break. He’s got my papers, this man I left them with, it’s got it all down there, I could prove everything.
‘The Caretaker’ (1960) act 1

Apart from the known and the unknown, what else is there?
‘The Homecoming’ (1965) act 2

The weasel under the cocktail cabinet.
When asked what his plays were about, in J. Russell Taylor ‘Anger and After’ (1962) p. 231

4.62 Luigi Pirandello 1867-1936

Sei personaggi in cerca d’autore.

Six characters in search of an author.
Title of play (1921)

4.63 Robert M. Pirsig 1928—

Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance.
Title of book (1974)

That’s the classical mind at work, runs fine inside but looks dingy on the surface.
‘Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance’ (1974) pt. 3, ch. 25

4.64 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham 1708-78

The atrocious crime of being a young man...I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny.
House of Commons, 27 January 1741

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: youth is the season of credulity.
Speech in ‘Hansard’ 14 January 1766, col. 97

Unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it.
Speech in ‘Hansard’, House of Lords, 9 January 1770, col. 665.

There is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.
House of Lords, 2 March 1770

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy.
House of Lords, 19 May 1772

You cannot conquer America.
House of Lords, 18 November 1777

I invoke the genius of the Constitution!
House of Lords, 18 November 1777

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!
In Lord Brougham 'Statesmen in the Time of George III' (1839) vol. 1

Our watchword is security.
Attributed

The parks are the lungs of London.
Quoted in a speech by William Windham; 'Hansard' 30 June 1808, col. 1124

4.65 William Pitt 1759-1806

Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom: it is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.
Speech in 'Hansard' 18 November 1783, col. 1209

We must recollect...what it is we have at stake, what it is we have to contend for. It is for our property, it is for our liberty, it is for our independence, nay, for our existence as a nation; it is for our character, it is for our very name as Englishmen, it is for everything dear and valuable to man on this side of the grave.
House of Commons, 22 July 1803

England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.
Speech at Guildhall, London, 1805

Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years.
On a map of Europe, on hearing of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, December 1805; in Earl Stanhope 'Life of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt' vol. 4 (1862) ch. 43

Oh, my country! how I leave my country!
Last words, in Earl Stanhope 'Life of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt' (1879) vol. 3, p. 397 ('How I love my country' in the 1st ed. (1862) vol. 4, ch. 43). G. Rose Diaries and Correspondence 23 January 1806, quotes: 'My country! oh, my country!', whereas oral tradition reports 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's veal pies'

4.66 Pope Pius VII

We are prepared to go to the gates of Hell—but no further.
Attempting to reach an agreement with Napoleon, c.1800-1, in J. M. Robinson 'Cardinal Consalvi' (1987) p. 66

4.67 Sylvia Plath 1932-63

A living doll, everywhere you look.
It can sew, it can cook,
It can talk, talk, talk.
It works, there is nothing wrong with it.
You have a hole, it's a poultice.
You have an eye, it's an image.
My boy, it's your last resort.
Will you marry it, marry it, marry it.
'The Applicant' (1966)

Is there no way out of the mind?
'Apprehensions'

I have always been scared of you,
With your luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo
And your neat moustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You—
'Daddy' (1963)

Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.
'Daddy' (1963)

Dying,
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.
'Lady Lazarus' (1963)

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.
The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry
Took its place among the elements.
'Morning Song' (1965)

Widow. The word consumes itself.
'Widow' (1971)

4.68 Plato c.429-347 B.C.

It is said that Socrates commits a crime by corrupting the young men and not recognizing the gods that the city recognizes, but some other new religion.
'Apologia' 24b

Socrates, I shall not accuse you as I accuse others, of getting angry and cursing me when I tell them to drink the poison imposed by the authorities. I know you on the contrary in your time here to be the noblest and gentlest and best man of all who ever came here; and now I am sure you are

not angry with me, for you know who are responsible, but with them.

Spoken by Socrates' jailor in 'Phaedo' 116c

This was the end, Echechrates, of our friend; a man of whom we may say that of all whom we met at that time he was the wisest and justest and best.

On the death of Socrates in 'Phaedo' 118a

For our discussion is on no trifling matter, but on the right way to conduct our lives.

'The Republic' VIII, 352d

But, my dearest Agathon, it is truth which you cannot contradict; you can without any difficulty contradict Socrates.

'Symposium' 201c

4.69 Plautus c.254-184 B.C.

Lupus est homo homini, non homo, quom qualis sit non novit.

A man is a wolf rather than a man to another man, when he hasn't yet found out what he's like.

'Asinaria' l. 495 (often cited simply: Homo homini lupus A man is a wolf to another man)

Dictum sapienti sat est.

What's been said is enough for anyone with sense.

'Persa' l. 729 (later proverbially: Verbum sapienti sat est A word is enough for the wise)

Labrax: Una littera plus sum quam medicus.
Gripus: Tum tu Mendicus es?
Labrax: Tetigisti acu.

Labrax: One letter more than a medical man, that's what I am.
Gripus: Then you're a mendicant?
Labrax: You've hit the point.

'Rudens' l. 1305

4.70 Pliny the Elder (Gaius Plinius Secundus) A.D. 23-79

Bruta fulmina.

Harmless thunderbolts.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 2, ch. 113

Hominem nihil scire nisi doctrina, non fari, non ingredi, non vesci, breviterque non aliud naturae sponte quam flere!

Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak nor walk nor eat, and in short he can do nothing at the prompting of nature only, but weep.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 7, ch. 4

Semper aliquid novi Africam adferre.

Africa always brings [us] something new.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 8, ch. 42; often quoted in the form Ex Africa semper aliquid novi Always something

new out of Africa

Ruinis imminentibus musculi praemigrant.

When a building is about to fall down, all the mice desert it.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 8, ch. 103

Optimumque est, ut volgo dixere, aliena insania frui.

And the best plan is, as the popular saying was, to profit by the folly of others.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 18, ch. 31

Addito salis grano

With the addition of a grain of salt.

'Historia Naturalis' bk. 23, ch. 149; commonly quoted in the form Cum grano salis With a grain of salt

4.71 William Plomer 1903-73

Out of that bungled, unwise war
An alp of unforgiveness grew.

'The Boer War' (1960)

A family portrait not too stale to record
Of a pleasant old buffer, nephew to a lord,
Who believed that the bank was mightier than the sword,
And that an umbrella might pacify barbarians abroad:
Just like an old liberal
Between the wars.

'Father and Son: 1939' (1945)

With first-rate sherry flowing into second-rate whores,
And third-rate conversation without one single pause:
Just like a young couple
Between the wars.

'Father and Son: 1939' (1945)

On a sofa upholstered in panther skin
Mona did researches in original sin.

'Mews Flat Mona' (1960)

A rose-red sissy half as old as time.

'Playboy of the Demi-World: 1938' (1945).

4.72 Plutarch A.D. c.50-c.120

He who cheats with an oath acknowledges that he is afraid of his enemy, but that he thinks little of God.

'Parallel Lives' 'Lysander' ch. 8.

4.73 Edgar Allan Poe 1809-49

This maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.
‘Annabel Lee’ (1849)

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee.
‘Annabel Lee’ (1849)

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the side of the sea.
‘Annabel Lee’ (1849)

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells.
‘The Bells’ (1849) st. 1

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
‘A Dream within a Dream’ (1849)

The fever called ‘Living’
Is conquered at last.
‘For Annie’ (1849)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
‘The Raven’ (1845) st. 1

Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly had I sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.
‘The Raven’ (1845) st. 2

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore’.
‘The Raven’ (1845) st. 17

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o’er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore

To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

'To Helen' (1831)

4.74 Henri Poincarè 1854-1912

Science is built up of facts, as a house is built of stones; but an accumulation of facts is no more a science than a heap of stones is a house.

'Science and Hypothesis' (1905) ch. 9

Sociology is the science with the greatest number of methods and the least results.

'Science and Hypothesis' (1905) ch. 9

4.75 John Pomfret 1667-1702

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

'Reason' (1700) l. 112

4.76 Madame de Pompadour (Antoinette Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour) 1721-64

Aprés nous le dèluge.

After us the deluge.

In Madame de Hausset 'Mèmoires' p. 19

4.77 Georges Pompidou 1911-74

A statesman is a politician who places himself at the service of the nation. A politician is a statesman who places the nation at his service.

In 'Observer' 30 December 1973

4.78 Alexander Pope 1688-1744

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

'The Dunciad' (1742) bk. 1, l. 52

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

'The Dunciad' (1742) bk. 1, l. 93

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.

'The Dunciad' (1742) bk. 1, l. 139

Gentle Dullness ever loves a joke.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 2, l. 34

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 2, l. 44

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 3, l. 83

All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to Fame.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 3, l. 158

Flow Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho’ stale, not ripe; tho’ thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o’erflowing tho’ not full.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 3, l. 169

Proceed, great days! ’till learning fly the shore,
’Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
’Till Thames see Eton’s sons for ever play,
’Till Westminster’s whole year be holiday,
’Till Isis’ elders reel, their pupils’ sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolved in port!
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 3, l. 333

None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 75

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 90

Whate’er the talents, or howe’er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 161

The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 187

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 251

With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev’ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 267

Isles of fragrance, lily-silver’d vales.

‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 303

Love-whisp’ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 306

She marked thee there,
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 341

Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 558

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o’er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heav’n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 641

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 649

Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.
‘The Dunciad’ (1742) bk. 4, l. 653

Vital spark of heav’nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
‘The Dying Christian to his Soul’ (1730).

What beck’ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my step, and points to yonder glade?
‘Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady’ (1717) l. 1

Is it, in heav’n, a crime to love too well?
‘Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady’ (1717) l. 6

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
‘Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady’ (1717) l. 9

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

‘Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady’ (1717) l. 13

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
‘Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady’ (1717) l. 37

Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast.
‘Eloisa to Abelard’ (1717) l. 91

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
’Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th’ offender, yet detest th’ offence?
‘Eloisa to Abelard’ (1717) l. 189.

How happy is the blameless Vestal’s lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
‘Eloisa to Abelard’ (1717) l. 207

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there’s nobody at home.
‘Epigram: “You beat your pate”‘ (1732)

I am his Highness’ dog at Kew;
Pray, tell me sir, whose dog are you?
‘Epigram Engraved on the Collar of a Dog which I gave to his Royal Highness’ (1738)

Sir, I admit your gen’ral rule
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.
‘Epigram from the French’ (1732)

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th’ observer’s sake.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 11

Like following life thro’ creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 39

’Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 87

’Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 101

Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 174

‘Odious! in woollen! ’twould a saint provoke!’
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 242

‘One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.’
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 246

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Cobham’ (1734) l. 248

A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 67

Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 71

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 163

Still round and round the ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 241

And mistress of herself, though china fall.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 268

Woman’s at best a contradiction still.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To a Lady’ (1735) l. 270

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Bathurst’ (1733) l. 1

But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Bathurst’ (1733) l. 97

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
‘Epistles to Several Persons’ ‘To Lord Bathurst’ (1733) l. 155

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare,
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him 'till they burst.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Bathurst' (1733) l. 173

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Bathurst' (1733) l. 299

Consult the genius of the place in all.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Burlington' (1731) l. 57

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Burlington' (1731) l. 65

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Burlington' (1731) l. 149

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Burlington' (1731) l. 173

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Lord Burlington' (1731) l. 179

Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.
'Epistles to Several Persons' 'To Mr. Addison' (1720) l. 67

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,
The dog-star rages!
'An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot' (1735) l. 1

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack.
Pit, box, and gall’ry in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand’st unshook amidst a bursting world.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 83.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry; in vain,
The creature’s at his dirty work again.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 91

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 127.

The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 131.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there?
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 169

And he, whose fustian’s so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 187

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 201 (referring to Addison).

But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 247 (on a noble patron)

Let Sporus tremble—’What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass’s milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?’
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 305 (on Lord Hervey)

Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 309 (on Lord Hervey)

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 315 (on Lord Hervey)

And he himself one vile antithesis.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 325 (on Lord Hervey)

A cherub’s face, a reptile all the rest.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 331 (on Lord Hervey)

Unlearn’d, he knew no schoolman’s subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
‘An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot’ (1735) l. 398 (on his own father)

Such were the notes, thy once-loved Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.
‘Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer’ (1721) l. 1

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from op’ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day;
To pass her time ’twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o’er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Court the slow clock, and dine exact at noon.
‘Epistle to Miss Blount, on her leaving the Town, after the Coronation’ (of King George I, 1715) (1717)

Nature, and Nature’s laws lay hid in night.
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.
‘Epitaph: Intended for Sir Isaac Newton’ (1730).

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour temp’ring virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age.
‘Epitaph: On Mr Gay in Westminster Abbey’ (1733)

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 26

Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 36

First follow Nature, and your judgement frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force and beauty must to all impart,

At once the source and end and test of art.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 68

Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 152.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 215.

Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 232

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 253

Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev’ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 293

As some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 342

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 347

Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 354

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
’Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
‘An Essay on Criticism’ (1711) l. 362

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,

The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 368

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 390

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 418

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 430

To err is human; to forgive, divine.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 525

All seems infected that th'infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 558

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 574

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 612

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
'An Essay on Criticism' (1711) l. 625

Awake, my St John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
'An Essay on Man' Epistle 1 (1733) l. 1

Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise.
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
'An Essay on Man' Epistle 1 (1733) l. 13

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 25

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 87

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 95

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv’n,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav’n.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 99

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 111

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 125

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 193

The spider’s touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 217

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body, Nature is, and God the soul.
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 267

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason’s spite,
One truth is clear, ‘Whatever is, is right.’
‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 1 (1733) l. 289

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a gd, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much.

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 1.

Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 15

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 29

Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 63

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 217

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 263

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 275

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er!

'An Essay on Man' Epistle 2 (1733) l. 279

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate’er is best administered is best:

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 3 (1733) l.303

Oh Happiness! our being’s end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate’er thy name:
That something still which prompts th’ eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 1

A wit’s a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 247

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 281

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro’ Nature, up to Nature’s God.

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 331

True self-love and social are the same.

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 396

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

‘An Essay on Man’ Epistle 4 (1734) l. 398

For I, who hold sage Homer’s rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Satire 2 (1734) l. 159 (‘speed the parting guest’ in Pope’s translation of The Odyssey (1725-6) bk. 15, l. 84)

Our Gen’rals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o’er the garden gates,
In life’s cool ev’ning satiate of applause.

‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 1, Epistle 1 (1738) l. 7

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 1, Epistle 1 (1738) l. 53

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 1, Epistle 1 (1738) l. 103

Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.

‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 1, Epistle 6 (1738) l. 1

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 1, Epistle 6 (1738) l. 27

Shakespeare (whom you and ev’ry play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 69

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 75

The people’s voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 89.

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 187

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 267

Ev’n copious Dryden, wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 280

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Horace bk. 2, Epistle 1 (1737) l. 304

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Epilogue to the Satires (1738) Dialogue 1, l. 135

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Epilogue to the Satires (1738) Dialogue 2, l. 197

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.
‘Imitations of Horace’ Epilogue to the Satires (1738) Dialogue 2, l. 208

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
‘Martinus Scriblerus...or The Art of Sinking in Poetry’ ch. 11 (Miscellanies, 1727)

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

‘Ode on Solitude’ (written c.1700, when aged about twelve)

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

‘Ode on Solitude’ (written c.1700)

Where’er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where’er you tread, the blushing flow’rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

‘Pastorals’ (1709) ‘Summer’ l. 73

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage.

Prologue to Addison’s Cato (1713) l. 1

What dire offence from am’rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 1, l. 1

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 1, l. 15

With varying vanities, from ev’ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 1, l. 99

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 1, l. 137

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 2, l. 13

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you’ll forget ’em all.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 2, l. 17

Fair tresses man’s imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 2, l. 27

Belinda smil’d, and all the world was gay.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 2, l. 52

Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her pray’rs, or miss a masquerade.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 2, l. 105

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 7

At ev’ry word a reputation dies.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 16

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 21

Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 46

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro’ all things with his half-shut eyes).
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 117

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav’n are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 3, l. 157

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 4, l. 123

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
‘The Rape of the Lock’ (1714) canto 5, l. 33

Teach me to feel another’s woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
‘The Universal Prayer’ (1738)

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

‘Windsor Forest’ (1711) l. 11

Party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

Letter to Edward Blount, 27 August 1714, in George Sherburn (ed.) ‘The Correspondence of Alexander Pope’ (1956) vol. 1, p. 247

How often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part.

Letter to Jonathan Swift, 5 December 1732, in George Sherburn (ed.) ‘The Correspondence of Alexander Pope’ (1956) vol. 3, p. 335

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

‘Miscellanies’ (1727) vol. 2 ‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

‘Miscellanies’ (1727) vol. 2 ‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

‘Miscellanies’ (1727) vol. 2 ‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil’s leavings.

‘Miscellanies’ (1727) vol. 2 ‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’

The most positive men are the most credulous.

‘Miscellanies’ (1727) vol. 2 ‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’

All gardening is landscape-painting.

1734, in Joseph Spence ‘Anecdotes’ (ed. J. Osborn, 1966) no. 606

Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms.

To George, Lord Lyttelton, 15 May 1744, in Joseph Spence ‘Anecdotes’ (ed. J. Osborn, 1966) no. 637

4.79 Sir Karl Popper 1902—

Our belief in any particular natural law cannot have a safer basis than our unsuccessful critical attempts to refute it.

‘Conjectures and Refutations’ (1963)

I shall certainly admit a system as empirical or scientific only if it is capable of being tested by experience. These considerations suggest that not the verifiability but the falsifiability of a system is to be taken as a criterion of demarcation...It must be possible for an empirical scientific system to be refuted by experience.

‘The Logic of Scientific Discovery’ (1934) ch. 1, sect. 6

We may become the makers of our fate when we have ceased to pose as its prophets.

‘The Open Society and its Enemies’ (1945) introduction

We must plan for freedom, and not only for security, if for no other reason than that only freedom can make security secure.

‘The Open Society and its Enemies’ (1945) vol. 2, ch. 21

There is no history of mankind, there are only many histories of all kinds of aspects of human life. And one of these is the history of political power. This is elevated into the history of the world.

‘The Open Society and its Enemies’ (1945) vol. 2, ch. 25

Our civilization...has not yet fully recovered from the shock of its birth—the transition from the tribal or ‘closed society’, with its submission to magical forces, to the ‘open society’ which sets free the critical powers of man.

‘The Open Society and its Enemies’ (1945)

Piecemeal social engineering resembles physical engineering in regarding the ends as beyond the province of technology.

‘The Poverty of Historicism’ (1957) pt. 3, sect. 21

Science must begin with myths, and with the criticism of myths.

In C. A. Mace (ed.) ‘British Philosophy in the Mid-Century’ ‘The Philosophy of Science’

4.80 Cole Porter 1891-1964

But I’m always true to you, darlin’, in my fashion,
Yes, I’m always true to you, darlin’, in my way.

‘Always True to You in My Fashion’ (1948 song)

In olden days a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
Now, heaven knows,
Anything goes.

‘Anything Goes’ (1934 song)

When they begin the Beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back a night of tropical splendour,
It brings back a memory ever green.

‘Begin the Beguine’ (1935 song)

Don’t fence me in.

Title of song (1934)

How strange the change from major to minor
Every time we say goodbye.

‘Every Time We Say Goodbye’ (1944 song)

I get no kick from champagne,
Mere alcohol doesn’t thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you?

‘I Get a Kick Out of You’ (1934 song)

I’ve got you under my skin.

Title of song (1936)

So goodbye dear, and Amen,
Here's hoping we meet now and then,
It was great fun,
But it was just one of those things.

'Just One of Those Things' (1935 song)

Birds do it, bees do it,
Even educated fleas do it.
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

'Let's Do It' (1954 song; words added to the 1928 original)

Miss Otis regrets (she's unable to lunch today).

Title of song (1934)

My heart belongs to Daddy.

Title of song (1938)

Night and day, you are the one,
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun.

'Night and Day' (1932 song)

Have you heard it's in the stars,
Next July we collide with Mars?
Well, did you evah!
What a swell party this is.

'Well, Did You Evah?' (1940 song; revived for the film High Society, 1956)

You're the top.

Title of song (1934)

4.81 Beilby Porteus 1731-1808

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.

'Death' (1759) l. 154.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

'Death' (1759) l. 179

Teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die.

'Death' (1759) l. 319

4.82 Beatrix Potter 1866-1943

In the time of swords and periwigs and full-skirted coats with flowered lappets—when gentlemen wore ruffles, and gold-laced waistcoats of paduasoy and taffeta—there lived a tailor in Gloucester.

'The Tailor of Gloucester' (1903) p. 9

I am worn to a ravelling...I am undone and worn to a thread-paper, for I have no more twist.
'The Tailor of Gloucester' (1903) p. 22

It is said that the effect of eating too much lettuce is 'soporific'.
'The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies' (1909) p. 9

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and Peter.
'The Tale of Peter Rabbit' (1902) p. 9

You may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr McGregor's garden.
'The Tale of Peter Rabbit' (1902) p. 10

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright...After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking all round.
'The Tale of Peter Rabbit' (1902) p. 58

4.83 Henry Codman Potter 1835-1908

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity.
Address, Washington Centennial, 30 April 1889, in 'Bishop Potter's Address' (1890) p. 12

4.84 Stephen Potter 1900-69

A good general rule is to state that the bouquet is better than the taste, and vice versa.
'One-Upmanship' (1952) ch. 14 (on wine-tasting)

How to be one up—how to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly.
'Lifemanship' (1950) p. 14

Each of us can, by ploy or gambit, most naturally gain the advantage.
'Lifemanship' (1950) p. 15

'Yes, but not in the South', with slight adjustments, will do for any argument about any place, if not about any person.
'Lifemanship' (1950) p. 43

If you have nothing to say, or, rather, something extremely stupid and obvious, say it, but in a 'plonking' tone of voice—i.e. roundly, but hollowly and dogmatically.
'Lifemanship' (1950) p. 43

In Newstatesmanship...definite pros and cons are barred: and they are difficult, anyway, because pro-ing and conning is never the best way of going one better.
'Lifemanship' (1950) p. 73

The theory and practice of gamesmanship or The art of winning games without actually cheating.
Title of book (1947)

4.85 Eugéne Pottier 1816-87

Debout! les damnès de la terre!
Debout! les forçats de la faim!
La raison tonne en son cratére,
C'est l'èruption de la fin.
Du passè faisons table rase,
Foule esclave, debout, debout,
Le monde va changer de base,
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!
C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous, et, demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

On your feet, you damned souls of the earth! On your feet, inmates of hunger's prison! Reason is rumbling in its crater, and its final eruption is on its way. Let us wipe clean the slate of the past—on your feet, you enslaved multitude, on your feet—the world is to undergo a fundamental change: we are nothing, let us be everything! This is the final conflict: let us form up and, tomorrow, the International will encompass the human race.

'L'Internationale', in H. E. Piggot 'Songs that made History' (1937) ch. 6

4.86 Ezra Pound 1885-1972

Winter is icummen in,
Lhude sing Goddamm,
Raineth drop and staineth slop,
And how the wind doth ramm!
Sing: Goddamm.

'Ancient Music' (1917).

With Usura
With usura hath no man a house of good stone
each block cut smooth and well fitting.

'Cantos' (1954) no. 45

Usura slayeth the child in the womb
It stayeth the young man's courting
It hath brought palsey to bed, lyeth
between the young bride and her bridegroom
contra naturam
They have brought whores for Eleusis
Corpses are set to banquet
at behest of usura.

'Cantos' (1954) no. 45

Tching prayed on the mountain and

wrote make it new
on his bath tub.
Day by day make it new
cut underbrush,
pile the logs
keep it growing.

‘Cantos’ (1954) no. 53

Bah! I have sung women in three cities,
But it is all the same;
And I will sing of the sun.

‘Cino’ (1908)

Hang it all, Robert Browning,
There can be but the one ‘Sordello’.

‘Draft of XXX Cantos’ (1930) no. 2

In the gloom, the gold gathers the light against it.

‘Draft of XXX Cantos’ (1930) no. 11

And even I can remember
A day when the historians left blanks in their writings,
I mean for things they didn’t know.

‘Draft of XXX Cantos’ (1930) no. 13

And she is dying piece-meal
of a sort of emotional anaemia.

And round about there is a rabble
of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.

‘The Garden’ (1916)

For three years, out of key with his time,
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain ‘the sublime’
In the old sense. Wrong from the start—

No, hardly, but seeing he had been born
In a half-savage country, out of date;
Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorns;
Capaneus; trout for factitious bait.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 1

His true Penelope was Flaubert,
He fished by obstinate isles;
Observed the elegance of Circe’s hair
Rather than the mottoes on sundials.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 1

The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze;
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 2

The tea-rose tea-gown, etc.
Supplants the mousseline of Cos,
The pianola ‘replaces’
Sappho’s barbitos.

Christ follows Dionysus,
Phallic and ambrosial
Made way for macerations;
Caliban casts out Ariel.

All things are a flowing,
Sage Heracleitus says;
But a tawdry cheapness
Shall outlast our days.

Even the Christian beauty
Defects—after Samothrace;
We see
Decreed in the market place.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 3

O bright Apollo,
What god, man, or hero
Shall I place a tin wreath upon!

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 3

Some quick to arm,
some for adventure,
some from fear of weakness,
some from fear of censure,
some for love of slaughter, in imagination,
learning later...
some in fear, learning love of slaughter;

Died some, pro patria,
non ‘dulce’ non ‘et decor’...

walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men’s lies, the unbelieving
came home, home to a lie.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 4

hysterias, trench confessions,
laughter out of dead bellies.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 4

There died a myriad,
And of the best, among them,
For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
For a botched civilization,

Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
Quick eyes gone under earth’s lid,

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘E. P. Ode pour l’èlection de son sèpulcre’ pt. 5

The tip’s a good one, as for literature
It gives no man a sinecure.

And no one knows, at sight, a masterpiece.
And give up verse, my boy,
There’s nothing in it.

‘Hugh Selwyn Mauberley’ (1920) ‘Mr Nixon’

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

‘In a Station of the Metro’ (1916)

O woe, woe,
People are born and die,
We also shall be dead pretty soon
Therefore let us act as if we were dead already.

‘Mr Housman’s Message’ (1911)

The ant’s a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,
Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

‘Pisan Cantos’ (1948) no. 81

Pull down thy vanity
Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,
A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
Half black half white
Nor knowst’ou wing from tail
Pull down thy vanity,
Paquin, pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

‘Pisan Cantos’ (1948) no. 81

Haie! Haie!
These were the swift to harry;
These were the keen-scented;
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
pallid the leash-men!

‘The Return’ (1912)

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me. I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Cho-fu-sa.

‘The River Merchant’s Wife’ (1915) from the Chinese of Rihaku

He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having
Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world’s delight
Nor any whit else save the wave’s slash,
Yet longing comes upon him to fare forth on the water.
Bosque takes blossom, cometh beauty of berries,
Fields to fairness, land fares brisker,
All this admonisheth man eager of mood,
The heart turns to travel so that he then thinks
On flood-ways to be far departing.
Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,
He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow,
The bitter heart’s blood.

‘The Seafarer’ (1912) from the Anglo-Saxon

I had over-prepared the event,

that much was ominous.
With middle-ageing care
I had laid out just the right books.
I had almost turned down the pages.

‘Villanelle: the psychological hour’ (1916)

The author’s conviction on this day of New Year is that music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance; that poetry begins to atrophy when it gets too far from music.

‘The ABC of Reading’ (1934) ‘Warning’

Any general statement is like a cheque drawn on a bank. Its value depends on what is there to meet it.

‘The ABC of Reading’ (1934) ch. 1

Literature is news that STAYS news.

‘The ABC of Reading’ (1934) ch. 2

Real education must ultimately be limited to one who insists on knowing, the rest is mere sheep-herding.

‘The ABC of Reading’ (1934) ch. 8

Great literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree.

‘How To Read’ (1931) pt. 2

Artists are the antennae of the race, but the bullet-headed many will never learn to trust their great artists.

‘Literary Essays’ (1954)’Henry James’

Poetry must be as well written as prose.

Letter to Harriet Monroe, January 1915, in D. D. Paige (ed.) ‘Selected Letters of Ezra Pound’ (1950) p. 48

Objectivity and again objectivity, and expression: no
hindside-before-ness, no straddled adjectives (as ‘addled mosses dank’), no Tennysonianness of speech; nothing—nothing that you couldn’t, in some circumstance, in the stress of some emotion, actually say.

Letter to Harriet Monroe, January 1915, in D. D. Paige (ed.) ‘Selected Letters of Ezra Pound’ (1950) p. 48

4.87 Anthony Powell 1905—

He fell in love with himself at first sight and it is a passion to which he has always remained faithful.

‘The Acceptance World’ (1955) ch. 1

Self-love seems so often unrequited.

‘The Acceptance World’ (1955) ch. 1

Dinner at the Huntercombes’ possessed ‘only two dramatic features—the wine was a farce and the food a tragedy’.

‘The Acceptance World’ (1955) ch. 4

Books do furnish a room.

Title of novel (1971).

Parents—especially step-parents—are sometimes a bit of a disappointment to their children. They don't fufil the promise of their early years.

'A Buyer's Market' (1952) ch. 2

A dance to the music of time.

Title of novel sequence (1951-75), after 'Le 4 stagioni che ballano al suono del tempo', the title given by Giovanni Pietro Bellori to a painting by Nicolas Poussin.

He's so wet you could shoot snipe off him.

'A Question of Upbringing' (1951) ch. 1

Growing old is like being increasingly penalized for a crime you haven't committed.

'Temporary Kings' (1973) ch. 1

4.88 Enoch Powell 1912—

History is littered with the wars which everybody knew would never happen.

Speech to Conservative Party Conference, 19 October 1967, in 'The Times' 20 October 1967

As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding. Like the Roman, I seem to see 'the River Tiber foaming with much blood'.

Speech at Annual Meeting of West Midlands Area Conservative Political Centre, Birmingham, 20 April 1968, in 'Observer' 21 April 1968

4.89 Sir John Powell 1645-1713

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.

Coggs v. Bernard, 2 Lord Raymond Reports, p. 911

4.90 John O'Connor Power

The mules of politics: without pride of ancestry, or hope of posterity.

In H. H. Asquith 'Memories and Reflections' (1928) vol. 1, ch. 16 (referring to the Liberal Unionists)

4.91 Winthrop Mackworth Praed 1802-39

Of science and logic he chatters
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

'The Talented Man'

4.92 Elvis Presley 1935-77

Love me tender, love me true,
All my dreams fulfill.

'Love Me Tender' (1956 song; with Vera Matson)

4.93 The Book of Common Prayer 1662

It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England, ever since the first compiling of her Publick

Liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much easiness in admitting any variation from it.

‘The Preface’

There was never any thing by the wit of man so well devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted.

‘The Preface’ Concerning the Service of the Church

Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness; and that we should not dissemble nor cloke them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father; but confess them with an humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart.

‘Morning Prayer’, after the beginning Sentences

I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace.

‘Morning Prayer’, after the beginning Sentences

We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts.

‘Morning Prayer’, General Confession

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us.

‘Morning Prayer’, General Confession

Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life.

‘Morning Prayer’, General Confession

And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.

‘Morning Prayer’, The Lord’s Prayer.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

‘Morning Prayer’, Gloria.

We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.
To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

‘Morning Prayer’, Te Deum.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: thou didst open the

Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
‘Morning Prayer’, Te Deum.

Day by day: we magnify thee;
And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.
‘Morning Prayer’, Te Deum.

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless ye the Lord.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O ye Showers, and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O ye Dews, and Frosts, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.
O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.
O ye Nights, and Days, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O let the Earth bless the Lord: yea, let it praise him, and magnify him for ever.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.
‘Morning Prayer’, Benedicite

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholick Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting. Amen.
‘Morning Prayer’, The Apostles’ Creed.

Give peace in our time, O Lord.
‘Morning Prayer’, Versicle

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our

enemies.

‘Morning Prayer’, The Second Collect, for Peace

Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger.

‘Morning Prayer’, The Third Collect, for Grace

In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.

‘Morning Prayer’, rubric after Third Collect

Endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live.

‘Morning Prayer’, Prayer for the Queen’s Majesty

Almighty God, the fountain of all goodness.

‘Morning Prayer’, Prayer for the Royal Family

Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels; Send down upon our Bishops, and Curates, and all Congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing.

‘Morning Prayer’, Prayer for the Clergy and People

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them.

‘Morning Prayer’, Prayer of St. Chrysostom

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give.

‘Evening Prayer’ The Second Collect

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night.

‘Evening Prayer’ The Third Collect

Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholick Faith.

‘At Morning Prayer’ Athanasian Creed ‘Quicunque vult’

And the Catholick Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity;

Neither confounding the Persons: nor dividing the Substance.

‘At Morning Prayer’ Athanasian Creed ‘Quicunque vult’

There are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible.

‘At Morning Prayer’ Athanasian Creed ‘Quicunque vult’

Perfect God, and perfect Man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting;

Equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood.

‘At Morning Prayer’ Athanasian Creed ‘Quicunque vult’

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

‘The Litany’

From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath,

and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and from all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From fornication, and all other deadly sin; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

'The Litany'

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious

Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgement,

Good Lord, deliver us.

'The Litany'

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

'The Litany'

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

'The Litany'

That it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children; and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

'The Litany'

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

'The Litany'

O God, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, not the desire of such as be sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us.

'The Litany'

O God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive, receive our humble petitions; and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us; for the honour of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions'

O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions' 'Collect or Prayer for all Conditions of Men'

We pray for the good estate of the Catholick Church; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions' 'Collect or Prayer for all Conditions of Men'

We commend to thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions' 'Collect or Prayer for all Conditions of Men'

We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions' 'A General Thanksgiving'

O God our heavenly Father, who by thy gracious providence dost cause the former and the latter rain to descend upon the earth, that it may bring forth fruit for the use of man; We give thee humble thanks that it hath pleased thee, in our great necessity, to send us at the last a joyful rain upon thine inheritance, and to refresh it when it was dry.

'Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions' 'Thanksgiving for Rain'

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility.

'The Collects' 'The first Sunday in Advent'

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.

'The Collects' 'The second Sunday in Advent'

That whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us.

‘The Collects’ ‘The fourth Sunday in Advent’

O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same.

‘The Collects’ ‘The first Sunday after the Epiphany’

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations.

‘The Collects’ ‘The fourth Sunday after the Epiphany’

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; Keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul.

‘The Collects’ ‘The second Sunday in Lent’

We humbly beseech thee, that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continued help we may bring the same to good effect.

‘The Collects’ ‘Easter-Day’

Grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may alway serve thee in pureness of living and truth.

‘The Collects’ ‘The first Sunday after Easter’

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; Grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found.

‘The Collects’ ‘The fourth Sunday after Easter’

We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before.

‘The Collects’ ‘Sunday after Ascension Day’

God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same
Spirit to have a right judgement in all things.

‘The Collects’ ‘Whit-Sunday’

Because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping of thy commandments we may please thee, both in will and deed.

‘The Collects’ ‘The first Sunday after Trinity’

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy; that, thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.

‘The Collects’ ‘The fourth Sunday after Trinity’

Grant, O Lord, we beseech thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by

thy governance, that thy Church may joyfully serve thee in all godly quietness.

'The Collects' 'The fifth Sunday after Trinity'

O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire. _

'The Collects' 'The sixth Sunday after Trinity'

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same.

'The Collects' 'The seventh Sunday after Trinity'

Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid.

'The Collects' 'The twelfth Sunday after Trinity'

O God, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee;
Mercifully grant, that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts.

'The Collects' 'The nineteenth Sunday after Trinity'

Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind.

'The Collects' 'The one and twentieth Sunday after Trinity'

Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy household the Church in continual godliness.

'The Collects' 'The two and twentieth Sunday after Trinity'

Grant that those things which we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually.

'The Collects' 'The three and twentieth Sunday after Trinity'

Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded.

'The Collects' 'The five and twentieth Sunday after Trinity'

Give us grace, that, being not like children carried away with every blast of vain doctrine, we may be established in the truth of thy holy Gospel.

'The Collects' 'St Mark's Day'

O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee.

'The Collects' 'All Saints' Day'

So many as intend to be partakers of the holy Communion shall signify their names to the Curate, at least some time the day before.

And if any of those be an open and notorious evil liver, or have done any wrong to his neighbours by word or deed, so that the Congregation be thereby offended; the Curate, having knowledge thereof, shall call him and advertise him, that in any wise he presume not to come to the Lord's Table, until he have openly declared himself to have truly repented and amended his

former naughty life.

‘Holy Communion’, introductory rubric

The Table, at the Communion-time having a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in the Body of the Church, or in the Chancel.

‘Holy Communion’, introductory rubric

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Collect’

Incline our hearts to keep this law.

‘Holy Communion’, response to ‘The Ten Commandments’

Thou shalt do no murder.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘The Ten Commandments’.

I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Nicene Creed’.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one Catholick and Apostolick Church.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Nicene Creed’.

Let us pray for the whole state of Christ’s Church militant here in earth.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Prayer for the Church Militant’

We humbly beseech thee most mercifully to accept our alms and oblations, and to receive these our prayers, which we offer unto thy Divine Majesty; beseeching thee to inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord: And grant, that all they that do confess thy holy Name may agree in the truth of thy holy Word, and live in unity, and godly love.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Prayer for the Church Militant’

Grant unto her [the Queen’s] whole Council, and to all that are put in authority under her, that they may truly and indifferently minister justice.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Prayer for the Church Militant’

Give grace, O heavenly Father, to all Bishops and Curates, that they may both by their life and doctrine set forth thy true and lively Word.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Prayer for the Church Militant’

We most humbly beseech thee of thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succour all them, who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity. And we also bless thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear.

‘Holy Communion’ ‘Prayer for the Church Militant’

Because it is requisite, that no man should come to the holy Communion, but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience; therefore if there be any of you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned Minister of God's Word, and open his grief.

'Holy Communion' 'First Exhortation'

Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways;

Draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort; and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon your knees.

'Holy Communion' 'The Invitation'

We do earnestly repent, And are heartily sorry for these our misdoings;

The remembrance of them is grievous unto us; The burden of them is intolerable.

'Holy Communion' 'General Confession'

Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to him.

'Holy Communion' 'The Comfortable Words'

Lift up your hearts.

'Holy Communion', versicles and responses.

It is meet and right so to do.

'Holy Communion', versicles and responses

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee, and saying,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord most High.

'Holy Communion' 'Hymn of Praise'.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there (by his one oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world.

'Holy Communion' 'Prayer of Consecration'

Who, in the same night that he was betrayed, took Bread; and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat, this is my Body which is given for you: Do this in remembrance of me.

Likewise after supper he took the Cup; and, when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins: Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me.

'Holy Communion' 'Prayer of Consecration'

Although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we

beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences.

'Holy Communion' 'First Prayer of Oblation'

We are very members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people; and are also heirs through hope of thy everlasting kingdom.

'Holy Communion' 'Second (alternative) Prayer of Oblation'

The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always.

'Holy Communion' 'The Blessing'

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, in these our supplications and prayers, and dispose the way of thy servants towards the attainment of everlasting salvation; that, among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by thy most gracious and ready help.

'Holy Communion' 'Collects after the Offertory [1]'

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name.

'Holy Communion' 'Collects after the Offertory [4]'

Those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

'Holy Communion' 'Collects after the Offertory [5]'

It is expedient that Baptism be administered in the vulgar tongue.

'Publick Baptism of Infants', introductory rubric

O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this Child may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him.

'Publick Baptism of Infants', invocation of blessing on the child

Humbly we beseech thee to grant, that he, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in his death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin.

'Publick Baptism of Infants', thanksgiving

And as for you, who have now by Baptism put on Christ, it is your part and duty also, being made the children of God and of the light, by faith in Jesus Christ, to walk answerably to your Christian calling, and as becometh the children of light.

'Baptism of Such as are of Riper Years' Priest's final address

Question: What is your Name?

Answer: N. or M.

Question: Who gave you this Name?

Answer: My Godfathers and Godmothers in my Baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

'Catechism'

I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and

all the sinful lusts of the flesh.

'Catechism'

Question: What dost thou chiefly learn by these Commandments?

Answer: I learn two things: Neighbour.

'Catechism'

My duty towards my Neighbour, is to love him as myself, and to do to all men, as I would they should do unto me.

'Catechism'

To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters.

'Catechism'

To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.

'Catechism'

Not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call me.

'Catechism'

Question: How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in his Church?

Answer: Two only, as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.

Question: What meanest thou by this word Sacrament?

Answer: I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

'Catechism'

Our help is in the name of the Lord;
Who hath made heaven and earth.

'Order of Confirmation'

Lord, hear our prayers.
And let our cry come unto thee.

'Order of Confirmation'

Defend, O Lord, this thy Child [or this thy Servant] with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom.

'Order of Confirmation'

If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy Matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the first [second, or third] time of asking.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', the Banns

Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', exhortation

Which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that he wrought, in Cana of Galilee; and is commended of Saint Paul to be honourable among all men:

and therefore not by any to be enterprised, nor taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, to satisfy men's carnal lusts and appetites, like brute beasts that have no understanding.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', exhortation

First, It was ordained for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and to the praise of his holy Name.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', exhortation

If any man can shew any just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', exhortation

Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

'Solemnization of Matrimony', betrothal

I N. take thee M. to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', betrothal (the man will have used the words 'I plight thee my troth' and not 'to obey')

With this Ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', wedding

Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', wedding.

Forasmuch as M. and N. have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a Ring, and by joining of hands; I pronounce that they be Man and Wife together.

'Solemnization of Matrimony', minister's declaration

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

'The Visitation of the Sick'

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee.

'The Visitation of the Sick'

The Office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves.

'The Burial of the Dead', introductory rubric

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.

'The Burial of the Dead', first anthem.

In the midst of life we are in death.

'The Burial of the Dead', first anthem

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of

our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.

‘The Burial of the Dead’, interment

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners: and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

Psalm 1, v. 1

Why do the heathen so furiously rage together: and why do the people imagine a vain thing?

Psalm 2, v. 1

Let us break their bonds asunder: and cast away their cords from us.

Psalm 2, v. 3

The Lord shall have them in derision.

Psalm 2, v. 4

Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron: and break them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.

Psalm 2, v. 9

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish from the right way: if his wrath be kindled, (yea, but a little,) blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Psalm 2, v. 12

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still.

Psalm 4, v. 4

Lord, lift thou up: the light of thy countenance upon us.

Psalm 4, v. 7

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest.

Psalm 4, v. 9

The Lord will abhor both the bloodthirsty and deceitful man.

Psalm 5, v. 6

Make thy way plain before my face.

Psalm 5, v. 8

Let them perish through their own imaginations.

Psalm 5, v. 11

I am weary of my groaning; every night wash I my bed: and water my couch with my tears.

Psalm 6, v. 6

Away from me, all ye that work vanity.

Psalm 6, v. 8

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies: that thou mightest still the enemy, and the avenger.

For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers: the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him: and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Thou madest him lower than the angels: to crown him with glory and worship.

Psalm 8, v. 2

Up, Lord, and let not man have the upper hand.

Psalm 9, v. 19

He that said in his heart, Tush, I shall never be cast down: there shall no harm happen unto me.

Psalm 10, v. 6

Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest: this shall be their portion to drink.

Psalm 11, v. 7

Help me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left: for the faithful are minished from among the children of men.

They talk of vanity every one with his neighbour: they do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart.

Psalm 12, v. 1

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, for ever: how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

Psalm 13, v. 1

The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God.

They are corrupt, and become abominable in their doings: there is none that doeth good, no not one.

Psalm 14, v. 1

They are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable.

Psalm 14, v. 4

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour: and hath not slandered his neighbour.

Psalm 15, v. 1

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury: nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things: shall never fall.

Psalm 15, v. 5

The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: yea, I have a goodly heritage.

Psalm 16, v. 7 (the Authorized Version of the Bible (Psalm 16, v. 6) has ‘The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places’)

Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell: neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

Psalm 16, v. 11

He rode upon the cherubims, and did fly: he came flying upon the wings of the wind.

Psalm 18, v. 10

At the brightness of his presence his clouds removed: hailstones, and coals of fire.

Psalm 18, v. 12

With the help of my God I shall leap over the wall.

Psalm 18, v. 29

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.
One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another.
There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them.
Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

Psalm 19, v. 1

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever: the judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Psalm 19, v. 7

Who can tell how oft he offendeth: O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.
Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me: so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart: be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord: my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm 19, v. 12

Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the Name of the Lord our God.

Psalm 20, v. 7

They intended mischief against thee: and imagined such a device as they are not able to perform.

Psalm 21, v. 11

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me: and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?
O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not: and in the night-season also I take no rest.

Psalm 22, v. 1

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man: a very scorn of men, and the out-cast of the people.
All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying, He trusted in God, that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, if he will have him.

Psalm 22, v. 6

Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.

Psalm 22, v. 12

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

Psalm 22, v. 14

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones: they stand staring and looking upon me.

They part my garments among them: and cast lots upon my vesture.

Psalm 22, v. 17

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

Psalm 23, v. 1.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm 23, v. 4.

The earth is the Lord’s, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

Psalm 24, v. 1

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory: it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

Psalm 24, v. 7

Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Psalm 24, v. 10

O remember not the sins and offences of my youth.

Psalm 25, v. 6

Deliver Israel, O God: out of all his troubles.

Psalm 25, v. 21

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me: try out my reins and my heart.

Psalm 26, v. 2

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord: and so will I go to thine altar;

That I may shew the voice of thanksgiving: and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Psalm 26, v. 6

My foot standeth right: I will praise the Lord in the congregation.

Psalm 26, v. 12

The Lord is my light, and my salvation; whom then shall I fear: the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?

Psalm 27, v. 1.

Teach me thy way, O Lord: and lead me in the right way, because of mine enemies.

Psalm 27, v. 13

I should utterly have fainted: but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Psalm 27, v. 15

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar-trees: yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Libanus.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf: Libanus also, and Sirion, like a young unicorn.

Psalm 29, v. 5

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discovereth the thick bushes.

Psalm 29, v. 8

The Lord shall give strength unto his people: the Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.

Psalm 29, v. 10

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his: and give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness.

For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life: heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Psalm 30, v. 4

Then cried I unto thee, O Lord: and gat me to my Lord right humbly.

Psalm 30, v. 8

Into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Psalm 31, v. 6.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

For while I held my tongue: my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

Psalm 32, v. 2

For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found: but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

Psalm 32, v. 7

I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but whoso putteth his trust in the

Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.

Psalm 32, v. 9

Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage.

Psalm 33, v. 3

A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man: neither shall he deliver any man by his great strength.

Psalm 33, v. 16

O taste and see, how gracious the Lord is: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Psalm 34, v. 8

The lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Psalm 34, v. 10

What man is he that lusteth to live: and would fain see good days?
Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips, that they speak no guile.
Eschew evil, and do good: seek peace, and ensue it.

Psalm 34, v. 12

They rewarded me evil for good: to the great discomfort of my soul.

Psalm 35, v. 12

O deliver my soul from the calamities which they bring on me, and my darling from the lions.

Psalm 35, v. 17

Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.

Psalm 37, v. 1

The meek-spirited shall possess the earth: and shall be refreshed in the multitude of peace.

Psalm 37, v. 11

I have been young, and now am old: and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

Psalm 37, v. 25

I myself have seen the ungodly in great power: and flourishing like a green bay-tree.
I went by, and lo, he was gone: I sought him, but his place could no where be found.
Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right: for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

Psalm 37, v. 36

I held my tongue, and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me.
My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled: and at the last I spake with my tongue;
Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Psalm 39, v. 3

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

Psalm 39, v. 7

I waited patiently for the Lord: and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling.
He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay: and set my feet upon the

rock, and ordered my goings.

Psalm 40, v. 1

Sacrifice, and meat-offering, thou wouldest not: but mine ears hast thou opened.
Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin, hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come.
In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, O my God.

Psalm 40, v. 8

Thou art my helper and redeemer: make no long tarrying, O my God.

Psalm 40, v. 21

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

Psalm 41, v. 1

Yea, even mine own familiar friend, whom I trusted: who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me.

Psalm 41, v. 9 (the Authorized Version of the Bible has '...hath lifted up his heel against me')

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul is a thirst for God, yea, even for the living God.

Psalm 42, v. 1 (the Authorized Version of the Bible has 'As the hart panteth after the water breaks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God.')

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Psalm 42, v. 6

My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.
One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes: all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

Psalm 42, v. 8

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me: why go
I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?
My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword: while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;
Namely, while they say daily unto me: Where is now thy God?

Psalm 42, v. 11

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

Psalm 43, v. 1

O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.
And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.

Psalm 43, v. 3

O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and

my God.

Psalm 43, v. 6

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us: what thou hast done in their time of old.

Psalm 44, v. 1

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the King.
My tongue is the pen: of a ready writer.

Psalm 45, v. 1

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity: wherefore God, even thy
God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

Psalm 45, v. 8

Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours.

Psalm 45, v. 10

The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.
She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework: the virgins that be her fellows shall bear her company, and shall be brought unto thee.

Psalm 45, v. 14

Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children: whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.

Psalm 45, v. 17

God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.

Psalm 46, v. 1

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath shewed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.
The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm 46, v. 5

He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

Psalm 46, v. 9

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.

Psalm 47, v. 1

He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.

Psalm 47, v. 3

God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

Psalm 47, v. 5

For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.
They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.
Psalm 48, v. 3

Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east-wind.
Psalm 48, v. 6

Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.
Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.
Psalm 48, v. 11

Wise men also die, and perish together: as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their riches for other.
And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever: and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another; and call the lands after their own names.
Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour: seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish; this is the way of them.
Psalm 49, v. 10

They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domination over them in the morning: their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre out of their dwelling.
Psalm 49, v. 14

All the beasts of the forest are mine: and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.
Psalm 50, v. 10

Thinkest thou that I will eat bulls' flesh: and drink the blood of goats?
Psalm 50, v. 13

Wash me throughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.
Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.
Psalm 51, v. 2

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.
But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.
Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Psalm 51, v. 5.

Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.
O give me the comfort of thy help again: and stablish me with thy free Spirit.
Psalm 51, v. 10

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God.

Psalm 51, v. 14

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall shew thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Psalm 51, v. 15

Then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm 51, v. 19

O that I had wings like a dove: for then would I flee away, and be at rest.

Psalm 55, v. 6

It was even thou, my companion: my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

We took sweet counsel together: and walked in the house of God as friends.

Psalm 55, v. 14

The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his heart: his words were smoother than oil, and yet they be very swords.

Psalm 55, v. 22

Thou tellest my flittings; put my tears into thy bottle: are not these things noted in thy book?

Psalm 56, v. 8

Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be over-past.

Psalm 57, v. 1

God shall send forth his mercy and truth: my soul is among lions.

And I lie even among the children of men, that are set on fire: whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth.

They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul: they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves.

Psalm 57, v. 4

Awake up, my glory; awake, lute and harp: I myself will awake right early.

Psalm 57, v. 9

They are as venomous as the poison of a serpent: even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears;

Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer: charm he never so wisely.

Psalm 58, v. 4

Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine: Ephraim also is the strength of my head; Judah is my law-giver;

Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe: Philistia, be thou glad of me.

Psalm 60, v. 7

Their delight is in lies; they give good words with their mouth, but curse with their heart.

Psalm 62, v. 4

As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights, they are altogether lighter than vanity itself.

O trust not in wrong and robbery, give not yourselves unto vanity: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same: that power belongeth unto God;

And that thou, Lord, art merciful: for thou rewardest every man according to his work.

Psalm 62, v. 9

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is.

Psalm 63, v. 2

These also that seek the hurt of my soul: they shall go under the earth.

Let them fall upon the edge of the sword: that they may be a portion for foxes.

Psalm 63, v. 10

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou that hearest the prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

Psalm 65, v. 1

Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains: and is girded about with power.

Who stilleth the raging of the sea: and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

Psalm 65, v. 5

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it: thou makest it very plenteous.

Psalm 65, v. 9

Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof: thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy clouds drop fatness.

They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness: and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

Psalm 65, v. 11

God be merciful unto us, and bless us: and shew us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

Psalm 67, v. 1

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

Psalm 67, v. 6

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

Psalm 68, v. 1

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name: magnify him that rideth upon the heavens, as it were upon an horse; praise him in his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows: even God in his holy habitation.

He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house, and bringeth the prisoners out of captivity: but letteth the runagates continue in scarceness.

O God, when thou wentest forth before the people: when thou wentest through the wilderness,

The earth shook, and the heavens dropped at the presence of God.

Psalm 68, v. 4

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

Kings with their armies did flee, kand were discomfited: and they of the household divided the spoil.

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove: that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold.

Psalm 68, v. 11

Why hop ye so, ye high hills? this is God’s hill, in which it pleaseth him to dwell.

Psalm 68, v. 16

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.

Psalm 68, v. 18

The zeal of thine house hath even eaten me.

Psalm 69, v. 9

Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness: I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me.

They gave me gall to eat: and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.

Psalm 69, v. 21

Let their habitation be void: and no man to dwell in their tents.

Psalm 69, v. 26

Let them be wiped out of the book of the living: and not be written among the righteous.

Psalm 69, v. 29

Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul: let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wish me evil.

Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame: that cry over me, There, there.

Psalm 70, v. 2

I am become as it were a monster unto many: but my sure trust is in thee.

Psalm 71, v. 6

Cast me not away in the time of age: forsake me not when my strength faileth me.

Psalm 71, v. 8

Give the King thy judgements, O God: and thy righteousness unto the King’s son.

Psalm 72, v. 1

The mountains also shall bring peace: and the little hills righteousness unto the people.

Psalm 72, v. 3

His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other: and from the flood unto the world's end.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before him: his enemies shall lick the dust.

The Kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents: the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.

All kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall do him service.

Psalm 72, v. 8

He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Arabia.

Psalm 72, v. 15

Therefore fall the people unto them: and thereout suck they no small advantage.

Tush, say they, how should God perceive it: is there knowledge in the most High?

Psalm 73, v. 10

Then thought I to understand this: but it was too hard for me.

Until I went into the sanctuary of God: then understood I the end of these men.

Psalm 73, v. 15

O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the enemies: and forget not the congregation of the poor for ever.

Psalm 74, v. 20

The earth is weak, and all the inhabiters thereof: I bear up the pillars of it.

Psalm 75, v. 4

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west: nor yet lfrom the south.

And why? God is the Judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.

Psalm 75, v. 7

In Jewry is God known: his Name is great in Israel.

At Salem is his tabernacle: and his dwelling in Sion.

Psalm 76, v. 1

I have considered the days of old: and the years that are past.

Psalm 77, v. 5

Hear my law, O my people: incline your ears unto the words of my mouth.

I will open my mouth in a parable: I will declare hard sentences of old;

Which we have heard and known: and such as our fathers have told us.

Psalm 78, v. 1

Not to be as their forefathers, a faithless and stubborn generation: a generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit cleaveth not stedfastly unto God.

Psalm 78, v. 9

He divided the sea, and let them go through: he made the waters to stand on an heap.

Psalm 78, v. 14

He rained down manna also upon them for to eat: and gave them food from heaven.

So man did eat angels' food: for he sent them meat enough.

Psalm 78, v. 25

So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep: and like a giant refreshed with wine.

Psalm 78, v. 66

Turn us again, O God: shew the light of thy countenance, and we shall be whole.

Psalm 80, v. 3

Sing we merrily unto God our strength: make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take the psalm, bring hither the tabret: the merry harp with the lute.

Blow up the trumpet in the new-moon: even in the time appointed, and upon our solemn feast-day.

Psalm 81, v. 1

I have said, Ye are gods: and ye are all children of the most Highest.

But ye shall die like men: and fall like one of the princes.

Psalm 82, v. 6

O how amiable are thy dwellings: thou Lord of hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young: even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Psalm 84, v. 1

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are thy ways.

Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well: and the pools are filled with water.

They will go from strength to strength: and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.

Psalm 84, v. 5

For one day in thy courts: is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God: than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.

Psalm 84, v. 10

Wilt thou not turn again, and quicken us: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Psalm 85, v. 6

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth: and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

Psalm 85, v. 10

Very excellent things are spoken of thee: thou city of God.

Psalm 87, v. 2

Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Psalm 90, v. 1

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.
In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

Psalm 90, v. 4

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

Psalm 90, v. 10

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm 90, v. 12

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.
A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

Psalm 91, v. 3

For thou, Lord, art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very high.
There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Psalm 91, v. 9

With long life will I satisfy him: and shew him my salvation.

Psalm 91, v. 16

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength.
He hath made the round world so sure: that it cannot be moved.

Psalm 93, v. 1

The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.
The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.
Thy testimonies, O Lord, are very sure: holiness becometh thine house for ever.

Psalm 93, v. 4

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear: or he that made the eye, shall he not see?

Psalm 94, v. 9

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and shew ourselves glad in him with

psalms.

Psalm 95, v. 1

In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts: as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness;

When your fathers tempted me: proved me, and saw my works.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said: It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways;

Unto whom I sware in my wrath: that they should not enter into my rest.

Psalm 95, v. 4

Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto his Name: bring presents, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Psalm 96, v. 8

The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof: yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.

Psalm 97, v. 1

O sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm: hath he gotten himself the victory.

Psalm 98, v. 1.

Praise the Lord upon the harp: sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also, and shawms: O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

Psalm 98, v. 6

With righteousness shall he judge the world: and the people with equity.

Psalm 98, v. 10

The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: he sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet.

Psalm 99, v. 1

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Psalm 100, v. 1.

I am become like a pelican in the wilderness: and like an owl that is in the desert.

I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow: that sitteth alone upon the house-top.

Psalm 102, v. 6

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment;
And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

Psalm 102, v. 25

Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits.

Psalm 103, v. 2

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

Psalm 103, v. 5

The Lord is full of compassion and mercy: long-suffering, and of great goodness.
He will not alway be chiding: neither keepeth he his anger for ever.

Psalm 103, v. 8

For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth: so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him.
Look how wide also the east is from the west: so far hath he set our sins from us.
Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.
For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust.
The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of a field.
For as soon as the wind goeth over it,o it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Psalm 103, v. 11

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.
He maketh his angels spirits: and his ministers a flaming fire.
He laid the foundations of the earth: that it never should move at any time.
Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment: the waters stand in the hills.

Psalm 104, v. 3

Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass: neither turn again to cover the earth.
He sendeth the springs into the rivers: which run among the hills.
All beasts of the field drink thereof: and the wild asses quench their thirst.
Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation: and sing among the branches.

Psalm 104, v. 9

He bringeth forth grass for the cattle: and green herb for the service of men;
That he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man: and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to strengthen man’s heart.
The trees of the Lord also are full of sap: even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted.

Psalm 104, v. 14

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats: and so are the stony rocks for the conies.
He appointed the moon for certain seasons: and the sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness that it may be night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do move.
The lions roaring after their prey: do seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, and they get them away together: and lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour: until the evening.
O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.
So is the great and wide sea also: wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts.
There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan: whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.
These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them meat in due season.

Psalm 104, v. 18

The earth shall tremble at the look of him: if he do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.

Psalm 104, v. 32

He had sent a man before them: even Joseph, who was sold to be a bond-servant;
Whose feet they hurt in the stocks: the iron entered into his soul.

Psalm 105, v. 17

The king sent, and delivered him: the prince of the people let him go free.
He made him lord also of his house: and ruler of all his substance;
That he might inform his princes after his will: and teach his senators wisdom.

Psalm 105, v. 20

Yea, they thought scorn of that pleasant land: and gave no credence to his word;
But murmured in their tents: and hearkened not unto the voice of the Lord.

Psalm 106, v. 24

Thus were they stained with their own works: and went a whoring with their own inventions.

Psalm 106, v. 38

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!
For he satisfieth the empty soul: and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: being fast bound in misery and iron;
Because they rebelled against the words of the Lord: and lightly regarded the counsel of the most Highest.

Psalm 107, v. 8

Their soul abhorred all manner of meat: and they were even hard at death’s door.

Psalm 107, v. 18

They that go down to the sea in ships: and occupy their business in great waters;
These men see the works of the Lord: and his wonders in the deep.

Psalm 107, v. 23

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man: and are at their wit’s end.
So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble: he delivereth them out of their distress.
For he maketh the storm to cease: so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the heaven where

they would be.

Psalm 107, v. 27

The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

Psalm 110, v. 1

Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech.

Psalm 110, v. 4

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do thereafter; the praise of it endureth for ever.

Psalm 111, v. 10

A good man is merciful, and lendeth: and will guide his words with discretion.

For he shall never be moved: and the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Psalm 112, v. 5

He maketh the barren woman to keep house: and to be a joyful mother of children.

Psalm 113, v. 8

When Israel came out of Egypt: and the house of Jacob from among the strange people, Judah was his sanctuary: and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw that, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams: and the little hills like young sheep.

Psalm 114, v. 1

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give the praise.

Psalm 115, v. 1.

They have mouths, and speak not: eyes have they, and see not.

They have ears, and hear not: noses have they, and smell not.

They have hands, and handle not: feet have they, and walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

Psalm 115, v. 5

The snares of death compassed me round about: and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.

Psalm 116, v. 3

And why? thou hast delivered my soul from death: mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

Psalm 116, v. 8

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

Psalm 116, v. 10

I will pay my vows now in the presence of all his people: right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Psalm 116, v. 13

The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence: the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

Psalm 118, v. 16

The same stone which the builders refused: is become the head-stone in the corner.
This is the Lord’s doing: and it is marvellous in our eyes.
This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.
Psalm 118, v. 22

Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord: we have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord.
Psalm 118, v. 26

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way: even by ruling himself after thy word.
Psalm 119, v. 9

The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me: than thousands of gold and silver.
Psalm 119, v. 72

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet: and a light unto my paths.
Psalm 119, v. 105

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.
Psalm 120, v. 4

I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them therof: they make them ready to battle.
Psalm 120, v. 6

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber not sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
Psalm 121, v. 1.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.
Psalm 121, v. 8

I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at unity in itself.
For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord.
Psalm 122, v. 1

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness with thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions’ sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.
Psalm 122, v. 6

If the Lord himself had not been on our side, now may Israel say: if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us;
They had swallowed us up quick: when they were so wrathfully displeased at us.
Psalm 124, v. 1

Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are delivered.

Our help standeth in the Name of the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

Psalm 124, v. 6.

The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the Lord round about his people, from this time forth for evermore.

Psalm 125, v. 2

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion: then were we like unto them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter: and our tongue with joy.

Psalm 126, v. 1

Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south.

They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy.

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

Psalm 126, v. 5

Except the Lord build the house: their labour is but lost that build it.

Except the Lord keep the city: the watchman waketh but in vain.

Psalm 127, v. 1.

Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

Psalm 127, v. 5

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine: upon the walls of thine house.

Thy children like the olive-branches: round about thy table.

Psalm 128, v. 3

Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up: may Israel now say.

Psalm 129, v. 1

But they have not prevailed against me.

The plowers plowed upon my back: and made long furrows.

Psalm 129, v. 2

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

Psalm 130, v. 1.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

Psalm 130, v. 6

Lord, I am not high-minded: I have no proud looks.

I do not exercise myself in great matters: which are too high for me.

Psalm 131, v. 1

Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is: brethren, to dwell together in unity!

Psalm 133, v. 1

He smote divers nations: and slew mighty kings;
Sehon king of the Amorites, and Og the king of Basan: and all the kingdoms of Canaan;
And gave their land to be an heritage: even an heritage unto Israel his people.

Psalm 135, v. 10

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever.

Psalm 136, v. 1

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remembered thee, O Sion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up: upon the trees that are therein.
For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody, in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song: in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem: let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

Psalm 137, v. 1

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thoughts long before.

Psalm 139, v. 1

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me: I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit: or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
If I climb up into the heaven, thou art there: if I go down to hell, thou art there also.
If I take the wings of the morning: and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there also shall thy hand lead me: and thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me: then shall my night be turned to day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day: the darkness and light to thee are both alike.

Psalm 139, v. 5

I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Psalm 139, v. 13

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect: and in thy book were all my members written;
Which day by day were fashioned: when as yet there were none of them.

Psalm 139, v. 15

Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts.

Psalm 139, v. 23

Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.
Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.

Psalm 141, v. 2

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

Psalm 141, v. 11

Enter not into judgement with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Psalm 143, v. 2

Save me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children: whose mouth talketh of vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of iniquity.

That our sons may grow up as the young plants: and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple.

Psalm 144, v. 11

That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets.

That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be no decay: no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets.

Psalm 144, v. 13

The Lord upholdeth all such as fall: and lifteth up all those that are down.

Psalm 145, v. 14

Thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand: and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

Psalm 145, v. 15

O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man: for there is no help in them.

Psalm 146, v. 2

The Lord looseth men out of prison: the Lord giveth sight to the blind.

Psalm 146, v. 7

The Lord careth for the strangers; he defendeth the fatherless and widow: as for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it upside down.

Psalm 146, v. 9

A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: and gather together the out-casts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart: and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

He telleth the number of the stars: and calleth them all by their names.

Psalm 147, v. 1

He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse: neither delighteth he in any man’s legs.

Psalm 147, v. 10

He giveth snow like wool: and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who is able to abide his frost?

Psalm 147, v. 16

Praise the Lord upon earth: ye dragons, and all deeps;

Fire and hail, snow and vapours: wind and storm, fulfilling his word.

Psalm 148, v. 7

Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord: for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.

Psalm 148, v. 12

Let the saints be joyful with glory: let them rejoice in their beds.
Let the praises of God be in their mouth: and a two-edged sword in their hands;
To be avenged of the heathen: and to rebuke the people;
To bind their kings in chains: and their nobles with links of iron.

Psalm 149, v. 5

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals: praise him upon the loud cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath: praise the Lord.

Psalm 150, v. 5

Be pleased to receive into thy Almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us thy servants, and the Fleet in which we serve.

'Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea', first prayer

That we may be...a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions.

'Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea', first prayer

We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the Sea shall give up her dead).

'Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea' 'At the Burial of their Dead at Sea'

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiléd face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

'Ordering of Priests' 'Veni, Creator Spiritus'

Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation.

'Articles of Religion' (1562) no. 6

Man is very far gone from original righteousness.

'Articles of Religion' (1562) no. 9

It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the custom of the Primitive Church, to have publick Prayer in the Church, or to minister the Sacraments in a tongue not understanded of the people.

'Articles of Religion' (1562) no. 24

The sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables, and

dangerous deceits.

‘Articles of Religion’ (1562) no. 31

The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of England.

‘Articles of Religion’ (1562) no. 37

It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars.

‘Articles of Religion’ (1562) no. 37

The Riches and Goods of Christians are not common, as touching the right, title, and possession of the same, as certain Anabaptists do falsely boast.

‘Articles of Religion’ (1562) no. 38

A Man may not marry his Mother.

‘A Table of Kindred and Affinity’

4.94 Keith Preston 1884-1927

Of all the literary scenes
Saddest this sight to me:
The graves of little magazines
Who died to make verse free.

‘The Liberators’

4.95 Jacques Prèvert 1900-77

Il a mis le cafè
Dans la tasse
Il a mis le lait
Dans la tasse de cafè
Il a mis le sucre
Dans le cafè au lait
Avec la petite cuiller
Il a tournè
Il a bu le cafè au lait
Et il a reposè la tasse
Sans me parler.

He put the coffee in the cup. He put the milk in the cup of coffee. He put the sugar in the white coffee, with the tea-spoon, he stirred. He drank the white coffee and he put the cup down. Without speaking to me.

‘Dèjeuner du Matin’

C’est tellement simple, l’amour.

Love is so simple.

‘Les Enfants du Paradis’ (1945 film)

Notre Pére qui êtes aux cieux

Restez-y
Et nous nous resterons sur la terre
Qui est quelquefois si jolie.

Our Father which art in heaven
Stay there
And we will stay on earth
Which is sometimes so pretty.

'Pater Noster'

4.96 Richard Price 1723-91

Now, methinks, I see the ardour for liberty catching and spreading; a general amendment beginning in human affairs; the dominion of kings changed for the dominion of laws, and the dominion of priests giving way to the dominion of reason and conscience.

'A Discourse on the Love of our Country' (1790)

4.97 J. B. Priestley 1894-1984

To say that these men paid their shillings to watch twenty-two hirelings kick a ball is merely to say that a violin is wood and catgut, that Hamlet is so much paper and ink. For a shilling the Bruddersford United AFC offered you Conflict and Art.

'Good Companions' (1929) bk. 1, ch. 1

I can't help feeling wary when I hear anything said about the masses.

First you take their faces from 'em by calling 'em the masses and then you accuse 'em of not having any faces.

'Saturn Over the Water' ch. 2

This little steamer, like all her brave and battered sisters, is immortal. She'll go sailing proudly down the years in the epic of Dunkirk.

And our great-grand-children, when they learn how we began this war by snatching glory out of defeat, and then swept on to victory, may also learn how the little holiday steamers made an excursion to hell and came back glorious.

Radio broadcast, 5 June 1940, in 'Listener' 13 June 1940

God can stand being told by Professor Ayer and Marghanita Laski that He doesn't exist.

In 'Listener' 1 July 1965, p. 12

4.98 Joseph Priestley 1733-1804

Every man, when he comes to be sensible of his natural rights, and to feel his own importance, will consider himself as fully equal to any other person whatever.

'An Essay on the First Principles of Government' (1768) pt. 1

4.99 Matthew Prior 1664-1721

I court others in verse: but I love thee in prose:

And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.
‘A Better Answer’

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfined;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.
‘An English Padlock’ l. 79

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Stuart or Nassau go higher?
‘Epitaph’ (1702)

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,
Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,
She took and gave languages just as she needed.
‘Jinny the Just’

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.
‘The Lady who Offers her Looking-Glass to Venus’

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.
‘An Ode’

He ranged his tropes, and preached up patience;
Backed his opinion with quotations.
‘Paulo Purganti and his Wife’ l. 138

Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.
‘The Remedy Worse than the Disease’

What is a King?—a man condemned to bear
The public burden of the nation’s care.
‘Solomon’ (1718) bk. 3, l. 275

For, as our different ages move,
’Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.
‘To a Child of Quality of Five Years Old’

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
‘To the Hon. Charles Montague’ st. 9.

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I’ll die:
Behind the elms last night, cried Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?
‘A True Mind’

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.
‘Upon this Passage in Scaligerana’

4.100 V. S. Pritchett 1900—

The principle of procrastinated rape is said to be the ruling one in all the great best-sellers.
‘The Living Novel’ (1946) ‘Clarissa’

What Chekhov saw in our failure to communicate was something positive and precious: the private silence in which we live, and which enables us to endure our own solitude. We live, as his characters do, beyond any tale we happen to enact.
‘Myth Makers’ (1979) ‘Chekhov, a doctor’

The detective novel is the art-for-art’s-sake of our yawning Philistinism, the classic example of a specialized form of art removed from contact with the life it pretends to build on.
‘New Statesman’ 16 June 1951 ‘Books in General’

4.101 Adelaide Ann Procter 1825-64

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
‘A Lost Chord’ (1858)

But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.
‘A Lost Chord’ (1858)

4.102 Propertius c.50-c.16 B.C.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves.

The seaman tells stories of winds, the ploughman of bulls; the soldier details his wounds, the shepherd his sheep.
‘Elegies’ bk. 2, no. 1, l. 43

Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certe

Laus erit: in magnis et voluisse sat est.

Even if strength fail, boldness at least will deserve praise: in great endeavours even to have had the will is enough.

'Elegies' bk. 2, no. 10, l. 5

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Grai!
Nescioquid maius nascitur Iliade.

Make way, you Roman writers, make way, Greeks! Something greater than the Iliad is born.

'Elegies' bk. 2, no. 34, l. 65 (meaning Virgil's Aeneid)

4.103 Protagoras c.485-c.415 B.C.

Man is the measure of all things.

In Plato 'Theaetetus' 160d

4.104 Pierre-Joseph Proudhon 1809-65

La propriètè c'est le vol.

Property is theft.

'Qu'est-ce que la propriètè?' (1840) ch.1

4.105 Marcel Proust 1871-1922

A la recherche du temps perdu.

In search of lost time.

Title of novel (1913-27), translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff and S. Hudson, 1922-31, as 'Remembrance of things past'

On devient moral dés qu'on est malheureux.

As soon as one is unhappy one becomes moral.

'A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs' (Within a Budding Grove, 1918, translated 1924 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 1, p. 290)

Tout ce que nous connaissons de grand nous vient des nerveux. Ce sont eux et non pas d'autres qui ont fondè les religions et composè les chefs-d'oeuvre. Jamais le monde ne saura tout ce qu'il leur doit et surtout ce qu'eux ont souffert pour le lui donner.

All the greatest things we know have come to us from neurotics. It is they and they only who have founded religions and created great works of art. Never will the world be conscious of how much it owes to them, nor above all of what they have suffered in order to bestow their gifts on it.

'Le côtè de Guermantes' (Guermantes Way, 1921, translated 1925 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 1, p. 418)

Il n'y a rien comme le dèsir pour empêcher les choses qu'on dit d'avoir aucune ressemblance avec ce qu'on a dans la pensèe.

There is nothing like desire for preventing the thing one says from bearing any resemblance to what one has in mind.

'Le côtè de Guermantes' (Guermantes Way, 1921, translated 1925 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 2, p. 60)

Un artiste n’a pas besoin d’exprimer directement sa pensèe dans son ouvrage pour que celui-ci en refléte la qualitè; on a même pu dire que la louange la plus haute de Dieu est dans la nègation de l’athèe qui trouve la Crèation assez parfaite pour se passer d’un crèateur.

An artist has no need to express his mind directly in his work for it to express the quality of that mind; it has indeed been said that the highest praise of God consists in the denial of Him by the atheist, who finds creation so perfect that it can dispense with a creator.

‘Le côtè de Guermantes’ (Guermantes Way, 1921, translated 1925 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 2, p. 147)

Longtemps, je me suis couchè de bonne heure.

For a long time I used to go to bed early.

‘Du côtè de chez Swann’ (Swann’s Way, 1913, translated 1922 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 1, p. 1)

Je portai á mes lévres une cuillerèe du thè oû j’avais laissè s’amollir un morceau de madeleine... Et tout d’un coup le souvenir m’est apparu. Ce goût c’ètait celui du petit morceau de madeleine que le dimanche matin á Combray...ma tante Lèonie m’offrait aprés l’avoir trempè dans son infusion de thè ou de tilleul.

I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of cake...And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray...my aunt Lèonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of real or of lime-flower tea.

‘Du côtè de chez Swann’ (Swann’s Way, 1913, translated 1922 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 1, pp. 46 and 61)

Et il ne fut plus question de Swann chez les Verdurin.

After which there was no more talk of Swann at the Verdurins’.

‘Du côtè de chez Swann’ (Swann’s Way, 1913, translated 1922 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 2, p. 99)

Dire que j’ai gâchè des annèes de ma vie, que j’ai voulu mourir, que j’ai eu mon plus grand amour, pour une femme qui ne me plaisait pas, qui n’ètait pas mon genre!

To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style!

‘Du côtè de chez Swann’ (Swann’s Way, 1913, translated 1922 by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 2, p. 228)

Du reste, continua Mme de Cambremer, j’ai horreur des couchers de soleil, c’est romantique, c’est opèra.

‘Anyhow,’ Mme de Cambremer went on, ‘I have a horror of sunsets, they’re so romantic, so operatic.’

‘Sodome et Gomorrhe’ (Cities of the Plain, 1922, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, vol. 1, p. 296)

Une de ces dèpêches dont M. de Guermantes avait spirituellement fixè le modéle: ‘Impossible venir, mensonge suit’.

One of those telegrams of which the model had been wittily invented by M. de Guermantes: ‘Impossible to come, lie follows’.

‘Le temps retrouvè’ (Time Regained, 1926, translated 1931 by S. Hudson, ch. 1, p. 7).

Les vrais paradis sont les paradis qu’on a perdus.

The true paradises are paradises we have lost.

‘Le temps retrouvè’ (Time Regained, 1926, translated 1931 by S. Hudson, ch. 3, p. 215)

Le bonheur seul est salutaire pour le corps, mais c’est le chagrin qui dèveloppe les forces de l’esprit.

Happiness is salutary for the body but sorrow develops the powers of the spirit.

‘Le temps retrouvè’ (Time Regained, 1926, translated 1931 by S. Hudson, ch. 3, p. 259)

4.106 Publilius Syrus

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

A beautiful face is a mute recommendation.

‘Sententiae’ no. 199, in J. W. and A. M. Duff ‘Minor Latin Poets’ (Loeb ed., 1934); translated by Francis Bacon in Apophthegms no. 12

Inopi beneficium bis dat qui dat celeriter.

He gives the poor man twice as much good who gives quickly.

‘Sententiae’ no. 274, in J. W. and A. M. Duff ‘Minor Latin Poets’ (Loeb ed., 1934); proverbially Bis dat qui cito dat He gives twice who gives soon

Iudex damnatur ubi nocens absolvitur.

The judge is condemned when the guilty party is acquitted.

‘Sententiae’ no. 296, in J. W. and A. M. Duff ‘Minor Latin Poets’ (Loeb ed., 1934)

Necessitas dat legem non ipsa accipit.

Necessity gives the law without itself acknowledging one.

‘Sententiae’ no. 444, in J. W. and A. M. Duff ‘Minor Latin Poets’ (Loeb ed., 1934); proverbially Necessitas non habet legem Necessity has no law

4.107 John Pudney 1909-77

Do not despair
For Johnny-head-in-air;
He sleeps as sound
As Johnny underground.

Fetch out no shroud
For Johnny-in-the-cloud;
And keep your tears
For him in after years.

Better by far
For Johnny-the-bright-star,
To keep your head,
And see his children fed.

‘For Johnny’ (1942)

4.108 William Pulteney, Earl of Bath 1684-1764

For Sir Ph—p well knows
That innuendoes
Will serve him no longer in verse or in prose,
Since twelve honest men have decided the cause,
And were judges of fact, tho' not judges of laws.

'The Honest Jury' (1729) st. 3 (on Sir Philip Yorke's unsuccessful prosecution of 'The Craftsman' in 1729)

4.109 Punch 1841—

Advice to persons about to marry.—'Don't.'

vol. 8, p. 1 (1845)

You pays your money and you takes your choice.

vol. 10, p. 17 (1846)

The Half-Way House to Rome, Oxford.

vol. 16, p. 36 (1849)

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

vol. 16, p. 231 (1849)

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

vol. 17, p. 241 (1849)

Who's 'im, Bill? A stranger! 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im.

vol. 26, p. 82 (1854)

What is Matter?—Never mind. What is Mind?—No matter.

vol. 29, p. 19 (1855)

It ain't the 'unting as 'urts 'im, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer along the 'ard 'igh road.

vol. 30, p. 218 (1856)

Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune two hours when—bang—went saxpence!!!

vol. 54, p. 235 (1868)

Cats is 'dogs' and rabbits is 'dogs' and so's Parrats, but this 'ere 'Tortis' is a insect, and there ain't no charge for it.

vol. 56, p. 96 (1869)

Nothink for nothink 'ere, and precious little for sixpence.

vol. 57, p. 152 (1869)

Sure, the next train has gone ten minutes ago.

vol. 60, p. 206 (1871)

It appears the Americans have taken umbrage. The deuce they have! Whereabouts is that?

vol. 63, p. 189 (1872)

Go directly—see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't.

vol. 63, p. 202 (1872)

There was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian.

vol. 68, p. 143 (1875)

There was an old owl lived in an oak
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard
O, if men were all like that wise bird!

vol. 68, p. 155 (1875)

It's worse than wicked, my dear, it's vulgar.

Almanac (1876)

I never read books—I write them.

vol. 74, p. 210 (1878).

I am not hungry; but thank goodness, I am greedy.

vol. 75, p. 290 (1878)

Bishop: Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?

Page: The Missus, my Lord.

vol. 79, p. 63 (1880)

Ah whiles hae ma doobts aboot the meenister.

vol. 79, p. 275 (1880)

What sort of a doctor is he?

Oh, well, I don't know very much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner!

vol. 86, p. 121 (1884)

I used your soap two years ago; since then I have used no other.

vol. 86, p. 197 (1884)

Don't look at me, Sir, with—ah—in that tone of voice.

vol. 87, p. 38 (1884)

Wife of two years' standing: Oh yes! I'm sure he's not so fond of me as at first. He's away so much, neglects me dreadfully, and he's so cross when he comes home. What shall I do?

Widow: Feed the brute!

vol. 89, p. 206 (1885)

Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot!—I'm not feeling very well myself.

vol. 104, p. 210 (1893)

Botticelli isn't a wine, you Juggins! Botticelli's a cheese!

vol. 106, p. 270 (1894)

I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr Jones.

Oh no, my Lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!

vol. 109, p. 222 (1895)

Look here, Steward, if this is coffee, I want tea; but if this is tea, then I wish for coffee.

vol. 123, p. 44 (1902)

Sometimes I sits and thinks, and then again I just sits.

vol. 131, p. 297 (1906)

4.110 Israel Putnam 1718-90

Men, you are all marksmen—don't one of you fire until you see the white of their eyes.
At Bunker Hill, 1775; in R. Frothingham 'History of the Siege of Boston' (1873) ch. 5 n; also attributed to William Prescott (1726-95)

4.111 Mario Puzo 1920—

I'll make him an offer he can't refuse.
'The Godfather' (1969) ch. 1

A lawyer with his briefcase can steal more than a hundred men with guns.
'The Godfather' (1969) ch. 1

4.112 Pyrrhus 319-272 B.C.

One more such victory and we are lost.
After defeating the Romans at Asculum, 279 B.C., in Plutarch 'Parallel Lives' 'Pyrrhus' ch. 21, sect. 9

5.0 Q

5.1 Q

See Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (5.5)

5.2 Francis Quarles 1592-1644

I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in the writing.
'Emblems' (1635) 'To the Reader'

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.
'Emblems' (1635) bk. 1, no. 12 'Hugo de Anima'

We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil;
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil.
'Emblems' (1635) bk. 2, no. 2, l. 33

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.
'Emblems' (1635) bk. 2, no. 2, l. 46

Man is Heaven's masterpiece.
'Emblems' (1635) bk. 2, no. 6, epigram 6

Thou art my way; I wander, if thou fly;
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.
'Emblems' (1643) bk. 3, no. 7

Our God and soldiers we alike adore

Ev’n at the brink of danger; not before:
After deliverance, both alike requited,
Our God’s forgotten, and our soldiers slighted.

‘Divine Fancies’ (1632) ‘Of Common Devotion’.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

‘Epigram: Respice Finem’

He teaches to deny that faintly prays.

‘A Feast for Worms’ (1620) sect. 7, Meditation 7, l. 2

Man is man’s A.B.C. There is none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell Man.

‘Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man’ (1638) no. 1, l. 1

He that begins to live, begins to die.

‘Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man’ (1638) no. 1, epigram 1

Physicians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

‘Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man’ (1638) no. 4

We’ll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we!

‘The Shepherd’s Oracles’ (1646) Eclogue 11 ‘Song of Anarchus’

5.3 Peter Quennell 1905—

An elderly fallen angel travelling incognito.

‘The Sign of the Fish’ (1960) ch. 2 (describing Andrè Gide)

5.4 François Quesnay 1694-1774

Vous ne connaissez qu’une seule régle du commerce; c’est (pour me servir de vos propres termes) de laisser passer et de laisser faire tous les acheteurs et tous les vendeurs quelconques.

You recognize but one rule of commerce; that is (to avail myself of your own terms) to allow free passage and freedom of action to all buyers and sellers whoever they may be.

Attributed in a letter to Quesnay from M. Alpha, but not found elsewhere. L. Salleron ‘François Quesnay et la Physiocratie’ (1958) vol. 2, p. 940; attributed also to Marquis d’Argenson.

5.5 Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (‘Q’) 1863-1944

The best is the best, though a hundred judges have declared it so.

‘Oxford Book of English Verse’ (1900) preface

Simple this tale!—but delicately perfumed
As the sweet roadside honeysuckle. That’s why,

Difficult though its metre was to tackle,
I'm glad I wrote it.

'Lady Jane. Sapphics'

O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat.

'Ode upon Eckington Bridge'

5.6 Josiah Quincy 1772-1864

As it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.

Abridgement of Debates of Congress vol. 4, p. 327, 14 January 1811.

5.7 Quintilian A.D. c.35-c.100

Satura quidem tota nostra est.

Verse satire indeed is entirely our own.

'Institutio Oratoria' bk. 10, ch. 1, sect. 93 (nostra meaning Roman as opposed to Greek)

6.0 R

6.1 François Rabelais c.1494-c.1553

L'appètit vient en mangeant.

The appetite grows by eating.

'Gargantua' (1534) 1, 5

Fay ce que vouldras.

Do what you like.

'Gargantua' (1534) 1, 57

Quaestio subtilissima, utrum chimera in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones.

A most subtle question: whether a chimera bombinating in a vacuum can devour second intentions.

'Pantagruel' 2, 7

Natura vacuum abhorret.

Nature abhors a vacuum.

'Gargantua' (1534) 1, 5, quoting, in Latin, an article of ancient wisdom. Compare Plutarch Moralia 'De placitis philosophorum' 1, 18

Je vais quèrir un grand peut-être...Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouèe.

I am going to seek a great perhaps...Bring down the curtain, the farce is played out.

Attributed last words. Jean Fleury 'Rabelais et ses oeuvres' (1877) vol. 1, ch. 3, pt. 15, p. 130, where it is said that none of his contemporaries authenticated the remarks, which have become part of the 'Rabelasian legend'

6.2 Jean Racine 1639-99

Je l'ai trop aimè pour ne point haïr!

I have loved him too much not to feel any hatred for him.

'Andromaque' (1667) act 2, sc. 1

C'ètait pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit.

It was during the horror of a deep night.

'Athalie' (1691) act 2, sc. 5

Elle flotte, elle hèsite; en un mot, elle est femme.

She floats, she hesitates; in a word, she's a woman.

'Athalie' (1691) act 3, sc. 3

Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachèe:
C'est Vènus tout entiére á sa proie attachèe.

It's no longer a warmth hidden in my veins: it's Venus entire and whole fastening on her prey.

'Phédre' (1677) act 1, sc. 3

Tous les jours se levaient clairs et sereins pour eux.

Every day dawns clear and untroubled for them.

'Phédre' (1677) act 4, sc. 6

Point d'argent, point de Suisse, et ma porte était close.

No money, no service, and my door stayed shut.

'Les Plaideurs' (1668) act 1, sc. 1

Sans argent l'honneur n'est qu'une maladie.

Honour, without money, is just a disease.

'Les Plaideurs' (1668) act 1, sc. 1

6.3 James Rado 1939—and Gerome Ragni 1942—

When the moon is in the seventh house,
And Jupiter aligns with Mars...
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius.

'Aquarius' (1967 song; from the musical 'Hair')

6.4 John Rae 1931—

War is, after all, the universal perversion...war stories, the pornography of war.

'The Custard Boys' (1960) ch. 13

6.5 Thomas Rainborowe d. 1648

The poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the greatest he.

During the Army debates at Putney, 29 October 1647, in C. H. Firth (ed.) 'The Clarke Papers' vol. 1, Camden Society, new series 49 (1891) p. 301

6.6 Sir Walter Ralegh c.1552-1618

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

'Answer to Marlow'

Now what is love? I pray thee, tell.
It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tolls all in to heaven or hell:
And this is love, as I hear tell.

'A Description of Love'

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

'The Lie'

We die in earnest, that's no jest.

'On the Life of Man'

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

'The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage'

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

'Walsinghame'

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Line written on a window-pane, in Thomas Fuller 'The History of the Worthies of England' (1662)

‘Devonshire’ p. 261.

Even such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

Written the night before his death, and found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster. V. B. Heltzel ‘Ralegh’s “Even such is time”’ in ‘Huntingdon Library Bulletin’ no. 10 (October 1936) p. 185

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

‘The History of the World’ (1614) preface

Whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth.

‘The History of the World’ (1614) preface

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death!...thou hast drawn together all the farstretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet.

‘The History of the World’ (1614) bk. 5, ch. 6, 12

’Tis a sharp remedy, but a sure one for all ills.

On feeling the edge of the axe prior to his execution, in David Hume ‘History of Great Britain’ (1754) vol. 1, ch. 4, p. 72

So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.

At his execution, on being asked which way he preferred to lay his head, in William Stebbing ‘Sir Walter Raleigh’ (1891) ch. 30

I have a long journey to take, and must bid the company farewell.

Parting words, in Edward Thompson ‘Sir Walter Raleigh’ (1935) ch. 26

6.7 Sir Walter Raleigh 1861-1922

In examinations those who do not wish to know ask questions of those who cannot tell.

‘Laughter from a Cloud’ (1923) ‘Some Thoughts on Examinations’

We could not lead a pleasant life,
And ’twould be finished soon,
If peas were eaten with the knife,
And gravy with the spoon.
Eat slowly: only men in rags
And gluttons old in sin
Mistake themselves for carpet bags
And tumble victuals in.

‘Stans Puer ad Mensam’ (1923)

I wish I loved the Human Race;
I wish I loved its silly face;
I wish I liked the way it walks;
I wish I liked the way it talks;
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought What Jolly Fun!

'Wishes of an Elderly Man' (1923)

6.8 Srinivasa Ramanujan 1887-1920

No, it is a very interesting number; it is the smallest number expressible as a sum of two cubes in two different ways.

Replying to G. H. Hardy's suggestion that the number of a cab—1729—was 'dull'; in 'Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society' 26 May 1921, p. 57 (the two ways being 1^3+12^3 and 9^3+10^3)

6.9 John Crowe Ransom 1888-1974

Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three,
And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

'Here Lies a Lady'

6.10 Arthur Ransome 1884-1967

better drowned than duffers if not duffers wont drown.
'Does that mean Yes?' asked Roger.
'I think so.'

'Swallows and Amazons' (1930) ch. 1

6.11 Frederic Raphael 1931—

Your idea of fidelity is not having more than one man in the bed at the same time.

'Darling' (1965) ch. 18

[Cambridge] is the city of perspiring dreams.

'The Glittering Prizes' (1976) ch. 3.

Oh no, of course. That's the whole thing about England, isn't it? Everything's a preparation. A preparation for nothing. It's not a preparation, it's a postponement.

'The Glittering Prizes' (1976) 'An Early Life' pt. 2, sect. 3

I come from suburbia, Dan, personally, and I don't ever want to go back.
It's the one place in the world that's further away than anywhere else.

'The Glittering Prizes' (1976) 'A Sex Life' pt. 1, sect. 3

6.12 Terence Rattigan 1911-77

Do you know what 'le vice Anglais'—the English vice—really is? Not flagellation, not

pederasty—whatever the French believe it to be. It's our refusal to admit our emotions. We think they demean us, I suppose.

'In Praise of Love' (1973) act 2

You can be in the Horseguards and still be common, dear.

'Separate Tables' (1954) 'Table Number Seven' sc. 1

6.13 Gwen Raverat 1885-1957

Ladies were ladies in those days; they did not do things themselves.

'Period Piece' (1952)

6.14 Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank

The long hot summer.

Title of film (1958); based on stories by William Faulkner. 'The Long Summer' is the title of bk. 3 of Faulkner's The Hamlet (1940)

6.15 Sir Herbert Read 1893-1968

Do not judge this movement kindly. It is not just another amusing stunt. It is defiant—the desperate act of men too profoundly convinced of the rottenness of our civilization to want to save a shred of its respectability.

International Surrealist Exhibition Catalogue, New Burlington Galleries, London, 11 June—4 July 1936, introduction

[Art is] pattern informed by sensibility.

'The Meaning of Art'

6.16 Charles Reade 1814-84

Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort!

Take courage, my friend, the devil is dead!

'The Cloister and the Hearth' (1861) ch. 24, and passim

6.17 Ronald Reagan 1911—

Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first.

At a conference in Los Angeles, 2 March 1977, in Bill Adler 'Reagan Wit' (1981) ch. 5

You can tell a lot about a fellow's character by his way of eating jellybeans.

In 'New York Times' 15 January 1981

So in your discussions of the nuclear freeze proposals, I urge you to beware the temptation of pride—the temptation blithely to declare yourselves above it all and label both sides equally at fault, to ignore the facts of history and the aggressive impulses of an evil empire.

Speech to National Association of Evangelicals, 8 March 1983, in 'New York Times' 9 March 1983. The phrase 'evil empire' was borrowed from the film 'Star Wars' (1977) written by George Lucas

We are especially not going to tolerate these attacks from outlaw states run by the strangest

collection of misfits, Looney Tunes and squalid criminals since the advent of the Third Reich.

Speech following the hi-jack of a US plane, 8 July 1985, in ‘New York Times’ 9 July 1985

This mad dog of the Middle East.

Of Col Gadaffi at a press conference, 9 April 1986; in ‘New York Times’ 10 April 1986, p. A 22

6.18 Erell Reaves

Lady of Spain, I adore you.
Right from the night I first saw you,
Mu heart has been yearning for you,
What else could any heart do?

‘Lady of Spain’ (1913 song)

6.19 Henry Reed 1914-86

As we get older we do not get any younger.
Seasons return, and today I am fifty-five,
And this time last year I was fifty-four,
And this time next year I shall be sixty-two.

‘Chard Whitlow (Mr Eliot’s Sunday Evening Postscript)’ (1946)

It is, we believe,
Idle to hope that the simple stirrup-pump
Can extinguish hell.

‘Chard Whitlow (Mr Eliot’s Sunday Evening Postscript)’ (1946)

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday,
We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But today,
Today we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbour gardens,
And today we have naming of parts.

‘Lessons of the War: 1, Naming of Parts’ (1946)

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,
And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond blossom
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and forwards,
For today we have naming of parts.

‘Lessons of the War: 1, Naming of Parts’ (1946)

And the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Somehow or other I always seemed to put
In the wrong place. And as for war, my wars
Were global from the start.

‘Lessons of the War: 3, Unarmed Combat’ (1946)

I think it may justly be said that English women in general are very common diatonic little numbers.

‘Emily Butler’ (radio play)

Henry has always led what could be called a sedentary life, if only he’d ever got as far as actually sitting up.

‘Not a Drum was Heard: The War Memoirs of General Gland’ (radio play)

In a civil war, a general must know—and I’m afraid it’s a thing rather of instinct than of practice—he must know exactly when to move over to the other side.

‘Not a Drum was Heard: The War Memoirs of General Gland’ (radio play)

Gland: I would say it’s somehow redolent, and full of vitality.
Hilda: Well, I would say it’s got about as much life in it as a potted shrimp.
Gland: Well, I think we’re probably both trying to say the same thing in different words.

‘The Primal Scene, as it were’ (radio play)

And the sooner the tea’s out of the way, the sooner we can get out the gin, eh?

‘Private Life of Hilda Tablet’ (1954 radio play) in ‘Hilda Tablet and Others: four pieces for radio’ (1971) p. 60

Of course we’ve all dreamed of reviving the castrati; but it’s needed Hilda to take the first practical steps towards making them a reality...She’s drawn up a list of well-known singers who she thinks would benefit...It’s only a question of getting them to agree.

‘Private Life of Hilda Tablet’ (1954 radio play) in ‘Hilda Tablet and Others: four pieces for radio’ (1971) p. 72

Modest? My word, no...He was an all-the-lights-on man.

‘A Very Great Man Indeed’ (radio play)

I have known her pass the whole evening without mentioning a single book, or in fact anything unpleasant at all.

‘A Very Great Man Indeed’ (radio play)

6.20 John Reed 1887-1920

Ten days that shook the world.

Title of book (1919)

6.21 Joseph Reed 1741-85

I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it.

US Congress, 11 August 1878, Reed having understood himself to have been offered a bribe on behalf of the British Crown

6.22 Max Reger 1873-1916

Ich sitze in dem kleinsten Zimmer in meinem Hause. Ich habe Ihre Kritik vor mir. Im nächsten Augenblick wird sie hinter mir sein.

I am sitting in the smallest room of my house. I have your review before me. In a moment it

will be behind me.

Letter to Munich critic Rudolph Louis, responding to a savage review in ‘Münchener Neueste Nachrichten’, 7 February 1906; in Nicolas Slonimsky ‘Lexicon of Musical Invective’ (1953) p. 139

6.23 Charles A. Reich 1928—

The greening of America.

Title of book (1970)

6.24 Keith Reid and Gary Brooker

Her face, at first it seemed just ghostly Then turned a whiter shade of pale.

‘A Whiter Shade of Pale’ (1967 song); performed by Procul Harum

6.25 Erich Maria Remarque 1898-1970

All quiet on the western front.

English title of his novel ‘Im Westen nichts Neues’ (1929).

6.26 Jules Renard 1864-1910

Les bourgeois, ce sont les autres.

The bourgeois are other people.

Journal, 28 January 1890

6.27 Montague John Rendall 1862-1950

Nation shall speak peace unto nation.

Motto of the BBC, adapted from Micah ch. 4, v. 3 ‘Nation shall not lift up sword against nation’

6.28 Jean Renoir 1894-1979

Is it possible to succeed without any act of betrayal?

‘My Life and My Films’ (1974) ‘Nana’

6.29 Pierre Auguste Renoir 1841-1919

I paint with my prick.

In Whitney Chadwick ‘Women, Art and Society’ (1990)

C’ètaient des fous, mais ils avaient cette petite flamme qui ne s’èteint pas.

They were madmen; but they had in them that little flame which is not to be snuffed out.

On the men of the French Commune, in Jean Renoir ‘Mon pére’ (translated by R. and D. Weaver, 1962) ch. 12

6.30 David Reuben 1933—

Everything you always wanted to know about sex, but were afraid to ask.

Title of book (1969)

6.31 Charles Revson 1906-75

In the factory we make cosmetics; in the store we sell hope.
In A. Tobias ‘Fire and Ice’ (1976) ch. 8

6.32 Frederic Reynolds 1764-1841

It is better to have written a damned play, than no play at all—it snatches a man from obscurity.
‘The Dramatist’ (1789) act 1, sc. 1

6.33 Sir Joshua Reynolds 1723-92

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 2 (11 December 1769)

If you have great talents, industry will improve them: if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 2 (11 December 1769)

A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 3 (14 December 1770)

Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would be no longer taste and genius.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 3 (14 December 1770)

The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists...in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 3 (14 December 1770)

The value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 4 (10 December 1771)

Genius...is the child of imitation.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 6 (10 December 1774)

The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 6 (10 December 1774)

Art in its perfection is not ostentatious; it lies hid, and works its effect, itself unseen.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 6 (10 December 1774)

It is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of music.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) no. 7 (10 December 1776)

I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—Michael Angelo.
‘Discourses on Art’ (ed. R. Wark, 1975) (10 December 1790)

6.34 Malvina Reynolds 1900-78

Little boxes on the hillside...
And they’re all made out of ticky-tacky

And they all look just the same.

'Little Boxes' (1962 song); on the tract houses in the hills to the south of San Francisco

6.35 Cecil Rhodes 1853-1902

So little done, so much to do.

Said on the day of his death, in Lewis Michell 'Life of Rhodes' (1910) vol. 2, ch. 39

Remember that you are an Englishman, and have consequently won first prize in the lottery of life.

In Peter Ustinov 'Dear Me' (1977) ch. 4

6.36 Jean Rhys (Ella Gwendolen Rees Williams) c.1890-1979

We can't all be happy, we can't all be rich, we can't all be lucky—and it would be so much less fun if we were...Some must cry so that others may be able to laugh the more heartily.

'Good Morning, Midnight' (1939) pt. 1

The perpetual hunger to be beautiful and that thirst to be loved which is the real curse of Eve.

'The Left Bank' (1927) 'Illusion'

Only the hopeless are starkly sincere and...only the unhappy can either give or take sympathy.

'The Left Bank' (1927) 'In the Rue de l'Arrivèe'

The feeling of Sunday is the same everywhere, heavy, melancholy, standing still. Like when they say 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.'

'Voyage in the Dark' (1934) ch. 4, pt. 1

6.37 Grantland Rice 1880-1954

For when the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name,
He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game.

'Alumnus Football'

All wars are planned by old men
In council rooms apart.

'The Two Sides of War' (1955)

Outlined against a blue-grey October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they were known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction, and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden. They formed the crest of the South Bend cyclone before which another fighting Army football team was swept over the precipice.

Report of football match on 18 October 1924 between US Military Academy at West Point NY and University of Notre Dame, in 'New York Tribune' 19 October 1924

6.38 Sir Stephen Rice 1637-1715

I will drive a coach and six horses through the Act of Settlement.

In W. King 'State of the Protestants of Ireland' (1672) ch. 3, sect. 8, p. 6

6.39 Tim Rice 1944—

Prove to me that you're no fool
Walk across my swimming pool.
'Herod's Song' (1970; music by Andrew Lloyd Webber)

6.40 Mandy Rice-Davies 1944—

He would, wouldn't he?
At the trial of Stephen Ward, 29 June 1963, on being told that Lord Astor had made a statement to the police that her allegations were untrue; in 'Guardian' 1 July 1963

6.41 Frank Richards (Charles Hamilton) 1876-1961

The fat greedy owl of the Remove.
Describing Billy Bunter in the 'Magnet' (1909) vol. 3, no. 72 'The Greyfriars Photographer'

6.42 I. A. Richards 1893-1979

It [poetry] is capable of saving us; it is a perfectly possible means of overcoming chaos.
'Science and Poetry' (1926) ch. 7

6.43 Sir Ralph Richardson 1902-83

Acting is merely the art of keeping a large group of people from coughing.
In 'New York Herald Tribune' 19 May 1946, pt. 5, p. 1

6.44 Samuel Richardson 1689-1781

I have known a bird actually starve itself, and die with grief, at its being caught and caged—But never did I meet with a lady who was so silly...And yet we must all own that it is more difficult to catch a bird than a lady.
'Clarissa' (1747-8) letter 170 (Lovelace to Belford)

Mine is the most plotting heart in the world.
'Clarissa' (1747-8) letter 171 (Lovelace to Belford)

I love to write to the moment.
'Clarissa' (1747-8) letter 224 (Lovelace to Belford)

Let this expiate.
'Clarissa' (1747-8) letter 537 (De La Tour to Belford)

A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
'Clarissa' (1747-8) postscript

What, my Lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart.
'The History of Sir Charles Grandison' (1754) vol. 3, letter 26

A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.
'The History of Sir Charles Grandison' (1754) vol. 3, letter 32

This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent cheerfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a Philosopher.

'The History of Sir Charles Grandison' (1754) vol. 5, letter 37

6.45 Hans Richter 1843-1916

Up with your damned nonsense will I put twice, or perhaps once, but sometimes always, by God, never.

Attributed

6.46 Johann Paul Friedrich Richter ('Jean Paul') 1763-1825

Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, and to the Germans that of—the air!

In Thomas Carlyle 'Jean Paul Friedrich Richter' in 'Edinburgh Review' no. 91 (1827)

6.47 George Ridding 1828-1904

I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel.

Sermon in the London Mission, 1885; in G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' (1898) ch. 29

6.48 Rainer Maria Rilke 1875-1926

Kunst-Werke sind von einer unendlichen Einsamkeit und mit nichts so wenig erreichbar als mit Kritik. Nur Liebe kann sie erfassen und halten und kann gerecht sein gegen sie.

Works of art are of an infinite solitariness, and nothing is less likely to bring us near to them than criticism. Only love can apprehend and hold them, and can be just towards them.

'Briefe an einem jungen Dichter' (Letters to a Young Poet, 1929) 23 April 1903 (translation by Reginald Snell)

Wer hat uns also umgedreht, dass wir, was wir auch tun, in jener Haltung sind von einem, welcher fortgeht? Wie er auf den letzten Hügel, der ihm ganz sein Tal noch einmal zeigt, sich wendet, anhält, weilt—, so leben wir und nehmen immer Abschied.

Who's turned us around like this, so that we always, do what we may, retain the attitude of someone who's departing? Just as he, on the last hill, that shows him all his valley for the last time, will turn and stop and linger, we live our lives, for ever taking leave.

'Duineser Elegien' (Duino Elegies, translated by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender, 1948) no. 8

Ich für die höchste Aufgabe einer Verbindung zweier Menschen diese halte: dass einer dem andern seine Einsamkeit bewache.

I hold this to be the highest task for a bond between two people: that each protects the solitude of the other.

Letter to Paula Modersohn-Becker, 12 February 1902, in 'Gesammelte Briefe' (Collected Letters, 1904) vol. 1, p. 204

6.49 Martin Rinkart 1586-1649

Nun danket alle Gott,
Mit Herzen, Mund, und Händen,
Der grosse Dinge tut
An uns und allen Enden;
Der uns von Mutterleib
Und Kindesbeinen an
Unzählig viel zu gut
Bis hieher hat getan.

Der ewig reiche Gott
Woll' uns in diesem Leben
Ein immer fröhlich Herz
Und edlen Frieden geben,
Und uns in seiner Gnad
Erhalten fort und fort,
Und uns aus aller Not
Erlösen hier und dort.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

'Nun danket alle Gott' (c.1636); translated by Catherine Winkworth q.v. in her 'Lyrica Germanica' (1858)

6.50 Arthur Rimbaud 1854-91

Je m'en allais, les poings dans mes poches crevèes;
Mon paletot aussi devenait idèal.

I was walking along, hands in holey pockets; my overcoat also was entering the realms of the ideal.

'Ma Bohéme'

Ô saisons, ô châteaux!
Quelle âme est sans dèfauts?

O seasons, O castles! What soul is without fault?

'Ô saisons, ô châteaux'

A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu: voyelles,
Je dirais quelque jour vos naissances latentes...
I, pourpres, sang crachè, rire des lévres belles
Dans la colére ou les ivresses pènitentes.

A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue: vowels, some day I will tell of the births that may be yours. I, purples, coughed-up blood, laughter of beautiful lips in anger or penitent drunkennesses.

'Voyelles'

6.51 Hal Riney 1932—

It's morning again in America.

Slogan for Ronald Reagan's election campaign, 1984, in 'Newsweek' 6 August 1984

6.52 Cèsar Ritz 1850-1918

Le client n'a jamais tort.

The customer is never wrong.

In R. Nevill and C. E. Jerningham 'Piccadilly to Pall Mall' (1908) p. 94

6.53 Antoine de Rivarol 1753-1801

Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français.

What is not clear is not French.

'Discours sur l'Universalitè de la Langue Française' (1784)

6.54 Joan Riviere 1883—

Civilization and its discontents.

Title given to her translation of Sigmund Freud's 'Das Unbehagen in der Kultur' (1930)

6.55 Lord Robbins (Lionel Charles Robbins, Baron Robbins) 1898-1984

Economics is the science which studies human behaviour as a relationship between ends and scarce means which have alternative uses.

'Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science' (1932) ch. 1, sect. 3

6.56 Maximilien Robespierre 1758-94

Toute loi qui viole les droits imprescriptibles de l'homme, est essentiellement injuste et tyrannique; elle n'est point une loi.

Any law which violates the indefeasible rights of man is essentially unjust and tyrannical; it is not a law at all.

‘Dèclaration des droits de l’homme’ 24 April 1793, article 6; this article, in slightly different form, is recorded as having figured in Robespierre’s Projet of 21 April 1793

Toute institution qui ne suppose pas le peuple bon, et le magistrat corruptible, est vicieuse.

Any institution which does not suppose the people good, and the magistrate corruptible, is evil.

‘Dèclaration des droits de l’homme’ 24 April 1793, article 25

Le salut public est la loi suprême.

The public good is the supreme law.

Speech in Constituent Assembly, 23 August 1790; in A. Cobban ‘Aspects of the French Revolution’ (1968)

L’immoralitè est la base du despotisme comme la ventu est l’essence de la Rèpublique.

Wickedness is the root of despotism as virtue is the essence of the Republic.

In the Convention, 7 May 1794; in A. Cobban ‘Aspects of the French Revolution’ (1968)

Une volontè une.

One single will.

Private note, in S. A. Berville and J. F. Barriére ‘Papiers inèdits trouvès chez Robespierre’ (1828); in A. Cobban ‘Aspects of the French Revolution’ (1968)

La volontè gènèrale gouverne la sociètè comme la volontè particuliére gouverne chaque individu isolè.

The general will rules in society as the private will governs each separate individual.

‘Lettres á ses commettans’ (2nd series) 5 January 1793; in A. Cobban ‘Aspects of the French Revolution’ (1968)

Je ne suis pas ni le courtisan, ni le modèrateur, ni le tribun, ni le dèfenseur du peuple, je sais peuple moi-même.

I am no courtesan, nor moderator, nor Tribune, nor defender of my people: I am myself the people.

Speech in Jacobin Club, 27 April 1792; in A. Cobban ‘Aspects of the French Revolution’ (1968)

6.57 Leo Robin 1900—

Diamonds are a girl’s best friend.

Title of song (1949); music by Jule Styne

6.58 Leo Robin 1900—and Ralph Rainger

Thanks for the memory.

Title of song (1937); adopted by Bob Hope as his theme song

6.59 Edwin Arlington Robinson 1869-1935

I shall have more to say when I am dead.

‘John Brown’ (1920)

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly

Could he have been one.

‘Miniver Cheevy’ (1910)

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

‘Richard Cory’ (1897)

The world is not a ‘prison house’, but a kind of kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks.

‘Literature in the Making’ (1917) p. 266

6.60 John Robinson 1919-83

Honest to God.

Title of book

I think Lawrence tried to portray this [sex] relation as in a real sense an act of holy communion. For him flesh was sacramental of the spirit.

As defence witness in the case against Penguin Books for publishing ‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’; in ‘The Times’ 28 October 1960

6.61 Mary Robinson 1758-1800

Pavement slippery, people sneezing,
Lords in ermine, beggars freezing;
Title gluttons dainties carving,
Genius in a garret starving.

‘January, 1795’

6.62 Sir Boyle Roche 1743-1807

He regretted that he was not a bird, and could not be in two places at once.

Attributed. Thomas Jevon ‘Devil of a Wife’ (1686) act 3

Mr Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him forming in the air and darkening the sky; but I’ll nip him in the bud.

Attributed

6.63 John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester 1647-80

Tell me no more of constancy,
that frivolous pretence,
Of cold age, narrow jealousy,
disease and want of sense.

‘Against Constancy’

Then bring my bath, and strew my bed,
as each kind night returns,

I'll change a mistress till I'm dead,
and fate change me for worms.

'Against Constancy' (1676)

Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain
And makes the slave grow pleased and vain.

'Give me leave to rail at you' (1680)

'Is there then no more?' She cries. 'All this to love and rapture's due; Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?'

'The Imperfect Enjoyment'

May'st thou ne'er piss, who didst refuse to spend
When all my joys did on false thee depend.

'The Imperfect Enjoyment'

Here lies a great and mighty king
Whose promise none relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

'The King's Epitaph'; an alternative first line reads:
'Here lies our sovereign lord the King.'

Love...That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

'A Letter from Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country'

All my past life is mine no more:
The flying hours are gone
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

'Love and Life' (1680)

An age in her embraces passed
Would seem a winter's day,
Where life and light with envious haste
Are torn and snatched away.

'The Mistress: A Song' (1691)

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our hearts' trasure fixed and dear,
And make us blest at last.

'The Mistress: A Song' (1691)

Natural freedoms are but just:
There's something generous in mere lust.

‘A Ramble in St James’ Park’

Reason, an ignis fatuus of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind.

‘A Satire Against Mankind’ (1679) l. 11

Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful, and so long
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt the reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty and so wise.

‘A Satire Against Mankind’ (1679) l. 25

Wretched Man is still in arms for fear;
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
By fear, to fear, successively betrayed
Base fear.

‘A Satire Against Mankind’ (1679) (1679) l. 141

For all men would be cowards if they durst.

‘A Satire Against Mankind’ (1679) l. 158

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

‘A Satire on King Charles II’ (1697)

Ancient person, for whom I
All the flattering youth defy,
Long be it ere thou grow old,
Aching, shaking, crazy, cold;
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient person of my heart.

‘A Song of a Young Lady to her Ancient Lover’ (1691)

Love a woman? You’re an ass!
’Tis a most insipid passion
To choose out for your happiness
The silliest part of God’s creation.

‘Song’ (1680)

Nothing, thou elder brother even to shade!
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well fixed, art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere time and place were, time and place were not;
Where primitive nothing something straight begot;
Then all proceeded from the great united what.

‘Upon Nothing’ (1680)

Matter, the wickedest offspring of thy race,

By form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obscured thy reverend dusky face.

With form and matter, time and place did join;
Body, thy foe, with these did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

‘Upon Nothing’ (1680)

6.64 John D. Rockefeller 1839-1937

The growth of a large business is merely a survival of the fittest...The American beauty rose can be produced in the splendour and fragrance which bring cheer to its beholder only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it.

In W. J. Ghent ‘Our Benevolent Feudalism’ (1902) p. 29; ‘American Beauty Rose’ became the title of a song (1950) by Hal David and others.

6.65 Knute Rockne 1888-1931

See Joseph P. Kennedy (11.22) in Volume I

6.66 Gene Roddenberry 1921-91

These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise. Its five-year mission...to boldly go where no man has gone before.

‘Star Trek’ (television series, from 1966) introductory words

Beam us up, Mr Scott.

‘Star Trek’ (television series, from 1966) ‘Gamesters of Triskelion’; usually quoted: ‘Beam me up, Scotty’)

6.67 Theodore Roethke 1908-63

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

‘The Waking’ (1953)

6.68 Samuel Rogers 1763-1855

Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

‘Human Life’ (1819) l. 49.

But there are moments which he calls his own,
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him.

‘Human Life’ (1819) l. 755

By many a temple half as old as Time.

‘Italy. A Farewell’ (1828) 2, 5.

Go—you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away.
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

'To—, 1814'

It doesn't much signify whom one marries, for one is sure to find next morning that it was someone else.

In Alexander Dyce (ed.) 'Table Talk' (1860)

6.69 Thorold Rogers 1823-90

Sir, to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent.

In imitation of Samuel Johnson; attributed also to Birkbeck Hill. John Bailey 'Dr Johnson and his Circle'

See, ladling butter from alternate tubs
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs.

Attributed in W. H. Hutton (ed.) 'Letters of William Stubbs' (1904) p. 149

6.70 Will Rogers 1879-1935

There is only one thing that can kill the movies, and that is education.

'Autobiography of Will Rogers' (1949) ch. 6

The more you read and observe about this Politics thing, you got to admit that each party is worse than the other.

'The Illiterate Digest' (1924) 'Breaking into the Writing Game'

Income Tax has made more Liars out of the American people than Golf.

'The Illiterate Digest' (1924) 'Helping the Girls with their Income Taxes'

Everything is funny as long as it is happening to Somebody Else.

'The Illiterate Digest' (1924) 'Warning to Jokers: lay off the prince'

Communism is like prohibition, it's a good idea but it won't work.

'Weekly Articles' (1981) vol. 3, p. 93 (first published 1927)

Well, all I know is what I read in the papers.

'New York Times' 30 September 1923

You know everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.

In 'New York Times' 31 August 1924

You can't say civilization don't advance, however, for in every war they kill you in a new way.

'New York Times' 23 December 1929

Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save.

Letter in 'New York Times' 29 April 1930

Coolidge is a better example of evolution than either Bryan or Darrow, for he knows when not to talk, which is the biggest asset the monkey possesses over the human.

In 'Saturday Review' 25 August 1962 'A Rogers Thesaurus'

6.71 Mme Roland 1754-93

O libertè! O libertè! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!

O liberty! O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!

In Alphonse de Lamartine 'Histoire des Girondins' (1847) bk. 51, ch. 8

The more I see of men, the better I like dogs.

Attributed

6.72 Frederick William Rolfe ('Baron Corvo') 1860-1913

'There is no Holiness here,' George interrupted, in that cold, white, candent voice which was more caustic than silver nitrate and more thrilling than a scream.

'Hadrian VII' (1904) ch. 21

Pray for the repose of His soul. He was so tired.

'Hadrian VII' (1904) ch. 24

6.73 Richard Rolle de Hampole c.1290-1349

When Adam dalfe and Eve spane
So spire it thou may spede,
Where was than the pride of man
That now merres his mede?

In G. G. Perry 'Religious Pieces' (Early English Text Society, vol. 88); an altered form was taken by John Ball (d. 1381): 'When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?'. J. R. Green 'A Short History of the English People'

6.74 Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli

See Pope John XXIII (10.29) in Volume I

6.75 Pierre de Ronsard 1524-85

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait dèclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil
A point perdu cette versprèe
Les plis de sa robe pourprèe,
Et son teint au vôtre pareil.

Darling, let us go to see if the rose, which this morning had spread her purple robe to the sun, has not this evening lost the folds of her purple robe and her colour, that is like yours.

'Odes, á Cassandre' no. 17

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, á la chandelle,
Assise auprés du feu, dèvidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous èmerveillant,
Ronsard me cèlèbrait du temps que j'ètais belle.

When you are very old, and sit in the candle-light at evening spinning by the fire, you will say, as you murmur my verses, a wonder in your eyes, 'Ronsard sang of me in the days when I was fair.'

'Sonnets pour Hèléne' (1578) bk. 2, no. 42

6.76 Eleanor Roosevelt 1884-1962

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

In 'Catholic Digest' August 1960, p. 102

6.77 Franklin D. Roosevelt 1882-1945

These unhappy times call for the building of plans that...build from the bottom up and not from the top down, that put their faith once more in the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid.

Radio address, 7 April 1932, in 'Public Papers' (1938) vol. 1, p. 625

I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people.

Speech to the Democratic Convention in Chicago, 2 July 1932, accepting the presidential nomination; in 'Public Papers' (1938) vol. 1, p. 647

The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

Inaugural address, 4 March 1933, in 'Public Papers' (1938) vol. 2, p. 11

In the field of world policy I would dedicate this Nation to the policy of the good neighbour.

Inaugural address, 4 March 1933, in 'Public Papers' (1938) vol. 2, p. 14

I have seen war...I hate war.

Speech at Chautauqua, NY, 14 August 1936, in 'Public Papers' (1936) vol. 5, p. 289

I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished.

Second inaugural address, 20 January 1937, in 'Public Papers' (1941) vol. 6, p. 5

I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

Speech in Boston, 30 October 1940, in 'Public Papers' (1941) vol. 9, p. 517

We have the men—the skill—the wealth—and above all, the will...We must be the great arsenal of democracy.

'Fireside Chat' radio broadcast, 29 December 1940, in 'Public Papers' (1941) vol. 9, p. 643

We look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms. The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world. The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world. The third is freedom from want... everywhere in the world. The fourth is freedom from fear...anywhere in the world.

Message to Congress, 6 January 1941, in 'Public Papers' (1941) vol. 9, p. 672

Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

Address to Congress, 8 December 1941, in 'Public Papers' (1950) vol. 10, p. 514

The work, my friend, is peace. More than an end of this war—an end to the beginnings of all

wars.

Undelivered address for Jefferson Day, 13 April 1945 (the day after Roosevelt died) in 'Public Papers' (1950) vol. 13, p. 615

Books can not be killed by fire. People die, but books never die. No man and no force can abolish memory...In this war, we know, books are weapons. And it is a part of your dedication always to make them weapons for man's freedom.

'Message to the Booksellers of America' 6 May 1942, in 'Publisher's Weekly' 9 May 1942

It is fun to be in the same decade with you.

Cable to Winston Churchill, replying to congratulations on Roosevelt's 60th birthday, in W. S. Churchill 'Hinge of Fate' (1950) ch. 4

6.78 Theodore Roosevelt 1858-1919

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.

Speech to the Hamilton Club, Chicago, 10 April 1899, in 'Works', Memorial edition (1925), vol. 15, p. 267

There is a homely old adage which runs: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' If the American nation will speak softly, and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far.

Speech at Chicago, 3 April 1903, in 'New York Times' 4 April 1903

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

Speech at the Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Illinois, 4 June 1903, in 'Addresses and Presidential Messages 1902-4' (1904) p. 224

The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck.

Speech in Washington, 14 April 1906, in 'Works', Memorial edition (1925) vol. 18, p. 574.

There is no room in this country for hyphenated Americanism...The one absolutely certain way of bringing this nation to ruin, of preventing all possibility of its continuing to be a nation at all, would be to permit it to become a tangle of squabbling nationalities.

Speech in New York, 12 October 1915, in 'Works', Memorial edition (1925) vol. 20, p. 457

Foolish fanatics...the men who form the lunatic fringe in all reform movements.

'Autobiography' (1913) ch. 7

I am as strong as a bull moose and you can use me to the limit.

Letter to Mark Hanna, 27 June 1900, in 'Works' (Memorial edition, 1926) vol. 23, p. 162; 'Bull Moose' subsequently became the popular name of the Progressive Party

6.79 Lord Rosebery (Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery) 1847-1929

Imperialism, sane Imperialism, as distinguished from what I may call wild-cat Imperialism, is nothing but this—a larger patriotism.

Speech at a City Liberal Club dinner, 5 May 1899

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs.

Rectorial Address at Glasgow University, 16 November 1900, in 'The Times' 17 November 1900

I must plough my furrow alone.

Speech on remaining outside the Liberal Party leadership, 19 July 1901, in 'The Times' 20 July 1901

The fly-blown phylacteries of the Liberal Party.

Speech at Chesterfield, 16 December 1901

6.80 Ethel Rosenberg 1916-53 and Julius Rosenberg 1918-53

We are innocent...To forsake this truth is to pay too high a price even for the priceless gift of life.

Petition for executive clemency, filed 9 January 1953, in Ethel Rosenberg 'Death House Letters' (1953) p. 149

We are the first victims of American Fascism.

Letter from Julius to Emanuel Bloch before the Rosenbergs' execution for espionage, 19 June 1953; in Ethel Rosenberg 'Testament of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg' (1954) p. 187

6.81 Alan S. C. Ross 1907-80

There are, it is true, still a few minor points of life which may serve to demarcate the upper class, but they are only minor ones...when drunk, gentlemen often become amorous or maudlin or vomit in public, but they never become truculent.

'U and Non-U. An essay in sociological linguistics', in 'Neuphilologische Mitteilungen' (1954); later incorporated into Nancy Mitford (ed.) 'Noblesse Oblige' (1956)

6.82 Christina Rossetti 1830-94

Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

'A Birthday'

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

'Echo'

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

'Mid-Winter'

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,

Was but a dream; and now I wake,
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake.
'Mirage'

Oh roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.
'Oh Roses for the Flush'

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.
'Remember'

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.
'Remember'

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth.
'Rest'

Silence more musical than any song.
'Rest'

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
'Up-Hill'

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.
'When I am Dead'

6.83 Dante Gabriel Rossetti 1828-82

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.
'Beauty: A Combination from Sappho'

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

‘The Blessed Damozel’ st. 1

Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

‘The Blessed Damozel’ st. 2

As low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

‘The Blessed Damozel’ st. 6

And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

‘The Blessed Damozel’ st. 7

‘We two,’ she said, ‘will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.’

‘The Blessed Damozel’ st. 18

A sonnet is a moment’s monument,—
Memorial from the Soul’s eternity
To one dead deathless hour.

‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 1, introduction

’Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 1 ‘Silent Noon’

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:—
So this wing’d hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 1 ‘Silent Noon’

Lo! as that youth’s eyes burned at thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.

‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘Body’s Beauty’

They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease;
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘The Choice’

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
‘I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?’
‘And I—and I—thyself,’ (lo! each one saith,)
‘And thou thyself to all eternity!’
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘Lost Days’

Give honour unto Luke Evangelist;
For he it was (the aged legends say)
Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘Old and New Art’

When vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘The One Hope’

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘A Superscription’

Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.
‘The House of Life’ (1881) pt. 2 ‘A Superscription’

Unto the man of yearning thought
And aspiration, to do nought
Is in itself almost an act.
‘Soothsay’ st. 10

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.
‘Sudden Light’

6.84 Gioacchino Rossini 1792-1868

Monsieur Wagner a de beaux moments, mais de mauvais quart d’heures.

Wagner has lovely moments but awful quarters of an hour.
Said to Emile Naumann, April 1867, in Naumann ‘Italienische Tondichter’ (1883) 4, 541

6.85 Edmond Rostand 1868-1918

Un grand nez est proprement l'indice
D'un homme affable, bon, courtois, spirituel,
Libèral, courageux, tel que je suis.

A large nose is in fact the sign of an affable man, good, courteous, witty, liberal, courageous, as I am.

'Cyrano de Bergerac' (1897) act 1, sc. 1

Cyrano: Il y a malgrè vous quelque chose Que j'emporte, et ce soir, quand j'entrerai chez Dieu, Mon salut balaiera largement le seuil bleu, Quelque chose que sans un pli, sans une tache, J'emporte malgrè vous...et c'est...Mon panache!

Cyrano: There is, in spite of you, something which I shall take with me. And tonight, when I go into God's house, my bow will make a wide sweep across the blue threshold. Something which, with not a crease, not a mark, I'm taking away in spite of you...and it's...My panache!

'Cyrano de Bergerac' (1897) act 5, sc. 4

Le seul rêve intèresse,
Vivre sans rêve, qu'est-ce?

The dream, alone, is of interest. What is life, without a dream?

'La Princesse Lointaine' (1895) act 1, sc. 4

6.86 Jean Rostand 1894-1977

On tue un homme, on est un assassin. On tue des millions d'hommes, on est conquèrant. On les tue tous, on est un dieu.

Kill a man, and you are an assassin. Kill millions of men, and you are a conqueror. Kill everyone, and you are a god.

'Pensèes d'un biologiste' (1939) p. 116.

6.87 Leo Rosten 1908—

The only thing I can say about W. C. Fields, whom I have admired since the day he advanced upon Baby LeRoy with an ice pick, is this: any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad.

Speech at Hollywood dinner in honour of W. C. Fields, 16 February 1939, in 'Saturday Review' 12 June 1976

6.88 Philip Roth 1933—

A Jewish man with parents alive is a fifteen-year-old boy, and will remain a fifteen-year-old boy until they die!

'Portnoy's Complaint' (1967) p. 111

Doctor, my doctor, what do you say, LET'S PUT THE ID BACK IN YID!

'Portnoy's Complaint' (1967) p. 124

6.89 Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle 1760-1836

Allons, enfants de la patrie,

Le jour de gloire est arrivè...
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos battaillons!

Come, children of our country, the day of glory has arrived...To arms, citizens! Form your battalions!

'La Marseillaise' (25 April 1792)

6.90 Jean-Jacques Rousseau 1712-78

L'homme est nè libre, et partout il est dans les fers.

Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains.

'Du Contrat social' (1762) ch. 1

Laisse, mon ami, ces vains moralistes et rentre au fond de ton âme: c'est lá que tu retrouveras toujours la source de ce feu sacrè qui nous embrasa tant de fois de l'amour des sublimes vertus; c'est lá que tu verras ce simulacre èternel du vrai beau dont la contemplation nous anime d'un saint enthousiasme.

Leave those vain moralists, my friend, and return to the depth of your soul: that is where you will always rediscover the source of the sacred fire which so often inflamed us with love of the sublime virtues; that is where you will see the eternal image of true beauty, the contemplation of which inspires us with a holy enthusiasm.

'La Nouvelle Hèloise' (1761, ed. M. Launay, 1967) pt. 2, letter 11

6.91 Dr Routh 1755-1854

You will find it a very good practice always to verify your references, sir!

In John William Burgon 'Lives of Twelve Good Men' (1888 ed.) vol. 1, p. 73

6.92 Dan Rowan 1922-87 and Dick Martin 1923—

Sock it to me, baby.

'Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In' (American television series, 1967-73) catch-phrase

6.93 Nicholas Rowe 1674-1718

Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?

'The Fair Penitent' (1703) act 5, sc. 1

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sacked,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

'The Fair Penitent' (1703) act 5, sc. 1

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking.

'The Fair Penitent' (1703) act 5, sc. 1

6.94 Helen Rowland 1875-1950

A husband is what is left of a lover, after the nerve has been extracted.

‘A Guide to Men’ (1922) p. 19

Somehow a bachelor never quite gets over the idea that he is a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

‘A Guide to Men’ (1922) p. 25.

The follies which a man regrets most, in his life, are those which he didn’t commit when he had the opportunity.

‘A Guide to Men’ (1922) p. 87

6.95 Richard Rowland c.1881-1947

The lunatics have taken charge of the asylum.

Comment on the take-over of United Artists by Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith, in Terry Ramsaye ‘A Million and One Nights’ (1926) vol. 2, ch. 79.

6.96 Maude Royden 1876-1956

The Church should go forward along the path of progress and be no longer satisfied only to represent the Conservative Party at prayer.

Address at Queen’s Hall, London, 16 July 1917, in ‘The Times’ 17 July 1917

6.97 Naomi Royde-Smith c.1875-1964

I know two things about the horse
And one of them is rather coarse.

‘Weekend Book’ (1928) p. 231

6.98 Matthew Roydon fl. 1580-1622

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books;
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

‘An Elegy, or Friend’s Passion, for his Astrophill’ (on Sir Philip Sidney) (1593) st. 18

Was never eye, did see that face,
Was never ear, did hear that tongue,
Was never mind, did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long—
But eyes, and ears, and ev’ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

‘An Elegy, or Friend’s Passion, for his Astrophill’ (on Sir Philip Sidney) (1593) st. 19

6.99 Paul Alfred Rubens 1875-1917

Oh! we don't want to lose you but we think you ought to go
For your King and your Country both need you so;
We shall want you and miss you but with all our might and main
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you
When you come back again.

'Your King and Country Want You' (1914 song)

6.100 Richard Rumbold c.1622-85

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

On the scaffold, in T. B. Macauley 'Histories of England' vol. 1 (1849) ch. 1

6.101 Damon Runyon 1884-1946

Guys and dolls.

Title of book (1931)

I do see her in tough joints more than somewhat.

'Collier's' 22 May 1930, 'Social Error'

'You are snatching a hard guy when you snatch Bookie Bob. A very hard guy, indeed. In fact,' I say, 'I hear the softest thing about him is his front teeth.'

'Collier's' 26 September 1931, 'The Snatching of Bookie Bob'

I always claim the mission workers came out too early to catch any sinners on this part of Broadway. At such an hour the sinners are still in bed resting up from their sinning of the night before, so they will be in good shape for more sinning a little later on.

'Collier's' 28 January 1933, 'The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown'

I long ago come to the conclusion that all life is 6 to 5 against.

'Collier's' 8 September 1934, 'A Nice Price'

'My boy,' he says, 'always try to rub up against money, for if you rub up against money long enough, some of it may rub off on you.'

'Cosmopolitan' August 1929, 'A Very Honourable Guy'

6.102 Dean Rusk 1909—

We're eyeball to eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked.

On the Cuban missile crisis, 24 October 1962, in 'Saturday Evening Post' 8 December 1962

6.103 John Ruskin 1819-1900

You hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion.

'The Crown of Wild Olive' (1866) 53, lecture 2 'Traffic'

Thackeray settled like a meat-fly on whatever one had got for dinner, and made one sick of it.

'Fors Clavigera' (1871-84) letter 31

I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

Referring to Whistler's 'Nocturne in Black and Gold', in 'Fors Clavigera' (1871-84) letter 79, 18 June 1877.

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter can be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder.

'Lectures on Architecture and Painting' (1853) 61, addenda

Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality.

'Lectures on Art', 3 'The Relation of Art to Morals' 23 February 1870

What is poetry? The suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions.

'Modern Painters' (1888) vol. 3

All violent feelings...produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the 'Pathetic Fallacy'.

'Modern Painters' (1888) vol. 3

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.

'Modern Painters' (1888) vol. 4, pt. 5, ch. 20, 1

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell...You enterprised a railroad...you blasted its rocks away...And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton.

'Praeterita' (1885-9) 3, 4 'Joanna's Cave' 84, note

All books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

'Sesame and Lilies' (1865) lecture 1 'Of Kings' Treasuries' 8

Be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours.

'Sesame and Lilies' (1865) lecture 1 'Of Kings' Treasuries' 13

Which of us...is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay?

'Sesame and Lilies' (1865) lecture 1 'Of Kings' Treasuries' 30, note

We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

'Sesame and Lilies' (1865) lecture 1 'Of Kings' Treasuries' 32

I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it?

'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1849) ch. 5 'The Lamp of Life'

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning.

'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1849) ch. 6 'The Lamp of Memory' 7

When we build, let us think that we build for ever.

'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' (1849) ch. 6 'The Lamp of Memory' 10

Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies for instance.

'The Stones of Venice' (1851-3) vol. 1, ch. 2, 17

Labour without joy is base. Labour without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labour is base. Joy

without labour is base.

‘Time and Tide’ (1867) letter 5

Your honesty is not to be based either on religion or policy. Both your religion and policy must be based on it.

‘Time and Tide’ (1867) letter 8

The first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed and educated, till it attain years of discretion.

‘Time and Tide’ (1867) letter 13

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

‘The Two Paths’ (1859) lecture 2

Not only is there but one way of doing things rightly, but there is only one way of seeing them, and that is, seeing the whole of them.

‘The Two Paths’ (1859) lecture 2

Nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they.

‘The Two Paths’ (1859) lecture 2

It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) preface, 6 (4)

The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour’s pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) essay 2, 27

Soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) essay 3, 54

Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) essay 3

Whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) essay 3

There is no wealth but life.

‘Unto this Last’ (1862) essay 4, 77

6.104 Bertrand Russell (Bertrand Arthur William, third Earl Russell) 1872-1970

Men who are unhappy, like men who sleep badly, are always proud of the fact.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 1

Boredom is...a vital problem for the moralist, since half the sins of mankind are caused by the fear of it.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 4

One of the symptoms of approaching nervous breakdown is the belief that one’s work is terribly important, and that to take a holiday would bring all kinds of disaster. If I were a medical man, I should prescribe a holiday to any patient who considered his work important.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 5

One should as a rule respect public opinion in so far as is necessary to avoid starvation and to keep out of prison, but anything that goes beyond this is voluntary submission to an unnecessary tyranny, and is likely to interfere with happiness in all kinds of ways.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 9

A sense of duty is useful in work, but offensive in personal relations.

People wish to be liked, not to be endured with patient resignation.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 10

Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 12

To be able to fill leisure intelligently is the last product of civilization.

‘The Conquest of Happiness’ (1930) ch. 14

To fear love is to fear life, and those who fear life are already three parts dead.

‘Marriage and Morals’ (1929) ch. 19

Mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true.

‘Mysticism and Logic’ (1917) ch. 4

The law of causality, I believe, like mud that passes muster among philosophers, is a relic of a bygone age, surviving, like the monarchy, only because it is erroneously supposed to do no harm.

‘Mysticism and Logic’ (1919)

Only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul’s habitation henceforth be safely built.

‘Philosophical Essays’ (1910) no. 2

Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture.

‘Philosophical Essays’ (1910) no. 4

Every man, wherever he goes, is encompassed by a cloud of comforting convictions, which move with him like flies on a summer day.

‘Sceptical Essays’ (1928) ‘Dreams and Facts’

The infliction of cruelty with a good conscience is a delight to moralists. That is why they invented Hell.

‘Sceptical Essays’ (1928) ‘On the Value of Scepticism’

It is obvious that ‘obscenity’ is not a term capable of exact legal definition; in the practice of the Courts, it means ‘anything that shocks the magistrate’.

‘Sceptical Essays’ (1928) ‘Recrudescence of Puritanism’

Next to enjoying ourselves, the next greatest pleasure consists in preventing others from

enjoying themselves, or, more generally, in the acquisition of power.

'Sceptical Essays' (1928) 'Recrudescence of Puritanism'

Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty.

'Unpopular Essays' (1950) 'Outline of Intellectual Rubbish'

The linguistic philosophy, which cares onyl about language, and not about the world, is like the boy who preferred the clock without the pendulum because, although it no longer told the time, it went more easily than before and at a more exhilarating pace.

In Ernest Gellner 'Words and Things' (1959) introduction

6.105 Dora Russell (Countess Russell) 1894-1986

We want better reasons for having children than not knowing how to prevent them.

'Hypatia' (1925) ch. 4

6.106 George William Russell

See AE (1.22) in Volume I

6.107 Lord John Russell 1792-1878

It is impossible that the whisper of a faction should prevail against the voice of a nation.

Letter to T. Attwood, October 1831, after the rejection in the House of Lords of the Reform Bill (7 October 1831)

If peace cannot be maintained with honour, it is no longer peace.

Greenock, 19 September 1853.

Among the defects of the Bill, which were numerous, one provision was conspicuous by its presence and another by its absence.

Speech to the electors of the City of London, April 1859

A proverb is one man's wit and all men's wisdom.

Ascribed

6.108 Sir William Howard Russell 1820-1907

They dashed on towards that thin red line tipped with steel.

On the Russians charging the British, in 'The British Expedition to the Crimea' (1877) p. 156. Russell's original dispatch to The Times, 25 October 1854, printed 14 November 1854 read: 'That thin red streak tipped with a line of steel'

6.109 Ernest Rutherford (Baron Rutherford of Nelson) 1871-1937

All science is either physics or stamp collecting.

In J. B. Birks 'Rutherford at Manchester' (1962) p. 108

We haven't got the money, so we've got to think!

In 'Bulletin of the Institute of Physics' (1962) vol. 13, p. 102 (as recalled by R. V. Jones)

6.110 Gilbert Ryle 1900-76

A myth is, of course, not a fairy story. It is the presentation of facts belonging to one category in the idioms appropriate to another. To explode a myth is accordingly not to deny the facts but to re-allocate them.

‘The Concept of Mind’ (1949) introduction

Philosophy is the replacement of category-habits by category-disciplines.

‘The Concept of Mind’ (1949) introduction

The dogma of the Ghost in the Machine.

‘The Concept of Mind’ (1949) ch. 1, on the mental-conduct concepts of Descartes

7.0 S

7.1 Rafael Sabatini 1875-1950

He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad.
And that was all his patrimony.

‘Scaramouche’ (1921) bk. 1, ch. 1

7.2 Oliver Sacks 1933—

The man who mistook his wife for a hat.

Title of book (1985)

7.3 Victoria (‘Vita’) Sackville-West 1892-1962

The greater cats with golden eyes
Stare out between the bars.
Deserts are there, and different skies,
And night with different stars.

‘King’s Daughter’ (1929) pt. 2, no. 1 ‘The Greater Cats with Golden Eyes’

The country habit has me by the heart,
For he’s bewitched for ever who has seen,
Not with his eyes but with his vision, Spring
Flow down the woods and stipple leaves with sun.

‘Winter’

7.4 Françoise Sagan 1935—

Rien n’est plus affreux que le rire pour la jalousie.

To jealousy, nothing is more frightful than laughter.

‘La Chamade’ (1965) ch. 9

7.5 Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve 1804-69

Et Vigny plus secret,
Comme en sa tour d’ivoire, avant midi rentrait.

And Vigny more discreet, as if in his ivory tower, returned before noon.

‘Les Pensèes d’Août, á M. Villemain’ (1837) p. 152

Le silence seul est le souverain mèpris.

Silence alone is the sovereign contempt.

‘Mes Poissons’

7.6 Antoine de Saint-Exupèry 1900-44

Les grandes personnes ne comprennent jamais rien toutes seules, et c’est fatigant, pour les enfants, de toujours et toujours leur donner des explications.

Grown-ups never understand anything for themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

‘Le Petit Prince’ (1943) ch. 1

On ne voit bien qu’avec le coeur. L’essentiel est invisible pour les yeux.

It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

‘Le Petit Prince’ (1943) ch. 21

L’expèrience nous montre qu’aimer ce n’est point nous regarder l’un l’autre mais regarder ensemble dans la même direction.

Life has taught us that love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking together in the same direction.

‘Terre des Hommes’ (translated as ‘Wind, Sand and Stars’, 1939) ch. 8

7.7 Saki (Hector Hugh Munro) 1870-1916

It is one of the consolations of middle-aged reformers that the good they inculcate must live after them if it is to live at all.

‘Beasts and Super-Beasts’ (1914) ‘The Byzantine Omelette’

Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death.

‘Beasts and Super-Beasts’ (1914) ‘The Feast of Nemesis’

The people of Crete unfortunately make more history than they can consume locally.

‘Chronicles of Clovis’ (1911) ‘The Jesting of Arlington Stringham’

All decent people live beyond their incomes nowadays, and those who aren’t respectable live beyond other peoples’.

‘Chronicles of Clovis’ (1911) ‘The Match-Maker’

The young have aspirations that never come to pass, the old have reminiscences of what never happened.

‘Reginald’ (1904) ‘Reginald at the Carlton’

Every reformation must have its victims. You can’t expect the fatted calf to share the enthusiasm of the angels over the prodigal’s return.

‘Reginald’ (1904) ‘Reginald on the Academy’

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as good cooks go, she went.

‘Reginald’ (1904) ‘Reginald on Besetting Sins’

Women and elephants never forget an injury.

‘Reginald’ (1904) ‘Reginald on Besetting Sins’

I always say beauty is only sin deep.

‘Reginald’ (1904) ‘Reginald’s Choir Treat’

But, good gracious, you’ve got to educate him first. You can’t expect a boy to be vicious till he’s been to a good school.

‘Reginald in Russia’ (1910) ‘The Baker’s Dozen’

Addresses are given to us to conceal our whereabouts.

‘Reginald in Russia’ (1910) ‘Cross Currents’

A little inaccuracy sometimes saves tons of explanation.

‘The Square Egg’ (1924) ‘Clovis on the Alleged Romance of Business’

Children with Hyacinth’s temperament don’t know better as they grow older; they merely know more.

‘Toys of Peace and Other Papers’ (1919) ‘Hyacinth’

We all know that Prime Ministers are wedded to the truth, but like other married couples they sometimes live apart.

‘The Unbearable Bassington’ (1912)

7.8 J. D. Salinger 1919—

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you’ll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don’t feel like going into it.

‘The Catcher in the Rye’ (1951) ch. 1

What really knocks me out is a book that, when you’re all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it.

‘The Catcher in the Rye’ (1951) ch. 3

Sex is something I really don’t understand too hot. You never know where the hell you are. I keep making up these sex rules for myself, and then I break them right away.

‘The Catcher in the Rye’ (1951) ch. 9

Take most people, they’re crazy about cars. They worry if they get a little scratch on them, and they’re always talking about how many miles they get to a gallon, and if they get a brand-new car already they start thinking about trading it in for one that’s even newer. I don’t even like old cars. I mean they don’t even interest me. I’d rather have a goddam horse. A horse is at least human, for God’s sake.

‘The Catcher in the Rye’ (1951) ch. 17

I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all...I mean if they’re running and they don’t look where they’re going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That’s all I’d do all day. I’d just be the catcher in the rye.

‘The Catcher in the Rye’ (1951) ch. 22.

A confessional passage has probably never been written that didn’t stink a little bit of the writer’s pride in having given up his pride.

‘Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: an Introduction’ (1963) p. 195 ‘Seymour’ (1959)

7.9 John of Salisbury d. 1180

Siquidem vita brevis, sensus hebes, negligentiae torpor, inutilis occupatio, nos paucula, scire permittunt, et eadem iugiter excutit et avellit ab anime fraudatrix scientiae, inimica et infida semper memoriae noverca, oblivio.

The brevity of our life, the dullness of our senses, the torpor of our indifference, the futility of our occupation, suffer us to know but little: and that little is soon shaken and then torn from the mind by that traitor to learning, that hostile and faithless stepmother to memory, oblivion.

‘Prologue to the Policraticus’ (ed. C. C. J. Webb) vol. 1, p. 12, l. 13; translation by Helen Waddell

7.10 Lord Salisbury (Robert Gascoyne, third Marquess of Salisbury) 1830-1903

English policy is to float lazily downstream, occasionally putting out a diplomatic boathook to avoid collisions.

Letter to Earl of Lytton, 9 March 1877, in Lady Gwendolen Cecil ‘Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury’ vol. 2, p. 130

A great deal of misapprehension arises from the popular use of maps on a small scale. As with such maps you are able to put a thumb on India and a finger on Russia, some persons at once think that the political situation is alarming and that India must be looked to. If the noble Lord would use a larger map—say one on the scale of the Ordnance Map of England—he would find that the distance between Russia and British India is not to be measured by the finger and thumb, but by a rule.

House of Commons, 11 June 1877

No lesson seems to be so deeply inculcated by the experience of life as that you never should trust experts. If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome: if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent: if you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe. They all require to have their strong wine diluted by a very large admixture of insipid common sense.

Letter to Lord Lytton, 15 June 1877, in Lady Gwendolen Cecil ‘Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury’ vol. 2, ch. 4

The agonies of a man who has to finish a difficult negotiation, and at the same time to entertain four royalties at a country house can be better imagined than described.

Letter to Lord Lyons, 5 June 1878, in Lady Gwendolen Cecil ‘Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury’ vol. 2, p. 275

What with deafness, ignorance of French, and Bismarck’s extraordinary mode of speech, Beaconsfield has the dimmest idea of what is going on—understands everything crossways—and imagines a perpetual conspiracy.

Letter to Lady Salisbury from the Congress of Berlin, 23 June 1878, in Lady Gwendolen Cecil ‘Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury’ vol. 2, p. 287

We are part of the community of Europe and we must do our duty as such.

Speech at Caernarvon, 10 April 1888, in 'The Times' 11 April 1888

Where property is in question I am guilty...of erecting individual liberty as an idol, and of resenting all attempts to destroy or fetter it; but when you pass from liberty to life, in no well-governed State, in no State governed according to the principles of common humanity, are the claims of mere liberty allowed to endanger the lives of the citizens.

Speech in House of Lords, 29 July 1897; in 'Hansard'

I rank myself no higher in the scheme of things than a policeman—whose utility would disappear if there were no criminals.

Comparing his role in the Conservative party with that of Gladstone, in Lady Gwendolen Cecil 'Biographical Studies...of Robert, Third Marquess of Salisbury' p. 84

By office boys for office boys.

Describing the Daily Mail, in H. Hamilton Fyfe 'Northcliffe, an Intimate Biography' (1930) ch. 4

7.11 Lord Salisbury (Robert Arthur James Gascoyne-Cecil, fifth Marquess of Salisbury) 1893-1972

Too clever by half.

Of Iain Macleod, Colonial Secretary, 'in his relationship to the white communities of Africa'; 'Hansard' (House of Lords) 7 March 1961, col. 307

7.12 Sallust c.86-c.35 B.C.

Alieni appetens, sui profusus.

Greedy for the property of others, extravagant with his own.

'Catiline' ch. 5

Quieta movere magna merces videbatur.

Just to stir things up seemed a great reward in itself.

'Catiline' ch. 21

Esse quam videri bonus malebat.

He preferred to be rather than to seem good.

'Catiline' ch. 54 (referring to Cato)

Punica fide.

With Carthaginian trustworthiness.

'Jugurtha' 108, 3 (meaning treachery)

7.13 Anthony Sampson 1926—

Members [of civil service orders] rise from CMG (known sometimes in Whitehall as 'Call Me God') to the KCMG ('Kindly Call Me God') to—for a select few governors and super-ambassadors—the GCMG ('God Calls Me God').

'Anatomy of Britain' (1962) ch. 18

7.14 Lord Samuel (Herbert Louis, first Viscount Samuel) 1870-1963

A library is thought in cold storage.

‘A Book of Quotations’ (1947) p. 10

Without doubt the greatest injury of all was done by basing morals on myth. For, sooner or later, myth is recognized for what it is, and disappears. Then morality loses the foundation on which it has been built.

‘Romanes Lecture’ (1947) p. 14

7.15 Carl Sandburg 1878-1967

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation’s Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders.

‘Chicago’ (1916)

When Abraham Lincoln was shovelled into the tombs,
he forgot the copperheads and the assassin...
in the dust, in the cool tombs.

‘Cool Tombs’ (1918)

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

‘Fog’ (1916)

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass; I cover all.

‘Grass’ (1918)

Why is there always a secret singing
When a lawyer cashes in?
Why does a hearse horse snicker
Hauling a lawyer away?

‘The Lawyers Know Too Much’ (1920)

I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.

‘Prairie’ (1918)

I am an idealist. I don’t know where I’m going but I’m on the way.

‘Incidentals’ (1907) p. 8

Little girl...Sometime they’ll give a war and nobody will come.

‘The People, Yes’ (1936); Charlotte Keyes wrote a piece for ‘McCall’s’ October 1966 called ‘Suppose They Gave a War and No One Came?’, and in 1970 an American film was entitled ‘Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came?’.

Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.

‘Atlantic Monthly’ March 1923 ‘Poetry Considered’

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.

‘Atlantic Monthly’ March 1923 ‘Poetry Considered’

Slang is a language that rolls up its sleeves, spits on its hands and goes to work.

In ‘New York Times’ 13 February 1959, p. 21

7.16 Henry ‘Red’ Sanders

Sure, winning isn’t everything. It’s the only thing.

In ‘Sports Illustrated’ 26 December 1955; often attributed to Vince Lombardi

7.17 Martha Sansom (nèe Fowke) 1690-1736

Foolish eyes, thy streams give over,
Wine, not water, binds the lover:
At the table then be shining,
Gay coquette, and all designing.

‘Song’ (written c.1726)

7.18 William Sansom 1926-76

A writer lives, at best, in a state of astonishment. Beneath any feeling he has of the good or the evil of the world lies a deeper one of wonder at it all.

‘Blue Skies, Brown Studies’ (1961) ‘From a Writer’s Notebook’

7.19 George Santayana 1863-1952

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

‘Dialogues in Limbo’ (1925) ch. 3

Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

‘The Life of Reason’ (1905) vol. 1, introduction

Happiness is the only sanction of life; where happiness fails, existence remains a mad and lamentable experiment.

‘The Life of Reason’ (1905) vol. 1, ch. 10

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

‘The Life of Reason’ (1905) vol. 1, ch. 12

It takes patience to appreciate domestic bliss; volatile spirits prefer unhappiness.

‘The Life of Reason’ (1905) vol. 2, ch. 2

An artist is a dreamer consenting to dream of the actual world.

‘The Life of Reason’ (1905) vol. 4, ch. 3

Music is essentially useless, as life is: but both have an ideal extension which lends utility to its conditions.

'The Life of Reason' (1905) vol. 4, ch. 4

The truth is cruel, but it can be loved, and it makes free those who have loved it.

'Little Essays' (1920) 'Ideal Immortality'

England is the paradise of individuality, eccentricity, heresy, anomalies, hobbies, and humours.

'Soliloquies in England' (1922) 'The British Character'

There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.

'Soliloquies in England' (1922) 'War Shrines'

Intolerance itself is a form of egoism, and to condemn egoism intolerantly is to share it.

'Winds of Doctrine' (1913) ch. 4

7.20 'Sapper' (Herman Cyril MacNeile) 1888-1937

Hugh pulled out his cigarette-case. 'Turkish this side—Virginia that.'

'Bull-dog Drummond' (1920) ch. 8

7.21 Sappho b. c.612 B.C.

That man seems to me on a par with the gods who sits in your company and listens to you so close to him speaking sweetly and laughing sexily, such a thing makes my heart flutter in my breast, for when I see you even for a moment, then power to speak another word fails me, instead my tongue freezes into silence, and at once a gentle fire has caught throughout my flesh, and I see nothing with my eyes, and there's a drumming in my ears, and sweat pours down me, and trembling seizes all of me, and I become paler than grass, and I seem to fail almost to the point of death in my very self.

No. 199 in D. L. Page (ed.) 'Lyrica Graeca Selecta' (1968)

Just as the sweet-apple reddens on the high branch, high on the highest, and the apple-pickers missed it, or rather did not miss it out, but dared not reach it.

No. 224 in D. L. Page (ed.) 'Lyrica Graeca Selecta' (1968) (on a girl before her marriage).

7.22 John Singer Sargent 1856-1925

Every time I paint a portrait I lose a friend.

In N. Bentley and E. Esar 'Treasury of Humorous Quotations' (1951)

7.23 Leslie Sarony 1897-1985

Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead?

Title of song (1932)

7.24 Nathalie Sarraute 1902—

Radio and television...have succeeded in lifting the manufacture of banality out of the sphere of handicraft and placed it in that of a major industry.

'Times Literary Supplement' 10 June 1960

7.25 Jean-Paul Sartre 1905-80

Quand les riches se font la guerre ce sont les pauvres qui meurent.

When the rich wage war it's the poor who die.

'Le Diable et le bon Dieu' (1951) act 1, tableau 1

L'ècrivain doit donc refuser de se laisser transformer en institution.

A writer must refuse to allow himself to be transformed into an institution.

Refusing the Nobel Prize at Stockholm, 22 October 1964; in Michel Contat and Michel Rybalka (eds.) 'Les Ècrits de Sartre' (1970) p. 403

L'existence prècéde et commande l'essence.

Existence precedes and rules essence.

'L'Être et le nèant' (1943) pt. 4, ch. 1

Je suis condemnè á être libre.

I am condemned to be free.

'L'Être et le nèant' (1943) pt. 4, ch. 1

L'homme est une passion inutile.

Man is a useless passion.

'L'Être et le nèant' (1943) pt. 4, ch. 2

Alors, c'est ça l'Enfer. Je n'aurais jamais cru...Vous vous rappelez: le soufre, le bûcher, le gril... Ah! quelle plaisanterie. Pas besoin de gril, l'Enfer, c'est les Autres.

So that's what Hell is: I'd never have believed it...Do you remember, brimstone, the stake, the gridiron?...What a joke! No need of a gridiron, Hell is other people.

'Huis Clos' (1944) sc. 5.

Il n'y a pas de bon pére, c'est la régle; qu'on n'en tienne pas grief aux hommes mais au lien de paternitè qui est pourri. Faire des enfants, rien de mieux; en avoir , quelle iniquitè!

There is no good father, that's the rule. Don't lay the blame on men but on the bond of paternity, which is rotten. To beget children, nothing better; to have them, what iniquity!

'Les Mots' (1964) 'Lire'

Les bons pauvres ne savent pas que leur office est d'exercer notre gènèrositè.

The poor don't know that their function in life is to exercise our generosity.

'Les Mots' (1964) 'Lire'

Elle ne croyait á rien; seul, son scepticism l'empêchait d'être athèe.

She believed in nothing; only her scepticism kept her from being an atheist.

'Les Mots' (1964) 'Lire'

Comme tous les songe-creux, je confondis le dèsenchantement avec la vèritè.

Like all dreamers, I mistook disenchantment for truth.

'Les Mots' (1964) 'Ècrire'

Je confondis les choses avec leurs noms: c'est croire.

I confused things with their names: that is belief.

‘Les Mots’ (1964) ‘Ècrire’

La vie humaine commence de l’autre côtè du dèsespoir.

Human life begins on the far side of despair.

‘Les Mouches’ (1943) act 3

Ma pensèe, c’est moi : voilá pourquoi je ne peux pas m’arrêter. J’existe par ce que je pense...et je ne peux pas m’empêcher de penser.

My thought is me: that’s why I can’t stop. I exist by what I think...and I can’t prevent myself from thinking.

‘La Nausèe’ (1938) ‘Lundi’ Je dèteste les victimes quand elles respectent leurs bourreaux.

I hate victims who respect their executioners.

‘Les Sèquestrès d’Altona’ (1960) act 1, sc. 1

Je me mèfie des incommunicables, c’est la source de toute violence.

I distrust the incommunicable: it is the source of all violence.

‘Qu’est-ce que la littèrature?’ in ‘Les Temps Modernes’ July 1947, p. 106

7.26 Siegfried Sassoon 1886-1967

If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I’d live with scarlet Majors at the Base,
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.

‘Base Details’ (1918)

I’d like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or ‘Home, sweet Home’,—
And there’d be no more jokes in Music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

‘Blighters’ (1917)

Does it matter?—losing your legs?...
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter?—losing your sight?...
There’s such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

‘Does it Matter?’ (1918)

Soldiers are citizens of death’s grey land,
Drawing no dividend from time’s tomorrows.

‘Dreamers’ (1918)

Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin
They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

‘Dreamers’ (1918)

Why do you lie with your legs ungainly huddled,
And one arm bent across your sullen cold
Exhausted face?...
You are too young to fall asleep for ever;
And when you sleep you remind me of the dead.

‘The Dug-Out’ (1919)

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom.

‘Everyone Sang’ (1919)

The song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

‘Everyone Sang’ (1919)

‘Good-morning; good morning!’ the General said
When we met him last week on our way to the line.
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of ’em dead,
And we’re cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
‘He’s a cheery old card,’ grunted Harry to Jack
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.
But he did for them both by his plan of attack.

‘The General’ (1918)

Splendid to eat and sleep and choose a wife,
Safe with his wound, a citizen of life.
He hobbled blithely through the garden gate,
And thought: ‘Thank God they had to amputate!’

‘The One-Legged Man’ (1917)

Who will remember, passing through this Gate,
The unheroic Dead who fed the guns?
Who shall absolve the foulness of their fate,—
Those doomed, conscripted, unvictorious ones?

‘On Passing the New Menin Gate’ (1928)

Here was the world’s worst wound. And here with pride
‘Their name liveth for ever’ the Gateway claims.
Was ever an immolation so belied
As these intolerably nameless names?
Well might the Dead who struggled in the slime
Rise and devide this sepulchre of crime.

‘On Passing the New Menin Gate’ (1928)

7.27 George Savile, Marquis of Halifax

See Halifax (8.13) in Volume I

7.28 Dorothy L. Sayers 1893-1957

I admit it is better fun to punt than to be punted, and that a desire to have all the fun is nine-tenths of the law of chivalry.

‘Gaudy Night’ (1935) ch. 14

As I grow older and older,
And totter towards the tomb,
I find that I care less and less
Who goes to bed with whom.

‘That’s Why I Never Read Modern Novels’, in Janet Hitchman ‘Such a Strange Lady’ (1975) ch. 12

7.29 Al Scalpone

The family that prays together stays together.

Slogan devised for the Roman Catholic Family Rosary Crusade, 1947

7.30 Hugh Scanlon (Baron Scanlon) 1913—

Of course liberty is not licence. Liberty in my view is conforming to majority opinion.

Television interview, 9 August 1977, in ‘Listener’ 11 August 1977

7.31 Arthur Scargill 1938—

Parliament itself would not exist in its present form had people not defied the law.

Said in evidence to House of Commons Select Committee on Employment, 2 April 1980, in ‘House of Commons Paper no. 462 of Session 1979-80’ p. 55

7.32 Age Scarpelli et al.

Il buono, il bruto, il cattivo.

The good, the bad, and the ugly.

Title of film (1966)

7.33 Friedrich von Schelling 1775-1854

Architecture in general is frozen music.

‘Philosophie der Kunst’ (1809)

7.34 Friedrich von Schiller 1759-1805

Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium,
Wir betreten feuertrunken,

Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.
Deine Zauber binden wieder,
Was die Mode streng geteilt,
Alle Menschen werden Brüder
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

Joy, beautiful radiance of the gods, daughter of Elysium, we set foot in your heavenly shrine dazzled by your brilliance. Your charms re-unite what common use has harshly divided: all men become brothers under your tender wing.

'An die Freude' (1785)

Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

The sun does not set in my dominions.

'Don Carlos' (1787) act 1, sc. 6 (Philip II)

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain.

'Die Jungfrau von Orleans' (1801) act 3, sc. 6

Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.

The world's history is the world's judgement.

First lecture as Professor of History, Jena, 26 May 1789

7.35 Moritz Schlick

The meaning of a proposition is the method of its verification.

'Philosophical Review' (1936) vol. 45, p. 341 'Meaning and Verification'

7.36 Artur Schnabel 1882-1951

I don't think there was ever a piece of music that changed a man's decision on how to vote.

'My Life and Music' (1961) pt. 2, ch. 8

I know two kinds of audiences only—one coughing, and one not coughing.

'My Life and Music' (1961) pt. 2, ch. 10

The notes I handle no better than many pianists. But the pauses between the notes—ah, that is where the art resides!

In 'Chicago Daily News' 11 June 1958

The sonatas of Mozart are unique: they are too easy for children, and too difficult for artists.

In Ned Shapiro 'An Encyclopaedia of Quotations about Music'

7.37 Budd Schulberg 1914—

I could have had class. I could have been a contender.

'On the Waterfront' (1954 film); words spoken by Marlon Brando

7.38 Diane B. Schulder 1937—

Law is a reflection and a source of prejudice. It both enforces and suggests forms of bias.

In Robin Morgan ‘Sisterhood is Powerful’ (1970) p. 139

7.39 E. F. Schumacher 1911-77

Call a thing immoral or ugly, soul-destroying or a degradation of man, a peril to the peace of the world or to the well-being of future generations: as long as you have not shown it to be ‘uneconomic’ you have not really questioned its right to exist, grow, and prosper.

‘Small is Beautiful’ (1973) pt. 1, ch. 3

7.40 Carl Schurz 1829-1906

Our country, right or wrong! When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right!

Speech, US Senate, 1872.

7.41 Albert Schweitzer 1875-1965

Am Abend des dritten Tages, als wir bei Sonnenuntergang gerade durch eine Herde Nilpferde hindurchfuhren, stand urplötzlich, von mir nicht geahnt und nicht gesucht, das Wort “Ehrfurcht vor dem Leben” vor mir.

Late on the third day, at the very moment when, at sunset, we were making our way through a herd of hippopotamuses, there flashed upon my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase, ‘Reverence for Life’.

‘Aus meinem Leben und Denken’ (My Life and Thought, 1933) ch. 13

Die Wahrheit hat keine Stunde. Ihre Zeit ist immer und gerade dann wenn sie am unzeitgemässesten scheint.

Truth has no special time of its own. Its hour is now—always, and indeed then most truly when it seems most unsuitable to actual circumstances.

‘Zwischen Wasser und Urwald’ (On the Edge of the Primeval Forest, 1922) ch. 11

7.42 Kurt Schwitters 1887-1948

Ich bin Maler, ich nagle meine Bilder.

I am a painter and I nail my pictures together.

In Raoul Hausmann ‘Am Anfang war Dada’ (In the Beginning was Dada, 1972) p. 63

7.43 Alexander Scott c.1525-84

Love is ane fervent fire,
Kindled without desire,
Short pleasure, long displeasure;
Repentance is the hire;
And pure treasure without measure.
Love is ane fervent fire.

‘Lo, What it is to Love’

7.44 C. P. Scott 1846-1932

A newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred.

'Manchester Guardian' 5 May 1921

7.45 Robert Falcon Scott 1868-1912

Great God! this is an awful place.

Of the South Pole: Journal, 17 January 1912, in 'Scott's Last Expedition' (1913) vol. 1, ch. 18

For God's sake look after our people.

Last journal entry, 29 March 1912, in 'Scott's Last Expedition' (1913) vol. 1, ch. 20

Make the boy interested in natural history if you can; it is better than games.

Last letter to his wife, in 'Scott's Last Expedition' (1913) vol. 1, ch. 20

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale.

'Message to the Public', in late edition of 'The Times' 11 February 1913, and the following day: 'Scott's Last Expedition' (1913) vol. 1, ch. 20

7.46 Sir Walter Scott 1771-1832

The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
But answer came there none.

'The Bridal of Triermain' (1813) canto 3, st. 10

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

'The Doom of Devorgoil' (1830) act 2, sc. 2 'Bonny Dundee'.

His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

'The Lady of the Lake' (1810) canto 1, st. 21

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
‘The Lady of the Lake’ (1810) canto 3, st. 16

Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
‘The Lady of the Lake’ (1810) canto 5, st. 10

Vengeance, deep-brooding o’er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe;
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow.
‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ (1805) canto 1, st. 9

If thou would’st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ (1805) canto 2, st. 1

For ne’er
Was flattery lost on poet’s ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ (1805) canto 4, ad fin.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ (1805) canto 5, st. 13

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ (1805) canto 6, st. 1

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805) canto 6, st. 1

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

'The Lord of the Isles' (1813) canto 5, st. 18

Had'st thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower.

'Marmion' (1808) introduction to canto 1, st. 8

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

'Marmion' (1808) introduction to canto 1, st. 8

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

'Marmion' (1808) canto 2, st. 30

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best.

'Marmion' (1808) canto 5, st. 12 ('Lochinvar' st. 1)

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

'Marmion' (1808) canto 5, st. 12 ('Lochinvar' st. 1)

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

'Marmion' (1808) canto 5, st. 12 ('Lochinvar' st. 2)

O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?

'Marmion' (1808) canto 5, st. 12 ('Lochinvar' st. 3)

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

‘Marmion’ (1808) canto 5, st. 12 (‘Lochinvar’ st. 4)

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!

‘Marmion’ (1808) canto 6, st. 17

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

‘Marmion’ (1808) canto 6, st. 30

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

‘Marmion’ (1808) canto 6, st. 34

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden’s fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland’s spear,
And broken was her shield!

‘Marmion’ (1808) canto 6, st. 34

O, Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

‘Rokeby’ (1813) canto 3, st. 16

It’s no fish ye’re buying—it’s men’s lives.

‘The Antiquary’ (1816) ch. 11

Widowed wife, and married maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed!

‘The Betrothed’ (1825) ch. 15

Vacant heart and hand, and eye,—
Easy live and quiet die.

‘The Bride of Lammermoor’ (1819) ch. 2

I live by twa trades...fiddle, sir, and spade; filling the world, and emptying of it.

‘The Bride of Lammermoor’ (1819) ch. 24

Touch not the cat but a glove.

‘The Fair Maid of Perth’ (1828) ch. 34 (but without)

It’s ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman.

‘The Fortunes of Nigel’ (1822) ch. 5

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

‘Guy Mannering’ (1815) ch. 34

The hour is come, but not the man.

‘The Heart of Midlothian’ (1818) ch. 4 title

The passive resistance of the Tolbooth-gate.

‘The Heart of Midlothian’ (1818) ch. 6

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits in the bush,
Singing so rarely.

‘The Heart of Midlothian’ (1818) ch. 40

‘Pax vobiscum [Peace be with you]’ will answer all queries.

‘Ivanhoe’ (1819) ch. 26

His morning walk was beneath the elms in the churchyard; ‘for death,’ he said, ‘had been his next-door neighbour for so many years, that he had no apology for dropping the acquaintance.’

‘A Legend of Montrose’ (1819) introduction

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.

‘The Monastery’ (1820) ch. 25

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

‘Quentin Durward’ (1823) ch. 4

And it’s ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting.

‘Redgauntlet’ (1824) letter 11 ‘Wandering Willie’s Tale’

The ae half of the warld thinks the tither daft.

‘Redgauntlet’ (1824) ‘Journal of Darsie Latimer’ ch. 7

But with the morning cool repentance came.

‘Rob Roy’ (1817) ch. 12

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my cann,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;

Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee.

‘Rob Roy’ (1817) ch. 23.

There’s a gude time coming.

‘Rob Roy’ (1817) ch. 32

The play-bill, which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out.

‘The Talisman’ (1825) introduction. For an earlier report of this anecdote see T. L. S. 3 June 1939

Rouse the lion from his lair.

‘The Talisman’ (1825) ch. 6

The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me.

On the merits of Jane Austen, in W. E. K. Anderson (ed.) ‘The Journals of Sir Walter Scott’ (1972) 14 March 1826, p. 114.

I would like to be there, were it but to see how the cat jumps.

In W. E. K. Anderson (ed.) ‘The Journals of Sir Walter Scott’ (1972) 7 October 1826, p. 208

The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare—not fit to tie his brogues.

In W. E. K. Anderson (ed.) ‘The Journals of Sir Walter Scott’ (1972) 11 December 1826, p. 252

Their factions have been so long envenomed and having so little ground to fight their battle in that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead.

Letter to Joanna Baillie, 12 October 1825, in H. J. C. Grierson (ed.) ‘The Letters of Sir Walter Scott’ vol. 9 (1935) p. 238

All men who have turned out worth anything have had the chief hand in their own education.

Letter to J. G. Lockhart, c.16 June 1830, in H. J. C. Grierson (ed.) ‘The Letters of Sir Walter Scott’ vol. 11 (1936) p. 365

We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider every thing as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.

To J. G. Lockhart, August 1825, quoted in Lockhart ‘s ‘Life of Sir Walter Scott’ vol. 6 (1837) ch. 2

7.47 Scottish Metrical Psalms 1650

The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev’n for his own name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,

yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
Psalm 23, v. 1.

How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
how pleasant, Lord, they be!
Psalm 84, v. 1.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes
from whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
who heav'n and earth hath made.
Psalm 121, v. 1.

The race that long in darkness pined
have seen a glorious light.
Paraphrase 19. Isaiah ch. 9, v. 2.

7.48 Edmund Hamilton Sears 1810-76

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
'Peace on the earth, good will to man
From Heaven's all gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
'The Christian Register' (1850) 'That Glorious Song of Old'

7.49 Sir Charles Sedley c.1639-1701

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain!
'Child and Maiden'

Love still has something of the sea

From whence his mother rose.
‘Love still has something’

Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
‘Phyllis Knotting’

Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
‘Song’

She deceiving,
I believing;
What need lovers wish for more?
‘Song’

7.50 Alan Seeger 1888-1916

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
‘I Have a Rendezvous with Death’ (1916)

7.51 Pete Seeger 1919—

Where have all the flowers gone?
Title of song (1961).

7.52 Sir John Seeley 1834-95

We [the English] seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind.
‘The Expansion of England’ (1883) Lecture 1

History is past politics, and politics present history.
‘The Growth of British Policy’

7.53 Erich Segal 1937—

Love means not ever having to say you’re sorry.
‘Love Story’ (1970) ch. 13

7.54 John Selden 1584-1654

Scrutamini scripturas [Let us look at the scriptures]. These two words have undone the world.

‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Bible Scripture’.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Friends’

’Tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Humility’

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because ’tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Law’

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Libels’

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Marriage’

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness’ sake.
Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Of a King’

There never was a merry world since the fairies left off dancing, and the Parson left conjuring.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Parson’

There is not anything in the world so much abused as this sentence, Salus populi suprema lex esto.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘People’.

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Pleasure’

Syllables govern the world.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Power: State’

Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do.
‘Table Talk’ (1689) ‘Preaching’

7.55 W. C. Sellar 1898-1951 and R. J. Yeatman 1898-1968

For every person who wants to teach there are approximately thirty who don’t want to learn—much.
‘And Now All This’ (1932) introduction

History is not what you thought. It is what you can remember.
‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ‘Compulsory Preface’

The Roman Conquest was, however, a Good Thing, since the Britons were only natives at the time.
‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 1

Edward III had very good manners...and made the memorable epitaph: ‘Honi soie qui mal y pense’ (‘Honey, your silk stocking’s hanging down’).
‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 24.

The cruel Queen died and a post-mortem examination revealed the word ‘callous’ engraved on

her heart.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 32.

The Cavaliers (Wrong but Wromantic) and the Roundheads (Right but Repulsive).

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 35

The Rump Parliament—so called because it had been sitting for such a long time.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 35

Charles II was always very merry and was therefore not so much a king as a Monarch.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 36

The National Debt is a very Good Thing and it would be dangerous to pay it off, for fear of Political Economy.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 38

Napoleon’s armies always used to march on their stomachs shouting: ‘Vive l’Intèrieur!’

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 48.

Most memorable...was the discovery (made by all the rich men in England at once) that women and children could work twenty-five hours a day in factories without many of them dying or becoming excessively deformed. This was known as the Industrial Revolution.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 49

Gladstone...spent his declining years trying to guess the answer to the Irish Question; unfortunately whenever he was getting warm, the Irish secretly changed the Question.

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 57

America was thus clearly top nation, and History came to a .

‘1066 and All That’ (1930) ch. 62

7.56 Seneca c.4 B.C.-A.D. 65

Ignoranti, quem portum petat, nullus suus ventus est.

If one does not know to which port one is sailing, no wind is favourable.

‘Epistulae ad Lucilium’ letter 71, sect. 3

Homines dum docent discunt.

Even while they teach, men learn.

‘Epistulae Morales’ letter 7, sect. 8

Eternal law has arranged nothing better than this, that it has given us one way in to life, but many ways out.

‘Epistulae Morales’ letter 70, sect. 14

Anyone can stop a man’s life, but no one his death; a thousand doors open on to it.

‘Phoenissae’ l. 152

Illi mors gravis incubat
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi.

On him does death lie heavily who, but too well known to all, dies to himself unknown.

‘Thyestes’ sc. 2, chorus (translation by Miller)

7.57 Robert W. Service 1874-1958

A promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
‘The Cremation of Sam McGee’ (1907)

Ah! the clock is always slow;
It is later than you think.
‘It Is Later Than You Think’ (1921)

This is the law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall thrive;
That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon,—Lo, how she makes it plain!
‘The Law of the Yukon’ (1907)

When we, the Workers, all demand: ‘What are WE fighting for?’ ...
Then, then we’ll end that stupid crime, that devil’s madness—War.
‘Michael’ (1921)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his light-o’-love, the lady that’s known as Lou.
‘The Shootings of Dan McGrew’ (1907)

7.58 William Seward 1801-72

The Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution.
US Senate, 11 March 1850

I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward.
At Rochester on the Irrepressible Conflict, October 1858

7.59 Edward Sexby d. 1658

Killing no murder briefly discourst in three questions.
Title of pamphlet (1657)

7.60 Anne Sexton 1928-74

In a dream you are never eighty.
‘Old’

7.61 James Seymour and Rian James 1899—

You’re going out a youngster but you’ve got to come back a star.
‘42nd Street’ (1933 film)

7.62 Thomas Shadwell c.1642-92

Words may be false and full of art,
Sighs are the natural language of the heart.
'Psyche' (1675) act 3

And wit's the noblest frailty of the mind.
'A True Widow' (1679) act 2, sc. 1.

The haste of a fool is the slowest thing in the world.
'A True Widow' (1679) act 3, sc. 1

Every man loves what he is good at.
'A True Widow' (1679) act 5, sc. 1

Instantly, in the twinkling of a bed-staff.
'The Virtuoso' (1676) act 1, sc. 1

7.63 Peter Shaffer 1926—

All my wife has ever taken from the Mediterranean—from that whole vast intuitive culture—are four bottles of Chianti to make into lamps.
'Equus' (1973) act 1, sc. 18

The Normal is the good smile in a child's eyes—all right. It is also the dead stare in a million adults. It both sustains and kills—like a God. It is the Ordinary made beautiful; it is also the Average made lethal.
'Equus' (1973) act 1, sc. 19

Passion, you see, can be destroyed by a doctor. It cannot be created.
'Equus' (1973) act 2, sc. 35

7.64 Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury 1621-83

'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.'...'Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' says the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it.'
In Bishop Gilbert Burnet 'The History of My Own Time' vol. 1 (1724) bk. 2, ch. 1, note by Onslow

7.65 Anthony Ashley Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury 1671-1713

Truth, 'tis supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed in order to a thorough recognition is ridicule itself.
'Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour' (1709) pt. 1, sect. 1.

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?
'A Letter Concerning Enthusiasm' (1708) sect. 2

7.66 William Shakespeare 1564-1616

The line number is given without brackets where the scene is all verse up to the quotation and

the line number is certain, and in square brackets where prose makes it variable. All references are to the Oxford Standard Authors Shakespeare in one volume.

7.66.1 All's Well that Ends Well

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [97]

The hind that would be mated with the lion
Must die of love.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [103]

Your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [176]

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [235]

It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 2, sc. 2, l. [18]

A young man married is a man that's marred.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [315]

I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 3, sc. 2, l. [8]

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our own virtues.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. [83]

The flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 5, sc. 5, l. [58].

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
'All's Well that Ends Well' (1603-4) act 5, sc. 3, l. 19

7.66.2 Antony And Cleopatra

The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc.1, l. 12

Cleopatra: If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Antony: There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Cleopatra: I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Antony: Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 1, l. 14

Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do’t.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 1, l. 35

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [34]

But a worky-day fortune.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [57]

On the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.
‘Antony and CLeopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [90]

The nature of bad news infects the teller.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7 act 1, sc. 2, l. [103]

There’s a great spirit gone!
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [131]

I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7 act 1, sc. 2, l. [150]

O sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [164]

Indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 2, l. [181]

If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 3, l. 3

Charmian: In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleopatra: Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 3, l. 9

In time we hate that which we often fear.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 3, l. 12

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 1, sc. 3, l. 35

Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that’s not it:

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc. 3?, l. 86

Give me to drink mandragora...
That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc. 5, l. 4

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc. 5, l. 21

Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc. 5, l. 27

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then!

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 1, sc. 5, l. 73

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 2, l. 117

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them, the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—

O’er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 2, l. [199]

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i’ the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i’ the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 2, l. [214]

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 2, l. [236]

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 2, l. [243]

I have not kept the square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 3, l. 6

I’ the east my pleasure lies.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 2, sc. 3, l. 40

Attendants: The music, ho!

Cleopatra: Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 5, l. 2

Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there—
My music playing far off—I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha!' you're caught.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 5, l. 10

I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 5, l. 19

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 5, l. 85

I will praise any man that will praise me.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 6, l. [88]

Lepidus: What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony: It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lepidus: What colour is it of?

Antony: Of its own colour too.

Lepidus: 'Tis a strange serpent.

Antony: 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 2, sc. 7, l. [47]

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 10, l. 4

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 20

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 39

Yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 43

I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 116

To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 123

Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l. 182

Since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 3, sc. 11, l.185

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 4, sc. 4, l. 20

O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 4, sc. 5, l. 16

I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 4, sc. 6, l. 30

Cleopatra: Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Antony: My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 4, sc. 8, l. 16

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.
'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 4, sc. 9, l. 12

The hearts

That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 10, l. 33

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 11, l. 5

Sometimes we see a cloud that’s dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon ’t, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper’s pageants.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 12, l. 2

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 12, l. 9

Unarm, Eros; the long day’s task is done,
And we must sleep.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 12, l. 35

Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength...
Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 12, l. 47

I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into ’t
As to a lover’s bed.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 12, l. 99

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 3

Antony: Not Caesar’s valour hath o’erthrown Antony
But Antony’s hath triumphed on itself.

Cleopatra: So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 14

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 18

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o’ the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 51

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see my women,
The crown o’ the earth doth melt. My lord!
O! withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier’s pole is fall’n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 60

No more, but e’en a woman and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 73

What’s brave, what’s noble,
Let’s do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 4, sc. 13, l. 86

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.

‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 1, l. 31

My desolation does begin to make

A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 1

His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn was
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like, they showed his back above
The element they lived in; in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 82

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 190

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 192

Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 217

My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. 237

His biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [246]

A very honest woman, but something given to lie.

'Antony and Cleopatra' (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [251]

I wish you all joy of the worm.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [260]

Indeed there is no goodness in the worm.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [267]

I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [274]

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [282]

Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [289]

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [296]

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell’st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [299]

Cleopatra: If she first meet the curléd Antony,
He’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O! couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied.
Charmian: O eastern star!
Cleopatra: Peace! peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [303]

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [317]

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [328]

She looks like sleep,
As she would catch a second Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [347]

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [356]

She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous.
‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (1606-7) act 5, sc. 2, l. [359]

7.66.3 As You Like It

Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 1, l. [126]

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [35]

How now, wit! whither wander you?
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [60]

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [271]

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [301]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [304]

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 3, l. [12]

We’ll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 1, sc. 3, l. [123]

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons’ difference; as, the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery.'

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 2

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 12

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 38

Unregarded age in corners thrown.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. 42

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. 52

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. 56

Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [16]

In thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [26]

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved.

'As You Like It' (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [34]

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [53]

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [57]

I shall ne’er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. [59]

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. 1

I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. [12]

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i’ the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. [38]

I’ll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I’ll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. [60]

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot:
And thereby hangs a tale.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 26

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 30

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 36

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 47

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 139

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 7, l. 174

Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. 9

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [25]

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man’s happiness, glad of other men’s good, content with my harm.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [78]

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [94]

Let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [170]

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [202]

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [246]

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [265]

I do desire we may be better strangers.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [276]

Jacques: I do not like her name.
Orlando: There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [283]

Rosalind: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons...
Orlando: Who stays it still withal?
Rosalind: With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [328]

There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [376] (referring to women’s offences.)

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [16]

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [40]

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man’s love.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. 57

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. [72]

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
‘Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?’

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 2, sc. 5, l. [81].

Jaques: Nay then, God be wi’ you, an you talk in blank verse. (Exit)

Rosalind: Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you the countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [33]

Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [70]

You were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [75]

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [153]

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [217]

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 4, sc. 2, l. [17]

Oh! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man’s eyes.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [48]

Phebe: Good shepherd, tell this youth what ’tis to love.

Silvius: It is to be all made of sighs and tears...
It is to be all made of faith and service...

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [90]

’Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [120]

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o’er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownéd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 3, l. [18]

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. [36]

A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. [60]

The retort courteous...the quip modest...the reply churlish...the reproof valiant...the countercheck quarrelsome...the lie circumstantial...the lie direct.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. [96]. (referring to the degrees of the lie.)

Your ‘if’ is the only peace-maker; much virtue in ‘if’.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. [108]

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. [112]

If it be true that ‘good wine needs no bush’, ’tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.
‘As You Like It’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, epilogue l. [3]

7.66.4 The Comedy of Errors

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man.
‘The Comedy of Errors’ (1594) act 5, sc. 1, l. 238

7.66.5 Coriolanus

He’s a very dog to the commonalty.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 1, sc. 1, l. [29]

The kingly crownéd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 1, sc. 1, l. [121]

What’s the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 1, sc. 1, l. [170]

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o’ the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 1, sc. 1, l. [218]

I am known to be...one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in’t.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 2, sc. 1, l. [52]

Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 2, sc. 1, l. [65]

My gracious silence, hail!
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 2, sc. 1, l. [194]

Custom calls me to ’t:
What custom wills, in all things should we do’t,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to o’erpeer.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 2, sc. 3, l. [124]

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute ‘shall’?

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 3, sc. 1, l. 88

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o’ the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 3, sc. 3, l. 118

Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 3, sc. 3, l. 131

The beast
With many heads butts me away.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in’t; though thy tackle’s torn,
Thou show’st a noble vessel. What’s thy name?

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 4, sc. 5, l. [66]

Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it’s spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy: mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war’s a destroyer of men.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 4, sc. 5, l. [237]

I think he’ll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 4, sc. 7, l. 33

I’ll never,
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 34

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.

‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 40

O! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip

Hath virgined it e’er since.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 44

Chaste as the icicle
That’s curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 65

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i’ the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 70

Thou hast never in thy life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she—poor hen! fond of no second brood—
Has clucked thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 3, l. 160

If you have writ your annals true, ’tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.
‘Coriolanus’ (1608) act 5, sc. 5, l. 114

7.66.6 Cymbeline

If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 1, sc. 6, l. 16

Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom’st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss: one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do’t! ’Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame of the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure laced

With blue of heaven’s own tinct.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 2, sc. 2, l. 14

On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I’ the bottom of a cowslip.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 2, sc. 2, l. 37

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,
And Phoebus ’gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 2, sc. 3, l. [22]

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers?
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 2, sc. 5, l. 1

I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 2, sc. 5, l. 12

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune’s park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 1, l. 18

O, for a horse with wings!
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 2, l. [49]

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 3, l. 35

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 4, l. [51]

Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 4, l. [139]

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 3, sc. 6, l. 33

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 4, sc. 2, l. 243

Though mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place ’tween high and low.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 4, sc. 2, l. 246

Thersites’ body is as good as Ajax’
When neither are alive.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 4, sc. 2, l. 252

Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta’en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o’ the great,
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have:
And renowned be thy grave!
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 4, sc. 2, l. 258

Every good servant does not all commands.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 5, sc. 1, l. 6

He that sleeps feels not the toothache.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 5, sc. 4, l. [176]

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold.
‘Cymbeline’ (1609-10) act 5, sc. 5, l. 181

7.66.7 Hamlet

You come most carefully upon your hour.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 6

For this relief much thanks; ’tis bitter cold
And I am sick at heart.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 8

Not a mouse stirring.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 10

Bernardo: What! is Horatio there?
Horatio: A piece of him.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 19

What! has this thing appeared again to-night?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 21

Look, where it comes again!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 40

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 68

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 77

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 113

I’ll cross it, though it blast me.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 127

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 148

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 157

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 166

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death
The memory be green...
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,...
Have we, as ’twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 1

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the brain,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 47

A little more than kin, and less than kind.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 65

Not so, my lord; I am too much i’ the sun.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 67

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 68

Queen: Thou know’st ’tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet: Ay, madam, it is common.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 72

Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not ‘seems’.
’Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected ’haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 76

But to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; ’tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 92

Hamlet: I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King: Why, ’tis a loving and a fair reply.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 120

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon ’gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on’t! O fie! ’tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on’t: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father’s body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father’s brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 129

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 158

A truant disposition, good my lord.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 169

We’ll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 175

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 180

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 187

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 198

These hands are not more like.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 212

But answer made it none.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 215

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 231

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 237

Hamlet: His beard was grizzléd, no?
Horatio: It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 239

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 249

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 254

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 256

And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. 34

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. 47

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear’t that th’ opposéd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. 58

You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. 101

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. 115

Hamlet: The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio: It is a nipping and an eager air.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 1

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 14

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I’ll call thee Hamlet,
King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones hearséd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 39

I do not set my life at a pin’s fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 65

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven! I’ll make a ghost of him that lets me.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 84

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 90

Alas! poor ghost.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 4

I am thy father’s spirit;

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 9

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 13

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 25

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 27

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 32

O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 40

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 58

In the porches of mine ears.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 63

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother’s hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 74

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 86

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And ’gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 89

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 95

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnéd villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I’m sure it may be so in Denmark.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 105

Hamlet: There’s ne’er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he’s an arrant knave.
Horatio: There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 123

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 133

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 138

Hic et ubique? then we’ll shift our ground.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 156

Well said, old mole! canst work i’ the earth so fast?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 162

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 164

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 166

To put an antic disposition on.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 172

Rest, rest, perturbéd spirit.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 182

The time is out of joint; O curséd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. 188

By indirections find directions out.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 1, l. 66

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyvéd to his ancle.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 1, l. 78

This is the very ecstasy of love.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 1, l. 101

Brevity is the soul of wit.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. 90

To define true madness,
What is’t but to be nothing else but mad?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. 93

More matter with less art.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. 95

That he is mad, ’tis true; ’tis true ’tis pity;
And pity ’tis ’tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. 97

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; ‘beautified’ is a vile phrase.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [110]

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [115]

Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [141]

And he, repulséd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [146]

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [166]

Polonius: Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet: Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [173]

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [179]

Still harping on my daughter.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [190]

Polonius: What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet: Words, words, words.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [195]

The satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most potently and powerfully believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [201]

Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [211]

Polonius: My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet: You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [221]

Guildenstern: On Fortune’s cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet: Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosencrantz: Neither, my lord.

Hamlet: Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guildenstern: Faith, her privates, we.

Hamlet: In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Rosencrantz: None, my lord, but that the world’s grown honest.

Hamlet: Then is doomsday near.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [237]

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [259]

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [263]

Beggar that I am, I am poor even in thanks.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [286]

It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile

promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [316]

He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [341]

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [392]

I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [405]

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [424]

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [435]

Come, give us a taste of your quality.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [460]

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [465]

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [553]

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?

'Hamlet' (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [561]

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What’s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [584]

He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [596]

I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [601]

Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i’ the throat,
As deep as to the lungs?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [606]

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave’s offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [613]

I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [625]

The play’s the thing
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 2, sc. 2, l. [641]

’Tis too much proved—that with devotion’s visage
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. 47

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, ’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there’s the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There’s the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. 56

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. 89

For, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. 100

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [124]

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [142]

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [150]

I say, we will have no more marriages.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [156]

O! what a noble mind is here o’erthrown:
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observéd of all observers, quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and figure of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [159]

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. 1

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now,

was and is, to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o’erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [19]

Give me that man
That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him
In my heart’s core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [76]

It is a damnéd ghost we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan’s stithy.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [87]

The chameleon’s dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [98]

Here’s metal more attractive.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [117]

That’s a fair thought to lie between maids’ legs.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [126]

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there’s hope a great man’s memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by’r lady, he must build churches then.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [140]

For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [145]

Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [148]

Ophelia: ’Tis brief, my lord.
Hamlet: As woman’s love.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [165]

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [242]

Hamlet: No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i’ the world.
King: What do you call the play?
Hamlet: The Mouse-trap.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [247]

We that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [255]

What! frighted with false fire?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [282]

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalléd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [287]

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [347]

The proverb is something musty.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [366]

It will discourse most eloquent music.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [381]

You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [387]

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [393]

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud that’s almost in shape of a camel?
Polonius: By the mass, and ’tis like a camel, indeed.
Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.
Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.
haMlet: Or like a whale?
Polonius: Very like a whale.
‘hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [400]

They fool me to the top of my bent.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [408]

By and by is easily said.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [411]

’Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [413]

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [420]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 3, l. 36

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 3, l. 73

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 3, l. 80

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 3, l. 97

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 19

How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 23

A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 28

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 31

Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 51

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 53

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 66

You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 68

Speak no more;
Thou turn’st mine eyes into my very soul.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 88

Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseaméd bed,

Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 91

A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 99

A king of shreds and patches.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 102

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 113

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 142

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what’s past; avoid what is to come.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 149

For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 153

Queen: O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet: O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 156

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 160

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I’ll blessing beg of you.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 171

I must be cruel only to be kind.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 178

For ’tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 206

I’ll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 212

Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. 213

He keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [19]

Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are relieved,
Or not at all.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. 9

A certain convocation of politic worms are e’en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [21]

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [29]

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 4, l. 18

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 4, l. 32

Some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 4, l. 40

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour’s at the stake.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 4, l. 53

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [23]

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [29]

White his shroud as the mountain snow...
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [36]

Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [43]

Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good night, good-night.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [72]

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [78]

We have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [83]

There’s such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [123]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rained many a tear.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [163]

There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that’s for thoughts.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [174]

There’s fennel for you, and columbines; there’s rue for you; and here’s some for me; we may call it herb of grace o’ Sundays. O! you must wear your rue with a difference. There’s a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,—For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [179]

No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [191]

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God ha’ mercy on his soul!

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [196]

His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o’er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [213]

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 5, l. [218]

A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 7, l. 77

No place, indeed should murder sanctuarize.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 7, l. 127

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men’s fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 7, l. 167

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 4, sc. 7, l. 186

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. 1

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [32]

First Clown: What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown: The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [44]

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [61]

The houses that he makes last till doomsday.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [64]

This might be the pate of a politician...one that would circumvent God, might it not?

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [84]

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [147]

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [150]

First Clown: He that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet: Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

First Clown: Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet: Why?

First Clown: 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [160]

Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [201]

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [222]

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

'Hamlet' (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [235]

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [260]

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [265]

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [267]

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [291]

This grave shall have a living monument.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [319]

There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. 10

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman’s service.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. 33

But thou wouldst not think how ill all’s here about my heart.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [222]

Not a whit, we defy augury; there’s a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, ’tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [232]

I have shot mine arrow o’er the house,
And hurt my brother.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [257]

Now the king drinks to Hamlet!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [292]

A hit, a very palpable hit.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [295]

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly killed with my own treachery.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [320]

The point envenomed too!—

Then, venom, to thy work.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [335]

This fell sergeant, death,
Is swift in his arrest.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [350]

Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [353]

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [355]

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [360]

The potent poison quite o’ercrows my spirit.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [367]

The rest is silence.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [372]

Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [373]

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [383]

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [409]

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.
‘Hamlet’ (1601) act 5, sc. 2, l. [417]

7.66.8 Henry IV, Part 1

So shaken as we are, so wan with care.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Let us be Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [28]

Falstaff: And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince: As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [44]

What, in thy quips and thy quiddities?
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [50]

Shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law?
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [66]

Thou hast the most unsavoury similes.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [89]

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [92]

O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [101]

Now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [105]

I’ll be damned for never a king’s son in Christendom.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [108]

Why, Hal, ’tis my vocation, Hal; ’tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [116]. (referring to stealing).

If he fight longer than he sees reason, I’ll forswear arms.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [206]

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [226]

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 42

So pestered with a popinjay.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 50

It was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 59

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 175

O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 197

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 201

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. 251

I know a trick worth two of that.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [40]

At hand, quoth pick-purse.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [53]

We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [95]

I am bewitched with the rogue’s company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I’ll be hanged.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [19]

Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [49]

On, bacons, on!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [99]

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [104]

Falstaff sweats to death
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [119]

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 3, l. [11]

A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 3, l. [21]

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 3, l. [95]

Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 3, l. [113]

I am not yet of Percy’s mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [116]

There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [146]

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [168]

A plague of all cowards, still say I.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [175]

I am a Jew else; an Ebrew Jew.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [201]

Nay that’s past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [214]

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [247]

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [253]

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [267]

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [285]

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight!
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [292]

Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [304]

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [328]

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [370]

I will do it in King Cambyses’ vein.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [430]

Peace, good pint-pot!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [443]

Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [454]

There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [498]

That roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [504]

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [524]

No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry’s company: banish not him thy Harry’s company: banish plump Jack and banish all the world.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [528]

Play out the play.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [539]

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [598]

Glendower: At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
Hotspur: Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother’s cat had but kittened.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 13

And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [42]

Glendower: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
hoTspur: Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [53]

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [128]

That would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
’Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [132]

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [153]

O! he’s as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [158]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that’s a feeling disputation.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [204]

Thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer’s bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [207]

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [233]

You swear like a comfit-maker’s wife.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [252]

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. [257]

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. 60

Being daily swallowed by men’s eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,

Heard, not regarded.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. 70

My near’st and dearest enemy.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. 123

Well, I’ll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 3, l. [5]

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 3, l. [10]

Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 3, l. [15]

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked?

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 3, l. [91]

Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor
Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany. Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 3, sc. 3, l. [184]

Where is his son,
That nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass?

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 1, l. 94

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 1, l. 104

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 1, l. 134

I have misused the king’s press damnably.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. [13]

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. [32]

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. [64]

Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they’ll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. [72]

Greatness knows itself.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 4, sc. 3, l. 74

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. 23

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. 28

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. 89

Falstaff: I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
Prince: Why, thou owest God a death.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. [125].

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o’ Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I’ll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. [131]

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 2, l. 81

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 2, l. 96

I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if
I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there’s an end.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 3, l. [61]

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. 65

But thought’s the slave of life, and life time’s fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.

‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [81]

Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [87]

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [100]

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [148]

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I’ll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [161]

I’ll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
‘Henry IV, Part 1’ (1597) act 5, sc. 4, l. [168]

7.66.9 Henry IV, Part 2

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) induction, l. 15

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 1, l. 100

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [7]

A rascally yea-forsooth knave.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [40]

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [111]

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an’t please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [127]

It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [139]

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [145]

Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [206]

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something of a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [213]

Chief Justice: God send the prince a better companion!

Falstaff: God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [227]

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [244]

I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [247]

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 2, l. [268]

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then we must rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist

To build at all?

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. [41]

A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [36]

Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you fustilarian! I’ll tickle your catastrophe.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [67]

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my
Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in
Wheeson week.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [97]

Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [7]

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [12]

Let the end try the man.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [52]

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 3, l. 21

Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [176].

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [183]

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o’ days, and foining o’ nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [249]

Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 2, sc. 4, l. [283]

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 5

Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 30

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,—
Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself
Into the sea!
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 45

O! if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 54

There is a history in all men’s lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasuréd.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 1, l. 80

A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [73]

Most forcible Feeble.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [181]

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [231]

I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [253].

He that dies this year is quit for the next.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [257]

Lord, Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying.
‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [329]

When a’ was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically

carved upon it with a knife.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [335]

Talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [348]

Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. 81

That I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, ‘I came, saw, and overcame.’

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 3, l. [44].

A man cannot make him laugh; but that’s no marvel; he drinks no wine.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 3, l. [95]

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o’er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 3, l. [103]

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 3, l. [133]

O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep’st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 5, l. 22

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 5, l. 34

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 5, l. 91

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 5, l. 124

It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I’ll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 4, sc. 5, l. 235

Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. [29]

This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 2, l. 47

Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 2, l. 51

My father is gone wild into his grave.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 2, l. 123

’Tis merry in hall when beards wag all.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 3, l. [35]

A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 3, l. [100]

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 3, l. [116]

Let us take any man’s horses; the laws of England are at my commandment.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 3, l. [139]

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 5, l. [52]

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandising; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 5, l. [57]

Presume not that I am the thing I was.

‘Henry IV, Part 2’ (1597) act 5, sc. 5, l. [61]

Where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.

'Henry IV, Part 2' (1597) act 5, sc. 5, epilogue, l. [32]

7.66.10 Henry V

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

'Henry V' (1599) chorus, l. 1

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

'Henry V' (1599) chorus, l. 11

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 1, l. 28

When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 1, l. 47

O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 111

And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 163

For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 187

King Henry: What treasure, uncle?
Exeter: Tennis-balls, my liege.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 258

His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

'Henry V' (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 260

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingéd heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.

'Henry V' (1599) act 2, chorus, l. 1

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault!

'Henry V' (1599) act 2, chorus, l. 16

I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron.

'Henry V' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. [7]

For, lambkins, we will live.

'Henry V' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. [134]

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [7]

He’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went to Arthur’s bosom. A’ made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a’ parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o’ the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a’ babbled of green fields.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [9]

So a’ cried out ‘God, God, God!’ three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a’ should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a’ bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [19]

Boy: Yes, that a’ did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Hostess: A’ never could abide carnation; ’twas a colour he never liked. boy: A’ said once, the devil would have him about women.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [33]

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men’s faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 2, sc. 3, l. [53]

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 1

On, on you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 17

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 25

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry ‘God for Harry! England and Saint George!’

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 31

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [13]

Men of few words are the best men.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [40]

A’ never broke any man’s head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [43]

One Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o’ fire. I

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 6, l. [110]

Give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 3, sc. 7, l. [166]

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other’s watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other’s umbered face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night’s dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, chorus, l. 1

The royal captain of this ruin’d band.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, chorus, l. 29

A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, chorus, l. 43

A little touch of Harry in the night.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, chorus, l. 47

Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, chorus, l. 52

Gloucester, ’tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 11

Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 37

The king’s a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 44

If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey’s camp.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [69]

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [86]

I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [106]

I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument?
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [149]

Every subject’s duty is the king’s; but every subject’s soul is his own.
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [189]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition!
‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [250]

What infinite heart’s ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [256]

’Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcéd title running ’fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [280]

O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposéd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. [309]

O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 16

If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 20

If it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 31

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man’s company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, ‘To-morrow is Saint Crispian:’
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, ‘These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.’
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he’ll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberéd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 35

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 4, l. [20]

There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but ’tis all one, ’tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 4, sc. 7, l. [28]

But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, chorus, l. 22

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. [3]

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. [29]

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. [49]

Let it not disgrace me
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangléd Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. 31

Her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. 44

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies’ favours, they do always reason themselves out again.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [162]

Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half-French, half-English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard?

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [218]

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [287]

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one.

‘Henry V’ (1599) act 5, sc. 2, l. [387]

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world’s best garden he achieved,

And of it made his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made this England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
'Henry V' (1599) epilogue

7.66.11 Henry VI, Part 1

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 1, sc. 2, l. 131

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 2, sc. 2, l. 55

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 2, sc. 4, l. 17

Plantagenet: Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Somerset: Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 2, sc. 4, l. 27

Delays have dangerous ends.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 3, sc. 2, l. 33

I owe him little duty and less love.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 4, sc. 4, l. 34

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 5, sc. 3, l. 56

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
'Henry VI, Part 1' (1592) act 5, sc. 3, l. 78.

7.66.12 Henry VI, Part 2

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 1, sc. 2, l. 11

Is this the fashion of the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain’s isle,
And this the royalty of Albion’s king?
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 1, sc. 3, l. [46]

She bears a duke’s revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 1, sc. 3, l. [83]

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I’d set my ten commandments in your face.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 1, sc. 3, l. [144]

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 3, sc. 2, l. 232

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 3, sc. 3, l. 31

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 1, l. 129

I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 2, l. [10]

Cade: There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king,—as king I will be,—...there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.
Dick: The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 2, l. [73]

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o’er, should undo a man?
‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 2, l. [88]

And Adam was a gardener.

‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 2, l. [146]

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.

‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 7, l. [35]

Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

‘Henry VI, Part 2’ (1592) act 4, sc. 7, l. [62]

7.66.13 Henry VI, Part 3

O tiger’s heart wrapped in a woman’s hide!

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 1, sc. 4, l. 137

This battle fares like to the morning’s war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 1, sc. 5, l. 1

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 1, sc. 5, l. 21

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects’ treachery?

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 1, sc. 5, l. 42

Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
Proud setter up and puller down of kings.

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 3, sc. 3, l. 156

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

‘Henry VI, Part 3’ (1592) act 4, sc. 8, l. 7

Lo! now my glory smeared in dust and blood;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
'Henry VI, Part 3' (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 23

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
'Henry VI, Part 3' (1592) act 5, sc. 6, l. 11

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.
'Henry VI, Part 3' (1592) act 5, sc. 6, l. 67

7.66.14 Henry VIII

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 1, sc. 1, l. 140

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 1, sc. 4, l. 26

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 2, sc. 1, l. 75

Chamberlain: It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suffolk: No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 2, sc. 2, l. [17]

Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 2, sc. 2, l. [42].

I would not be a queen
For all the world.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 2, sc. 2, l. 45

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers

There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 1, l. 3

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 1, l. 99

A spleeny Lutheran.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 100

Then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 203

I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 226

In all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 313

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:

I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 352

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 380

A load would sink a navy.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 384

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 441

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 3, sc. 2, l. 456

She had all the royal makings of a queen.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 4, sc. 1, l. 87

An old man, broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 21

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 29

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
'Henry VIII' (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 31

He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 33

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 41

Men’s evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 45

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 51

Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford!
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 58

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 4, sc. 2, l. 69

I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among ’em,—
At least, good manners,—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships’ pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, sc. 2, l. 26

’Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, sc. 2, l. /76

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, sc. 5, l. 34

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, sc. 5, l. 37

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,

Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, sc. 5, l. 40

Some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two.
‘Henry VIII’ (1613) act 5, epilogue, l. 2

7.66.15 Julius Caesar

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 1, l. [39]

Caesar: Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry ‘Caesar’. Speak; Caesar is turned to hear.
Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 15

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 24

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 28

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 32

Poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 46

Set honour in one eye and death i’ the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 86

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 92

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter’s cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, ‘Dar’st thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word,
Accoutréd as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow...
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, ‘Help me, Cassius, or I sink!’
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 97

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; ’tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 119

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 128

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 134

‘Brutus’ will start a spirit as soon as ‘Caesar’.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 146

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 153

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o’ nights;
Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 191

Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. 197

’Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [255]

Cassius: Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca: Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cassius: To what effect?
Casca: Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 2, l. [282]

Yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 3, l. 26

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 3, l. 90

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 1, sc. 3, l. 93

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 14

’Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 21

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 63

O conspiracy!
Sham’st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free?

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 77

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 166

Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 173

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 195

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 207

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 230

What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 263

That great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 272

Portia: Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Brutus: You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 285

I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 1, l. 292

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night.
'Julius Caesar' (1599) act 2, sc. 2, l. 1

Calphurnia: When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Caesar: Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 2, l. 30

Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 2, l. 44

The cause is in my will: I will not come.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 2, l. 71

See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights,
Is notwithstanding up.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 2, l. 116

O constancy! be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain ’tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man’s mind, but a woman’s might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 2, sc. 4, l. 6

Caesar: The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer: Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 1

Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melted fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishéd:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 39

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there’s but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; ’tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 59

Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar!
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 77.

Ambition’s debt is paid.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 83

That we shall die, we know; ’tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 99

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 101

Cassius: How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o’er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Brutus: How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 111

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 148

Your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 155

Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 159

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 200

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 212

O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livéd in the tide of times.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 254

Caesar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch’s voice
Cry, ‘Havoc!’ and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 270

Passion, I see, is catching.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 1, l. 283

Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [22]

As he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [27]

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [31]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [79]

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [91]

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [97]

On the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [101]

You all did love him once, not without cause.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [108]

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [110]

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [124]

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar’s will.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [145]

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [148]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
’Twas on a summer’s evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [174]

See what a rent the envious Casca made.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [180]

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [188]

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [220]

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men’s blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [225]

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [230]

He hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [252]

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [257]

Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [265]

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 2, l. [271]

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 3, sc. 3, l. [34]

He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 6

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 1, l. 12

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcéd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 2, l. 20

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 7

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 23

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 27

Away, slight man!
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 37

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say ‘better’?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 55

Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 63

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 66

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 72

A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 85

Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 94

O Cassius! you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 109

O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 143

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 202

The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 215

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 225

Brutus: Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost: Ay, at Philippi.
Brutus: Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 4, sc. 3, l. 283

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. 34

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. 118

O! that a man might know
The end of this day’s business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 1, l. 123

This day I breathéd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;

My life is run his compass.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 3, l. 23

O hateful error, melancholy’s child!
Why dost thou show, to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not?
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 3, l. 67

O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 3, l. 94

I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 4, l. 28

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 5, l. 22

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it.
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 5, l. 45

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “This was a man!”
‘Julius Caesar’ (1599) act 5, sc. 5, l. 68

7.66.16 King John

Hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 134

And if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men’s names.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 186

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age’s tooth.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 213

Courage mounteth with occasion.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 82

Saint George, that swingéd the dragon and e’er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess’ door.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 288

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 561

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 573

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin, but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggary.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 593

Thou wear a lion’s hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs!
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. 128

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. 324

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 3, sc. 3, l. 12

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 3, sc. 4, l. 93

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 3, sc. 4, l. 108

Heat me these irons hot.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 13

Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 56

To be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 2, l. 9

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 2, l. 176

Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur’s death.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 2, l. 201

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 2, l. 219

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 3, l. 10

Whate’er you think, good words, I think, were best.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 4, sc. 3, l. 28

None of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom’s rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchéd lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 5, sc. 7, l. 36

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
‘King John’ (1591-8) act 5, sc. 7, l. 112

7.66.17 King Lear

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [92]

Lear: So young, and so untender?
Cordelia: So young, my lord, and true.
Lear: Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [108]

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [124]

I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I’ll do’t before I speak.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [227]

It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonoured step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [230]

Love is not love
When it is mingléd with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [241]

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. [253]

Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got ’tween asleep and wake?

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. 6

I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. 21

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our own disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon’s tail, and my nativity was under ursa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. ’Sfoot! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [132]

Pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’ Bedlam.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [150]

Lear: Dost thou know me, fellow?
Kent: No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
Lear: What’s that?
Kent: Authority.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [28]

Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [40]

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [132]

Lear: Dost thou call me fool, boy?
Fool: All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [163]

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show’st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [283]

How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 4, l. [312]

O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 1, sc. 5, l. [51]

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 2, l. [68]

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I’d drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 2, l. [88]

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element’s below.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 4, l. [57]

O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 4, l. [148]

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 4, l. [275]

Touch me with noble anger,
And let not women’s weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man’s cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I’ll weep;
No, I’ll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I’ll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 2, sc. 4, l. [279]

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curléd waters ’bove the main,
That things might change or cease.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. 4

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’ the world!
Crack nature’s moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 1

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 14

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [35]

No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [37]

Marry, here’s grace and a cod-piece; that’s a wise man and a fool.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [40]

Things that love night
Love not such nights as these.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [42]

Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [57]

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [70]

He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. [74]

When the mind’s free,
The body’s delicate.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. 11

O! that way madness lies; let me shun that.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. 21

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loopéd and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. 28

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. 33

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [75]

A serving-man, proud in heart and mind: that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress’s heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [84]

Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders’ books, and defy the foul fiend.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [96]

Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [109]

’Tis a naughty night to swim in.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [113]

This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of earth.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [118]

The green mantle of the standing pool.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [136]

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [148]

Poor Tom’s a-cold.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [151]

Child Roland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 4, l. [185].

He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse’s health, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 6, l. [20]

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 6, l. [65]

By the kind gods, ’tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 7, l. [35]

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 7, l. [54]

Cornwall: Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Gloucester: All dark and comfortless.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 3, sc. 7, l. [83]

Yet better thus, and known to be contemnd,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. 18

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I’d say I had eyes again.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. 23

The worst is not,
So long as we can say, ‘This is the worst.’
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. 27

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. 36

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 2, l. 30

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 2, l. 38

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 3, l. [34]

He was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumitor and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 4, l. 1

How fearful
And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. 12

They told me I was every thing; ’tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [107]

Gloucester: Is’t not the king?
Lear: Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man’s life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive.

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [110]

Lear: The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the Gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':
There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination; there's money for thee.
Gloucester: O! let me kiss that hand!
Lear: Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Gloucester: O ruined piece of nature! This great world
Should so wear out to nought.

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [125]

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [154]

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her.

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [165]

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [170]

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

'King Lear' (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [175]

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [182]

When we are born we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 6, l. [187]

Mine enemy’s dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 7, l. 36

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 7, l. 46

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 4, sc. 7, l. 60

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 2, l. 9

Come, let’s away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i’ the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I’ll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: and we’ll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we’ll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who’s in, who’s out;
And take upon ’s the mystery of things,
As if we were God’s spies; and we’ll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. 8

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. 20

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [172]

The wheel is come full circle.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [176]

His flawed heart,—
Alack! too weak the conflict to support;
’Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [198]

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongue and eyes, I’d use them so
That heaven’s vaults should crack. She’s gone for ever!
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [259]

Kent: Is this the promised end?
Edgar: Or image of that horror?
Albion: Fall and cease?
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [265]

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [274]

And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou’lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [307]

Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [314]

The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel; not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
‘King Lear’ (1605-6) act 5, sc. 3, l. [325]

7.66.18 Love’s Labour’s Lost

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour which shall bate his scythe’s keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers of Heaven’s lights
That give a name to every fixéd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 84

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 105

Assist me some extemporal god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonneter. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 1, sc. 2, l. [192]

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter’d by base sale of chapmen’s tongues.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. 15

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withal.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. 66

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. [114]

Your wit’s too hot, it speeds too fast, ’twill tire.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. [119]

Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. 1

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting ’paritors: O my little heart!

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [189]

A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her!

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [206]

He hath not fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 2, l. [25]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 2, l. [102]

Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention?

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 2, l. [126]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
’Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 3, l. [60]

From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 3, l. [302]

But love, first learnéd in a lady’s eyes,
Lives not alone immuréd in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover’s eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover’s ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped:
Love’s feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love’s tongue proves dainty Baccus gross in taste.
For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo’s lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love’s sighs.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 3, l. [327]

From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 4, sc. 3, l. [350]

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. [18]

Bone? bone, for bene: Priscian a little scratched; ’twill serve.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. [31]

Moth: They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.
Costard: O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. [39]

The posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. [96]

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha’ been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. 15

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. 407

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. 413

A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. [869]

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. [902]

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion’s nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. [920]

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. [938]

7.66.19 Macbeth

First Witch: When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch: When the hurly-burly’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won.
Third Witch: That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch: Where the place?
Second Witch: Upon the heath.

Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch: I come, Graymalkin!
Second Witch: Paddock calls.
third witch: Anon!
All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

What bloody man is that?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 2, l. 1

Brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour’s minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne’er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 2, l. 16

They
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 2, l. 38

Bellona’s bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm ’gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 2, l. 55

A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched:
‘Give me,’ quoth I:
‘Aroint thee, witch!’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the Tiger:
But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 4

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.

He shall live a man forbid.
Weary se’nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 19

third witch: A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
all: The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 30

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 38

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th’ inhabitants o’ the earth,
And yet are on ’t? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 39

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 58

Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 72

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 79

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 83

What! can the devil speak true?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 107

The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 108

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray’s
In deepest consequence.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 123

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 127

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 130

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 3, l. 146

Malcolm: Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As ’twere a careless trifle.
Duncan: There’s no art
To find the mind’s construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 4, l. 7

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou’dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, ‘Thus thou must do, if thou have it’;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 5, l. [16]

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry ‘Hold, hold!’

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 5, l. [38]

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.

'Macbeth' (1606) act 1, sc. 5, l. [63]

Duncan: This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo: This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

'Macbeth' (1606) act 1, sc. 6, l. 1

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return,
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

'Macbeth' (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 1

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,

And falls on the other.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 16

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 31

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting ‘I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would,’
Like the poor cat i’ the adage?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 35

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 46

Lady Macbeth: I have given suck, and know
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash’d the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macbeth: If we should fail,—
Lady Macbeth: We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we’ll not fail.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 54

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 72

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 1, sc. 7, l. 82

There’s husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 1, l. 4

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 1, l. 6

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 1, l. 33

Now o’er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate’s offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 1, l. 49

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 1

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern’st good-night.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 4

The attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 2

Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done’t.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 14

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 16

Wherefore could not I pronounce ‘Amen’?
I had most need of blessing, and ‘Amen’
Stuck in my throat.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 32

Methought I heard a voice cry, ‘Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,’ the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 36

Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 43

Macbeth: I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on’t again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth: Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; ’tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 52

Whence is that knocking?
How is’t with me, when every noise appals me?
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 58

Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 61

A little water clears us of this deed.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 2, l. 68

Here’s a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key. Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there i’ the name of Beelzebub? Here’s a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. 1

Who’s there i’ the other devil’s name! Faith, here’s an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God’s sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [9]

This place is too cold for hell. I’ll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [19].

Porter: Drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff: What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter: Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [28]

The labour we delight in physics pain.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [56]

The night has been unruly: where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i’ the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [60]

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o’ the building!

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [72]

Shake off this downy sleep, death’s counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom’s image!

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [83]

Macduff: Our royal master’s murdered!
Lady Macbeth: Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [95]

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There’s nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [98]

Who can be wise, amazéd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [115]

Lady Macbeth: Help me hence, ho!
Macduff: Look to the lady.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [125]

Where we are,
There’s daggers in men’s smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 3, l. [146]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 2, sc. 4, l. 12

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play’dst most foully for’t.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 1

Banquo: Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth: Fail not our feast.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 26

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 48

First Murderer: We are men, my liege.
Macbeth: Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clipt
All by the name of dogs.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 91

Second Murderer: I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Murderer: I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 108

Leave no rubs nor botches in the work.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 3, sc. 1, l. 134

Lady Macbeth: Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macbeth: We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 3, sc. 2, l. 11

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere, to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 3, sc. 2, l. 40

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 3, sc. 2, l. 45

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace

To gain the timely inn.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 3, l. 5

Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 3

Now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 24

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 38

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 50

What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 99

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 119

Macbeth: It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret’st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady Macbeth: Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 122

I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 136

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 4, l. 141

Security
Is mortals’ chiefest enemy.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 3, sc. 5, l. 32

Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 4

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 14

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 26

Second Witch: By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.
Macbeth: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
Witches: A deed without a name.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 44

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 79

But yet, I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.
'Macbeth' (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 83

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 1, l. 92

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 2, l. 3

He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 2, l. 8

Son: And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
Lady Macduff: Every one.
Son: Who must hang them?
Lady Macduff: Why, the honest men.
Son: Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 2, l. [51]

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 3, l. 22

Stands Scotland where it did?
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 3, l. 164

What! man; ne’er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 3, l. 208

Malcolm: Let’s make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff: He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 3, l. 216

Malcolm: Dispute it like a man.
Macduff: I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 4, sc. 3, l. 219

Doctor: You see her eyes are open.
Gentlewoman: Ay, but their sense is shut.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [27]

Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why then, ’tis time to do’t. Hell is murky! Fie, my

lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [38]

The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne’er be clean? No more o’ that, my lord, no more o’ that: you mar all with this starting.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [46]

Here’s the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [55]

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [60]

Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [67]

What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [74]

More needs she the divine than the physician.

‘Macbeth’ act 5, sc. 1, l. 74

Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 1, l. [78]

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant’s robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 2, l. 19

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear.

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 3, l. 1

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott’st thou that goose look?

‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 3, l. 11

I have livéd long enough: my way of life
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 3, l. 22

Macbeth: Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor: Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth: Throw physic to the dogs; I’ll none of it.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 3, l. 37

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, ‘They come’; our castle’s strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 5, l. 1

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in’t. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 5, l. 9

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word,
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 5, l. 16

If that which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I ’gin to be aweary of the sun,

And wish the estate o’ the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 5, l. 47

Macbeth: I bear a charméd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macduff: Despair thy charm;
And let the angel who thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother’s womb
Untimely ripped.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 7, l. 41

Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, ‘Hold, enough!’
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 7, l. 62

Siward: Had he his hurts before?
Ross: Ay, on the front.
Siward: Why, then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
‘Macbeth’ (1606) act 5, sc. 7, l. 75

7.66.20 Measure for Measure

Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat’ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children’s sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 1, sc. 3, l. 23

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted;
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 1, sc. 4, l. 34

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 1, sc. 4, l. 40

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 1, sc. 4, l. 57

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 1, l. 1

’Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner’s life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 1, l. 17

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 1, l. [144]

There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war ’twixt will and will not.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 29

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 37

No ceremony that to great ones ’longs,
Not the king’s crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 59

O! it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 107

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 117

Great men may jest with saints; ’tis wit in them,
But, in the less foul profanation.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 127

That in the captain’s but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 130

Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 162

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue; never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 2, l. 180

Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother’s life?

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 2, sc. 4, l. 64

Claudio: The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke: Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep’st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool;
For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun,

And yet run’st toward him still.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 2

If thou art rich, thou’rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 25

Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 32

Dar’st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 75

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 81

Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 108

Claudio: Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella: And shamed life a hateful.
Claudio: Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbéd ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: ’tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathéd worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. 114

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. [182]

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. [214]

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 1, l. [279]

Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 2, l. [117]

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 3, sc. 2, l. [151]

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 1, l. 1

Though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 1, l. 16

He will discredit our mystery.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 2, l. [29]

Every true man’s apparel fits your thief.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 2, l. [46]

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what’s past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 2, l. [148]

O! death’s a great disguiser.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 2, l. [185]

I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 4, sc. 3, l. [193]

Let the devil
Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.

‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 5, sc. 1, l. [289]

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 5, sc. 1, l. [411]

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
‘Measure for Measure’ (1604) act 5, sc. 1, l. [440]

7.66.21 The Merchant of Venice

Antonio: In sooth I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff ’tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salarino: Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 50

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 74

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 77

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 83

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, ‘I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!’
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 88

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 101

Silence is only commendable
In a neat’s tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 111

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 114

My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. [139]

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than the word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. [162]

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. 1

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [5]

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages princes’ palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [13]

He doth nothing but talk of his horse.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [43]

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [59]

If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [66]

I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [78]

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [105]

There is not one among them but I dote on his very absence.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 2, l. [117]

Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [22]

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

What news on the Rialto?

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [36]

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [42]

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [99]

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spet upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [107]

You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
‘Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?’ or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
‘Fair sir, you spat on me Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys?’
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [118]

O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [161]

aNtonio: This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.
Bassanio: I like not fair terms and a villain’s mind.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 1, sc. 3, l. [179]

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. 1

My conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, ‘my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man’s son,’—or rather an honest woman’s son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, ‘Launcelot, budge not.’ ‘Budge.’ says the fiend. ‘Budge not,’ says my conscience. ‘Conscience,’ say I, ‘you counsel well;’ ‘fiend,’ say I, ‘you counsel well.’
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 2, l. [13]

The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 2, l. [71]

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 2, l. [83]

Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 2, l. [86]

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest.
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 5, l. 17

Then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 5, l. [24]

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,
But stop my house’s ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 5, l. [29]

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 6, l. 36

What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 6, l. 41

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 7, l. 18

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 7, l. 70

My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 8, l. 15

What many men desire! that ‘many’ may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior; but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 9, l. 25

The portrait of a blinking idiot.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 9, l. 54

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow’s bliss.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 9, l. 63

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools!

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 2, sc. 9, l. 79

The Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. [4]

Let him look to his bond.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. [51]

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. 63

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. [76]

Thou stick’st a dagger in me.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. [118]

Tubal: One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock: Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. [126]

He makes a swan-like end
Fading in music.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 44

Tell me where is fancy bred.
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy’s knell:
I’ll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 63

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnéd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 73

Ornament is but the guiléd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 97

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 149

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 191

Here are a few of the unpleasant’st words

That ever blotted paper!

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 2, l. 252

I will have my bond.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 3, l. 17

How every fool can play upon the word!

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 5, l. [48]

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 3, sc. 5, l. [62]

You’ll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I’ll not answer that:
But say it is my humour: is it answered?

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 40

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i’ the nose,
Cannot contain their urine.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 47

There is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a wauling bagpipe.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 53

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 65

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 89

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. 114

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [163]

Portia: Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock: On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia: The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

’Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [182]

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [206]

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [215]

Portia: There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
’Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state.
Shylock: A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [218]

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [228]

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [238]

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [301]

Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir’st.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [315]

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [334]

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [342]

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [375]

He is well paid that is well satisfied.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [416]

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 4, sc. 1, l. [439]

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 1

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 9

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in this motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 54

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 69

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 79

Portia: How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Nerissa: When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Portia: So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 90

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked!
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 102

This night methinks is but the daylight sick.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 124

Let me give light, but let me not be light:
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 129

These blessed candles of the night.
‘The Merchant of Venice’ (1596-8) act 5, sc. 1, l. 220

7.66.22 The Merry Wives of Windsor

I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 1, sc. 1, l. [48]

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 1, sc. 1, l. [205]

‘Convey,’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh! a fico for the phrase!

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 1, sc. 3, l. [30]

Here will be an old abusing of God’s patience, and the king’s English.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 1, sc. 4, l. [5]

We burn daylight.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 2, sc. 1, l. [54]

Why, then the world’s mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. 2

Falstaff: Of what quality was your love, then?
Ford: Like a fair house built upon another man’s ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 2, sc. 2, l. [228]

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 3, sc. 2, l. [71]

O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 3, sc. 4, l. [32]

If I be served such another trick, I’ll have my brains ta’en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year’s gift.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 3, sc. 5, l. [7]

You may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 3, sc. 5, l. [12]

He so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve’s daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ‘Peer out, peer out!’ that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 4, sc. 2, l. [22]

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers...There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.

‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ (1597) act 5, sc. 1, l. 2

7.66.23 A Midsummer Night's Dream

Question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blesséd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 67

Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 132

O hell! to choose love by another's eye.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 140

If there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 141

Your eyes are lodestars! and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 183

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Helen's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing’d Cupid painted blind.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 1, l. 226

The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [11]

Masters, spread yourselves.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [16]

If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [28]

I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [31]

This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [43]

Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [50]

I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, ‘Let him roar again, let him roar again.’

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [73]

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as ’twere any nightingale.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [85]

Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [89]

Hold, or cut bow-strings.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 1, sc. 2, l. [115]

Puck: How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy: Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moone’s sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 1

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And ‘tailor’ cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 51

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 60

The fold stands empty in the drownéd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men’s morris is filled up with mud.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 96

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 103

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin’s back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid’s music.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 149

But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat’ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 161

I’ll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 175

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 1, l. 249

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 2, l. 9

Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 2, sc. 2, l. 20

God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [32]

Look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [55]

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [82]

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [124]

bottom: The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.
titania: What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [131]

Out of this wood do not desire to go.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 1, l. [159]

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun’s report,

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 20

Lord, what fools these mortals be!
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 115

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 208

Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 237

O! when she’s angry she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 323

Night’s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 379

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 440

Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 3, sc. 2, l. 461

I must to the barber’s, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [25]

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [32]

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [37]

I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [43]

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [82]

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear...
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [118]

Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [145]

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [211]

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 4, sc. 1, l. [218]

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. 7

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. 36

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. 56

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. 82

Out of this silence yet I pick’d a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. 100

If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. [108]

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. [148]

I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby’s face.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. [195]

The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. [215]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; ’tis almost fairy time.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 1, l. [372]

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 2, l. 1

Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow’d house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 2, l. 17

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ (1595-6) act 5, sc. 2, l. 54

7.66.24 Much Ado About Nothing

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [8]

He hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [15]

He is a very valiant trencher-man.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [52]

How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [27]

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [79]

Beatrice: I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.
Benedick: What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [121]

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [209]

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 1, sc. 1, l. [271]

Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [31]

Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [64]

I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [86]

Speak low, if you speak love.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [104]

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [184]

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [257]

I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John’s foot; fetch you a hair off the Great Cham’s beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather

than hold three words' conference with this harpy.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [274]

Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [322]

Don Pedro: Out of question, you were born in a merry hour.
Beatrice: No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [348]

She is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 1, l. [360]

I have known, when he would have walked ten miles afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [16]

Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [62]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [65]

Sits the wind in that corner?
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [108]

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [258]

The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 2, sc. 3, l. [262]

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our counsel.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 3, sc. 1, l. 23

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
'Much Ado About Nothing' (1598-9) act 3, sc. 1, l. 51

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 1, l. 109

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 2, l. [12]

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 2, l. [28]

A’ brushes his hat a mornings; what should that bode?
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 2, l. [41]

The barber’s man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 2, l. [45]

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 3, l. [14]

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 3, l. [19]

You shall comprehend all vagrom men.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 3, l. [25]

For the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 3, l. [36]

The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 3, l. [61]

I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 5, l. [15]

Comparisons are odorous.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 5, l. [18]

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, ‘when the age is in, the wit is out.’
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 5, l. [36]

Well, God’s a good man.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 3, sc. 5, l. [39]

O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 1, l. [19]

I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 1, l. [271]

Beatrice: You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.

Benedick: And do it with all thy heart.
Beatrice: I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 2, l. [283]

O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 1, l. [311]

Flat burglary as ever was committed.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 2, l. [54]

O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 4, sc. 2, l. [80]

Patch grief with proverbs.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 1, l. 17

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 1, l. 35

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 1, l. [121]

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 1, l. [135]

No, I was not born under a riming planet.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 2, l. [40]

Good morrow, masters: put your torches out,
The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
‘Much Ado About Nothing’ (1598-9) act 5, sc. 3, l. 24

7.66.25 Othello

’Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 35

You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master’s ass,
For nought but provender.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 44

In following him, I follow but myself.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 58

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 64

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 88

’Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. 108

Your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [117]

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 1, l. [155]

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 2, l. 1

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 2, l. 59

I’ll refer me to all things of sense,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curléd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 2, l. 64

My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o’bearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 55

Othello: Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta’en away this old man’s daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.
Brabantio: A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 76

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 128

And often did beguile her of her tears,

When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, ’twas strange, ’twas passing strange;
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov’d her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 156

I do perceive here a divided duty.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 181

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 208

But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was piercéd through the ear.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. 218

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [230]

If I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [257]

Roderigo: I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago: Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!
Roderigo: It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [307]

Virtue! a fig! ’tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [323]

Put money in thy purse.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [345]

These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [352]

There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [377]

He hath a person and a smooth dispose
Framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [403]

I have’t; it is engendered; hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 1, sc. 3, l. [409]

Our great captain’s captain.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. 74

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. 109

Do not put me to’t,
For I am nothing if not critical.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. 118

I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. 122

Iago: She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lacked gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said ‘Now I may,’
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod’s head for the salmon’s tail,
She that could think and ne’er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
Desdemona: To do what?
Iago: To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona: O most lame and impotent conclusion!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. 148

With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. [169]

Othello: If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Desdemona: The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. [192]

A slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. [247]

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 1, l. [320]

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [34]

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [66]

Cassio: ’Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago: I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [78]

’Tis pride that pulls the country down.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [99]

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [177]

But men are men; the best sometimes forget.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [243]

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [249]

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [264]

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [285]

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [293]

Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [315]

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 2, sc. 3, l. [379]

O! thereby hangs a tail.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 1, l. [8]

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 90

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 106

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; ’tis something, nothing;
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 155

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 165

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave’t undone, but keep’t unknown.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 202

Not to affect many proposéd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disposition, thoughts unnatural.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 229

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I’d whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years—yet that’s not much—
She’s gone, I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others’ uses.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 260

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.
I’ll not believe it.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 278

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 323

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 331

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the pluméd troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 346

O wretched fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest is not safe.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 376

This denoted a foregone conclusion.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 429

Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 3, l. 454

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 4, l. 43

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 4, l. 56

'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
'Othello' (1602-4) act 3, sc. 4, l. 70

Jealous souls will not be answered so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 4, l. 158

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers’ absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O, weary reckoning!
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 3, sc. 4, l. 172

O! it comes o’er my memory,
As doth the raven o’er the infected house,
Boding to all.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. 20

Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. 45

’Tis the strumpet’s plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. 97

I would have him nine years a-killing.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [186]

My heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor’s side and command him tasks.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [190]

An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [197]

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [205]

O well-painted passion!
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [268]

Goats and monkeys!
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [274]

Is this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 1, l. [277]

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 29

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rained

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
The fixéd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well.
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 46

O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell’st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne’er been born!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 66

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 76

I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 87

Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 111

I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander.

‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 130

Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 2, l. 159

emilia: I would you had never seen him.
desdemona: So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns...
Have grace and favour in them.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. 18

My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her; she had a song of ‘willow;’
An old thing ’twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it; that song to-night
Will not go from my mind.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. 26

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;—
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. [41].

desdemona: Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
emilia: ’Tis neither here nor there.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. [59]

Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch?
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 4, sc. 3, l. [76]

He hath a daily beauty in his life.
That makes me ugly.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 1, l. 19

This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 1, l. 128

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I’ll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 1

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 43

Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 80

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 107

Murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 113

emilia: O! who hath done this deed?
desdemona: Nobody; I myself; farewell.

'Othello' (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 121

othello: She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that killed her.
emilia: O! the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 127

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I’d not have sold her for it.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 141

May his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 153

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 160

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 232

Every puny whipster gets my sword.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 242

I will play the swan,
And die in music.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 245

Who can control his fate?
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 264

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 265

O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O! curséd, curséd slave. Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 271

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 293

I have done the state some service, and they know ’t;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes
Albeit unuséd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med’cinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 338

gratiano: All that’s spoke is marred.
othello: I kiss’d thee ere I kill’d thee, no way but this,
Killing myself to die upon a kiss.
‘Othello’ (1602-4) act 5, sc. 2, l. 356

7.66.26 Pericles, Prince Of Tyre

See where she comes apparelled like the spring.
‘Pericles, Prince Of Tyre’ (1606-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 12

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
‘Pericles, Prince Of Tyre’ (1606-8) act 1, sc. 1, l. 92

Third Fisherman: Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
First Fisherman: Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.
‘Pericles, Prince Of Tyre’ (1606-8) act 2, sc. 1, l. [29]

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
‘Pericles, Prince Of Tyre’ (1606-8) act 3, sc. 1, l. 22

7.66.27 Richard II

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour’d Lancaster.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Let’s purge this choler without letting blood.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 153

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 177

We were not born to sue, but to command.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. 196

The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue’s use is to me no more
Than an unstringéd viol or a harp.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 159

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word; such is the breath of kings.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 213

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 236

Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 271

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 275

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer’s heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 294

More are men’s ends marked than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. 11

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. 31

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blesséd plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownéd for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world’s ransom, blesséd Mary’s Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out,—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 1, l. 40

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 3, l. 2

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 3, l. 46

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 3, l. 87

The caterpillars of the commonwealth.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 3, l. 166

Things past redress are now with me past care.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 2, sc. 3, l. 171

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. 21

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressedd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 54

O! call back yesterday, bid time return.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 69

Is not the king’s name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 85

The worst is death, and death will have his day.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 103

Of comfort no man speak:
Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let’s choose executors, and talk of wills.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 144

For God’s sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 155

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 62

The purple testament of bleeding war.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 94

O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 136

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o’ God’s name, let it go.
I’ll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman’s gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer’s walking staff,

My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
'Richard II' (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 143

Shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
'Richard II' (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 164

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.
'Richard II' (1595) act 3, sc. 4, l. 29

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.
'Richard II' (1595) act 3, sc. 4, l. 73

Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
'Richard II' (1595) act 3, sc. 4, l. 104

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
'Richard II' (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 139

God save the king! Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
'Richard II' (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 172

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:

That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 181

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 192

Now mark me how I will undo myself.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 203

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 207

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 214

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn my eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 244

A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 4, sc. 1, l. 287

This is the way
To Julius Caesar’s ill-erected tower.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 1

I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 20

In winter’s tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 40

That were some love but little policy.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 84

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men’s eyes
Did scowl on Richard.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. 23

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 2, l. 46

He prays but faintly and would be denied.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 103

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 5, l. 1

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men’s lives.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 5, l. 42

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 5, l. 49

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downwards here to die.
‘Richard II’ (1595) act 5, sc. 5, l. 112

7.66.28 Richard III

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbéd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady’s chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 1, l. 9

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determinéd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 1, l. 28

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 2, l. 71

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 2, l. 172

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 2, l. 229

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But that his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 3, l. 51

Since every Jack became a gentleman
There’s many a gentle person made a Jack.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 3, l. 72

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol’n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 3, l. 336

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men’s skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

As ’twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 4, l. 21

Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 1, sc. 4, l. 55

Woe to the land that’s governed by a child!
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 2, sc. 3, l. 11.

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 3, sc. 1, l. 79

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 3, sc. 4, l. 31

Talk’st thou to me of ‘ifs’? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head!
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 3, sc. 4, l. 74

I am not in the giving vein to-day.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 4, sc. 2, l. 115

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham’s bosom.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 4, sc. 3, l. 38

Thou cam’st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever graced me in thy company?
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 4, sc. 4, l. 167

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 4, sc. 4, l. 359

Harp not on that string.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 4, sc. 4, l. 365

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow’s wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 2, l. 23

The king’s name is a tower of strength.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 12

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!

Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 178

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 194

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 201

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 217

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 3, l. 310

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 4, l. 7

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
‘Richard III’ (1591) act 5, sc. 4, l. 9

7.66.29 Romeo And Juliet

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) prologue

The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents’ rage,
Which, but their children’s end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours’ traffick of our stage.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) prologue

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. [50]

I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 1, l. [56]

’Tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 2, l. 2

Paris: Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Capulet: And too soon marred are those so early made.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 2, l. 12

And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A’ was a merry man—took up the child:
‘Yea,’ quoth he, ‘dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?’ and, by my halidom,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said ‘Ay’...
Pretty fool, it stinted and said ‘Ay.’

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 3, l. 39

O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you...
She is the fairies’ midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men’s noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider’s web;
The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o’ mind the fairies’ coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love;
O’er courtiers’ knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail,
Tickling a parson’s nose as a’ lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes;
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 4, l. 53

You and I are past our dancing days.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 5, l. [35]

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 5, l. [48]

Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 5, l. [125]

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 1, sc. 5, l. [142]

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 1

It is my lady; O! it is my love:
O! that she knew she were.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 10

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 23

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 33

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 43

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 66

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 85

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 88

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 92

I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 100

Romeo: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Juliet: O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo: What shall I swear by?
Juliet: Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 107

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 118

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 133

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 156

Juliet: O! for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo: It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 158

Juliet: 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Romeo: I would I were thy bird.
Juliet: Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
Romeo: Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 2, l. 176

One, two, and the third in your bosom.
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 4, l. [24]

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
'Romeo And Juliet' (1595) act 2, sc. 4, l. [41]

I am the very pink of courtesy.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 4, l. [63]

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 4, l. [156]

O! so light a foot
Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 2, sc. 6, l. 16

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [23]

No, ’tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but ’tis enough, ’twill serve.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [100]

A plague o’ both your houses!
They have made worms’ meat of me.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [112]

O! I am Fortune’s fool.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 1, l. [142]

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus’ lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway’s eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 1

Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 17

He was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 2, l. 91

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 1

Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil’st upon the stroke that murders me.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 22

Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 54

Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 56

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 3, l. 159

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 1

Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 9

I have more care to stay than will to go.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 23

Villain and he be many miles asunder.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 82

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 153

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 198

Romeo’s a dishclout to him.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 3, sc. 5, l. 221

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 4, sc. 2, l. 2

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 4, sc. 3, l. 14

Out, alas! she’s cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 4, sc. 5, l. 25

My bosom’s lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 3

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 24

Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut.
56

Romeo: The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apothecary: My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Romeo: I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 1, l. 72

Tempt not a desperate man.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 59

One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 82

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 88

Beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advancéd there.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 94

Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorréd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 102

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities.
‘Romeo And Juliet’ (1595) act 5, sc. 3, l. 216

7.66.30 The Taming Of The Shrew

Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) induction, sc. 1, l. [4]

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) induction, sc. 2, l. [95]

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta’en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 1, sc. 1, l. 39

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 1, sc. 2, l. [82]

O! this learning, what a thing it is.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 1, sc. 2, l. [163]

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 2, sc. 1, l. 32

Say that she rail; why then I’ll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I’ll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I’ll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 2, sc. 1, l. 171

You are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 2, sc. 1, l. 186

Kiss me Kate, we will be married o’ Sunday.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 2, sc. 1, l. 318

She shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I’ll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 4, sc. 1, l. [208]

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 4, sc. 3, l. [23]

Petruchio: It shall be what o’clock I say it is.
Hortensio: Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 4, sc. 3, l. [197]

O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur’d!
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 93

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 137

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 143

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 147

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 156

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace.

‘The Taming Of The Shrew’ (1592) act 5, sc. 2, l. 162

7.66.31 The Tempest

What cares these roarers for the name of king?
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 1, l. [18]

He hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 1, l. [33]

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 1, l. [70]

O! I have suffer’d
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 5

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 49

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 106

My library
Was dukedom large enough.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 109

The still-vexed Bermoothes.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 229

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 325

You taught me language; and my profit on’t
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 363

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kissed,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 375

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 389

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 394

The fringéd curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 405

At the first sight
They have changed eyes.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 1, sc. 2, l. 437

He receives comfort like cold porridge.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 1, l. 10

Look, he’s winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will strike.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 1, l. [12]

What’s past is prologue.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 1, l. [261]

They’ll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 1, l. [296]

A very ancient and fish-like smell.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 2, l. [27]

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 2, l. [33]

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 2, l. [42]

Well, here’s my comfort. [Drinks.]
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, ‘Go hang!’
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 2, l. [48]

’Ban, ’Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 2, sc. 2, l. [197]

Ferdinand: Wherefore weep you?
Miranda: At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 1, l. 76

Miranda: I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I’ll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I’ll be your servant
Whether you will or no.
Ferdinand: My mistress, dearest;
And thus I humble ever.
Miranda: My husband then?
Ferdinand: Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand.
Miranda: And mine, with my heart in’t.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 1, l. 83

Thou deboshed fish thou.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 2, l. [30]

Flout ’em, and scout ’em; and scout ’em, and flout ’em;
Thought is free.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 2, l. [133]

He that dies pays all debts.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 2, l. [143]

Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 2, l. [147]

In dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked
I cried to dream again.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 3, sc. 2, l. [152]

Thy banks with pionéd and twilléd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 4, sc. 1, l. 64

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 4, sc. 1, l. 148

I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 4, sc. 1, l. [221]

We shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 4, sc. 1, l. [250]

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 5, sc. 1, l. 33

This rough magic
I here abjure...
I’ll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I’ll drown my book.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 5, sc. 1, l. 50

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 5, sc. 1, l. 88

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in’t.
‘The Tempest’ (1611) act 5, sc. 1, l. 182

7.66.32 Timon Of Athens

’Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 1, l. 108

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o’ the flatterer.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 1, l. [233]

The strain of man’s bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 1, l. [260]

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 2, l. [45]

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 2, l. [64]

Like madness is the glory of this life.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 2, l. [141]

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 1, sc. 2, l. [152]

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 3, sc. 5, l. 3

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time’s flies.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 3, sc. 6, l. [107]

We have seen better days.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 4, sc. 2, l. 27

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 4, sc. 2, l. 30

The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 4, sc. 2, l. [300]

He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 4, sc. 3, l. [457]

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.
‘Timon Of Athens’ act 5, sc. 1, l. [191]

Tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
'Timon Of Athens' act 5, sc. 1, l. [203]

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embosséd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.
'Timon Of Athens' act 5, sc. 1, l. [220]

7.66.33 Titus Andronicus

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
'Titus Andronicus' (1590) act 2, sc. 1, l. 82.

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.
'Titus Andronicus' (1590) act 4, sc. 1, l. 34

Tamora: Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Titus: Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Saturninus: Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Titus: Why, there they are, both bakéd in this pie
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Titus Andronicus' (1590) act 5, sc. 3, l. 54]

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
'Titus Andronicus' (1590) act 5, sc. 3, l. [189]

7.66.34 Troilus And Cressida

I have had my labour for my travail.
'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 1, sc. 1, l. [73]

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing;

That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 2, l. [310]

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 85

O! when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 101

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 109

The general’s disdained
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 129

We are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 286

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 1, sc. 3, l. 343

The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 2, sc. 1, l. [13]

Achilles...who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I’ll tell you what I say of him.
‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 2, sc. 1, l. [78]

You have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought

Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 2, sc. 2, l. 163

Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 2, sc. 2, l. 186

I am giddy, expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 2, l. [17]

This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 2, l. [85]

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man’s might.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 2, l. [163]

I am as true as truth’s simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 2, l. [176]

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 3, l. 145

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 3, l. 150

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 3, sc. 3, l. 165

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 3, sc. 3, l. 171

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 3, sc. 3, l. [267]

How my achievements mock me!

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 2, l. [72]

What a pair of spectacles is here!

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 4, l. [13] (Pandarus, of the lovers)

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 4, l. [39]

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 5, l. 54

What's past, and what's to come is strewed with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 5, l. 165

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 4, sc. 5, l. 223

Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 5, sc. 2, l. 192

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.

'Troilus And Cressida' (1602) act 5, sc. 3, l. [109]

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 5, sc. 10, l. 22

O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed?

‘Troilus And Cressida’ (1602) act 5, sc. 10, l. [36]

7.66.35 Twelfth Night

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o’er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough! no more:
’Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe’er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 1

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursue me.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 1, l. 19

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 2, l. 2

He’s as tall a man as any’s in Illyria.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [21]

He plays o’ the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [27]

Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [90]

Sir Andrew: I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O! had I but followed the arts!

Sir Toby: Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [99]

Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before ’em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall’s picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [135]

Is it a world to hide virtues in?

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 3, l. [142]

They shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana’s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman’s part.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 4, l. 30

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [20]

What says Quinapalus? ‘Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.’

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [37]

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [52]

Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [68]

A plague o’ these pickle herring!

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [127]

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before ’tis a peascod, or a codling when ’tis almost an apple: ’tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother’s milk were scarce out of him.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [166]

I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [184]

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question’s out of my part.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [191]

Olivia: ’Tis in grain, sir; ’twill endure wind and weather.

Viola: ’Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Olivia: O! sir I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as Item, Two lips, indifferent red; Item, Two grey eyes with lids to them; Item, One neck, one chin, and so forth.

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [257]

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnéd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [289]

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortune, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 1, sc. 5, l. [310]

She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 2, sc. 1, l. [31]

Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes.

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. 1

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know...

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

'Twelfth Night' (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [42]

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [85]

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [91]

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [100]

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [124]

Maria: Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
Sir Andrew: O, if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog!

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [153]

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [171]

I was adored once too.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [200]

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 3, l. [184]

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 2

Duke: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?
Viola: It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is enthroned.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 15

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband’s heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women’s are.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 29

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 36

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 43

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. 51

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. [74]

There is no woman’s sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman’s heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest so much.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. [95]

Viola: My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke: And what’s her history?
Viola: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. [108]

I am all the daughters of my father’s house,
And all the brothers too.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 4, l. [122]

How now, my metal of India!

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [17]

’Tis but Fortune, all is Fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [23]

Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [25]

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [35]

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [93]

I may command where I adore.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [117]

But be not afraid of greatness: some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [158]

Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [165]

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [190]

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 2, sc. 5, l. [220]

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [51]

This fellow’s wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [68]

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [88]

’Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [110]

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [141]

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [159]

Love sought is good, but giv’n unsought is better.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 1, l. [170]

You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [23]

You are now sailed into the north of my lady’s opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman’s beard.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [29]

I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [35]

As many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set ’em down.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [51]

If he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I’ll eat the rest of the anatomy.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [68]

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [73]

He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 2, l. [85]

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 3, l. 39

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [31]

Why, this is very midsummer madness.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [62]

What, man! defy the devil: consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [109]

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [138]

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [142]

More matter for a May morning.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [158]

Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [183]

Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [185]

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [204]

He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [260]

I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [300]

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [390]

In nature there’s no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 3, sc. 4, l. [403]

Out, hyperbolical fiend!

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [29]

For I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [37]

Clown: What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Malvolio: That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clown: What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Malvolio: I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [55]

Leave thy vain bibble-babble.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 4, sc. 2, l. [106]

We took him for a coward, but he’s the very devil incardinate.

‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [185]

Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e’er invention played on? Tell me why.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [353]

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [388]

I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [390]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
’Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.
‘Twelfth Night’ (1601) act 5, sc. 1, l. [401]

7.66.36 The Two Gentlemen Of Verona

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 1, sc. 1, l. 2

He was more than over shoes in love.
‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 1, sc. 1, l. 24

I have no other but a woman’s reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 1, sc. 2, l. 23

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 1, sc. 2, l. 55

O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 1, sc. 3, l. 84

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 2, sc. 4, l. 194

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 3, sc. 1, l. 178

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 3, sc. 2, l. 71

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 4, sc. 2, l. 40

How use doth breed a habit in man!

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 5, sc. 4, l. 1

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect.

‘The Two Gentlemen Of Verona’ (1592-3) act 5, sc. 4, l. 110

7.66.37 The Winter’s Tale

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 1, sc. 2, l. 62

We were as twinned lambs that did frisk i’ the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dreamed
That any did.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 1, sc. 2, l. 67

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 1, sc. 2, l. 116

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 1, sc. 2, l. 160

Make that thy question, and go rot!

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 1, sc. 2, l. 324

A sad tale’s best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 2, sc. 1, l. 24

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in ’t.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 2, sc. 3, l. 114

I am a feather for each wind that blows.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 2, sc. 3, l. 153

What’s gone and what’s past help
Should be past grief.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 3, sc. 2, l. [223]

Exit, pursued by a bear.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 3, sc. 3, stage direction

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter’s pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 2, l. 1

My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 2, l. [24]

For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 2, l. [30]

Prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 2, l. [109]

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 2, l. [133]

For you there’s rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 74

The fairest flowers o’ the season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call nature’s bastards.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 81

I’ll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 99

Here’s flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi’ the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 103

O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that frighted thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 116

Perdita: Sure this robe of mine
Doth change my disposition.
Florizel: What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I’d have you do it ever: when you sing,
I’d have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o’ the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 134

Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. 160

Lawn as white as driven snow.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [220]

I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [262]

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [457]

Being now awake, I’ll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.

‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [462]

Prosperity’s the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together

Affliction alters.
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [586]

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [608]

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [734]

I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 4, sc. 3, l. [862]

Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals.
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 5, sc. 1, l. 67

Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 5, sc. 3, l. 77

O! she’s warm.
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
‘The Winter’s Tale’ (1610-1) act 5, sc. 3, l. 109

7.66.38 The Passionate Pilgrim

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care.
‘The Passionate Pilgrim’ (1599), 12

Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee.
‘The Passionate Pilgrim’ (1599), 12

7.66.39 The Rape Of Lucrece

What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.
‘The Rape Of Lucrece’ (1594) dedication

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.
‘The Rape Of Lucrece’ (1594) l. 29

Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
‘The Rape Of Lucrece’ (1594) l. 213

Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light.
‘The Rape Of Lucrece’ (1594) l. 939

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
‘The Rape Of Lucrece’ (1594) l. 1611

7.66.40 Sonnets

To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W.H.
‘Sonnets’ (1609) dedication (also attributed to Thomas Thorpe)

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty’s rose might never die.
Sonnet 1

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty’s field.
Sonnet 2

Thou art thy mother’s glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.
Sonnet 3

Music to hear, why hear’st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov’st thou that which thou receiv’st not gladly,
Or else receiv’st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee.
Sonnet 8

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer’s green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard.
Sonnet 12

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, ‘This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne’er touched earthly faces.’
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet’s rage
And stretchéd metre of an antique song.
Sonnet 17

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Sonnet 18

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time’s furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
Sonnet 22

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength’s abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love’s rite.
Sonnet 23

O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast.
Sonnet 23

The painful warrior famouséd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razéd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil’d.
Sonnet 25

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body’s work’s expired.
Sonnet 27

When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven’s gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
Sonnet 29

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times’ waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,
And weep afresh love’s long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.
Sonnet 30

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
Sonnet 33

But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.
Sonnet 33

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak

To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
Sonnet 34

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults.
Sonnet 35

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune’s dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
Sonnet 37

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity.
Sonnet 49

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Sonnet 53

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Sonnet 54

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
Sonnet 55

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought

Save, where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.
Sonnet 57

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.
Sonnet 60

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.
Sonnet 60

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye.
Sonnet 62

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age.
Sonnet 64

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore.
Sonnet 64

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
Sonnet 65

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.
Sonnet 66

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Sonnet 71

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
Sonnet 73

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.
Sonnet 73

O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent.
Sonnet 76

Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Sonnet 77

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Sonnet 86

That affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence.
Sonnet 86

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.
Sonnet 87

Ah, do not, when my heart hath ’scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
Sonnet 90

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven’s graces,
And husband nature’s riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Sonnet 94

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December’s bareness every where!
Sonnet 97

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
Sonnet 98

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights.
Sonnet 106

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.
Sonnet 106

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Sonnet 107

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.
Sonnet 107

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
Sonnet 109

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Sonnet 110

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.
Sonnet 111

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
Sonnet 116

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,

Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
Sonnet 119

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despiséd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well:
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.
Sonnet 129

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
Sonnet 130

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.
Sonnet 130

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus.
Sonnet 135

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.
Sonnet 138

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
Sonnet 144

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Fooled by] these rebel powers that thee array,

Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Sonnet 146

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.
Sonnet 146

Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.
Sonnet 147

7.66.41 Sonnets To Sundry Notes Of Music

Live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove.
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.
‘Sonnets To Sundry Notes Of Music’ 5.

7.66.42 Venus And Adonis

If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather.
‘Venus And Adonis’ (1593) dedication

Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
‘Venus And Adonis’ (1593) l. 4

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
‘Venus And Adonis’ (1593) l. 145

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
‘Venus And Adonis’ (1593) l. 295

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
‘Venus And Adonis’ (1593) l. 697

7.66.43 Miscellaneous

Good friend, for Jesu’s sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.
Epitaph on his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon, supposed to have been chosen by himself.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.
Will, 1616

7.67 Bill Shankly 1914-81

Some people think football is a matter of life and death. I don’t like that attitude. I can assure them it is much more serious than that.
In ‘Sunday Times’ 4 October 1981

7.68 Tom Sharpe 1928—

The South African police would leave no stone unturned to see that nothing disturbed the even terror of their lives.
‘Indecent Exposure’ (1973) ch. 1

7.69 George Bernard Shaw 1856-1950

All great truths begin as blasphemies.
‘Annajanska’ (1919) p. 262

One man that has a mind and knows it can always beat ten men who havnt and dont.
‘The Apple Cart’ (1930) act 1

What Englishman will give his mind to politics as long as he can afford to keep a motor car?
‘The Apple Cart’ (1930) act 1

You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges; the old ones, grub.
‘Arms and the Man’ (1898) act 1

Oh, you are a very poor soldier—a chocolate cream soldier!
‘Arms and the Man’ (1898) act 1

Youre not a man, you’re a machine.
‘Arms and the Man’ (1898) act 3

I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes illness worth while.

‘Back to Methuselah’ (1921) pt. 2

He [the Briton] is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature.

‘Caesar and Cleopatra’ (1901) act 2

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.

‘Caesar and Cleopatra’ (1901) act 3

A man of great common sense and good taste, meaning thereby a man without originality or moral courage.

‘Notes to Caesar and Cleopatra’ (1901) ‘Julius Caesar’

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.

‘Candida’ (1898) act 1

Do you think that the things people make fools of themselves about are any less real and true than the things they behave sensibly about? They are more true: they are the only things that are true.

‘Candida’ (1898) act 1

It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man’s faith in himself. To take advantage of that to break a man’s spirit is devil’s work.

‘Candida’ (1898) act 1

I’m only a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller.

‘Candida’ (1898) act 3

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them: thats the essence of inhumanity.

‘The Devil’s Disciple’ (1901) act 2

Martyrdom...the only way in which a man can become famous without ability.

‘The Devil’s Disciple’ (1901) act 3

I never expect a soldier to think.

‘The Devil’s Disciple’ (1901) act 3

swindon: ‘What will history say?’

burgoyne: ‘History, sir, will tell lies as usual.’

‘The Devil’s Disciple’ (1901) act 3

Your friend the British soldier can stand up to anything except the British War Office.

‘The Devil’s Disciple’ (1901) act 3

There is at bottom only one genuinely scientific treatment for all diseases, and that is to stimulate the phagocytes.

‘The Doctor’s Dilemma’ (1911) act 1

All professions are conspiracies against the laity.

‘The Doctor’s Dilemma’ (1911) act 1

A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul.

‘Everybody’s Political What’s What?’ (1944) ch. 30

It’s all that the young can do for the old, to shock them and keep them up to date.

‘Fanny’s First Play’ (1914) ‘Induction’

Home life as we understand it is no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo.

‘Getting Married’ (1911) preface ‘Hearth and Home’

The one point on which all women are in furious secret rebellion against the existing law is the saddling of the right to a child with the obligation to become the servant of a man.

‘Getting Married’ (1911) preface ‘The Right to Motherhood’

Physically there is nothing to distinguish human society from the farm-yard except that children are more troublesome and costly than chickens and calves, and that men and women are not so completely enslaved as farm stock.

‘Getting Married’ (1911) preface ‘The Personal Sentimental Basis of Monogamy’

What God hath joined together no man ever shall put asunder: God will take care of that.

‘Getting Married’ (1911) p. 216.

I am a woman of the world, Hector; and I can assure you that if you will only take the trouble always to do the perfectly correct thing, and to say the perfectly correct thing, you can do just what you like.

‘Heartbreak House’ (1919) act 1

Go anywhere in England where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people; and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household.

‘Heartbreak House’ (1919) act 3

The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch-water; and the crew is gambling in the forecastle. She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it?

‘Heartbreak House’ (1919) act 3

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis.

‘The Irrational Knot’ (1905) preface

Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad.

‘The Irrational Knot’ (1905) ch. 14

A man who has no office to go to—I don’t care who he is—is a trial of which you can have no conception.

‘The Irrational Knot’ (1905) ch. 18

An Irishman’s heart is nothing but his imagination.

‘John Bull’s Other Island’ (1907) act 1

What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering.

‘John Bull’s Other Island’ (1907) act 4

There are only two qualities in the world: efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people: the efficient and the inefficient.

‘John Bull’s Other Island’ (1907) act 4

The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty...our first duty—a duty to which every other consideration should be sacrificed—is not to be poor.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) preface

Nobody can say a word against Greek: it stamps a man at once as an educated gentleman.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 1

I am a Millionaire. That is my religion.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 2

I can’t talk religion to a man with bodily hunger in his eyes.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 2

Wot prawce Selvytion nah?

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 2

Alcohol is a very necessary article...It makes life bearable to millions of people who could not endure their existence if they were quite sober. It enables Parliament to do things at eleven at night that no sane person would do at eleven in the morning.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 2

He knows nothing; and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 3

Nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 3

Like all young men, you greatly exaggerate the difference between one young woman and another.

‘Major Barbara’ (1907) act 3.

But a lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it: it would be hell on earth.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 1

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 1

Vitality in a woman is a blind fury of creation.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 1

Of all human struggles there is none so treacherous and remorseless as the struggle between the artist man and the mother woman.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 1

You think that you are Ann’s suitor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued...Fool: it is you who are the pursued, the marked down quarry, the destined prey.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 2

Mendoza: I am a brigand: I live by robbing the rich.

Tanner: I am a gentleman: I live by robbing the poor.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

Hell is full of musical amateurs: music is the brandy of the damned.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

Englishmen never will be slaves: they are free to do whatever the Government and public opinion allow them to do.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

In the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

In the arts of peace Man is a bungler.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

As an old soldier I admit the cowardice: it’s as universal as sea sickness, and matters just as little.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

When the military man approaches, the world locks up its spoons and packs off its womankind.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

What is virtue but the Trade Unionism of the married?

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

Those who talk most about the blessings of marriage and the constancy of its vows are the very people who declare that if the chain were broken and the prisoners were left free to choose, the whole social fabric would fly asunder. You can’t have the argument both ways. If the prisoner is happy, why lock him in? If he is not, why pretend that he is?

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 3

Beauty is all very well at first sight; but who ever looks at it when it has been in the house three days?

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) act 4

Revolutions have never lightened the burden of tyranny: they have only shifted it to another shoulder.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘The Revolutionist’s Handbook’, foreword

The art of government is the organization of idolatry.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Idolatry’

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Democracy’

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Liberty and Equality’

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Education’

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Marriage’

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Titles’

When domestic servants are treated as human beings it is not worth while to keep them.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Servants’

If you strike a child take care that you strike it in anger, even at the risk of maiming it for life. A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: How to Beat Children’

Beware of the man whose god is in the skies.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Religion’

Self-denial is not a virtue: it is only the effect of prudence on rascality.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Virtues and Vice’

A moderately honest man with a moderately faithful wife, moderate drinkers both, in a moderately healthy house: that is the true middle class unit.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Moderation’

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Reason’

The man who listens to Reason is lost: Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Reason’

Decency is Indecency’s conspiracy of silence.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Decency’

Life levels all men: death reveals the eminent.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Fame’

Home is the girl’s prison and the woman’s workhouse.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Women in the Home’

Every man over forty is a scoundrel.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Stray Sayings’

Youth, which is forgiven everything, forgives itself nothing: age, which forgives itself everything, is forgiven nothing.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Stray Sayings’

Take care to get what you like or you will be forced to like what you get.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Stray Sayings’

Beware of the man who does not return your blow: he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Stray Sayings’

Self-sacrifice enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.
‘Man and Superman’ (1903) ‘Maxims: Self-Sacrifice’

There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on

patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports his king on loyal principles and cuts off his king's head on republican principles.

'The Man of Destiny' (1898) p. 201

Anarchism is a game at which the police can beat you.

'Misalliance' (1914) p. 85

The only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her.

'Mrs Warren's Profession' (1898) act 2

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On.

'Mrs Warren's Profession' (1898) act 4

You'll never have a quiet world till you knock the patriotism out of the human race.

'O'Flaherty V.C.' (1919) p. 178

The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure for it is occupation.

'Parents and Children' (1914) 'Children's Happiness'

A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell.

'Parents and Children' (1914) 'Children's Happiness'

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it.

'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant' (1898) vol. 2, preface

The English have no respect for their language, and will not teach their children to speak it. They spell it so abominably that no man can teach himself what it sounds like. It is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman hate or despise him.

'Pygmalion' (1916) preface

I don't want to talk grammar, I want to talk like a lady.

'Pygmalion' (1916) act 2

Pickering: Have you no morals, man?
Doolittle: Can't afford them, Governor.

'Pygmalion' (1916) act 2

I'm one of the undeserving poor...up agen middle class morality all the time...What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything.

'Pygmalion' (1916) act 2

Gin was mother's milk to her.

'Pygmalion' (1916) act 3

Walk! Not bloody likely. I am going in a taxi.

'Pygmalion' (1916) act 3

If ever I utter an oath again may my soul be blasted to eternal damnation!

'Saint Joan' (1924) sc. 2

We were not fairly beaten, my lord. No Englishman is ever fairly beaten.

'Saint Joan' (1924) sc. 4

How can what an Englishman believes be heresy? It is a contradiction in terms.

'Saint Joan' (1924) sc. 4

Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?

'Saint Joan' (1924) epilogue

Assassination is the extreme form of censorship.

'The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet' (1911) 'Limits to Toleration'

'Do you know what a pessimist is?' 'A man who thinks everybody is as nasty as himself, and hates them for it.'

'An Unsocial Socialist' (1887) ch. 5

The great advantage of a hotel is that it's a refuge from home life.

'You Never Can Tell' (1898) act 2

The younger generation is knocking at the door, and as I open it there steps spritely in the incomparable Max.

'Saturday Review' 21 May 1898 'Valedictory', on handing over the theatre review column to Max Beerbohm

Americans are conceited enough to believe they are the only fools in the world.

In Michael Holroyd 'Bernard Shaw: The Lure of Fantasy' (1991)

The trouble, Mr Goldwyn, is that you are only interested in art and I am only interested in money.

Telegraphed version of the outcome of a conversation between Shaw and Sam Goldwyn, in Alva Johnson 'The Great Goldwyn' (1937) ch. 3

[Dancing is] a perpendicular expression of a horizontal desire.

In 'New Statesman' 23 March 1962

England and America are two countries separated by a common language.

Attributed

7.70 Sir Hartley Shawcross (Baron Shawcross) 1902—

'But,' said Alice, 'the question is whether you can make a word mean different things.' 'Not so,' said Humpty-Dumpty, 'the question is which is to be the master. That's all.' We are the masters at the moment, and not only at the moment, but for a very long time to come.

'Hansard' 2 April 1946, col. 1213; often quoted: 'We are the masters now'.

7.71 Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Viscount Eversley 1794-1888

What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?

As a child, on hearing Charles James Fox speak in Parliament: G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' (1898) ch. 11

7.72 Patrick Shaw-Stewart 1888-1917

I saw a man this morning
Who did not wish to die;
I ask and cannot answer

If otherwise wish I.

Poem (1916) in M. Baring ‘Have You Anything to Declare?’ (1936) p. 39

7.73 John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham

See Buckingham (2.234) in Volume I

7.74 Mary Shelley (nèe Wollstonecraft) 1797-1851

You seek for knowledge and wisdom as I once did; and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine has been.

‘Frankenstein’ (1818) Letter 4

It was the secrets of heaven and earth that I desired to learn.

‘Frankenstein’ (1818) ch. 4

I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created.

‘Frankenstein’ (1818) ch. 5

All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us.

‘Frankenstein’ (1818) ch. 10

Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded.

‘Frankenstein’ (1818) ch. 10

Teach him to think for himself? Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!

On her son’s education, in Matthew Arnold ‘Essays in Criticism’ Second Series (1888) ‘Shelley’

7.75 Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822

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.

‘Adonais’ (1821) preface

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!

‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 1

He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old and lonely.

‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 4

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came.

‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 7

The quick Dreams,

The passion-wingéd Ministers of thought.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 9

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not ’twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 10

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 18

From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 19

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal!
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 21

Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
The actors or spectators?
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 21

A pardlike Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken?
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 32

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 38

He hath awakened from the dream of life—
’Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit’s knife
Invulnerable nothings.
‘Adonais’ (1821) st. 39

He has out-soared the shadow of our night;

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.

'Adonais' (1821) st. 40

He lives, he wakes,—'tis Death is dead, not he.

'Adonais' (1821) st. 41

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.

'Adonais' (1821) st. 43

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.

'Adonais' (1821) st. 52

A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

'Charles the First' (1822) sc. 5, l. 9

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon.

'The Cloud' (1819)

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,
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
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.

'The Cloud' (1819)

How wonderful is Death,

Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder wan and hornéd moon,
With lips of lurid blue,
The other glowing like the vital morn,
When throned on ocean’s wave
It breathes over the world:
Yet both so passing strange and wonderful!

‘The Daemon of the World’ part 1, l. 1 (a revision of the opening lines of ‘Queen Mab’)

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.

‘Epipsychidion’ (1821) l. 149

The beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

‘Epipsychidion’ (1821) l. 154

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

‘Epipsychidion’ (1821) l. 591

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

‘An Exhortation’

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

‘Good Night’

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

‘Hellas’ (1822) l. 682

The world’s great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,

Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
‘Hellas’ (1822) l. 1060

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!
‘Hellas’ (1822) l. 1096

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.
‘Hymn of Pan’

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
‘Hymn to Intellectual Beauty’ (1816)

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
‘Hymn to Intellectual Beauty’ (1816)

I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.
‘Julian and Maddalo’ (1818) l. 14

Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy!
‘Julian and Maddalo’ (1818) l. 57

Me—who am as a nerve o’er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.
‘Julian and Maddalo’ (1818) l. 449

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
‘Julian and Maddalo’ (1818) l. 544

London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore

Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
‘Letter to Maria Gisborne’ (1820) l. 193

You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls—
You will see Hunt—one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb.
‘Letter to Maria Gisborne’ (1820) l. 202

Have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him?
‘Letter to Maria Gisborne’ (1820) l. 235

His fine wit
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it.
‘Letter to Maria Gisborne’ (1820) l. 240 (on Thomas Love Peacock)

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow’s glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.
‘Lines: When the lamp’

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath Day’s azure eyes
Ocean’s nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite’s destined halls.
‘Lines written amongst the Euganean Hills’ (1818) l. 90

Sun-girt city, thou hast been
Ocean’s child, and then his queen;

Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey.

‘Lines written amongst the Euganean Hills’ (1818) l. 115 (on Venice)

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?

‘Love’s Philosophy’

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh.

‘The Mask of Anarchy’ (1819) st. 2

His big tears, for he wept full well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.
And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

‘The Mask of Anarchy’ (1819) st. 4 (on ‘Fraud’ [Lord Eldon])

Nought may endure but Mutability.

‘Mutability’ (1816)

I stood within the City disinterred;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The Mountain’s slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.

‘Ode to Naples’ (1820) l. 1

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,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o’er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

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

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 1

There are spread
On the blue suface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith’s height,
The locks of the approaching storm.

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 18

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae’s bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave’s intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 29

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves.

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 39

Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 53

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness.

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 57

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

‘Ode to the West Wind’ (1819) l. 65

Its horror and its beauty are divine.

‘On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci’

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.

‘Ozymandias’

‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

‘Ozymandias’

Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and smoky city.

‘Peter Bell the Third’ (1819) pt. 3, st. 1

But from the first ’twas Peter’s drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch,
He touched the hem of Nature’s shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic.

‘Peter Bell the Third’ (1819) pt. 4, st. 11

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden,
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.

‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1819) act 1, l. 191

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1819) act 1, l. 238

It doth repent me: words are quick and vain;
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.

‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 303

Kingly conclaves stern and cold
Where blood with guilt is bought and sold.

‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 530

The good want power, but to weep barren tears.

The powerful goodness want: worse need for them.
The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 625

Peace is in the grave.
The grave hides all things beautiful and good:
I am a God and cannot find it there.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 638

The dust of creeds outworn.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 697

On a poet’s lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 1, l. 737

To be
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 2, scene 4, l. 47

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 2, scene 4, l. 73

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 2, scene 5, l. 72.

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless?—no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 3, sc. 4, l. 193

A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal day.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 4, l. 551

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;

To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.
‘Prometheus Unbound’ (1820) act 4, l. 570

That sweet bondage which is freedom’s self.
‘Queen Mab’ (1813) canto 9, l. 76

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of water’s murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightst in dream.
‘The Question’

Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets.
‘The Question’

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may.
‘The Question’

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
‘The Revolt of Islam’ (1818) canto 5, st. 23

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew.
‘The Sensitive Plant’ (1820) pt. 1, l. 1

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
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.
‘The Sensitive Plant’ (1820) pt. 1, l. 29

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows.
‘The Sensitive Plant’ (1820) pt. 1, l. 37

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,

Spirit of Delight!

‘Song’; adopted by Elgar as epigraph to his Second Symphony

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?

‘Song to the Men of England’

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

‘Song to the Men of England’

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life.

‘Sonnet’

Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

‘Sonnet’

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king.

‘Sonnet: England in 1819’

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.

‘Stanzas—April 1814’

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.

‘Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples’ (1818)

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

‘Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples’ (1818)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

‘To—: Music, when soft voices die’

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,

The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
‘To—: One word is too often profaned’

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest—but ne’er knew love’s sad satiety.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

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.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.
‘To a Skylark’ (1819)

Less oft is peace in Shelley’s mind,

Than calm in waters, seen.
‘To Jane: The Recollection’

Swiftly walk o’er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!
‘To Night’

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!
‘To Night’

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
‘To the Moon’

In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.
‘To Wordsworth’

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil.
‘The Waning Moon’

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.
‘The Witch of Atlas’ (written 1820; published 1824) st. 5

For she was beautiful—her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.
‘The Witch of Atlas’ (written 1820; published 1824) st. 12

A single word even may be a spark of inextinguishable thought.

‘A Defence of Poetry’ (written 1821; published 1840)

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.

‘A Defence of Poetry’ (written 1821, published 1840)

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

‘A Defence of Poetry’ (written 1821, published 1840)

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

‘A Defence of Poetry’ (written 1821, published 1840).

7.76 William Shenstone 1714-63

The charm dissolves; th’aerial music’s past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

‘Elegy 11. He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over’

Whoe’er has travelled life’s dull round,
Where’er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

‘Written at an Inn at Henley’ (1758).

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-sized are alone entangled in.

‘Essays on Men, Manners, and Things’ ‘On Politics’ in ‘Works’ (1764) vol. 2.

A fool and his words are soon parted.

‘Essays on Men, Manners, and Things’ ‘On Reserve’ in ‘Works in Verse and Prose’ (1764) vol. 2

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

‘Essays on Men, Manners, and Things’ ‘On Writing and Books’ in ‘Works in Verse and Prose’ (1764) vol. 2

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

‘Essays on Men, Manners, and Things’ ‘On Writing and Books’ in ‘Works in Verse and Prose’ (1764) vol. 2

To endeavour, all one’s days, to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

‘Essays on Men, Manners, and Things’ ‘On Writing and Books’ in ‘Works in Verse and Prose’ (1764) vol. 2

7.77 E. A. Sheppard

See Charles Collins (3.145) in Volume I

7.78 Philip Henry Sheridan 1831-88

The only good Indian is a dead Indian.
Attributed; at Fort Cobb, January 1869

7.79 Richard Brinsley Sheridan 1751-1816

You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing's vile hard reading.
'Clio's Protest'. T. Moore 'Life of Sheridan' (1825) 1, 55

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.
'The Critic' (1779) act 1, sc. 1

If it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned goodnatured friend or another!
'The Critic' (1779) act 1, sc. 1

Egad I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!
'The Critic' (1779) act 1, sc. 2

I wish sir, you would practise this without me. I can't stay dying here all night.
'The Critic' (1779) act 3, sc. 1

O Lord, Sir—when a heroine goes mad she always goes into white satin.
'The Critic' (1779) act 3, sc. 1

An oyster may be crossed in love!
'The Critic' (1779) act 3, sc. 1

I was struck all of a heap.
'The Duenna' (1775) act 2, sc. 2

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.
'The Duenna' (1775) act 2, sc. 4

The throne we honour is the people's choice.
'Pizarro' (1799) act 2, sc. 2

Illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.
'The Rivals' (1775) act 1, sc. 2

'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion.
'The Rivals' (1775) act 1, sc. 2

He is the very pineapple of politeness!
'The Rivals' (1775) act 3, sc. 3

An aspersion upon my parts of speech!
'The Rivals' (1775) act 3, sc. 3

If I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!
'The Rivals' (1775) act 3, sc. 3

She's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 3, sc. 3

Too civil by half.

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 3, sc. 4

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 4, sc. 1

No caparisons, Miss, if you please!—Caparisons don’t become a young woman.

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 4, sc. 2

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 4, sc. 2

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 4, sc. 3

My valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

‘The Rivals’ (1775) act 5, sc. 3

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 1, sc. 1

You had no taste when you married me.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 2, sc. 1

Mrs Candour: I’ll swear her colour is natural—I have seen it come and go—

Lady Teazle: I dare swear you have, ma’am; it goes of a night and comes again in the morning.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 2, sc. 2

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 2, sc. 2.

I’m called away by particular business—but I leave my character behind me.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 2, sc. 2

Here’s to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Here’s to the widow of fifty
Here’s to the flaunting, extravagant queen;
And here’s to the housewife that’s thrifty.
Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass—
I’ll warrant she’ll prove an excuse for the glass!

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 3, sc. 3

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance!

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 4, sc. 1

Rowley: I believe there is no sentiment he has more faith in as that ‘Charity begins at home’.

Sir Oliver Surface: And his I presume is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 5, sc. 1

There is no trusting appearances.

‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) act 5, sc. 2

A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside.

On being encountered drinking a glass of wine in the street, while watching his theatre, the Drury Lane, burn down; in T. Moore ‘Life of Sheridan’ (1825) 2, 20

The Right Honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

Speech in reply to Mr Dundas, in T. Moore ‘Life of Sheridan’ (1825) 2, 471

Won’t you come into the garden? I would like my roses to see you.

To a young lady; attributed

7.80 General Sherman 1820-91

There is many a boy here to-day who looks on war as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell.

Speech at Columbus, Ohio, 11 August 1880, in Lloyd Lewis ‘Sherman, Fighting Prophet’ (1932)

I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected.

Telegram to General Henderson on being urged to stand as Republican candidate in the US Presidential election of 1884, in ‘Memoirs’ (4th ed.); to which his children added chapter 27, in which this text appears as the recollection of Sherman’s son who was present at its drafting

7.81 Emanuel Shinwell (Baron Shinwell) 1884-1986

We know that the organised workers of the country are our friends. As for the rest, they don’t matter a tinker’s cuss.

Speech to the Electrical Trades Union conference at Margate, 7 May 1947, in ‘Manchester Guardian’ 8 May 1947

7.82 James Shirley 1596-1666

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

‘The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses’ (1659) act 1, sc. 3

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!

‘The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses’ (1659) act 1, sc. 3

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

‘The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses’ (1659) act 1, sc. 3

I presume you’re mortal, and may err.
‘The Lady of Pleasure’ (1635) act 2, sc. 2

How little room
Do we take up in death, that, living know
No bounds?
‘The Wedding’ (1626) act 4, sc. 4

7.83 The Shorter Catechism

‘Who made you?’
‘God made me’
‘Why did God make you?’
‘God made me to know him, love him, and serve him in this life, and to be happy with him forever in the next.’
‘What is the chief end of man?’
‘To glorify God and to enjoy him for ever’.

7.84 Walter Sickert 1860-1942

Nothing knits man to man, the Manchester School wisely taught, like the frequent passage from hand to hand of cash.
‘New Age’ 28 July 1910 ‘The Language of Art’

7.85 Algernon Sidney 1622-83

Liars ought to have good memories.
‘Discourses concerning Government’ (1698) ch. 2, sect. 15

Men lived like fishes; the great ones devoured the small.
‘Discourses concerning Government’ (1698) ch. 2, sect. 18

’Tis not necessary to light a candle to the sun.
‘Discourses concerning Government’ (1698) ch. 2, sect. 23.

7.86 Sir Philip Sidney 1554-86

Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away.
‘The Arcadia’ (1590) bk. 1 ‘First Eclogues: Lalus and Dorus’ st. 2

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark; yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush.
‘The Arcadia’ (1590) bk. 2

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other giv’n;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driv’n.
‘The Arcadia’ (1590) bk. 3

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
‘Fool,’ said my Muse to me; ‘look in thy heart and write’.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 1

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb’st the skies;
How silently, and with how wan a face.
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 31

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 31

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release,
Th’ indifferent judge between the high and low.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 39

Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 39

That sweet enemy, France.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 41

They love indeed who quake to say they love.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 54

Doubt you to whom my Muse these songs intendeth,
Which now my breast, o’ercharged, to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due;
Only in you my song begins and endeth.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) first song

Oh heav’nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace
That Anger’s self I needs must kiss again.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 73

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit...
I am no pick-purse of another’s wit.
‘Astrophel and Stella’ (1591) sonnet 74

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody;
Now blessed you, bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart, safeliest, shall meet.

'Astrophel and Stella' (1591) sonnet 84

Leave me, O Love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

'Certain Sonnets' (written 1577-81; published 1598) no. 32

O fair! O sweet! When I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me,
Just accord all music makes.

'To the Tune of a Spanish Song'

With a tale forsooth he [the poet] cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.

'The Defence of Poesie' (1595)

Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

'The Defence of Poesie' (1595)

Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities.

'The Defence of Poesie' (1595)

I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland.

'The Defence of Poesie' (1595)

Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.

On giving his water-bottle to a dying soldier on the battle-field of Zutphen, 1586; in Sir Fulke Greville 'The Life of Sir Philip Sidney' (1652) ch. 12 ('necessity' more often quoted 'need')

7.87 Emmanuel Joseph Sieyés 1748-1836

La mort, sans phrases.

Death, without rhetoric.

Attributed to Sieyés on voting in the French Convention for the death of Louis XVI, 19 January 1793, but afterwards repudiated by him

J'ai vècu.

I survived.

When asked what he had done during the French Revolution. F. A. M. Mignet 'Notice historique sur la vie et les travaux de M. le Comte de Sieyès' (1836)

7.88 Maurice Sigler 1901-61 and Al Hoffman 1902-60

Little man, you've had a busy day.

Title of song (1934)

7.89 Alan Sillitoe 1928—

The loneliness of the long-distance runner.

Title of novel (1959)

7.90 Georges Simenon 1903-89

J'ai eu 10,000 femmes depuis l'âge de 13 ans et demi. Ce n'ètait pas du tout un vice. Je n'ai aucun vice sexuel, mais j'avais besoin de communiquer.

I have made love to 10,000 women since I was 13. It wasn't in any way a vice. I've no sexual vices. But I needed to communicate.

Interview with Federico Fellini in 'L'Express' 21 February 1977

Writing is not a profession but a vocation of unhappiness.

Interview in 'Paris Review' Summer 1955

7.91 Paul Simon 1942—

And here's to you, Mrs Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know.
God bless you please, Mrs Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray.

'Mrs Robinson' (1968 song) from 'The Graduate'

Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

'Bridge over Troubled Water' (1970 song)

7.92 Simonides c.556-468 B.C.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.

In Herodotus 'Histories' bk. 7, ch. 228

7.93 Harold Simpson

Down in the forest something stirred:
It was only the note of a bird.

'Down in the Forest' (1906 song)

7.94 Kirke Simpson

[Warren] Harding of Ohio was chosen by a group of men in a smoke-filled room early today as Republican candidate for President.

News report, 12 June 1920

7.95 N. F. Simpson 1919—

Knocked down a doctor? With an ambulance? How could she? It's a contradiction in terms.

'One Way Pendulum' (1960) act 1

In sentencing a man for one crime, we may well be putting him beyond the reach of the law in respect of those crimes which he has not yet had an opportunity to commit. The law, however, is not to be cheated in this way, I shall therefore discharge you.

'One Way Pendulum' (1960) act 1

And suppose we solve all the problems it presents? What happens? We end up with more problems than we started with. Because that's the way problems propagate their species. A problem left to itself dries up or goes rotten. But fertilize a problem with a solution—you'll hatch out dozens.

'A Resounding Tinkle' act 1, sc. 1

7.96 George R. Sims 1847-1922

It is Christmas Day in the Workhouse.

'In the Workhouse—Christmas Day' (1879)

7.97 Noble Sissle 1889-1975 and Eubie Blake 1883-1983

I'm just wild about Harry.

Title of song (1921)

7.98 C. H. Sisson 1914—

Here lies a civil servant. He was civil
To everyone, and servant to the devil.

In 'The London Zoo' (1961) p. 29

7.99 Dame Edith Sitwell 1887-1964

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again.

'Façade' (1923) 'Aubade'

The fire was furry as a bear.

'Façade' (1923) 'Dark Song'

Jumbo asleep!
Grey leaves thick-furred
As his ears, keep
Conversation blurred

'Façade' (1923) 'Lullaby for Jumbo'

When

Sir
Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in Hell
Where Proserpine first fell,
Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea,
Rocking and shocking the barmaid.
‘Façade’ (1923) ‘When Sir Beelzebub’

Still falls the Rain—
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.
‘The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn’ (1942)

Daisy and Lily,
Lazy and silly,
Walk by the shore of the wan grassy sea—
Talking once more ’neath a swan-bosomed tree.
‘Waltz’ (1948)

I have often wished I had time to cultivate modesty...But I am too busy thinking about myself.
In ‘Observer’ 30 April 1950

I enjoyed talking to her, but thought nothing of her writing. I considered her ‘a beautiful little knitter’.
Of Virginia Woolf in a letter to Geoffrey Singleton, 11 July 1955: John Lehmann and Derek Palmer (eds.) ‘Selected Letters’ (1970)

7.100 Sir Osbert Sitwell 1892-1969

The British Bourgeoise
Is not born,
And does not die,
But, if it is ill,
It has a frightened look in its eyes.
‘At the House of Mrs Kinfoot’ (1921) p. 8

In reality, killing time
Is only the name for another of the multifarious ways
By which Time kills us.
‘Milordo Inglese’.

On the coast of Coromandel
Dance they to the tunes of Handel.
‘On the Coast of Coromandel’

Educ: during the holidays from Eton.
Entry in ‘Who’s Who’ (1929)

7.101 John Skelton c.1460-1529

She is the violet,
The daisy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
The jelofer amiable;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue.

‘The Commendations of Mistress Jane Scrope’

For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
That was late slain at Carrow
Among the Nunnes Black,
For that sweet soul’s sake
And for all sparrows’ souls
Set in our bead-rolls,
Pater noster qui
With an Ave Mari.

‘Philip Sparrow’

With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning.

‘To Mistress Margaret Hussey’

Far may be sought
Erst that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

‘To Mistress Margaret Hussey’

7.102 B. F. Skinner 1904-90

The real problem is not whether machines think but whether men do.

‘Contingencies of Reinforcement’ (1969) ch. 9

Education is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten.

‘New Scientist’ 21 May 1964

7.103 Christopher Smart 1722-71

Now the winds are all composure,
But the breath upon the bloom,
Blowing sweet o’er each enclosure,
Grateful off’rings of perfume.

Tansy, calaminth and daisies
On the river’s margin thrive;
And accompany the mazes
Of the stream that leaps alive.

‘Hymns and Spiritual Songs’ (1765) ‘St Mark’

Nature’s decorations glisten
Far above their usual trim;
Birds on box and laurels listen,
As so near the cherubs hymn.

‘Hymns and Spiritual Songs’ (1765) ‘The Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ’

God all-bounteous, all-creative,
Whom no ills from good dissuade,
Is incarnate, and a native
Of the very world he made.

‘Hymns and Spiritual Songs’ (1765) ‘The Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ’

For in my nature I quested for beauty, but God, God hath sent me to sea for pearls.

‘Jubilate Agno’ Fragment B, l. 30

For sincerity is a jewel which is pure and transparent, eternal and inestimable.

‘Jubilate Agno’ Fragment B, l. 40

For Charity is cold in the multitude of possessions, and the rich are covetous of their crumbs.

‘Jubilate Agno’ Fragment B, l. 154

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffrey.
For he is the servant of the Living God duly and daily serving him.
For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.

‘Jubilate Agno’ Fragment B, l. 695

For when his day’s work is done his business more properly begins.
For he keeps the Lord’s watch in the night against the adversary.
For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electrical skin and glaring eyes.
For he counteracts the Devil, who is death, by brisking about the life.

‘Jubilate Agno’ Fragment B, l. 717

Ye beauties! O how great the sum
Of sweetness that ye bring;

On what a charity ye come
To bless the latter spring!
How kind the visit that ye pay,
Like strangers on a rainy day.
‘On a Bed of Guernsey Lilies’

Lo, through her works gay nature grieves
How brief she is and frail,
As ever o’er the falling leaves
Autumnal winds prevail.
Yet still the philosophic mind
Consolatory food can find,
And hope her anchorage maintain:
We never are deserted quite;
’Tis by succession of delight
That love supports his reign.
‘On a Bed of Guernsey Lilies’

He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, pow’r, and enterprize
Commences, reigns, and ends.
‘A Song to David’ (1763) st. 18

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion’s mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th’ enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.
‘A Song to David’ (1763) st. 76

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of pray’r;
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to faith assign’d,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.
‘A Song to David’ (1763) st. 77

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Ranked arms and crested heads;

Beauteous the garden’s umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.
‘A Song to David’ (1763) st. 78

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God’s the theme;
Glorious the thunder’s roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr’s gore.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
By meekness, called thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed’s achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.
‘A Song to David’ (1763) st. 85

Ah! Posthumus, the years, the years
Glide swiftly on, nor can our tears
Or piety the wrinkled age forefend,
Or for one hour retard th’inevitable end.
Translation of Horace Odes bk. 2, no. 14.

7.104 Elizabeth Smart 1913-86

By Grand Central Station I sat down and wept.
Title of book (1945).

7.105 Samuel Smiles 1812-1904

We each day dig our graves with our teeth.
‘Duty’ (1880) p. 418

This extraordinary metal [iron], the soul of every manufacture, and the mainspring perhaps, of civilised society.
‘Invention and Industry’ ch. 4

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.
‘Self-Help’ (1859) ch. 9

Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit; spectres fly before it.
‘Self-Help’ (1859)

Middle class people are apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them: affecting a degree of ‘style’ which is most unhealthy in its effects upon society at large.
‘Self-Help’ (1859)

As respects the great contrivances and inventions which have conferred so much power and wealth upon the nation, it is unquestionable that for the greater part of them we have been indebted to men of the humblest rank. Deduct what they have done in this particular line of action, and it will be found that very little indeed remains for other men to have accomplished.

'Self-Help' (1859)

The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual.

'Self-Help' (1859)

7.106 Adam Smith 1723-90

Wonder...and not any expectation of advantage from its discoveries, is the first principle which prompts mankind to the study of Philosophy, of that science which pretends to lay open the concealed connections that unite the various appearances of nature.

'Essays on Philosophical Subjects' (1795) 'The History of Astronomy' sect. 3, para. 3

And thus, Place, that great object which divides the wives of aldermen, is the end of half the labours of human life; and is the cause of all the tumult and bustle, all the rapine and injustice, which avarice and ambition have introduced into this world.

'The Theory of Moral Sentiments' 1, 3, 2, 8

Though our brother is on the rack, as long as we ourselves are at our ease, our senses will never inform us of what he suffers...It is by imagination that we can form any conception of what are his sensations.

'The Theory of Moral Sentiments' (2nd ed., 1762) p. 2

Consumption is the sole end and purpose of production; and the interest of the producer ought to be attended to only so far as it may be necessary for promoting that of the consumer.

'Wealth of Nations' (1776) bk. 4, ch. 8

People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices.

'Wealth of Nations' (1776)

With the greater part of rich people, the chief enjoyment of riches consists in the parade of riches, which in their eyes is never so complete as when they appear to possess those decisive marks of opulence which nobody can possess but themselves.

'Wealth of Nations' (1776)

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. It is, however, a project altogether unfit for a nation of shopkeepers; but extremely fit for a nation whose government is influenced by shopkeepers.

'Wealth of Nations' (1776).

The discipline of colleges and universities is in general contrived, not for the benefit of the students, but for the interest, or more properly speaking, for the ease of the masters.

'Wealth of Nations' (1776)

There is no art which one government sooner learns of another than that of draining money

from the pockets of the people.

‘Wealth of Nations’ (1776)

If any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavour to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.

‘Wealth of Nations’ (1776)

7.107 Alfred Emanuel Smith 1873-1944

All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy.

Speech in Albany, 27 June 1933, in ‘New York Times’ 28 June 1933

Unpack.

Telegraphed message to the Pope, 1932, whom he had hoped would come to live in the United States, in the event of Smith’s campaign for the presidency being successful; attributed

7.108 Sir Cyril Smith 1928—

The longest running farce in the West End.

On the House of Commons, in ‘Big Cyril’ (1977) ch. 8

7.109 Dodie Smith 1896-1990

The family—that dear octopus from whose tentacles we never quite escape, nor, in our inmost hearts, ever quite wish to.

‘Dear Octopus’ (1938) p. 120

7.110 Edgar Smith 1857-1938

You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demi-tasses,
But; Heaven will protect a working-girl!

‘Heaven Will Protect the Working-Girl’ (1909 song)

7.111 F. E. Smith (Earl of Birkenhead) 1872-1930

We have the highest authority for believing that the meek shall inherit the earth; though I have never found any particular corroboration of this aphorism in the records of Somerset House.

‘Contemporary Personalities’ (1924) ‘Marquess Curzon’.

Nature has no cure for this sort of madness [Bolshevism], though I have known a legacy from a rich relative work wonders.

‘Law, Life and Letters’ (1927) vol. 2, ch. 19

The world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout hearts and sharp swords.

Rectorial Address, Glasgow University, 7 November 1923, in ‘The Times’ 8 November 1923

Judge: What do you suppose I am on the Bench for, Mr Smith?

Smith: It is not for me, Your Honour, to attempt to fathom the inscrutable workings of Providence.

In Second Earl of Birkenhead 'F. E. The Life of F. E. Smith First Earl of Birkenhead' (1959 ed.) ch. 9

Judge: You are extremely offensive, young man.

Smith: As a matter of fact, we both are, and the only difference between us is that I am trying to be, and you can't help it.

In Second Earl of Birkenhead 'Frederick Edwin Earl of Birkenhead' (1933) vol. 1, ch. 9

Judge Darling: And who is George Robey?

Smith: Mr George Robey is the Darling of the music halls, m'lud.

In A. E. Wilson 'The Prime Minister of Mirth' (1956) ch. 1

Good God, do you mean to say this place is a club?

On being approached by the secretary of the Athenaeum, which he had been in the habit of using as a convenience on the way to his office; attributed

7.112 Ian Smith 1919—

I don't believe in black majority rule in Rhodesia—not in a thousand years.

Broadcast speech, 20 March 1976, in 'Sunday Times' 21 March 1976

7.113 Langdon Smith 1858-1918

When you were a tadpole, and I was a fish,
In the Palaeozoic time,
And side by side in the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime.

'A Toast to a Lady' (1906)

7.114 Logan Pearsall Smith 1865-1946

There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'Age and Death'

The denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people, and greatly assists the circulation of their blood.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'Age and Death'

I cannot forgive my friends for dying; I do not find these vanishing acts of theirs at all amusing.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'Age and Death'

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'Art and Letters'

A best-seller is the gilded tomb of a mediocre talent.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'Art and Letters'

To suppose, as we all suppose, that we could be rich and not behave as the rich behave, is like supposing that we could drink all day and keep absolutely sober.

'Afterthoughts' (1931) 'In the World'

An improper mind is a perpetual feast.
‘Afterthoughts’ (1931) ‘Life and Human Nature’

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.
‘Afterthoughts’ (1931) ‘Myself’

Those who set out to serve both God and Mammon soon discover that there is no God.
‘Afterthoughts’ (1931) ‘Other People’

Most people sell their souls, and live with a good conscience on the proceeds.
‘Afterthoughts’ (1931) ‘Other People’

All Reformers, however strict their social conscience, live in houses just as big as they can pay for.
‘Afterthoughts’ (1931) ‘Other People’

What I like in a good author is not what he says, but what he whispers.
‘All Trivia’ (1933) ‘Afterthoughts’ pt. 5

There is one thing that matters—to set a chime of words tinkling in the minds of a few fastidious people.
Said shortly before his death, in ‘New Statesman’ 9 March 1946, obituary notice by Cyril Connolly

7.115 Samuel Francis Smith 1808-95

My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims’ pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.
‘America’ (1831)

7.116 Stevie Smith (Florence Margaret Smith) 1902-71

Oh I am a cat that likes to
Gallop about doing good.
‘The Galloping Cat’

Why does my Muse only speak when she is unhappy?
She does not, I only listen when I am unhappy
When I am happy I live and despise writing
For my Muse this cannot but be dispiriting.
‘My Muse’ (1964)

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

‘Not Waving but Drowning’ (1957)

People who are always praising the past
And especially the times of faith as best
Ought to go and live in the Middle Ages
And be burnt at the stake as witches and sages.

‘The Past’ (1957)

Private Means is dead
God rest his soul, officers and fellow-rankers said.

‘Private Means is Dead’ (1962)

This Englishwoman is so refined
She has no bosom and no behind.

‘This Englishwoman’ (1937)

I long for the Person from Porlock
To bring my thoughts to an end,
I am growing impatient to see him
I think of him as a friend.

‘Thoughts about the “Person from Porlock”’ (1962).

If you cannot have your dear husband for a comfort and a delight, for a breadwinner and a crosspatch, for a sofa, chair or a hot-water bottle, one can use him as a Cross to be Borne.

‘Novel on Yellow Page’ (1936) p. 24

If there wasn’t death, I think you couldn’t go on.

In ‘Observer’ 9 November 1969

7.117 Sydney Smith 1771-1845

The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots.

‘Peter Plymley’s Letters’ (1929) p. 9

A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!!!

‘Peter Plymley’s Letters’ (1929) p. 127 ‘Persecuting Bishops’

Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr Hume in 1739.

‘Sketches of Moral Philosophy’ introduction

We shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

‘Sketches of Moral Philosophy’ Lecture 9

I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together.

‘Sketches of Moral Philosophy’ Lecture 9

What bishops like best in their clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.

'Works' (1859) vol. 2 'First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton' p. 271, note

I look upon Switzerland as an inferior sort of Scotland.

Letter to Lord Holland, 1815, in 'Letters'

Tory and Whig in turns shall be my host,
I taste no politics in boiled and roast.

Letter to John Murray, November 1834, in 'Letters'

I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave.

Letter to Miss G. Harcourt, 1838, in 'Letters'

I have seen nobody since I saw you, but persons in orders. My only varieties are vicars, rectors, curates, and every now and then (by way of turbot) an archdeacon.

Letter to Miss Berry, 28 January 1843, in 'Letters'

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit...is laughing immoderately at stated intervals.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 2, p. 15

That knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 2, p. 17

Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 6, p. 48

No furniture so charming as books.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 9, p. 240.

How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 9, p. 258

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 9, p. 258

As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 9, p. 262

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 9, p. 267

My definition of marriage:...it resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 363

He [Macaulay] is like a book in breeches.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 363

He [Macaulay] has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.

In Lady Holland 'Memoir' (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 363

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,

And, scarce-suspected, animate the whole.
In Lady Holland ‘Memoir’ (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 373 ‘Recipe for Salad’

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
In Lady Holland ‘Memoir’ (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 373.

Deserves to be preached to death by wild curates.
In Lady Holland ‘Memoir’ (1855) vol. 1, ch. 11, p. 384

I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so.
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 3, p. 54

Minorities...are almost always in the right.
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 9, p. 220

—’s idea of heaven is, eating pâtè de foie gras to the sound of trumpets.
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 10, p. 236

What a pity it is that we have no amusements in England but vice and religion!
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 10, p. 236

Let the Dean and Canons lay their heads together and the thing will be done.
On a proposal to surround St Paul’s with a wooden pavement, in H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 10, p. 237

Death must be distinguished from dying, with which it is often confused.
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 11, p. 271

What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 11, p. 272

I am just going to pray for you at St Paul’s, but with no very lively hope of success.
In H. Pearson ‘The Smith of Smiths’ (1934) ch. 13, p. 308

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.
In ‘Sidney Smith: His Wit and Wisdom’ (1900) p. 89
Science is his forte, and omniscience his foible. On William Whewell, in Isaac Todhunter ‘William Whewell’ (1876) vol. 1, p. 410

7.118 Tobias Smollett 1721-71

I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound.
‘The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves’ (1762) ch. 6

That great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.
Letter to John Wilkes, 16 March 1759, in James Boswell ‘The Life of Samuel Johnson’ (1934) vol. 1, p. 348

The capital [London] is become an overgrown monster; which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support.
‘The Expedition of Humphry Clinker’ (1771) vol. 1, letter from Matthew Bramble, 29 May

I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat.
‘The Expedition of Humphry Clinker’ (1771) vol. 1, letter from Matthew Bramble, 8 June

‘Begging your honour’s pardon, (replied Clinker) may not the new light of God’s grace shine

upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy, and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?' 'What you imagine to be the new light of grace, (said his master) I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper storey.'

'The Expedition of Humphry Clinker' (1771) vol. 2, letter from Jery Melford, 10 June

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.

'The Tears of Scotland' (1746)

7.119 C. P. Snow (Baron Snow of Leicester) 1905-80

The official world, the corridors of power.

'Homecomings' (1956) ch. 22

I believe the intellectual life of the whole of western society is increasingly being split into two polar groups...Literary intellectuals at one pole—at the other scientists, and as the most representative, the physical scientists. Between the two a gulf of mutual incomprehension.

'The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution' (1959 Rede Lecture) p. 3

7.120 Philip Snowden (Viscount Snowden) 1864-1937

This is not Socialism. It is Bolshevism run mad.

BBC radio election broadcast on the election programme of the Labour Party, 17 October 1931; in 'The Times' 19 October 1931

7.121 Socrates 469-399 B.C.

How many things I can do without!

On looking at a multitude of wares exposed for sale, in Diogenes Laertius 'Lives of the Eminent Philosophers' bk. 2, ch. 25

I know nothing except the fact of my ignorance.

In Diogenes Laertius 'Lives of Eminent Philosophers' bk. 2, sect. 32

The unexamined life is not worth living.

In Plato 'Apology' 38a

But already it is time to depart, for me to die, for you to go on living; which of us takes the better course, is concealed from anyone except God.

In Plato 'Apology' 42a

A man should feel confident concerning his soul, who has renounced those pleasures and fineries that go with the body, as being alien to him, and considering them to result more in harm than in good, but has pursued the pleasures that go with learning and made the soul fine with no alien but rather its own proper refinements, moderation and justice and courage and freedom and truth; thus it is ready for the journey to the world below.

In Plato 'Phaedo' 114d

'What do you say about pouring a libation to some god from this cup? Is it allowed or not?'
'We only prepare just the right amount to drink, Socrates,' he [the jailor] said.
'I understand,' he went on; 'but it is allowed and necessary to pray to the gods, that my moving

from hence to there may be blessed; thus I pray, and so be it.'
In Plato 'Phaedo' 117b

Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; please pay it and don't let it pass.
In Plato 'Phaedo' 118, last words

7.122 Solon c.630-c.555 B.C.

I grow old ever learning many things.
Theodor Bergk (ed.) 'Poetae Lyrici Graeci' (1843) no. 18

Laws are like spider's webs: if some poor weak creature come up against them, it is caught; but a bigger one can break through and get away.
In Diogenes Laertius 'Lives of the Eminent Philosophers' bk. 1, ch. 58.

Call no man happy till he dies, he is at best but fortunate.
In Herodotus 'Histories' bk. 1, ch. 32

7.123 Alexander Solzhenitsyn 1918—

You only have power over people as long as you don't take everything away from them. But when you've robbed a man of everything he's no longer in your power—he's free again.
'' (The First Circle, 1968) ch. 17

The Gulag Archipelago.
Title of book (1973-5)

7.124 William Somerville 1675-1742

My hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt.
'The Chase' (1735) bk. 1, l. 13.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favoured isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care!
'The Chase' (1735) bk. 1, l. 84

7.125 Anastasio Somoza 1925-80

You won the elections, but I won the count.
Reply to accusation of ballot-rigging, in 'Guardian' 17 June 1977.

7.126 Stephen Sondheim 1930—

Everything's coming up roses.
Title of song (1959); music by Jule Styne
Send in the clowns. Title of song (1973)

7.127 Susan Sontag 1933—

Interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art.

‘Evergreen Review’ December 1964

The camera makes everyone a tourist in other people’s reality, and eventually in one’s own.

‘New York Review of Books’ 18 April 1974

Illness is the night-side of life, a more onerous citizenship. Everyone who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick. Although we all prefer to use only the good passport, sooner or later each of us is obliged, at least for a spell, to identify ourselves as citizens of that other place.

‘New York Review of Books’ 26 January 1978

The white race is the cancer of human history, it is the white race, and it alone—its ideologies and inventions—which eradicates autonomous civilizations wherever it spreads, which has upset the ecological balance of the planet, which now threatens the very existence of life itself.

‘Partisan Review’ Winter 1967, p. 57

It is the nature of the pornographic imagination to prefer ready-made conventions of character, setting, and action. Pornography is a theatre of types, never of individuals.

‘The Pornographic Imagination’ (1967)

7.128 Donald Soper (Baron Soper) 1903—

It is, I think, good evidence of life after death.

On the quality of debate in the House of Lords, in ‘Listener’ 17 August 1978

7.129 Sophocles 496-406 B.C.

My son, may you be happier than your father.

‘Ajax’ l. 550

Enemies’ gifts are no gifts and do no good.

‘Ajax’ l. 665

His death concerns the gods, not those men, no!

‘Ajax’ l. 970 (referring to Ajax’s enemies, the Greek leaders)

There are many wonderful things, and nothing is more wonderful than man.

‘Antigone’ l. 333

Not to be born is, past all prizing, best.

‘Oedipus Coloneus’ l. 1224 (translation by R. W. Jebb)

Someone asked Sophocles, ‘How do you feel now about sex? Are you still able to have a woman?’ He replied, ‘Hush, man; most gladly indeed am I rid of it all, as though I had escaped from a mad and savage master.’

In Plato ‘Republic’ bk. 1, 329b

7.130 Charles Hamilton Sorley 1895-1915

When you see millions of the mouthless dead
Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
Say not soft things as other men have said,

That you'll remember. For you need not so.
Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?
'A Sonnet' (1916)

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
'Song of the Ungirt Runners' (1916)

We have the evil spirits too
That shake our soul with battle-din.
But we have an eviller spirit than you,
We have a dumb spirit within:
The exceeding bitter agony
But not the exceeding bitter cry.
'To Poets' (1916)

7.131 John L. B. Soule 1815-91

Go West, young man, go West!
'Terre Haute' [Indiana] 'Express' (1851) editorial.

7.132 Robert South 1634-1716

An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.
'Sermons' vol. 1, no. 2

7.133 Thomas Southerne 1660-1746

When we're worn,
Hacked hewn with constant service, thrown aside
To rust in peace, or rot in hospitals.
'The Loyal Brother' (1682) act 1

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery:
When that is made, the pleasure's done.
'Sir Anthony Love' (1690) act 2 'Song'

7.134 Robert Southey 1774-1843

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,

And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
‘The Battle of Blenheim’

Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.
‘The Battle of Blenheim’

‘And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win.’
‘But what good came of it at last?’
Quoth little Peterkin.
‘Why that I cannot tell,’ said he,
‘But ’twas a famous victory.’
‘The Battle of Blenheim’

My name is Death: the last best friend am I.
‘Carmen Nuptiale’ ‘The Lay of the Laureate. The Dream’ 87

Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost.
‘The Curse of Kehama’ (1810) motto

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,
But ’tis the happy who have called thee so.
‘The Curse of Kehama’ (1810) canto 15, st. 12

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be.
‘The Inchcape Rock’

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.
‘Madoc’ (1805) pt. 1, canto 5 ‘Lincoya’ l. 102

We wage no war with women nor with priests.
‘Madoc’ (1805) pt. 1, canto 15 ‘The Excommunication’ l. 65

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.
‘The Old Man’s Comforts, and how he Gained them’.

In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.
‘The Old Man’s Comforts, and how he Gained them’

The arts babblative and scribblative.
‘Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society’ (1829) coll. 10, pt. 2

The march of intellect.
‘Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society’ (1829) coll. 14

Your true lover of literature is never fastidious.

‘The Doctor’ (1812) ch. 17

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice.
‘The Doctor’ (1812) ch. 34

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.
‘The Doctor’ (1812) ch. 130

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend.
‘The Life of Nelson’ (1813) ch. 9

She has made me in love with a cold climate, and frost and snow, with a northern moonlight.
Letter to his brother Thomas, 28 April 1797, in Charles C. Southey ‘The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey’ vol. 1 (1849) p. 311 (on the letters of Mary Wollstonecraft from Sweden and Norway)

7.135 Robert Southwell c.1561-95

As I in hoary winter’s night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear.
‘The Burning Babe’ (1595)

Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
‘Times go by Turns’ (1595).

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold qualms, and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet alas full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.
‘Upon the Image of Death’

7.136 Muriel Spark 1918—

The one certain way for a woman to hold a man is to leave him for religion.
‘The Comforters’ (1957) ch. 1

I am putting old heads on your young shoulders and all my pupils are the créme de la créme.
‘The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie’ (1961) ch. 1

Give me a girl at an impressionable age, and she is mine for life.
‘The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie’ (1961) ch. 1

One’s prime is elusive. You little girls, when you grow up, must be on the alert to recognise your prime at whatever time of your life it may occur.
‘The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie’ (1961) ch. 1

To me education is a leading out of what is already there in the pupil's soul. To Miss Mackay it is a putting in of something that is not there, and that is not what I call education, I call it intrusion.

'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie' (1961) ch. 2

Where I come from sex is what you get your coals in.

'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie' (1961)

7.137 John Sparrow 1906-92

Without you, Heaven would be too dull to bear,
And Hell would not be Hell if you are there.

Epitaph for Maurice Bowra, in 'Times Literary Supplement' 30 May 1975

That indefatigable and unsavoury engine of pollution, the dog.

Letter to 'The Times' 30 September 1975

7.138 Countess Spencer (Raine Spencer) 1929—

Alas, for our towns and cities. Monstrous carbuncles of concrete have erupted in gentle Georgian Squares.

'The Spencers on Spas' (1983) p. 14.

7.139 Herbert Spencer 1820-1903

The Republican form of Government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing.

'Essays' (1891) vol. 3 'The Americans'

Science is organized knowledge.

'Education' (1861) ch. 2

People are beginning to see that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal.

'Education' (1861) ch. 2

Evolution...is—a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity.

'First Principles' (1862) ch. 16, 138

It cannot but happen...that those will survive whose functions happen to be most nearly in equilibrium with the modified aggregate of external forces...This survival of the fittest implies multiplication of the fittest.

'Principles of Biology' (1865) pt. 3, ch. 12, 164.

How often misused words generate misleading thoughts.

'Principles of Ethics' bk. 1 (1879) pt. 2, ch. 8, 152

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted.

'Essays' (1891) vol. 3 'Prison Ethics'

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity...It is a part of nature.

'Social Statics' (1850) pt. 1, ch. 2, 4

A clever theft was praiseworthy amongst the Spartans; and it is equally so amongst Christians, provided it be on a sufficiently large scale.

‘Social Statics’ (1850) pt. 2, ch. 16, 3

Education has for its object the formation of character.

‘Social Statics’ (1850) pt. 2, ch. 17, 4

Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings, and not by the intellect.

‘Social Statics’ (1850) pt. 4, ch. 30, 8

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.

‘Social Statics’ (1850) pt. 4, ch. 30, 16

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools.

‘Essays’ (1891) vol. 3 ‘State Tamperings with Money and Banks’

It was remarked to me by the late Mr Charles Roupell...that to play billards well was a sign of an ill-spent youth.

Duncan ‘Life and Letters of Spencer’ (1908) ch. 20, p. 298

French art, if not sanguinary, is usually obscene.

‘Home Life with Herbert Spencer’ (1906) ch. 4, p. 115 ‘Two’

7.140 Stephen Spender 1909—

After the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.

‘The Express’ (1933)

The names of those who in their lives fought for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire’s centre.
Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

‘I think continually of those who were truly great’ (1933)

Never being, but always at the edge of Being.

Title of poem (1933)

My parents kept me from children who were rough
And who threw words like stones and who wore torn clothes.

‘My parents kept me from children who were rough’ (1933)

What I had not foreseen
Was the gradual day
Weakening the will
Leaking the brightness away.

‘What I expected, was’ (1933)

Who live under the shadow of a war,
What can I do that matters?

‘Who live under the shadow of a war’ (1933)

Their collected
Hearts wound up with love, like little watch springs.
‘The Past Values’ (1939)

Pylons, those pillars
Bare like nude, giant girls that have no secret.
‘The Pylons’ (1933)

Consider: only one bullet in ten thousand kills a man.
Ask: was so much expenditure justified
On the death of one so young and so silly
Stretched under the olive trees, Oh, world, Oh, death?
‘Regum Ultimo Ratio’ (1933)

7.141 Edmund Spenser c.1552-99

The merry cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded.
‘Amoretti’ (1595) sonnet 19

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win.
‘Amoretti’ (1595) sonnet 68

So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
—Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.
‘Amoretti’ (1595) sonnet 68

Fresh spring the herald of love’s mighty king,
In whose coat armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed.
‘Amoretti’ (1595) sonnet 70

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washéd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipéd out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

‘Amoretti’ (1595) sonnet 75

So love is Lord of all the world by right.

‘Colin Clout’s Come Home Again’ (1595) l. 883

So you great Lord, that with your counsel sway
The burden of this kingdom mightily,
With like delights sometimes may eke delay,
The rugged brow of careful Policy.

‘Dedicatory Sonnet to Sir Christopher Hatton’

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in.

‘Epithalamion’ (1595) l. 204

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?

‘Epithalamion’ (1595) l. 278

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been decked.

‘Epithalamion’ (1595) l. 427

The general end therefore of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) preface

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, introduction, st. 1

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 1, st. 1

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 1, st. 2

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 1, st. 2

A bold bad man, that dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darkness and dead night.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 1, st. 37.

Her angel’s face
As the great eye of heaven shinéd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;

Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 3, st. 4

And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 4, st. 5

The noble heart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th’ eternal brood of glory excellent.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 5, st. 1

A cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 5, st. 18

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his fear still followed him behind.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 9, st. 21

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That curséd man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 9, st. 35

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life does greatly please.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 9, st. 40

Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy’s son.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 1, canto 9, st. 47

So double was his pains, so double be his praise.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 2, canto 2, st. 25

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 2, canto 3, st. 25

And all for love, and nothing for reward.

‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 2, canto 8, st. 2

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower,
Of many a lady, and many a paramour:
Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:

Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovéd be with equal crime.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 2, canto 12, st. 75

The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 2, canto 12, st. 87

Whether it divine tobacco were,
Or panachaea, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 3, canto 5, st. 32

Hard is to teach an old horse amble true.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 3, canto 8, st. 26

And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 3, canto 10, st. 60

And as she looked about, she did behold,
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere Be bold...
At last she spied at that room’s upper end
Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 3, canto 11, st. 54

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame’s eternal beadroll worthy to be filed.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 4, canto 2, st. 32

For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 4, canto 10, st. 21

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 5, canto 12, st. 1

A monster, which the Blatant beast men call,
A dreadful fiend of gods and men ydrad.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 5, canto 12, st. 37

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.
For a man by nothing is so well bewray’d,
As by his manners.
‘The Faerie Queen’ (1596) bk. 6, canto 3, st. 1

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,

How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports, to many men's decay?
'The Faerie Queen' (1596) bk. 7, canto 6, st. 1

For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabbaoth's sight.
'The Faerie Queen' (1596) bk. 7, canto 8, st. 2

That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things, that only seem.
'An Hymn in Honour of Beauty' l. 90

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
'An Hymn in Honour of Beauty' l. 132

I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
'Lines on his Pension'; attributed

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty.
'Muiopotmos' l. 209

Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek that breed
Doubts 'mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies.
'Prosopopoia or Mother Hubbard's Tale' l. 385

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air,
Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play.
'Prothalamion' (1596) l. 1

With that, I saw two swans of goodly hue,
Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter show,
Nor Jove himself when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear.
'Prothalamion' (1596) l. 37

So purely white they were,

That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
'Prothalamion' (1596) l. 46

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source.
'Prothalamion' (1596) l. 127

To be wise and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to God above.
'The Shepherd's Calendar' (1579) 'March. Willy's Emblem'

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gillyflowers:
Bring coronation, and sops in wine,
Worn of paramours.
Strew me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies:
The pretty pawnce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flower delice.
'The Shepherd's Calendar' (1579) 'April' l. 136 (pawnce pansy; chevisaunce wallflower?; flower delice iris)

And he that strives to touch the stars,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
'The Shepherd's Calendar' (1579) 'July' l. 99

Uncouth unkist, said the old famous poet Chaucer.
'The Shepherd's Calendar' 'Letter to Gabriel Harvey'

So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry or hodgepodge of all other speeches.
'The Shepherd's Calendar' 'Letter to Gabriel Harvey'

7.142 Steven Spielberg 1947—

Close encounters of the third kind.
Title of film (1977)

7.143 Baruch Spinoza 1632-77

By god I mean a being absolutely infinite—that is, a substance consisting in infinite attributes,

of which each expresses eternal and infinite essentiality.

‘Ethics’ (completed c.1665, published 1677) bk. 1, definition 6 ‘Deus, sive Natura [God, or in other words, Nature]’

Sedula curavi, humanas actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestare, sed intelligere.

I have striven not to laugh at human actions, not to weep at them, nor to hate them, but to understand them.

‘Tractatus Politicus’ 1, 4

7.144 Dr Benjamin Spock 1903—

To win in Vietnam, we will have to exterminate a nation.

‘Dr Spock on Vietnam’ (1968) ch. 7

7.145 William Archibald Spooner 1844-1930

Mr Huxley assures me that it’s no farther from the north coast of Spitzbergen to the North Pole than it is from Land’s End to John of Gaunt.

Julian Huxley in ‘SEAC’ (Calcutta) 27 February 1944

You will find as you grow older that the weight of rages will press harder and harder upon the employer.

In William Hayter ‘Spooner’ (1977) ch. 6

Her late husband, you know, a very sad death—eaten by missionaries—poor soul!

In William Hayter ‘Spooner’ (1977) ch. 6

7.146 Sir Cecil Spring-Rice 1859-1918

Wilson is the nation’s shepherd and McAdoo his crook.

Of President Woodrow Wilson and his secretary of the treasury, a joke considered ill-timed in the light of attempts to draw the United States into the First World War; in Robert Skidelsky ‘John Maynard Keynes’ vol. 1 (1983) ch. 14, sect. 3

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

‘I Vow to Thee, My Country’ (written on the eve of his departure from Washington, 12 January 1918)

And there’s another country, I’ve heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know.

‘I Vow to Thee, My Country’ (written 1918)

Her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

‘I Vow to Thee, My Country’ (written 1918)

I am the Dean of Christ Church, Sir:
There’s my wife; look well at her.

She’s the Broad and I’m the High;
We are the University.

‘The Masque of Balliol’ composed by and current among members of Balliol College, Oxford, in the 1870s; in W. G. Hiscock (ed.) ‘The Balliol Rhymes’ (1939) p. 29. The first couplet was unofficially altered to: ‘I am the Dean, and this is Mrs Liddell, / She the first, and I the second fiddle.’

7.147 Bruce Springsteen 1949—

Born down in a dead man’s town
The first kick I took was when I hit the ground.

‘Born in the USA’ (1984 song)

We gotta get out while we’re young,
’Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run.

‘Born to Run’ (1974 song)

Is a dream a lie if it don’t come true,
Or is it something worse.

‘The River’ (1980 song)

7.148 C. H. Spurgeon 1834-92

If you want truth to go round the world you must hire an express train to pull it; but if you want a lie to go round the world, it will fly: it is as light as a feather, and a breath will carry it. It is well said in the old proverb, ‘a lie will go round the world while truth is pulling its boots on’.

‘Gems from Spurgeon’ (1859) p. 74

7.149 Sir J. C. Squire 1884-1958

But I’m not so think as you drunk I am.

‘Ballade of Soporific Absorption’ (1931)

It did not last: the Devil howling ‘Ho!
Let Einstein be!’ restored the status quo.

‘In continuation of Pope on Newton’ (1926).

7.150 Mme de Staël 1766-1817

Tout comprendre rend trés indulgent.

To be totally understanding makes one very indulgent.

‘Corinne’ (1807) bk. 4, ch. 2

Speech happens not to be his language.

On being asked what one found to talk about with her new lover, a hussar; attributed

7.151 Joseph Stalin (Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili) 1879-1953

The State is an instrument in the hands of the ruling class, used to break the resistance of the adversaries of that class.

‘Foundations of Leninism’ (1924) section 4/6

The Pope! How many divisions has he got?

When asked by Pierre Louval, French Foreign Minister, to encourage Catholicism in Russia by way of conciliating the Pope, 13 May 1935; in W. S. Churchill ‘The Second World War’ vol. 1 ‘The Gathering Storm (1948) ch. 8.

7.152 Sir Henry Morton Stanley 1841-1904

Dr Livingstone, I presume?

‘How I found Livingstone’ (1872) ch. 11

7.153 Charles E. Stanton 1859-1933

Lafayette, nous voila!

Lafayette, we are here.

At the tomb of Lafayette in Paris, 4 July 1917, in ‘New York Tribune’ 6 September 1917

7.154 Edwin Mcmasters Stanton 1814-69

Now he belongs to the ages.

Of Abraham Lincoln, after his assassination, 15 April 1865, in I. M. Tarbell ‘Life of Abraham Lincoln’ (1900) vol. 2, p. 244

7.155 Elizabeth Cady Stanton 1815-1902

The Bible teaches that woman brought sin and death into the world, that she precipitated the fall of the race...marriage for her was to be a condition of bondage, maternity a period of suffering and anguish, and in silence and subjection, she was to play the role of a dependant on man’s bounty for all her material wants.

‘The Woman’s Bible’ (1895) pt. 1

Woman’s degradation is in man’s idea of his sexual rights. Our religion, laws, customs, are all founded on the belief that woman was made for man.

Letter to Susan B. Anthony, 14 June 1860, in T. Stanton and H. Stanton Blaher (eds.) ‘Elizabeth Cady Stanton’ (1922) vol. 2

7.156 Frank L. Stanton 1857-1927

Sweetes’ li’l’ feller,
Everybody knows;
Dunno what to call him,
But he’s mighty lak’ a rose!

‘Mighty Lak’ a Rose’ (1901 song)

7.157 John Stark 1728-1822

We beat them to-day or Molly Stark’s a widow.

Before the Battle of Bennington, 16 August 1777, in Appleton ‘Cyclopaedia of American Biography’ vol. 5

7.158 Christina Stead 1902-83

A self-made man is one who believes in luck and sends his son to Oxford.
‘House of All Nations’ (1938) ‘Credo’

7.159 Sir David Steel 1938—

Go back to your constituencies and prepare for government.
At the conclusion of the Liberal Party Assembly, Llandudno, 18 September 1981; in ‘The Times’ 19 September 1981

7.160 Sir Richard Steele 1672-1729

The insupportable labour of doing nothing.
‘The Spectator’ no. 54 (2 May 1711)

A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.
‘The Spectator’ no. 79 (31 May 1711).

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight.
‘The Spectator’ no. 132 (1 August 1711)

There are so few who can grow old with a good grace.
‘The Spectator’ no. 263 (1 January 1712)

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.
‘The Spectator’ no. 266 (4 January 1712)

It is to be noted that when any part of this paper appears dull there is a design in it.
‘The Tatler’ no. 38 (7 July 1709)

To love her is a liberal education.
‘The Tatler’ no. 49 (2 August 1709); referring to Lady Elizabeth Hastings

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.
‘The Tatler’ no. 147 (18 March 1710)

It was very prettily said, that we may learn the little value of fortune by the persons on whom heaven is pleased to bestow it.
‘The Tatler’ no. 203 (27 July 1710).

7.161 Lincoln Steffens 1866-1936

I have seen the future; and it works.
Following a visit to the Soviet Union in 1919; letter to Marie Howe, 3 April 1919, in ‘Letters’ (1938) vol. 1, p. 463. John M. Thompson ‘Russia, Bolshevism and the Versailles Treaty’ (1954) p. 176, in which the US diplomat with whom Steffens had been travelling recalls Steffens composing the expression even before he had arrived in Russia

7.162 Gertrude Stein 1874-1946

Remarks are not literature.
‘Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas’ (1933) ch. 7 (addressed to Ernest Hemingway)

What was the use of my having come from Oakland...write about it if I like or anything if I like

but not there, there is no there there.

‘Everybody’s Autobiography’ (1937) ch. 4

Pigeons on the grass alas.

‘Four Saints in Three Acts’ (1934) act 3, sc. 2

In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is. That is what makes America what it is.

‘The Geographical History of America’ (1936)

Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose, is a rose.

‘Sacred Emily’ (1913) p. 187

You are all a lost generation.

Referring to the young who served in World War I, the phrase having been borrowed (in translation) from a French garage mechanic, whom she had heard address it disparagingly to an incompetent apprentice. Ernest Hemingway subsequently used it as the epigraph to ‘The Sun Also Rises’ (1926)

A village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not.

On Ezra Pound, in Janet Hobhouse ‘Everyone who was Anybody’ (1975) ch. 6

7.163 John Steinbeck 1902-68

Man, unlike any other thing organic or inorganic in the universe, grows beyond his work, walks up the stairs of his concepts, emerges ahead of his accomplishments.

‘The Grapes of Wrath’ (1939) ch. 14

Okie use’ ta mean you was from Oklahoma. Now it means you’re a dirty son-of-a-bitch. Okie means you’re scum. Don’t mean nothing itself, it’s the way they say it.

‘The Grapes of Wrath’ (1939) ch. 18

7.164 Gloria Steinem 1934—

We are becoming the men we wanted to marry.

‘Ms’ July/August 1982

Outrageous acts and everyday rebellions.

Title of book

A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle.

Attributed

7.165 Sir James Fitzjames Stephen 1829-94

The way in which the man of genius rules is by persuading an efficient minority to coerce an indifferent and self-indulgent majority.

‘Liberty, Equality and Fraternity’ (1873) ch. 2

7.166 J. K. Stephen 1859-92

Ah! Matt.: old age has brought to me
Thy wisdom, less thy certainty:
The world’s a jest, and joy’s a trinket:

I knew that once: but now—I think it.
‘Senex to Matt. Prior’

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud’s thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep
And, Wordsworth, both are thine.
‘A Sonnet’.

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse...
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more.
‘To R.K.’

7.167 James Stephens 1882-1950

Finality is death. Perfection is finality.
Nothing is perfect. There are lumps in it.
‘The Crock of Gold’ (1912) bk. 1, ch. 4

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where....
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere.
‘The Snare’ (1915)

7.168 Laurence Sterne 1713-68

They order, said I, this matter better in France.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) l. 1

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘Preface. In the Desobligeant’

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, ’tis all barren.

‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘In the Street. Calais’

If I ever do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘Montriul’

Vive l’amour! et vive la bagatelle!
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘The letter’

Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘The Pulse. Paris’

There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman’s pulse.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘The Pulse. Paris’

God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘Maria’ (derived from a French proverb, but familiar in this form of words)

Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that’s precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!
‘A Sentimental Journey’ (1768) ‘The Bourbonnois’

I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 1, opening words

‘Pray, my dear,’ quoth my mother, ‘have you not forgot to wind up the clock?’—’Good G—!’ cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time, —’Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?’
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 1

As we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do anything,—only keep your temper.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 6

Have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself,—have they not had their Hobby-Horses...and so long as a man rides his Hobby-Horse peaceably and quietly along the King’s highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 7

He was in a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 12

’Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause,—and of obstinacy in a bad one.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 17

What is the character of a family to an hypothesis? my father would reply.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 21

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 21

Digressions, incontestably, are the sunshine;—they are the life, the soul of reading;—take them out of this book for instance,—you might as well take the book along with them.
‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 22

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 1, ch. 23

Writing, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 2, ch. 11

‘I’ll not hurt thee,’ says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—’I’ll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go,’ says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—’go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.’

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 2, ch. 12

Whenever a man talks loudly against religion,—always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions which have got the better of his creed.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 2, ch. 17

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself, as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 2, ch. 19

‘Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,’ cried my uncle Toby,—’but nothing to this.’

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 3, ch. 11

The corregiescity of Corregio.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 3, ch. 12.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 3, ch. 12

Is this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of Pensions and Grenadiers?

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 4, ch. 5

True Shandeism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through its channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 4, ch. 32

‘There is no terror, brother Toby, in its [death’s] looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man’s room—Strip it of these, what is it?’—’’Tis better in battle than in bed’, said my uncle Toby.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 5, ch. 3

There is a North-west passage to the intellectual World.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 5, ch. 42

‘The poor soul will die:—’ ‘He shall not die, by G—’, cried my uncle Toby.—The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

‘Tristram Shandy’ (1759-67) bk. 6, ch. 8

To say a man is fallen in love,—or that he is deeply in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and sometimes even over head and ears in it,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing below a man:—this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship, —I hold to be damnable and heretical:—and so much for that. Let love therefore be what it will, —my uncle Toby fell into it.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 6, ch. 37

My brother Toby, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs Wadman.

Then he will never, quoth my father, lie diagonally in his bed again as long as he lives.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 6, ch. 39

Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coast—a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 7, ch. 2

'A soldier,' cried my Uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, 'is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.'—'But not so often, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 8, ch. 19

Everything presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 9, ch. 10

—d! said my mother, 'what is all this story about?'

—'A Cock and a Bull,' said Yorick.

'Tristram Shandy' (1759-67) bk. 9, ch. 33

This sad vicissitude of things.

'Sermons' no. 16

7.169 Wallace Stevens 1879-1955

The poet is the priest of the invisible.

'Adagia' (1957)

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was, upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.

'Anecdote of the Jar' (1923)

The prologues are over. It is a question, now
Of final belief, So, say that final belief
Must be in a fiction. It is time to choose.

'Asides on the Oboe'

Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
Of tan with henna hackles, halt!

‘Bantams in Pine Woods’ (1923)

Only, here and there, an old sailor,
Drunk and asleep in his boots,
Catches tigers
In red weather.

‘Disillusionment of Ten O’Clock’ (1923)

Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month’s newspapers.
Let be be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

‘The Emperor of Ice-Cream’ (1923)

Frogs Eat Butterflies. Snakes Eat Frogs.
Hogs Eat Snakes. Men Eat Hogs.

Title of poem (1923)

Poetry is the supreme fiction, madame.

‘A High-Toned old Christian Woman’ (1923)

Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramón,
The maker’s rage to order words of the sea,
Words of the fragrant portals, dimly starred,
And of ourselves and of our origins,
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

‘The Idea of Order at Key West’ (1936)

They will get it straight one day at the Sorbonne.
We shall return at twilight from the lecture
Pleased that the irrational is rational.

‘It must give Pleasure’ (1942)

The man bent over his guitar,
A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, ‘You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are.’

The man replied, ‘Things as they are
Are changed upon the blue guitar.’

‘The Man with the Blue Guitar’ (1937)

Twenty men crossing a bridge,
Into a village,

Are twenty men crossing twenty bridges,
Into twenty villages,
Or one man
Crossing a single bridge into a village.

‘Metaphors of a Magnifico’ (1923)

The inconceivable idea of the sun.

You must become an ignorant man again
And see the sun again with an ignorant eye
And see it clearly in the idea of it.

‘Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction’ (1947) ‘It Must Be Abstract’ no. 1

The palm at the end of the mind,
Beyond the last thought, rises...
A gold-feathered bird
Sings in the palm.

‘Of Mere Being’ (1957)

We keep coming back and coming back
To the real: to the hotel instead of the hymns
That fall upon it out of the wind.

‘An Ordinary Evening in New Haven’ (1950) no. 9

A more severe,
More harassing master would extemporize
Subtler, more urgent proof that the theory
Of poetry is the theory of life,
As it is, in the intricate evasions of as,
In things seen and unseen, created from nothingness,
The heavens, the hells, the worlds,the longed-for lands.

‘An Ordinary Evening in New Haven’ (1950) no. 28

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the self-same sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music.

‘Peter Quince at the Clavier’ (1923) pt. 1

Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
'Peter Quince at the Clavier' (1923) pt. 4

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.
'Peter Quince at the Clavier' (1923) pt. 4

Complacencies of the peignoir, and late
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,
And the green freedom of a cockatoo
Upon a rug mingle to dissipate
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.
'Sunday Morning, I' (1923)

We live in an old chaos of the sun,
Or old dependency of day and night,
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,
Of that wide water, inescapable.
Deers walk upon our mountains, and the quail
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;
And, in the isolation of the sky,
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.
'Sunday Morning, I' (1923)

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes,
The blackbird whistling
Or just after.
'Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird' (1923)

What makes the poet the potent figure that he is, or was, or ought to be, is that he creates the world to which we turn incessantly and without knowing it and that he gives to life the supreme fictions without which we are unable to conceive of it.
'The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words' (1942)

7.170 Adlai Stevenson 1900-65

I suppose flattery hurts no one, that is, if he doesn't inhale.

Television broadcast, 30 March 1952, in N. F. Busch ‘Adlai E. Stevenson’ (1952) ch. 5

If they [the Republicans] will stop telling lies about the Democrats, we will stop telling the truth about them.

Speech during 1952 presidential campaign, in J. B. Martin ‘Adlai Stevenson and Illinois’ (1976) ch. 8

Let’s talk sense to the American people. Let’s tell them the truth, that there are no gains without pains.

Speech of Acceptance at the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Illinois, 26 July 1952, in ‘Speeches of Adlai Stevenson’ (1952) p. 20

A hungry man is not a free man.

Speech at Kasson, Minnesota, 6 September 1952, in ‘Speeches of Adlai Stevenson’ (1952) ‘Farm Policy’

There is no evil in the atom; only in men’s souls.

Speech at Hartford, Connecticut, 18 September 1952, in ‘Speeches of Adlai Stevenson’ (1952) ‘The Atomic Future’

In America any boy may become President.

Speech in Indianapolis, 26 September 1952, in ‘Major Campaign Speeches of Adlai E. Stevenson; 1952’ (1953) p. 174

A free society is a society where it is safe to be unpopular.

Speech in Detroit, 7 October 1952, in ‘Major Campaign Speeches of Adlai E. Stevenson; 1952’ (1953) p. 218

The Republican party did not have to accept the voice of the Senator from Wisconsin nor encourage the excesses of its Vice-Presidential nominee [Richard Nixon]—the young man who asks you to set him one heart-beat from the Presidency of the United States.

Speech at Cleveland, Ohio, 23 October 1952, in ‘New York Times’ 24 October 1952, p. 14 (commonly quoted: ‘just a heart-beat away...’

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the White House.

Speech in Washington, 13 December 1952, following his defeat in the Presidential election, in Alden Whitman ‘Portrait: Adlai E. Stevenson’ (1965) ch. 1

We hear the Secretary of State [John Foster Dulles] boasting of his brinkmanship—the art of bringing us to the edge of the abyss.

Speech in Hartford, Connecticut, 25 February 1956, in ‘New York Times’ 26 February 1956, p. 64

She [Eleanor Roosevelt] would rather light a candle than curse the darkness, and her glow has warmed the world.

On learning of Mrs Roosevelt’s death, in ‘New York Times’ 8 November 1962

7.171 Anne Stevenson 1933—

Blackbirds are the cellos of the deep farms.

‘Green Mountain, Black Mountain’ (1982)

7.172 Robert Louis Stevenson 1850-94

The harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of the United States.

‘Across the Plains’ (1892) ‘The Lantern-Bearers’ pt. 1

The bright face of danger.

‘Across the Plains’ (1892) ‘The Lantern-Bearers’ pt. 4

Every one lives by selling something.

‘Across the Plains’ (1892) ‘Beggars’ pt. 3

A mortified appetite is never a wise companion.

‘Across the Plains’ (1892) ‘A Christmas Sermon’ pt. 1

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.

‘Across the Plains’ (1892) ‘A Christmas Sermon’ pt. 4

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary.

‘Familiar Studies of Men and Books’ (1882) ‘Yoshida-Torajiro’

Am I no a bonny fighter?

‘Kidnapped’ (1886) ch. 10

I’ve a grand memory for forgetting, David.

‘Kidnapped’ (1886) ch. 18

I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann.

‘Memories and Portraits’ (1887) ch. 4 ‘A College Magazine’

He who was prepared to help the escaping murderer or to embrace the impenitent thief, found, to the overthrow of all his logic, that he objected to the use of dynamite.

‘More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter’ (1885) ‘The Superfluous Mansion’

These are my politics: to change what we can; to better what we can; but still to bear in mind that man is but a devil weakly fettered by some generous beliefs and impositions; and for no word however sounding, and no cause however just and pious, to relax the stricture of these bonds.

‘More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter’ (1885) ‘Epilogue of the Cigar Divan’

The devil, depend upon it, can sometimes do a very gentlemanly thing.

‘The New Arabian Nights’ (1882) ‘The Suicide Club: Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts’

I regard you with an indifference closely bordering on aversion.

‘The New Arabian Nights’ (1882) ‘The Rajah’s Diamond: Story of the Bandbox’

The web, then, or the pattern, a web at once sensuous and logical, an elegant and pregnant texture: that is style, that is the foundation of the art of literature.

‘On some technical Elements of Style in Literature’ (1885)

For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel’s sake. The great affair is to move.

‘Travels with a Donkey’ (1879) ‘Cheylard and Luc’

I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon; and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence coloured, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life.

‘Travels with a Donkey’ (1879) ‘Father Apollinaris’

A faddling hedonist.

‘Travels with a Donkey’ (1879) ‘The Boarders’

Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

‘Treasure Island’ (1883) ch. 1

Tip me the black spot.

‘Treasure Island’ (1883) ch. 3

Many’s the long night I’ve dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly.

‘Treasure Island’ (1883) ch. 15

Even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Aes Triplex’

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘An Apology for Idlers’

He sows hurry and reaps indigestion.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘An Apology for Idlers’

Old and young, we are all on our last cruise.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Crabbed Age and Youth’

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘El Dorado’

In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

Even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognised by the police.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

A little amateur painting in water-colours shows the innocent and quiet mind.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 1’

To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 2’

Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 2’

The cruellest lies are often told in silence.

‘Virginibus Puerisque’ (1881) ‘Virginibus Puerisque, pt. 4: Truth of Intercourse’

What hangs people...is the unfortunate circumstance of guilt.

‘The Wrong Box’ (with Lloyd Osbourne, 1889) ch. 7

Nothing like a little judicious levity.

‘The Wrong Box’ (with Lloyd Osbourne, 1889) ch. 7

Between the possibility of being hanged in all innocence, and the certainty of a public and merited disgrace, no gentleman of spirit could long hesitate.

‘The Wrong Box’ (with Lloyd Osbourne, 1889) ch. 10

I believe in an ultimate decency of things.

Letter to Sidney Colvin, 23 August 1893, in Sidney Colvin (ed.) ‘The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson’ (1911) vol. 4, p. 211

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,—
I have to go to bed by day.
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people’s feet
Still going past me in the street.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Bed in Summmer’

The world is so full of a number of things,
I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Happy Thought’

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day...
I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘The Land of Counterpane’

When I am grown to man’s estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Looking Forward’

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘North-West Passage. Good-Night’

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I’m sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘System’

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
’Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head?’

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Time to Rise’

A child should always say what’s true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Whole Duty of Children’

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

‘A Child’s Garden of Verses’ (1885) ‘Windy Nights’

But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

‘Christmas at Sea’

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There’s the life for a man like me,
There’s the life for ever.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘The Vagabond’

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o’er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘The Vagabond’

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘I will make you brooches and toys for your delight’

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘In the highlands, in the country places’

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘My Wife’

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘Sing me a song of a lad that is gone’

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

‘Songs of Travel’ (1896) ‘To S.R. Crockett’

Of all my verse, like not a single line;

But like my title, for it is not mine.
That title from a better man I stole;
Ah, how much better, had I stol’n the whole!
‘Underwoods’ (1887) foreword.

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!
‘Underwoods’ (1887) ‘Envoy’.

The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But ‘Over the hills and far away’?
‘Underwoods’ (1887) ‘A Song of the Road’

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
‘Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.’
‘Underwoods’ (1887) ‘Requiem’

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!
‘Underwoods’ (1887) ‘The Celestial Surgeon’

7.173 Caskie Stinnett 1911—

A diplomat...is a person who can tell you to go to hell in such a way that you actually look forward to the trip.

'Out of the Red' (1960) ch. 4

7.174 Tom Stoppard 1937—

It's not the voting that's democracy, it's the counting.

'Jumpers' (1972) act 1.

The House of Lords, an illusion to which I have never been able to subscribe—responsibility without power, the prerogative of the eunuch throughout the ages.

'Lord Malquist and Mr Moon' (1966) pt. 6.

A foreign correspondent is someone who lives in foreign parts and corresponds, usually in the form of essays containing no new facts. Otherwise he's someone who flies around from hotel to hotel and thinks that the most interesting thing about any story is the fact that he has arrived to cover it.

'Night and Day' (1978) act 1

The media. It sounds like a convention of spiritualists.

'Night and Day' (1978) act 1

I'm with you on the free press. It's the newspapers I can't stand.

'Night and Day' (1978) act 1

Comment is free but facts are on expenses.

'Night and Day' (1978) act 2

You're familiar with the tragedies of antiquity, are you? The great homicidal classics?

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' (1967) act 1

All your life you live so close to truth, it becomes a permanent blur in the corner of your eye, and when something nudges it into outline it is like being ambushed by a grotesque.

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' (1967) act 1

I can do you blood and love without the rhetoric, and I can do you blood and rhetoric without the love, and I can do you all three concurrent or consecutive, but I can't do you love and rhetoric without the blood. Blood is compulsory—they're all blood, you see.

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead' (1967) act 1

Eternity's a terrible thought. I mean, where's it all going to end?

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' (1967) act 2

The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily. That is what tragedy means.

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' (1967) act 2.

Life is a gamble at terrible odds—if it was a bet, you wouldn't take it.

'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' (1967) act 3

Death is not anything...death is not...It's the absence of presence, nothing more...the endless time of never coming back...a gap you can't see, and when the wind blows through it, it makes no

sound.

‘Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead’ (1967) act 3

War is capitalism with the gloves off and many who go to war know it but they go to war because they don’t want to be a hero.

‘Travesties’ (1975) act 1

7.175 Harriet Beecher Stowe 1811-96

‘Never was born!’ persisted Topsy; ‘never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin’. I was raised by a speculator.’

‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ (1852) ch. 20

Don’t think nobody never made me. I ’spect I growed.

‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ (1852) ch. 20

7.176 Lord Stowell 1745-1836

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.

In Lord Campbell ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors’ (1857) vol. 10, ch. 212.

A precedent embalms a principle.

An opinion, while Advocate-General, 1788; attributed

7.177 Lytton Strachey 1880-1932

Francis Bacon has been described more than once with the crude vigour of antithesis...He was not striped frieze; he was shot silk.

‘Elizabeth and Essex’ (1928) ch. 5

Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance, which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits, with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art.

‘Eminent Victorians’ (1918) preface

Was it he who had been supple and yielding? he who had won by art what he could never have won by force, and who had managed, so to speak, to be one of the leaders of the procession less through merit than through a superior faculty for gliding adroitly to the front rank?

‘Eminent Victorians’ (1918) ‘Cardinal Manning’ introduction

The time was out of joint, and he was only too delighted to have been born to set it right.

‘Eminent Victorians’ (1918) ‘Cardinal Manning’ pt. 2 (referring to Hurrell Froude).

Her conception of God was certainly not orthodox. She felt towards Him as she might have felt towards a glorified sanitary engineer; and in some of her speculations she seems hardly to distinguish between the Deity and the Drains.

‘Eminent Victorians’ (1918) ‘Florence Nightingale’ pt. 4

[Chairman of military tribunal:] What would you do if you saw a German soldier trying to violate your sister?

[Strachey:] I would try to get between them.

In Robert Graves ‘Good-bye to All That’ (1929) ch. 23 (otherwise quoted ‘I should interpose my body’)

Discretion is not the better part of biography.

In Michael Holroyd ‘Lytton Strachey’ vol. 1 (1967) preface

The verses, when they were written, resembled nothing so much as spoonfuls of boiling oil, ladled out by a fiendish monkey at an upstairs window upon such passers-by whom the wretch had a grudge against.

‘The Leslie Stephen Lecture 1925’ ‘On Alexander Pope’

The really interesting question is always the particular one, though it’s always the general one that it’s possible to discuss.

‘The Really Interesting Question’ title essay

If this is dying, then I don’t think much of it.

On his deathbed, in Michael Holroyd ‘Lytton Strachey’ vol. 2 (1968) pt. 2, ch. 6

7.178 Igor Stravinsky 1882-1971

Tradition is entirely different from habit, even from an excellent habit, since habit is by definition an unconscious acquisition and tends to become mechanical, whereas tradition results from a conscious and deliberate acceptance...Tradition presupposes the reality of what endures.

‘Poetics of Music’

Conductors’ careers are made for the most part with ‘romantic’ music. ‘Classic’ music eliminates the conductor; we do not remember him in it.

In Robert Craft ‘Conversations with Igor Stravinsky’ (1958)

Academism results when the reasons for the rule change, but not the rule.

In Robert Craft ‘Conversations with Igor Stravinsky’ (1958)

7.179 William Stubbs 1825-1901

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth.
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgements so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

Letter to J. R. Green, 17 December 1871, in ‘Letters of Stubbs’ (1904) p. 162

7.180 G. A. Studdert Kennedy 1883-1929

Waste of Muscle, waste of Brain,
Waste of Patience, waste of Pain,
Waste of Manhood, waste of Health,
Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth,
Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,

Waste of youth's most precious years,
Waste of ways the saints have trod,
Waste of Glory, waste of God,
War!

'More Rough Rhymes of a Padre' by 'Woodbine Willie' (1919) 'Waste'

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on a tree,
They drave great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary.
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.
When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die.
For men had grown more tender and they would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain.

'Peace Rhymes of a Padre' (1921) 'Indifference'

7.181 Sir John Suckling 1609-42

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

'Aglaura' (1637) act 4, sc. 1, song

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

'Aglaura' (1637) act 4, sc. 1, song

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

'A Ballad upon a Wedding' (1646) st. 8

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun).

'A Ballad upon a Wedding' (1646) st. 8

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly).

'A Ballad upon a Wedding' (1646) st. 11

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget, and with Nell.

'A Ballad upon a Wedding' (1646) st. 11

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

'A Poem with the Answer'

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

'A Poem with the Answer'

7.182 Louis Henri Sullivan 1856-1924

Form ever follows function.

'The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered' (1896)

7.183 Terry Sullivan

She sells sea-shells on the sea-shore,
The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm sure,
For if she sells sea-shells on the sea-shore,
Then I'm sure she sells sea-shore shells.

'She Sells Sea-Shells' (1908 song)

7.184 Maximilien de Bèthune, Duc de Sully 1559-1641

Labourage et pâturage sont les deux mamelles dont la France est alimenteè.

Tilling and grazing are the two breasts by which France is fed.

'Economies Royales'

Les Anglais s'amusent tristement selon l'usage de leur pays.

The English take their pleasures sadly after the fashion of their country.

'Memoirs' (c.1630)

7.185 Arthur Hays Sulzberger 1891-1968

We tell the public which way the cat is jumping. The public will take care of the cat.

On journalism, in 'Time' 8 May 1950

7.186 Edith Summerskill 1901-80

The housewife is the Cinderella of the affluent state...She is wholly dependent on the whim of an individual to give her money for the essentials of life. If she complains she is a nagger—for nagging is the repetition of unpalatable truths.

Speech to the Married Women's Association, House of Commons, 14 July 1960; in 'The Times' 15 July 1960

7.187 Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey c.1517-47

Martial, the things for to attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge nor strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease the healthful life;
The household of continuance.

'The Happy Life' (1547); translation of Martial's 'Epigrams' bk. 10, no. 47

The chaste wife, wise, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate;
Neither wish death nor fear his might.

'The Happy Life' (1547)

7.188 R. S. Surtees 1803-64

More people are flattered into virtue than bullied out of vice.

'The Analysis of the Hunting Field' (1846) ch. 1

The only infallible rule we know is, that the man who is always talking about being a gentleman never is one.

'Ask Mamma' (1858) ch. 1

Major Yammerton was rather a peculiar man, inasmuch as he was an ass, without being a fool.

'Ask Mamma' (1858) ch. 25

'Unting is all that's worth living for—all time is lost wot is not spent in 'unting—it is like the hair we breathe—if we have it not we die—it's the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 7.

'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep. Many a dig in the

ribs I gives Mrs J when I think they're running into the warmint (renewed cheers). No man is fit to be called a sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife out of bed on a haverage once in three weeks!

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 11

Tell me a man's a fox-hunter, and I loves him at once.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 11

I'll fill hup the chinks wi' cheese.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 15

Well did that great man, I think it was Sir Walter Scott, but if it warn't, 'twas little Bartley, the bootmaker, say, that there was no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality than on his 'ossmanship.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 16

It ar'n't that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the 'ound more.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 16

Unless a man has a good many servants, he had better have them cleanin' his 'oss than cleanin' his breeches.

'Handley Cross' (1843) ch. 27

Three things I never lends—my 'oss, my wife, and my name.

'Hillingdon Hall' (1845) ch. 33

Every man shouting in proportion to the amount of his subscription.

'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' (1838) no. 1 'Swell and the Surrey'

Jorrocks, who is not afraid of 'the pace' so long as there is no leaping.

'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' (1838) no. 1 'Swell and the Surrey'

Champagne certainly gives one werry gentlemanly ideas, but for a continuance, I don't know but I should prefer mild hale.

'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' (1838) no. 9 'Mr Jorrocks in Paris'

Better be killed than frightened to death.

'Mr Facey Romford's Hounds' (1865) ch. 32

Life would be very pleasant if it were not for its enjoyments.

'Mr Facey Romford's Hounds' (1865) ch. 32.

These sort of boobies think that people come to balls to do nothing but dance; whereas everyone knows that the real business of a ball is either to look out for a wife, to look after a wife, or to look after somebody else's wife.

'Mr Facey Romford's Hounds' (1865) ch. 56

The young ladies entered the drawing-room in the full fervour of sisterly animosity.

'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour' (1853) ch. 17

Women never look so well as when one comes in wet and dirty from hunting.

'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour' (1853) ch. 21

He was a gentleman who was generally spoken of as having nothing a-year, paid quarterly.

'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour' (1853) ch. 24

There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse.

‘Mr Sponge’s Sporting Tour’ (1853) ch. 31

7.189 David Sutton

Sorrow in all lands, and grievous omens.
Great anger in the dragon of the hills,
And silent now the earth’s green oracles
That will not speak again of innocence.
‘Settlements’ (1991)

7.190 Hannen Swaffer 1879-1962

Freedom of the press in Britain means freedom to print such of the proprietor’s prejudices as the advertisers don’t object to.
In Tom Driberg ‘Swaff’ (1974) ch. 2

7.191 Jonathan Swift 1667-1745

I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.
‘An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity’ (1708)

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody’s face but their own.
‘The Battle of the Books’ (1704) preface

Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.
‘The Battle of the Books’ (1704) preface.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.
‘A Critical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind’ (1709).

There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy.
‘A Critical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind’ (1709)

I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he shewed as a pattern to encourage purchasers.
‘The Drapier’s Letters’ (1724) no. 2 (4 August 1724)

He [the emperor] is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.
‘Gulliver’s Travels’ (1726) ‘A Voyage to Lilliput’ ch. 2

He put this engine [a watch] to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion.
‘Gulliver’s Travels’ (1726) ‘A Voyage to Lilliput’ ch. 2

It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution: but

however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to Lilliput' ch. 4

I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to Brobdingnag' ch. 6

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to Brobdingnag' ch. 7

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to Laputa, etc.' ch. 5

These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people: of choosing for employment persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to Laputa, etc.' ch. 6

He replied that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not. (For they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood).

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' ch. 3

I told him...that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst.

'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) 'A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' ch. 6

We are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same.

'Journal to Stella' (published in 'Works', 1768) 1 February 1711

Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?

'Journal to Stella' (published in 'Works', 1768) 9 February 1711

I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company.

'Journal to Stella' (published in 'Works', 1768) 17 May 1711

He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company.

'Journal to Stella' (published in 'Works', 1768) 2 September 1711

We were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, 'much drinking, little thinking'.

'Journal to Stella' (published in 'Works', 1768) 26 February 1712

Proper words in proper places, make the true definition of a style.

Letter to a Young Clergyman, 9 January 1720

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.

Letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, 12-13 August 1720 (commonly echoed in the form: 'If you want to know what God thinks of money, look at the people he gives it to').

I have ever hated all nations, professions and communities, and all my love is towards individuals...But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth.

Letter to Pope, 29 September 1725, in Harold Williams (ed.) 'The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift' vol. 3 (1963) p. 103

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Letter to Bolingbroke, 21 March 1730, in Harold Williams (ed.) 'The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift' vol. 3 (1963) p. 382

Surely man is a broomstick!

'A Meditation upon a Broomstick' (1710)

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout.

'A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country' (1729)

I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

'Polite Conversation' (1738) dialogue 1

She wears her clothes, as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork.

'Polite Conversation' (1738) dialogue 1

Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

'Polite Conversation' (1738) dialogue 2

I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

'Polite Conversation' (1738) dialogue 2

Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

'A Tale of a Tub' (1704) 'The Epistle Dedicatory'

Satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any.

'A Tale of a Tub' (1704) 'The Author's Preface'

What though his head be empty, provided his commonplace book be full.

'A Tale of a Tub' (1704) ch. 7 'A Digression in Praise of Digressions'

Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse.

‘A Tale of a Tub’ (1704) ch. 9

I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country. Nothing can render them popular, but some degree of persecution.

‘Thoughts on Religion’ (1765)

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706).

The reasons why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men’s power to be agreeable.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants, by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

‘Thoughts on Various Subjects’ (1706)

How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows.

‘The Country Life’ l. 81

A coming shower your shooting corns presage.

‘A Description of a City Shower’ (1710) l. 9

They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

‘Dingley and Brent’ (1724)

I often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden’s end,

A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
‘Imitation of Horace’ (1714).

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down.
‘The Journal of a Modern Lady’ (1729) l. 188

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who’s master, who’s man.
‘My Lady’s Lamentation’ (1728) l. 171

Th’ artillery of words.
‘Ode to...Sancroft’ (1692)

Philosophy! the lumber of the schools.
‘Ode to Sir W. Temple’ (1692)

Say, Britain, could you ever boast,—
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 5

Then, rising with Aurora’s light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 85

As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 103

So geographers, in Afric-maps,
With savage-pictures fill their gaps;
And o’er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 177

He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 269

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 319

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller fleas to bite ’em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind.
‘On Poetry’ (1733) l. 337

Walls have tongues, and hedges ears.
‘A Pastoral Dialogue between Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill’ (1727) l. 8

Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoiled;
’Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
‘To Mr Delany’ (1718) l. 25

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.
‘To Mr Delany’ (1718) l. 171

In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.
‘Verses on the Death of Dr Swift’ (1731) l. 7

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
‘I’m sorry—but we all must die!’
‘Verses on the Death of Dr Swift’ (1731) l. 207

Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant.
‘Verses on the Death of Dr Swift’ (1731) l. 512

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed, by one satiric touch,

No nation wanted it so much.
‘Verses on the Death of Dr Swift’ (1731) l. 538

In Church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried,
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he married.
‘Verses on the Upright Judge’

‘Libertas et natale solum’:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole ’em.
‘Whitshed’s Motto on his Coach’ (1724) (Libertas... Freedom and the land of my birth)

Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book.
On A Tale of a Tub, in Sir Walter Scott ‘Life of Swift. Works of Swift’ (1824) vol. 1, p. 89

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.
In Sir Walter Scott ‘Life of Swift’

Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.

Where fierce indignation can no longer tear his heart.
Swift’s epitaph

7.192 Algernon Charles Swinburne 1837-1909

Superflux of pain.
‘Anactoria’ l. 27

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven.
‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865) l. 1

When the hounds of spring are on winter’s traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain.
‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865) ‘First Chorus’ st. 1

For winter’s rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865) ‘First Chorus’ st. 4

And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the tree divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865) ‘First Chorus’ st. 6

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran.

‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865) chorus ‘Before the beginning of years’ st. 7

Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865)

For words divide and rend;
But silence is most noble till the end.

‘Atalanta in Calydon’ (1865)

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled with the music he made with us,
Made with our hands and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

‘At Parting’

The deep division of prodigious breasts,
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep.

‘Ave atque Vale’ st. 6

Sleep; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
If sweet, give thanks; thou hast no more to live;
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.

‘Ave atque Vale’ st. 17

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother’s name.

‘Ballad of François Villon’

O slain and spent and sacrificed
People, the grey-grown speechless Christ.

‘Before a Crucifix’

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,

Thou art noble and nude and antique.
‘Dolores’ (1866) st. 7

Change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.
‘Dolores’ (1866) st. 9

O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.
‘Dolores’ (1866) st. 9

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
‘Dolores’ (1866) st. 11

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose’s,
And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.
‘Dolores’ (1866) st. 20

I shall remember while the light lives yet
And in the night time I shall not forget.
‘Erotion’

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down’s edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
‘A Forsaken Garden’

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.
‘A Forsaken Garden’

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.
‘The Garden of Proserpine’

Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle, we take it, is dee.
‘The Heptalogia’ (1880) ‘The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell’.

But God, if a God there be, is the substance of men which is man.

‘Hymn of Man’

Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things.

‘Hymn of Man’

Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?

‘Hymn to Proserpine’

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from Thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death.

‘Hymn to Proserpine’.

Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou being dead art a God,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.

‘Hymn to Proserpine’

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

‘An Interlude’

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame,
If you have forgotten my kisses
And I have forgotten your name.

‘An Interlude’

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

‘Itylus’ (1864)

Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

‘Itylus’ (1864)

Ah, yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind’s feet shine along the sea.

‘Laus Veneris’ (1866)

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,

Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief.

‘A Match’

There was a poor poet named Clough,
Whom his friends all united to puff,
But the public, though dull,
Had not such a skull
As belonged to believers in Clough.

‘Essays and Studies’ (1875) ‘Matthew Arnold’

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me.

‘The Triumph of Time’

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide.

‘The Triumph of Time’

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.

‘The Triumph of Time’

7.193 Eric Sykes and Max Bygraves 1922—

Eric Sykes had this quick ear and could tell by any inflection I put into a line how to make it a catch phrase—at one time I had more catch phrases than I could handle. I had the whole country saying things like ‘I’ve arrived and to prove it I’m here!’ ‘A good idea—son’ ‘Bighead!’ ‘Dollar lolly’.

Max Bygraves ‘I Wanna Tell You a Story!’ (1976) p. 96 (describing catch-phrases on ‘Educating Archie’, 1950-3 BBC radio comedy series)

7.194 John Addington Symonds 1840-93

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e’er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Hymn

7.195 John Millington Synge 1871-1909

‘A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drownded,’ he said ‘for he will be going out on a day he shouldn’t. But we do be afraid of the sea, and we do only be drownded now and again.’

‘The Aran Islands’ (1907) pt. 2

‘A translation is no translation,’ he said, ‘unless it will give you the music of a poem along with the words of it.’

‘The Aran Islands’ (1907) pt. 3

Oh my grief, I’ve lost him surely. I’ve lost the only Playboy of the Western World.

‘The Playboy of the Western World’ (1907) act 3 (last lines)

7.196 Thomas Szasz 1920—

A child becomes an adult when he realizes that he has a right not only to be right but also to be wrong.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Childhood’

A teacher should have maximal authority and minimal power.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Education’

Happiness is an imaginary condition, formerly often attributed by the living to the dead, now usually attributed by adults to children, and by children to adults.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Emotions’

The stupid neither forgive nor forget; the naïve forgive and forget; the wise forgive but do not forget.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Personal Conduct’

If you talk to God, you are praying; if God talks to you, you have schizophrenia. If the dead talk to you, you are a spiritualist; if God talks to you, you are a schizophrenic.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Schizophrenia’

Formerly, when religion was strong and science weak, men mistook magic for medicine; now, when science is strong and religion weak, men mistake medicine for magic.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Science and Scientism’

Masturbation: the primary sexual activity of mankind. In the nineteenth century, it was a disease; in the twentieth, it’s a cure.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Sex’

Two wrongs don’t make a right, but they make a good excuse.

‘The Second Sin’ (1973) ‘Social Relations’

7.197 Albert von Szent-Györgyi 1893-1986

Discovery consists of seeing what everybody has seen and thinking what nobody has thought.

In Irving Good (ed.) ‘The Scientist Speculates’ (1962) p. 15

8.0 T

8.1 Tacitus A.D. c.56-after 117

Nunc terminus Britanniae patet, atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est.

Now the boundary of Britain is revealed, and everything unknown is held to be glorious.

'Agricola' ch. 30, reporting the speech of a British leader, Calgacus

Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.

They make a wilderness and call it peace.

'Agricola' ch. 30

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris.

It is part of human nature to hate the man you have hurt.

'Agricola' ch. 42

Tu vero felix, Agricola, non vitae tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.

You were indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the distinction of your life, but also in the lucky timing of your death.

'Agricola' ch. 45

Sine ira et studio.

With neither anger nor partiality.

'Annals' bk. 1, ch. 1

Elegantiae arbiter.

The arbiter of taste.

'Annals' bk. 16, ch. 18, on Petronius

Rara temporum felicitate ubi sentire quae velis et quae sentias dicere licet.

These times having the rare good fortune that you may think what you like and say what you think.

'Histories' bk. 1, ch. 1

Maior privato visus dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset.

He seemed much greater than a private citizen while he still was a private citizen, and had he never become emperor everyone would have agreed that he had the capacity to reign.

'Histories' bk. 1, ch. 49 (on the Emperor Galba)

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur.

Love of fame is the last thing even learned men can bear to be parted from.

'Histories' bk. 4, ch. 6

Deos fortioribus adesse.

The gods are on the side of the stronger.

'Histories' bk. 4, ch. 17.

8.2 Sir Rabindranath Tagore 1861-1941

Bigotry tries to keep truth safe in its hand
With a grip that kills it.

‘Fireflies’ (1928) p. 29

8.3 Nellie Talbot

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.

Title of hymn (1921), in ‘CSSM Choruses’ No. 1

8.4 Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand 1754-1838

Surtout, Messieurs, point de zéle.

Above all, gentlemen, not the slightest zeal.

In P. Chasles ‘Voyages d’un critique á travers la vie et les livres’ (1868) vol. 2, p. 407

Qui n’a pas vècu dans les annèes voisines de 1789 ne sait pas ce que c’est que le plaisir de vivre.

He who has not lived during the years around 1789 can not know what is meant by the pleasure of life.

In M. Guizot ‘Mèmoires pour servir á l’histoire de mon temps’ (1858) vol. 1, ch. 6

Ils n’ont rien appris, ni rien oubliè.

They have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing.

Attributed to Talleyrand by the Chevalier de Panat in a letter to Mallet du Pan, January 1796, in A. Sayons (ed.) ‘Mèmoires et correspondance de Mallet du Pan’ (1851) vol. 2, p. 196.

Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous prèparez.

What a sad old age you are preparing for yourself.

Addressed to a young diplomat who boasted of his ignorance of whist in Talleyrand’s presence, in J. J. M. C. Amèdèe Pichot ‘Souvenirs Intimes sur M. de Talleyrand’ (1870) ‘Le Pour et le Contre’

Voilá le commencement de la fin.

This is the beginning of the end.

Attributed; on the announcement of Napoleon’s defeat at Borodino, 1812, in Sainte-Beuve ‘M. de Talleyrand’ (1870) ch. 3

8.5 Booth Tarkington 1869-1946

There are two things that will be believed of any man whatsoever, and one of them is that he has taken to drink.

‘Penrod’ (1914) ch. 10

8.6 Nahum Tate 1652-1715

When I am laid in earth my wrongs create.
No trouble in thy breast,
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

‘Dido and Aeneas’ (1689) act 3 (‘Dido’s Lament’)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

‘Supplement to the New Version of the Psalms’ (1700) ‘While Shepherds Watched’

8.7 Nahum Tate 1652-1715 and Nicholas Brady 1659-1726

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase.

‘New Version of the Psalms’ (1696) Psalm 42.

Through all the changing scenes of life.

‘New Version of the Psalms’ (1696) Psalm 34

8.8 R. H. Tawney 1880-1962

Militarism...is fetish worship. It is the prostration of men’s souls and the laceration of their bodies to appease an idol.

‘The Acquisitive Society’ (1921) ch. 4

The characteristic virtue of Englishmen is power of sustained practical activity and their characteristic vice a reluctance to test the quality of that activity by reference to principles.

‘The Acquisitive Society’ (1921)

Inequality, again, leads to misdirection of production. For, since the demand of one income of £50,000 is as powerful a magnet as the demand of 500 incomes of £100, it diverts energy from the creation of wealth to the multiplication of luxuries.

‘The Acquisitive Society’ (1921) ch. 4

Those who dread a dead-level of income or wealth...do not dread, it seems, a dead-level of law and order, and of security of life and property.

‘Equality’ (4th ed., 1931) p. 85

Both the existing economic order and too many of the projects advanced for reconstructing it break down through their neglect of the truism that, since even quite common men have souls, no increase in material wealth will compensate them for arrangements which insult their self-respect and impair their freedom. A reasonable estimate of economic organisation must allow for the fact that, unless industry is to be paralysed by recurrent revolts on the part of outraged human nature, it must satisfy criteria which are not purely economic.

‘Religion and the Rise of Capitalism’ (1926)

What harm have I ever done to the Labour Party?

On declining the offer of a peerage, in ‘Evening Standard’ 18 January 1962

8.9 A. J. P. Taylor 1906-90

History gets thicker as it approaches recent times.

‘English History 1914-45’ Bibliography

‘That’s their Westminster Abbey! That’s their Houses of Parliament!’ Lenin was making a class, not a national, emphasis. By them he meant not the English, but the governing classes, the

Establishment.

‘Essays in English History’ ‘William Cobbett’

The war that would not boil.

Of the Crimean War, in ‘Essays in English History’

Like most of those who study history, he [Napoleon III] learned from the mistakes of the past how to make new ones.

‘Listener’ 6 June 1963

Human blunders usually do more to shape history than human wickedness.

‘The Origins of the Second World War’ (1961) ch. 10

If men are to respect each other for what they are, they must cease to respect each other for what they own.

‘Politicians, Socialism and Historians’ (1980) ch. 33

The origins of the First World War are to be found in the railway timetables of central Europe.

‘War by Timetable’

8.10 Ann Taylor 1782-1866 and Jane Taylor 1783-1824

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

‘Hymns for Infant Minds’ (1810) ‘A Child’s Hymn of Praise’

’Tis a credit to any good girl to be neat,
But quite a disgrace to be fine.

‘Hymns for Sunday Schools’ (1810) ‘The Folly of Finery’

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

‘Original Poems for Infant Minds’ (1804) ‘My Mother’ (by Ann Taylor)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

‘Rhymes for the Nursery’ (1806) ‘The Star’ (by Jane Taylor)

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

‘Rhymes for the Nursery’ (1806) ‘The Way to be Happy’ (by Jane Taylor)

8.11 Bayard Taylor 1825-78

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgement Book unfold.

‘Bedouin Song’

8.12 Jeremy Taylor 1613-67

Si fueris Romae, Romano vivito more; si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi.

If you are at Rome, live in the Roman style; if you are elsewhere, live as they live elsewhere.

‘Ductor Dubitantium’ (1660) 1.1.5; usually quoted: ‘When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

As our life is very short, so it is very miserable, and therefore it is well it is short.

‘The Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying’ (1651) ch. 1, sect. 4

How many people there are that weep with want, or are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity.

‘The Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying’ (1651) ch. 1, sect. 5

This thing...that can be understood and not expressed, may take a neuter gender;—and every schoolboy knows it.

‘The Real Presence and Of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament’ sect. 5, subsect. 1

The union of hands and hearts.

‘XXV Sermons Preached at Golden Grove’ (1653) ‘The Marriage Ring’ pt. 1

8.13 Tom Taylor 1817-80

Hawkshaw, the detective.

‘The Ticket-of-leave Man’ (1863) act 4, sc. 1; usually quoted: ‘I am Hawkshaw, the detective’

8.14 Norman Tebbit 1931—

I grew up in the Thirties with our unemployed father. He did not riot, he got on his bike and looked for work.

Speech at Conservative Party Conference, 15 October 1981, in ‘Daily Telegraph’ 16 October 1981

8.15 Sir William Temple 1628-99

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

‘Miscellanea. The Second Part’ (1690) ‘Of Poetry’ ad fin.

8.16 William Temple 1881-1944

Human status ought not to depend upon the changing demands of the economic process.

‘The Malvern Manifesto’ (1941)

It is a mistake to suppose that God is only, or even chiefly, concerned with religion.

In R. V. C. Bodley ‘In Search of Serenity’ (1955) ch. 12

Personally, I have always looked on cricket as organized loafing.
Attributed

8.17 Sir John Tenniel 1820-1914

Dropping the pilot.
Cartoon caption and title of poem on Bismarck's departure from office, in 'Punch' 29 March 1890

8.18 Alfred, Lord Tennyson 1809-92

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt.
'The Ancient Sage' (1885) l. 66

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
'Break, Break, Break' (1842)

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
'Break, Break, Break' (1842)

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
'The Brook' (1855) l. 23

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
'The Brook' (1855) l. 33

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'The Charge of the Light Brigade' (1854)

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,

Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.

‘The Charge of the Light Brigade’ (1854)

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell.

‘The Charge of the Light Brigade’ (1854)

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.

‘Come not, when I am dead’ (1850)

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

‘Crossing the Bar’ (1889)

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

‘Crossing the Bar’ (1889)

O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

‘The Daisy’ (1855) st. 1

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

‘A Dream of Fair Women’ (1832) l. 87

He clasps the crag with crookéd hands;

Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

‘The Eagle’ (1851)

And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

‘Enoch Arden’ (1864) closing words

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells.

‘Far-Far-Away’ (1889)

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

‘Fatima’ (1832) st. 3

More black than ashbuds in the front of March.

‘The Gardener’s Daughter’ (1842) l. 28

A sight to make an old man young.

‘The Gardener’s Daughter’ (1842) l. 140

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.

‘Godiva’ (1842) l. 53

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers.

‘Godiva’ (1842) l. 74

Ah! when shall all men’s good
Be each man’s rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

‘The Golden Year’ (1846) l. 47

Through all the circle of the golden year.

‘The Golden Year’ (1846) l. 51

That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

‘The Grandmother’ (1859) st. 8

That man’s the true Conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away.

‘Hands all Round’ (1882) l. 7

Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

‘Hands all Round’ (1882) l. 31

O you chorus of indolent reviewers.
‘Milton: Hendecasyllabics’ (1863)

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
‘Hands all Round’ (1852) st. 4

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
‘The Higher Pantheism’ (1869)

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) Dedication (1862) l. 24

Man’s word is God in man.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Coming of Arthur’ (1869) l. 132

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Coming of Arthur’ (1869) l. 284; ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 199

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man’s wit may wander ere he die.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Coming of Arthur’ (1869) l. 402

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Coming of Arthur’ (1869) l. 410

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Coming of Arthur’ (1869) l. 481

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Gareth and Lynette’ (1872) l. 117

The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Gareth and Lynette’ (1872) l. 272

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God’s.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Guinevere’ (1859) l. 465

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Guinevere’ (1859) l. 472

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearned for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Guinevere’ (1859) l. 640

It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Guinevere’ (1859) l. 652

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Holy Grail’ (1869) l. 25

I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noonday owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Holy Grail’ (1869) l. 862

Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 1

He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 132

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 447

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 672

The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 870

Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Lancelot and Elaine’ (1859) l. 1080

The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath fouled me.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Last Tournament’ (1859) l. 317

The greater man, the greater courtesy.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Last Tournament’ (1859) l. 628

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Marriage of Geraint’ (1859) l. 352

For man is man and master of his fate.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Marriage of Geraint’ (1859) l. 355

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Marriage of Geraint’ (1859) l. 419

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 388

And trust me not at all or all in all.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 396

Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 458

With this for motto, ‘Rather use than fame.’

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 478

Where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgements, unashamed,
On all things all day long.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 662

But every page having an ample marge,

And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 667

And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘Merlin and Vivien’ (1859) l. 679

I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 9

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 170

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 179

Authority forgets a dying king.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 289

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 350

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 405

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 408

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 414

I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 424

Like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs.

‘Idylls of the King’ (1842-85) ‘The Passing of Arthur’ (1869) l. 434

Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) prologue

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) prologue

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) prologue

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 1

For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 5

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;

The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 5

And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 6

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 6

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 6

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 7

And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 7

The last red leaf is whirled away,
The rooks are blown about the skies.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 15

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 19

The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 23

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 23

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 27

’Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 27.

A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 31

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 32

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 48

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with pains that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 50

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 54

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 54

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 54

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 55 (of Nature)

The great world’s altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 55

Man...
Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation’s final law—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 56

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 57

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 59

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 64

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 73

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 74

And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 75

O last regret, regret can die!
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 78

Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 83

God’s finger touched him, and he slept.
‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 85

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mixed in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 89.

You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 96

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 96

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 97

He seems so near and yet so far.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 97

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 106

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 106

Not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 109

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 115

And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 115

There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 123

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 131, st. 13

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

‘In Memoriam A. H. H.’ (1850) canto 131, closing lines

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

‘In the Valley of Cauteretz’ (1864)

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth.

‘The Kraken’ (1830)

There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep.

‘The Kraken’ (1830)

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

‘Lady Clara Vere de Vere’ (1842) st. 1

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe’er it be, it seems to me,
’Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

‘Lady Clara Vere de Vere’ (1842) st. 7

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 1

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 1

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 1

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
‘I am half sick of shadows,’ said
The Lady of Shalott.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 2

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 3

All in the blue unclouded weather

Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 3

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
‘The curse is come upon me,’ cried
The Lady of Shalott.

‘The Lady of Shalott’ (1832, revised 1842) pt. 3

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell.

‘The Letters’ (1855)

Airy, fairy Lilian.

‘Lilian’ (1830)

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 19

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 38

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 49

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 75.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 79

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.

‘Locksley Hall’ (1842) l. 105

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 117

Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 134

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 137

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 141

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 168

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 178

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 181

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

'Locksley Hall' (1842) l. 184

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

'The Lotos-Eaters' (1832) Choric Song, st. 1

There is no joy but calm!

'The Lotos-Eaters' (1832) Choric Song, st. 2

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?

'The Lotos-Eaters' (1832) Choric Song, st. 4

Live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.

'The Lotos-Eaters' (1832) Choric Song, st. 8 (1842 revision)

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

‘The Lotos-Eaters’ (1832) Choric Song, st. 8

I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane.

‘Lucretius’ (1868) l. 38

Nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods.

‘Lucretius’ (1868) l. 145

Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearned after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain.

‘Lucretius’ (1868) l. 265

Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, ‘My life is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said;
She said, ‘I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!’

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried.

‘Mariana’ (1830) st. 1.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 2

The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 4, st. 7

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 4, st. 10

That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 6, st. 6

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;

An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 8

I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 8

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 10, st. 5

I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 12, st. 4

Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 13, st. 2

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 18, st. 6

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 22, st. 1

All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,

And a hush with the setting moon.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 22, st. 3

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 22, st. 9

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near;’
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late;’
The larkspur listens, ‘I hear, I hear;’
And the lily whispers, ‘I wait.’

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat;
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 1, sect. 22, st. 10

O that ’twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 2, sect. 4, st. 1

But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have killed their Christ.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 2, sect. 5, st. 2

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 2, sect. 5, st. 11

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Through cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 3, sect. 6, st. 1

When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies.

‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 3, sect. 6, st. 1

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.
‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 3, sect. 6, st. 4

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned.
‘Maud’ (1855) pt. 3, sect. 6, st. 5

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow ’ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.
‘The May Queen’ (1832)

Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.
‘Merlin and The Gleam’ (1889) st. 9

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of time or eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.
‘Milton: Alcaics’ (1863)

All that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring.
‘Milton: Alcaics’ (1863)

But I knaw’d a Quaäker feller as often ’as towd ma this:
‘Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!’
‘Northern Farmer. New Style’ (1869) st. 5

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.
‘Northern Farmer. New Style’ (1869) st. 12

The last great Englishman is low.
‘Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington’ (1852) st. 3

O good grey head which all men knew!
‘Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington’ (1852) st. 4

O fall’n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
‘Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington’ (1852) st. 4

That world-earthquake, Waterloo!
‘Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington’ (1852) st. 6

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power.
‘Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington’ (1852) st. 7

Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies.
‘Oenone’ (1832, revised 1842) l. 92

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
‘The Palace of Art’ (1832) st. 1

Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring.
‘The Palace of Art’ (1832) st. 4

An English home—grey twilight poured
On dewy pasture, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.
‘The Palace of Art’ (1832) st. 22

Vex not thou the poet’s mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet’s mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.
‘The Poet’s Mind’ (1830)

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
‘The Princess’ (1847) ‘Prologue’ l. 141

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 2, song (added 1850)

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever.
‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 2, l. 352

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 3, song (added 1850)

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, song (added 1850)

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, song (added 1850)

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, l. 21, song (added 1850)

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, l. 30, song (added 1850)

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, l. 31, song (added 1850)

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, l. 75, song (added 1850)

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 4, l. 90, song (added 1850)

Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 5, l. 147

Home they brought her warrior dead.
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching said,
‘She must weep or she will die.’

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 6, song (added 1850)

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
‘Sweet my child, I live for thee.’

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 6, song (added 1850)

The woman is so hard
Upon the woman.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 6, l. 205

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 7, song (added 1850)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:

The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 7, l. 161, song (added 1850)

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height?

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 7, l. 177, song (added 1850)

For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 7, l. 184, song (added 1850)

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

‘The Princess’ (1847) pt. 7, l. 203, song (added 1850)

No little lily-handed baronet he,
A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

‘The Princess’ (1847) ‘Conclusion’ l. 84

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
‘Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!’
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: ‘‘Fore God I am no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven.

'The Revenge' (1878) st. 1

And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.'

'The Revenge' (1878) st. 4

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

'The Revenge' (1878) st. 9

'Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'
And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.'

'The Revenge' (1878) st. 11

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

'The Revenge' (1878) st. 13

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

'The Revenge' 1878) st. 14

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

'Sir Galahad' (1842)

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss

Upon her perfect lips.

‘Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere’ (1842)

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

‘Song—The Owl’ (1830)

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world.

‘Tithonus’ (1860, revised 1864) l. 1

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
‘The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.’

‘Tithonus’ (1860, revised 1864) l. 46

Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.

‘Tithonus’ (1860, revised 1864) l. 70

You’ll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine.

‘To the Revd F. D. Maurice’ (1855) st. 5

All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word.

‘To Virgil’ (1882) st. 3

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

‘To Virgil’ (1889) st. 10

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

‘The Two Voices’ (1842) st. 9

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

‘The Two Voices’ (1842) st. 132

It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an agéd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race.

‘Ulysses’ (1842) l. 1

I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life.

‘Ulysses’ (1842) l. 6

This grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

‘Ulysses’ (1842) l. 30

This is my son, mine own Telemachus.

‘Ulysses’ (1842) l. 33

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

‘Ulysses’ (1842) l. 44

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

‘The Vision of Sin’ (1842) pt. 4, st. 9.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men.

‘Will Waterproof’s Lyrical Monologue’ (1842) st. 6

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

‘You ask me, why, though ill at ease’ (1842) st. 3

A louse in the locks of literature.

Said of Churton Collins to Edmund Gosse, in Evan Charteris ‘Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse’ (1931) ch. 14

8.19 Terence c.190-159 B.C.

Hinc illae lacrimae.

Hence all those tears shed.

‘Andria’ l. 126

Amantium irae amoris integratio est.

Lovers’ rows make love whole again.

‘Andria’ l. 555

Nullumst iam dictum quod non dictum sit prius.

Nothing has yet been said that’s not been said before.

‘Eunuchus’ prologue l. 41

Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto.

I am a man, I count nothing human foreign to me.

‘Heauton Timorumenos’ l. 77

Fortis fortuna adiuvat.

Fortune assists the brave.

‘Phormio’ l. 203.

Quot homines tot sententiae: suo’ quoique mos.

There are as many opinions as there are people: each has his own correct way.

‘Phormio’ l. 454

8.20 St Teresa of Ávila 1512-82

Oh, v lame Dios, Señor cómo apret is a vestros amadores!

Alas, O Lord, to what a state dost Thou bring those who love Thee!

‘Interior Castle’ Mansion 6, ch. 11, para. 6; translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, 1921

8.21 Tertullian A.D. c.160-c.225

O testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae.

O evidence of a naturally Christian soul!

‘Apologeticus’ ch. 17, sect. 6

Plures efficimus quoties metimur a vobis, semen est sanguis Christianorum.

As often as we are mown down by you, the more we grow in numbers; the blood of Christians is the seed.

‘Apologeticus’ ch. 50, sect. 13; traditionally quoted: ‘The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church’

Certum est quia impossibile est.

It is certain because it is impossible.

‘De Carne Christi’ ch. 5; often quoted: ‘Credo quia impossibile’

8.22 A. S. J. Tessimond 1902-62

Cats, no less liquid than their shadows,
Offer no angles to the wind.
They slip, diminished, neat, through loopholes
Less than themselves.

‘Cats’ (1934) p. 20

8.23 William Makepeace Thackeray 1811-63

He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob.

'The Book of Snobs' (1848) ch. 2

'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, Master Harry—every man of every nation has done that—'tis the living up to it that is difficult.

'The History of Henry Esmond' (1852) bk. 1, ch. 6

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel.

'The History of Henry Esmond' (1852) bk. 1, ch. 7

What money is better bestowed than that of a school-boy's tip?

'The Newcomes' (1853-5) vol. 1, ch. 16

He lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back...he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

'The Newcomes' (1853-5) vol. 1, ch. 80

Yes, I am a fatal man, Madame Fribsbi. To inspire hopeless passion is my destiny.

'Pendennis' (1848-50) ch. 23 (Mirobolant)

Remember, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman.

'Pendennis' (1848-50) ch. 28

For a slashing article, sir, there's nobody like the Capting.

'Pendennis' (1848-50) ch. 32

The Pall Mall Gazette is written by gentlemen for gentlemen.

'Pendennis' (1848-50) ch. 32

Business first; pleasure afterwards.

The Queen of Paflagonia in 'The Rose and the Ring' (1855) ch. 1

A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes.

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 4

Whenever he met a great man he grovelled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do.

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 13

If a man's character is to be abused, say what you will, there's nobody like a relation to do the business.

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 19

Them's my sentiments!

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 21 (Fred Bullock)

Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for
George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 32

Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs, and men.

'Vanity Fair' (1847-8) ch. 35 (James Crawley)

How to live well on nothing a year.

‘Vanity Fair’ (1847-8) ch. 36 (title)

I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year.

‘Vanity Fair’ (1847-8) ch. 36

Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

‘Vanity Fair’ (1847-8) ch. 67

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

‘Sorrows of Werther’

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

‘Vanitas Vanitatum’

8.24 Margaret Thatcher 1925—

We must try to find ways to starve the terrorist and the hijacker of the oxygen of publicity on which they depend.

Speech to American Bar Association in London, 15 July 1985, in ‘The Times’ 16 July 1985

No one would remember the Good Samaritan if he’d only had good intentions.
He had money as well.

Television interview, 6 January 1986, in ‘The Times’ 12 January 1986

It is exciting to have a real crisis on your hands, when you have spent half your political life dealing with humdrum issues like the environment.

On the Falklands campaign, 1982, in Chris Rose ‘The Dirty Man of Europe’

There is no such thing as Society. There are individual men and women, and there are families.

In ‘Woman’s Own’ 31 October 1987

8.25 Theocritus c.310-350 B.C.

Sweet is the whispering music of yonder pine that sings.

‘Idylls’ bk. 1

8.26 Louis Adolphe Thiers 1797-1877

[Le roi] régne et le peuple se gouverne.

The king reigns, and the people govern themselves.

Unsigned article in Le National, 20 January 1830; a signed article, 4 February 1830, reads: ‘Le roi n’administre pas, ne gouverne pas, il régne. [The king does not administer, does not govern, he reigns]’

8.27 Thomas á Kempis c.1380-1471

Opto magis sentire compunctionem: quam scire eius definitionem.

I would far rather feel remorse than know how to define it.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 1, sect. 3

O quam cito transit gloria mundi.

Oh how quickly the glory of the world passes away!

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 3, sect. 6.

Non quaeras quis hoc dixerit: sed, quid dicitur attende.

Seek not to know who said this or that, but take note of what has been said.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 5, sect. 1

Multo tutius est stave in subiectione: quam in praelatura.

It is much safer to be in a subordinate position than in authority.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 9, sect. 1

Nam homo proponit, sed Deus disponit.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 19, sect. 2

Numquam sis ex toto otiosus, sed aut legens, aut scribens, aut orans, aut meditans, aut aliquid utilitatis pro communi laborans.

Never be completely idle, but either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or at some useful work for the common good.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 9, sect. 4

Hodie homo est: et cras non comparet. Cum autem sublatus fuerit ab oculis: etiam cito transit a mente.

Today the man is here; tomorrow he is gone. And when he is ‘out of sight’, quickly also is he out of mind.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 23, sect. 1

Utinam per unam diem bene essemus conversati in hoc mundo.

Would that we had spent one whole day well in this world!

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 1, ch. 23, sect. 2

Passione interdum movemur: et zelum putamus.

We are sometimes stirred by emotion and take it for zeal.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 2, ch. 5, sect. 1

Si libenter crucem portas portabit te.

If you bear the cross gladly, it will bear you.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 2, ch. 12, sect. 5

De duobus malis minus est semper eligendum.

Of the two evils the lesser is always to be chosen.

‘De Imitatione Christi’ bk. 3, ch. 12, sect. 2

8.28 St Thomas Aquinas c.1225-74

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Sing, my tongue, of the mystery of the glorious Body, and of the precious Blood shed to redeem the world by the King of all peoples, the fruit of a noble womb.

‘Pange Lingua Gloriosi’ (Corpus Christi hymn)

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.

Therefore we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here.

‘Pange Lingua Gloriosi’ (Corpus Christi hymn, translated by J. M. Neale, E. Caswall, and others)

8.29 Brandon Thomas 1856-1914

I’m Charley’s aunt from Brazil—where the nuts come from.

‘Charley’s Aunt’ (1892) act 1

8.30 Dylan Thomas 1914-53

Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no dominion.

‘And death shall have no dominion’ (1936).

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

‘Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night’ (1952)

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green.

‘Fern Hill’ (1946)

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,

Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

‘Fern Hill’ (1946)

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

‘The force that through the green fuse drives the flower’ (1934)

And I am dumb to tell the lover’s tomb
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

‘The force that through the green fuse drives the flower’ (1934)

The hand that signed the paper felled a city;
Five sovereign fingers taxed the breath,
Doubled the globe of dead and halved a country;
These five kings did a king to death.

‘The hand that signed the paper felled a city’ (1936)

The hand that signed the treaty bred a fever,
And famine grew, and locusts came;
Great is the hand that holds dominion over
Man by a scribbled name.

‘The hand that signed the paper felled a city’ (1936)

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides.

‘Light breaks where no sun shines’ (1934)

It was my thirtieth year to heaven
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood
And the mussel pooled and the heron
Priested shore.
The morning beckon.

‘Poem in October’ (1946)

Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
With its horns through mist and the castle
Brown as owls
But all the gardens
Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall vales
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.
There could I marvel

My birthday
Away but the weather turned around.
‘Poem in October’ (1946)

Deep with the first dead lies London’s daughter,
Robed in the long friends,
The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother,
Secret by the unmourning water
Of the riding Thames.
After the first death, there is no other.
‘A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London’ (1946)

There is only one position for an artist anywhere: and that is, upright.
‘Quite Early One Morning’ (1954) pt. 2 ‘Wales and the Artist’

To begin at the beginning: It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black.
‘Under Milk Wood’ (1954) p. 1

Before you let the sun in, mind it wipes its shoes.
‘Under Milk Wood’ (1954) p. 16

Gomer Owen who kissed her once by the pig-sty when she wasn’t looking and never kissed her again although she was looking all the time.
‘Under Milk Wood’ (1954) p. 19

Oh, isn’t life a terrible thing, thank God?
‘Under Milk Wood’ (1954) p. 30

Chasing the naughty couples down the grassgreen gooseberried double bed of the wood.
‘Under Milk Wood’ (1954)

The land of my fathers. My fathers can have it.
On Wales, in ‘Adam’ December 1953

[An alcoholic:] A man you don’t like who drinks as much as you do.
In Constantine Fitzgibbon ‘Life of Dylan Thomas’ (1965) ch. 6

8.31 Edward Thomas 1878-1917

Yes; I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.
‘Adlestrop’ (1917)

The past is the only dead thing that smells sweet.
‘Early one morning in May I set out’ (1917)

If I should ever by chance grow rich
I’ll buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,

And let them all to my elder daughter.
‘Household Poems: Bronwen’ (1917)

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight
Or winding, soon or late;
They can not choose.
‘Lights Out’ (1917)

As for myself
Where first I met the bitter scent, etc.
‘Old Man’

Out in the dark over the snow
The fallow fawns invisible go
With the fallow doe;
And the winds blow
Fast as the stars are slow.
‘Out in the dark’ (1917)

As well as any bloom upon a flower
I like the dust on the nettles, never lost
Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.
‘Tall Nettles’ (1917)

8.32 Elizabeth Thomas 1675-1731

From marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure;
Not liking the person, yet liking his treasure.
‘A New Litany, occasioned by an invitation to a wedding’ (1722).

8.33 Irene Thomas

Protestant women may take the pill. Roman Catholic women must keep taking The Tablet.
In ‘Guardian’ 28 December 1990, p. 27

8.34 R. S. Thomas

He is that great void
we must enter, calling
to one another on our way
in the direction from which
he blows. What matter
if we should never arrive
to breed or to winter

in the climate of our conception?
‘Migrants’ (1990)

8.35 Francis Thompson 1859-1907

As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro:—
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!
‘At Lord’s’ (1913)

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close:
But the rose’s scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!
‘Daisy’ (1913)

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other’s pain,
And perish in our own.
‘Daisy’ (1913)

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 1

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.
‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 1

I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve:
Be soon.
‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 2

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 2

Such is: what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 4

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly wash again.

‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 4

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
‘And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!’

‘The Hound of Heaven’ (1913) pt. 5

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load.
Some may perchance, with strange surprise,
Have blundered into Paradise.

‘A Judgement in Heaven’ (1913) epilogue

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

‘The Kingdom of God’ (1913)

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
’Tis ye, ’tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob’s ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

‘The Kingdom of God’ (1913)

Look for me in the nurseries of heaven.

‘To My Godchild Francis M.W.M.’ (1913)

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal

(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?

‘To a Snowflake’ (1913)

Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.

‘To a Snowflake’ (1913)

8.36 Hunter S. Thompson 1939—

Fear and loathing in Las Vegas.

Title of two articles in ‘Rolling Stone’ 11 and 25 Nov. 1971 (under the pseudonym ‘Raoul Duke’)

8.37 William Hepworth Thompson 1810-86

What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties.

On Sir Richard Jebb, later Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, in M. R. Bobbit ‘With Dearest Love to All’ (1960) ch. 7

8.38 James Thomson 1700-48

When Britain first, at heaven’s command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
‘Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.’

‘Alfred: a Masque’ (1740) act 2, closing scene

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was.

‘The Castle of Indolence’ (1748) canto 1, st. 6

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature’s pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditating strain.

‘The Castle of Indolence’ (1748) canto 1, st. 68

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Spring’ l. 1152

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Spring’ l. 1161

The sober-suited songstress.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Summer’ l. 746 (referring to the nightingale)

Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Summer’ l. 946

Or sighed and looked unutterable things.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Summer’ l. 1188

Autumn nodding o’er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 2

While listening senates hang upon thy tongue.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 15

For loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 204

Poor is the triumph o’er the timid hare!
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 401

He stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequered sides with gore.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 452 (referring to a stag).

Find other lands beneath another sun.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Autumn’ l. 1286

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad.
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Winter’ l. 1

Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!
‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Winter’ l. 5

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.

‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Winter’ l. 246

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

‘The Seasons’ (1728) ‘Winter’ l. 431

Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! oh!

‘Sophonisba’ (1730) act 3, sc. 2

How the heart listened while he pleading spoke!
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own.

‘To the Memory of the Right Honourable the Lord Talbot’ (1737) l. 103

8.39 James Thomson 1834-82

The City is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night.

‘The City of Dreadful Night’

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above that plain
Come flying on our track.

‘Sunday at Hampstead’ st. 10

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail.

‘Sunday up the River’ st. 15

8.40 Lord Thomson (Roy Herbert Thomson, Baron Thomson of Fleet) 1894-1976

Like having your own licence to print money.

On the profitability of commercial television in Britain, in R. Braddon ‘Roy Thomson’ (1965) ch. 32

8.41 Henry David Thoreau 1817-62

I heartily accept the motto, ‘That government is best which governs least’; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which I also believe,—’That government is best which governs not at all.’

‘Civil Disobedience’ (1849).

Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison.

‘Civil Disobedience’ (1849)

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.

‘Journal’ 11 November 1850 (published 1903)

I do not perceive the poetic and dramatic capabilities of an anecdote or story which is told me, its significance, till some time afterwards...We do not enjoy poetry unless we know it to be poetry.

‘Journal’ 1 October 1856 (published 1903)

Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short.

Letter to Mr B., 16 November 1857.

I have travelled a good deal in Concord.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’ (in Histoire da ma vie vol. 4 (1854) p. 438 George Sand describes Chopin as being in a state of ‘dèseperance tranquille’ in the period 1838-9)

It is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

There are now-a-days professors of philosophy but not philosophers.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

Tall arrowy white pines.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found, that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

As for Doing-good, that is one of the professions which are full. Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’

The government of the world I live in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

‘Walden’ (1854) ‘Economy’ conclusion

The three-o'-clock in the morning courage, which Bonaparte thought was the rarest.

'Walden' (1854) 'Sounds'.

Wherever a man goes, men will pursue him and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate oddfellow society.

'Walden' (1854) 'The Village'

I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life...to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

'Walden' (1854) 'Where I lived, and what I lived for'

Our life is frittered away by detail...Simplify, simplify.

'Walden' (1854) 'Where I lived, and what I lived for'

I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines.

'Walden' (1854) 'Winter Visitors'

I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn.

'Walden' (1854) 'Winter Visitors'

It has been proposed that the town should adopt for its coat of arms a field verdant, with the Concord circling nine times round.

'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers' (1849) 'Concord River'

It takes two to speak the truth,—one to speak, and another to hear.

'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers' (1849) 'Wednesday'

It were treason to our love
And a sin to God above
One iota to abate
Of a pure impartial hate.

'Indeed, Indeed I Cannot Tell' (1852)

Emerson: Why are you here?
Thoreau: Why are you not here?

Thoreau was in prison for failure to pay taxes. Oral tradition in the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson, relating to Thoreau's imprisonment for non-payment of taxes, but discounted for lack of documentary evidence. Harding 'A Thoreau Handbook' (1959) p. 8

8.42 Jeremy Thorpe 1929—

Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his friends for his life.

Referring to the sacking by Harold Macmillan of a number of his Cabinet, 13 July 1962, in D. E. Butler and Anthony King 'The General Election of 1964' (1965) ch. 1

8.43 James Thurber 1894-1961

I suppose that the high-water mark of my youth in Columbus, Ohio, was the night the bed fell on my father.

'My Life and Hard Times' (1933) ch. 1

Her own mother lived the latter years of her life in the horrible suspicion that electricity was dripping invisibly all over the house.

'My Life and Hard Times' (1933) ch. 2

You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward.

'The Bear Who Let It Alone' in 'New Yorker' 29 April 1939

There is no safety in numbers, or in anything else.

'The Fairly Intelligent Fly' in 'New Yorker' 4 February 1939

You can fool too many of the people too much of the time.

'The Owl who was God' in 'New Yorker' 29 April 1939

Then, with that faint fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty, the undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty' in 'New Yorker' 18 March 1939

Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy and wealthy and dead.

'The Shrike and the Chipmunks' in 'New Yorker' 18 February 1939

All right, have it your own way—you heard a seal bark!

Cartoon caption in 'New Yorker' 30 January 1932

That's my first wife up there and this is the present Mrs Harris.

Cartoon caption in 'New Yorker' 16 March 1933

The war between men and women.

Cartoon series title in 'New Yorker' 20 January-28 April 1934

It's a naïve domestic Burgundy without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption.

Cartoon caption in 'New Yorker' 27 March 1937

Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the phone?

Cartoon caption in 'New Yorker' 5 June 1937

It's our own story exactly! He bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn.

Cartoon caption in 'New Yorker' 25 February 1939

Humour is emotional chaos remembered in tranquillity.

In 'New York Post' 29 February 1960.

8.44 Edward, First Baron Thurlow 1731-1806

Corporations have neither bodies to be punished, nor souls to be condemned, they therefore do as they like.

In Poynder 'Literary Extracts' (1844) vol. 1 (usually quoted as 'Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned, and no body to be kicked?')

8.45 Edward, Second Baron Thurlow 1781-1829

Nature is always wise in every part.

‘To a Bird, that haunted the Waters of Lacken, in the Winter’

8.46 Tibullus c.50-19 B.C.

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Et teneam moriens deficiente manu.

May I be looking at you when my last hour has come, and dying may I hold you with my weakening hand.

‘Elegies’ bk. 1, no. 1, l. 59

Te propter nullos tellus tua postulat imbres,
Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Iovi.

Because of you your land never pleads for showers, nor does its parched grass pray to Jupiter the Rain-giver.

‘Elegies’ bk. 1, no. 7, l. 25 (referring to the Nile in Egypt)

8.47 Chidiock Tichborne c.1558-86

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my good is but vain hope of gain.
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

‘Elegy’ (composed in the Tower of London before his execution)

8.48 Thomas Tickell 1686-1740

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

‘Epitaph. On the Death of Mr Addison’ l. 81, in Tickell’s edition of Addison’s Works (1721) preface, p. xx

8.49 Paul Tillich 1886-1965

Neurosis is the way of avoiding non-being by avoiding being.

‘The Courage To Be’ (1952) pt. 2, ch. 3

He who knows about depth knows about God.

‘The Shaking of the Foundations’ (1948) ch. 7

8.50 Matthew Tindal 1657-1733

Matters of fact, which as Mr Budgell somewhere observes, are very stubborn things.

‘The Will of Matthew Tindal’ (1733) p. 23

8.51 Dion Titheradge

And her mother came too!

Title of song (1921, music by Ivor Novello)

8.52 Emperor Titus A.D. 39-81

Amici, diem perdidi.

Friends, I have lost a day.

Reflecting that he had done nothing to help anybody all day, in Suetonius ‘Titus’ 8, i

8.53 John Tobin 1770-1804

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom ’t were gross flattery to name a coward.

‘The Honeymoon’ act 2, sc. 1

8.54 Alexis De Tocqueville 1805-59

L’esprit français est de ne pas vouloir de supèrieur. L’esprit anglais de vouloir des infèrieurs. Le Français léve les yeux sans cesse au-dessus de lui avec inquiètude. L’Anglais les baisse au-dessous de lui avec complaisance. C’est de part et d’autre de l’orgueil, mais entendu de maniére diffèrente.

The French want no-one to be their superior. The English want inferiors. The Frenchman constantly raises his eyes above him with anxiety. The Englishman lowers his beneath him with satisfaction. On either side it is pride, but understood in a different way.

‘Voyage en Angleterre et en Irlande de 1835’ 18 May

C’est au milieu de ce cloaque infect que le plus grand fleuve de l’industrie humaine prend sa source et va fèconder l’univers. De cet ègout immonde, l’or pur s’ècoule. C’est lá que l’esprit humain se perfectionne et s’abrutit; que la civilisation produit ses merveilles et que l’homme civilisèe redevient presque sauvage.

It is from the midst of this putrid sewer that the greatest river of human industry springs up and carries fertility to the whole world. From this foul drain pure gold flows forth. Here it is that humanity achieves for itself both perfection and brutalization, that civilization produces its wonders, and that civilized man becomes again almost a savage.

Writing about Manchester in ‘Voyage en Angleterre et en Irlande de 1835’ 2 July

8.55 Alvin Toffler 1928—

Future shock.

Title of book (1970)

8.56 J. R. R. Tolkien 1892-1973

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to

eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

‘The Hobbit’ (1937) ch. 1

One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.

‘The Lord of the Rings’ (1954-5) pt. 1 ‘The Fellowship of the Ring’ (1954) epigraph

8.57 Leo Tolstoy 1828-1910

All happy families resemble one another, but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

‘Anna Karenina’ (1875-7) pt. 1, ch. 1 (translated by Maude)

It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness.

‘The Kreutzer Sonata’ 5 (translated by Maude)

Our body is a machine for living. It is organized for that, it is its nature. Let life go on in it unhindered and let it defend itself, it will do more than if you paralyse it by encumbering it with remedies.

‘War and Peace’ (1868-9) bk. 10, ch. 29 (translated by A. and L. Maude).

Pure and complete sorrow is as impossible as pure and complete joy.

‘War and Peace’ (1868-9) bk. 15, ch. 1

Art is not a handicraft, it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced.

‘What is Art?’ (1898) ch. 19 (translated by Maude)

I sit on a man’s back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means—except by getting off his back.

‘What Then Must We Do?’ (1886) ch. 16 (translated by Maude)

8.58 Nicholas Tomalin

The only qualities for real success in journalism are ratlike cunning, a plausible manner and a little literary ability.

‘Sunday Times Magazine’ 26 October 1969 (where the phrase ratlike cunning is attributed to Murray Sayle)

8.59 Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Hello, I’m Julian and this is my friend, Sandy.

Catch-phrase in ‘Round the Horne’ (BBC radio series, 1965-8)

8.60 Cyril Tourneur c.1575-1626

Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?

‘The Revenger’s Tragedy’ (1607) act 3, sc. 5, l. 71

8.61 Pete Townshend 1945—

Hope I die before I get old.

‘My Generation’ (1965 song)

8.62 Thomas Traherne c.1637-74

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

'Centuries of Meditations' Century 1, 29

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting.

'Centuries of Meditations' Century 3, 3

The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places.

'Centuries of Meditations' Century 3, 3

The hands are a sort of feet, which serve us in our passage towards Heaven, curiously distinguished into joints and fingers, and fit to be applied to any thing which reason can imagine or desire.

'Meditations on the Six Days of Creation' (1717) vi, p. 78

Contentment is a sleepy thing
If it in death alone must die;
A quiet mind is worse than poverty,
Unless it from enjoyment spring!
That's blessedness alone that makes a King!

'Of Contentment'

I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine.
I nothing in this world did know,
But 'twas divine!

'Wonder' st. 3

8.63 Henry Duff Traill 1842-1900

Look in my face. My name is Used-to-was;
I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death,
And It-will-wash-no-more.

'After Dilettante Concetti' (i.e. Dante Gabriel Rossetti) st. 8.

8.64 Joseph Trapp 1679-1747

The King, observing with judicious eyes

The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty;
To Cambridge books, as very well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Lines written on George I's Donation of the Bishop of Ely's Library to Cambridge University, in John Nichols 'Literary Anecdotes' (1812-6) vol. 3, p. 330.

8.65 Ben Travers 1886—

One night Mr and Mrs Reginald Bingham went to Ciro's. They had been married only about six months. Mr Bingham had never been to Ciro's before in his life. His surprise, therefore, upon seeing his wife there, was considerable.

'Mischief' (1926) ch. 1

8.66 Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree 1852-1917

My poor fellow, why not carry a watch?

To a man in the street, carrying a grandfather clock, in Hesketh Pearson 'Beerbohm Tree' (1956) ch. 12

Sirs, I have tested your machine. It adds a new terror to life and makes death a long-felt want.

When pressed by a gramophone company for a written testimonial, in Hesketh Pearson 'Beerbohm Tree' (1956) ch. 19; Beerbohm later insisted 'the immortalism must stand' when asked to make amendments

He is an old bore. Even the grave yawns for him.

In Max Beerbohm 'Herbert Beerbohm Tree' (1920) appendix 4 (referring to Israel Zangwill)

Ladies, just a little more virginity, if you don't mind.

To a motley collection of women, assembled to play ladies in waiting to a queen, in Alexander Woollcott 'Shouts and Murmurs' (1923) 'Capsule Criticism'

8.67 Herbert Trench 1865-1923

Come, let us make love deathless.

Title of poem

8.68 Richard Trench, Archbishop Of Dublin 1807-86

England, we love thee better than we know.

'Gibraltar'

8.69 G. M. Trevelyan 1876-1962

Disinterested intellectual curiosity is the life-blood of real civilization.

'English Social History' (1942) introduction

It [education] has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading, an easy prey to sensations and cheap appeals.

'English Social History' (1942) ch. 18

8.70 Calvin Trillin

The shelf life of the modern hardback writer is somewhere between the milk and the yoghurt.

8.71 Lionel Trilling 1905-75

Immature artists imitate. Mature artists steal.

In ‘Esquire’ September 1962.

8.72 Tommy Trinder 1909-89

Overpaid, overfed, oversexed, and over here.

Referring to American troops in Britain during World War II and attributed to Trinder

8.73 Anthony Trollope 1815-82

He must have known me had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. Perhaps he did not recognize me by my face.

‘Autobiography’ (1883) ch. 1

Take away from English authors their copyrights, and you would very soon take away from England her authors.

‘Autobiography’ (1883) ch. 6

Three hours a day will produce as much as a man ought to write.

‘Autobiography’ (1883) ch. 15

Of all the needs a book has the chief need is that it be readable.

‘Autobiography’ (1883) ch. 19.

I think that Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, is a perfect gentleman. If he be not, then I am unable to describe a gentleman.

‘Autobiography’ (1883) ch. 20

She was rich in apparel, but not bedizened with finery...she well knew the great architectural secret of decorating her constructions, and never descended to construct a decoration.

Describing Mrs Stanhope in ‘Barchester Towers’ (1857) ch. 9

‘Unhand it, sir!’ said Mrs Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

‘Barchester Towers’ (1857) ch. 11

No man thinks there is much ado about nothing when the ado is about himself.

‘The Bertrams’ (1859) ch. 27

Those who have courage to love should have courage to suffer.

‘The Bertrams’ (1859) ch. 27

How I did respect you when you dared to speak the truth to me! Men don’t know women, or they would be harder to them.

‘The Claverings’ (1867) ch. 15

There is no road to wealth so easy and respectable as that of matrimony.

‘Doctor Thorne’ (1858) ch. 16

The comic almanacs give us dreadful pictures of January and February; but, in truth, the months which should be made to look gloomy in England are March and April. Let no man boast himself that he has got through the perils of winter till at least the seventh of May.

‘Doctor Thorne’ (1858) ch. 47

For the most of us, if we do not talk of ourselves, or at any rate of the individual circles of which we are the centres, we can talk of nothing. I cannot hold with those who wish to put down the insignificant chatter of the world.

‘Framley Parsonage’ (1860) ch. 10

She understood how much louder a cock can crow in its own farmyard than elsewhere.

‘The Last Chronicle of Barset’ (1867) ch. 17

It’s dogged as does it. It ain’t thinking about it.

‘The Last Chronicle of Barset’ (1867) ch. 61

With many women I doubt whether there be any more effectual way of touching their hearts than ill-using them and then confessing it. If you wish to get the sweetest fragrance from the herb at your feet, tread on it and bruise it.

‘Miss Mackenzie’ (1865) ch. 10

We cannot bring ourselves to believe it possible that a foreigner should in any respect be wiser than ourselves. If any such point out to us our follies, we at once claim those follies as the special evidences of our wisdom.

‘Orley Farm’ (1862) ch. 18

It is because we put up with bad things that hotel-keepers continue to give them to us.

‘Orley Farm’ (1862) ch. 18

As for conceit, what man will do any good who is not conceited? Nobody holds a good opinion of a man who has a low opinion of himself.

‘Orley Farm’ (1862) ch. 22

A fainèant government is not the worst government that England can have.

It has been the great fault of our politicians that they have all wanted to do something.

‘Phineas Finn’ (1869) ch. 13

Mr Turnbull had predicted evil consequences...and was now doing the best in his power to bring about the verification of his own prophecies.

‘Phineas Finn’ (1869) ch. 25

Perhaps there is no position more perilous to a man’s honesty than that...of knowing himself to be quite loved by a girl whom he almost loves himself.

‘Phineas Finn’ (1869) ch. 50

She knew how to allure by denying, and to make the gift rich by delaying it.

‘Phineas Finn’ (1869) ch. 57

Men are so seldom really good. They are so little sympathetic. What man thinks of changing himself so as to suit his wife? And yet men expect that women shall put on altogether new characters when they are married, and girls think that they can do so.

‘Phineas Redux’ (1874) ch. 3

It is the necessary nature of a political party in this country to avoid, as long as it can be avoided, the consideration of any question which involves a great change...The best carriage horses are those which can most steadily hold back against the coach as it trundles down the hill.

'Phineas Redux' (1874) ch. 4

To think of one's absent love is very sweet; but it becomes monotonous after a mile or two of a towing-path, and the mind will turn away to Aunt Sally, the Cremorne Gardens, and financial questions. I doubt whether any girl would be satisfied with her lover's mind if she knew the whole of it.

'The Small House at Allington' (1864) ch. 4

Why is it that girls so constantly do this,—so frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it. It is done in sheer kindness and affection. They intend to offer something which shall soften and not aggravate the sorrow that they have caused...I fully appreciate the intention, but in honest truth, I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment.

'The Small House at Allington' (1864) ch. 9

It may almost be a question whether such wisdom as many of us have in our mature years has not come from the dying out of the power of temptation, rather than as the results of thought and resolution.

'The Small House at Allington' (1864) ch. 14

And, above all things, never think that you're not good enough yourself. A man should never think that. My belief is that in life people will take you very much at your own reckoning.

'The Small House at Allington' (1864) ch. 32

The tenth Muse, who now governs the periodical press.

'The Warden' (1855) ch. 14

Is it not singular how some men continue to obtain the reputation of popular authorship without adding a word to the literature of their country worthy of note?...To puff and to get one's self puffed have become different branches of a new profession.

'The Way We Live Now' (1875) ch. 1

Love is like any other luxury. You have no right to it unless you can afford it.

'The Way We Live Now' (1875) ch. 84

8.74 Leon Trotsky (Lev Davidovich Bronstein) 1879-1940

Old age is the most unexpected of all things that happen to a man.

'Diary in Exile' (1959) 8 May 1935

Civilization has made the peasantry its pack animal. The bourgeoisie in the long run only changed the form of the pack.

'History of the Russian Revolution' (1933) vol. 3, ch. 1

You [the Mensheviks] are pitiful isolated individuals; you are bankrupts; your role is played out. Go where you belong from now on—into the dustbin of history!

'History of the Russian Revolution' (1933) vol. 3, ch. 10

Where force is necessary, there it must be applied boldly, decisively and completely. But one must know the limitations of force; one must know when to blend force with a manoeuvre, a blow with an agreement.

'What Next?' (1932) ch. 14

8.75 Harry S. Truman 1884-1972

All the President is, is a glorified public relations man who spends his time flattering, kissing and kicking people to get them to do what they are supposed to do anyway.

Letter to his sister, 14 November 1947, in 'Off the Record: the Private Papers of Harry S. Truman' (1980) p. 119

The buck stops here.

Unattributed motto on Truman's desk. 'Public Papers 1952-53' (1966) p. 1094

Wherever you have an efficient government you have a dictatorship.

Lecture at Columbia University, 28 April 1959, in 'Truman Speaks' (1960) p. 51

I never give them [the public] hell. I just tell the truth, and they think it is hell.

In 'Look' 3 April 1956

A politician is a man who understands government, and it takes a politician to run a government. A statesman is a politician who's been dead 10 or 15 years.

In 'New York World Telegram and Sun' 12 April 1958

It's a recession when your neighbour loses his job; it's a depression when you lose yours.

In 'Observer' 13 April 1958

I didn't fire him [General MacArthur] because he was a dumb son of a bitch, although he was, but that's not against the law for generals. If it was, half to three-quarters of them would be in jail.

In Merle Miller 'Plain Speaking' (1974) ch. 24

8.76 Barbara W. Tuchman 1912-89

Dead battles, like dead generals, hold the military mind in their dead grip and Germans, no less than other peoples, prepare for the last war.

'August 1914' (1962) ch. 2

No more distressing moment can ever face a British government than that which requires it to come to a hard, fast and specific decision.

'August 1914' (1962) ch. 9

For one August in its history Paris was French—and silent.

'August 1914' (1962) ch. 20

8.77 Sophie Tucker 1884-1966

From birth to 18 a girl needs good parents. From 18 to 35, she needs good looks. From 35 to 55, good personality. From 55 on, she needs good cash. I'm saving my money.

In Michael Freedland 'Sophie' (1978) p. 214

8.78 Martin Tupper 1810-89

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

‘Proverbial Philosophy’ Series I (1838) ‘Of Reading’

8.79 A.-R.-J. Turgot 1727-81

Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

He snatched the lightning shaft from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants.

Inscription for a bust of Benjamin Franklin, inventor of the lightning conductor in ‘Oeuvres Complétes’ (Paris, 1804)vol. 5, p. 230. A. N. de Condorcet ‘Vie de Turgot’ (1786).

8.80 Walter James Redfern Turner 1889-1946

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

‘Romance’

8.81 Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) 1835-1910

‘The Adventures of Tom Sawyer’...was made by Mr Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth.

‘The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn’ (1884) ch. 1

There was some books....One was ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’, about a man that left his family it didn’t say why. I read considerable in it now and then. The statements was interesting, but tough. Another was ‘Friendship’s Offering’, full of beautiful stuff and poetry; but I didn’t read the poetry.

‘The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn’ (1884) ch. 17

All kings is mostly rapscallions.

‘The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn’ (1884) ch. 23

Hain’t we got all the fools in town on our side? and ain’t that a big enough majority in any town?

‘The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn’ (1884) ch. 26

If there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first.

‘The Celebrated Jumping Frog’ (1867) p. 10

I don’t see no p’ints about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.

‘The Celebrated Jumping Frog’ (1867) p. 16

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run.

‘Facts concerning the Recent Resignation’ in ‘A Curious Dream’ (1872)

Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.

‘Mental Photographs’ in ‘A Curious Dream’ (1872)

Barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

‘A Mysterious Visit’ in ‘A Curious Dream’ (1872)

Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize it.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 7.

It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have those three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practise either of them.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 20

‘Classic.’ A book which people praise and don’t read.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 25; in ‘Speeches’ (1910) p. 194 Twain offers Professor Caleb Winchester’s definition of a classic as ‘something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read’.

Man is the Only Animal that Blushes. Or needs to.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 27

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 28

There are several good protections against temptations, but the surest is cowardice.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 36

By trying we can easily learn to endure adversity. Another man’s, I mean.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 39

It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart: the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you.

‘Following the Equator’ (1897) ch. 45

I must have a prodigious quantity of mind; it takes me as much as a week, sometimes, to make it up.

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 7

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 19

I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals.

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 27.

Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made
Italy from designs by Michael Angelo!

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 27

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 27

If you’ve got a nice fresh corpse, fetch him out!

‘The Innocents Abroad’ (1869) ch. 27

What a good thing Adam had. When he said a good thing he knew nobody had said it before.

‘Notebooks’ (1935) p. 67

Familiarity breeds contempt—and children.

‘Notebooks’ (1935) p. 237

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

‘Notebooks’ (1935) p. 345

Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple’s sake; he wanted it only because it was forbidden.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 2

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 3

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 5

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 7

When angry, count four; when very angry, swear.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 10

As to the Adjective: when in doubt, strike it out.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 11

Put all your eggs in the one basket, and—watch that basket.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 15

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 19

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse-races.

‘Pudd’nhead Wilson’ (1894) ch. 19

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger’s admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours.

Speech to New England Society, 22 December 1876, in ‘Speeches’ (1910) p. 59

There’s plenty of boys that will come hankering and grovelling around you when you’ve got an apple, and beg the core off of you; but when they’ve got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they say thank you ’most to death, but there ain’t-a-going to be no core.

‘Tom Sawyer Abroad’ (1894) ch. 1

There ain’t no way to find out why a snorer can’t hear himself snore.

‘Tom Sawyer Abroad’ (1894) ch. 10

The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction.

‘A Tramp Abroad’ (1880) ch. 8

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and quite often picturesque liar.

‘Private History of a Campaign that Failed’ in ‘Century Magazine’ December 1885

The report of my death was an exaggeration.

‘New York Journal’ 2 June 1897 (often misquoted as ‘Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated’). Twain was correcting newspaper reports to the effect that he was ill or dead, and confusing him with his cousin, James Ross Clemens, who had in fact been seriously ill in London.

He [Thomas Carlyle] said it in a moment of excitement, when chasing Americans out of his backyard with brickbats. They used to go there and worship. At bottom he was probably fond of them, but he was always able to conceal it.

‘Mark Twain’s Christmas Book’ in ‘New York World’ 10 December 1899

All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence; then success is sure.

Letter to Mrs Foote, 2 December 1887, in B. DeCasseres ‘When Huck Finn Went Highbrow’ (1934) p. 7

8.82 Kenneth Tynan 1927-80

Forty years ago he was Slightly in Peter Pan, and you might say that he has been wholly in Peter Pan ever since.

Referring to Noel Coward in ‘Curtains’ (1961) pt. 1, p. 59

What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober.

‘Curtains’ (1961) pt. 2, p. 347

A good drama critic is one who perceives what is happening in the theatre of his time. A great drama critic also perceives what is not happening.

‘Tynan Right and Left’ (1967) foreword

A critic is a man who knows the way but can’t drive the car.

In ‘New York Times Magazine’ 9 January 1966, p. 27

9.0 U

9.1 Domitius Ulpian d. 228

Nulla iniuria est, quae in volentem fiat.

No injustice is done to someone who wants that thing done.

Corpus Iuris Civilis Digests 47, X.i.5 (usually cited in the form Volenti non fit iniuria: To someone who wants it no injustice occurs)

9.2 Miguel de Unamuno 1864-1937

La vida es duda,
y la fe sin la duda es sólo muerte.

Life is doubt,
And faith without doubt is nothing but death.

‘Poèsias’ (1907) ‘Salmo II’

Cùrate de la affeccion de preocuparte cómo aparezías a los dem s. Cuídate sólo de cómo aparezías Dios, cuídate de la idea que de ti Dios tenga.

Cure yourself of the condition of bothering about how you look to other people. Concern yourself only with how you appear to God, with the idea that God has of you.

‘Vida de Don Quixote y Sancho’ (1905) pt. 1

9.3 John Updike 1932—

One out of three hundred and twelve Americans is a bore, for instance, and a healthy male adult bore consumes each year one and a half times his own weight in other people’s patience.

‘Confessions of a Wild Bore’ in ‘Assorted Prose’ (1965)

The difficulty with humorists is that they will mix what they believe with what they don’t; whichever seems likelier to win an effect.

‘Rabbit, Run’ (1960) p. 160

9.4 Archbishop James Ussher 1581-1656

Which beginning of time [the Creation] according to our Chronologie, fell upon the entrance of the night preceding the twenty third day of October in the year of the Julian Calendar, 710.

‘The Annals of the World’ (1658) p. 1 (i.e. BC 4004)

9.5 Sir Peter Ustinov 1921—

I was irrevocably betrothed to laughter, the sound of which has always seemed to me the most civilized music in the world.

‘Dear Me’ (1977) ch. 3

I do not believe that friends are necessarily the people you like best, they are merely the people who got there first.

‘Dear Me’ (1977) ch. 5

Laughter would be bereaved if snobbery died.

In ‘Observer’ 13 March 1955

If Botticelli were alive today he’d be working for Vogue.

In ‘Observer’ 21 October 1962.

At the age of four with paper hats and wooden swords we’re all Generals.
Only some of us never grow out of it.

‘Romanoff and Juliet’ (1956) act 1

A diplomat these days is nothing but a head-waiter who’s allowed to sit down occasionally.

‘Romanoff and Juliet’ (1956) act 1

10.0 V

10.1 Paul Valèry 1871-1945

Un poéme n’est jamais achevè—c’est toujours un accident qui le termine, c’est-á-dire qui le donne au public.

A poem is never finished; it’s always an accident that puts a stop to it—i.e. gives it to the public.

‘Littèrature’ (1930) p. 46

Il faut n’appeler Science: que l’ensemble des recettes qui rèussissent toujours.—Tout le reste est littèrature.

‘Science’ means simply the aggregate of all the recipes that are always successful. All the rest is literature.

‘Moralitès’ (1932) p. 41

Dieu crèa l’homme, et ne le trouvant pas assez seul, il lui donne une compagne pour lui faire mieux sentir sa solitude.

God created man and, finding him not sufficiently alone, gave him a companion to make him feel his solitude more keenly.

‘Tel Quel 1’ (1941) ‘Moralitès’

La politique est l’art d’empêcher les gens de se mêler de ce qui les regarde.

Politics is the art of preventing people from taking part in affairs which properly concern them.

‘Tel Quel 2’ (1943) ‘Rhumbs’

10.2 Sir John Vanbrugh 1664-1726

The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

‘The Confederacy’ (1705) act 1, sc. 2

Much of a muchness.

‘The Provoked Husband’ (1728) act 1, sc. 1

Belinda: Ay, but you know we must return good for evil.
Lady Brute: That may be a mistake in the translation.

‘The Provoked Wife’ (1697) act 1, sc. 1

Thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

‘The Relapse’ (1696) act 2, sc. 1

No man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

‘The Relapse’ (1696) act 3, sc. 2

10.3 Paul Vance and Lee Pockriss

Itsy bitsy teenie weenie, yellow polkadot bikini.

Title of song (1960)

10.4 Vivien van Damm c.1889-1960

We never closed.

Referring to the Windmill Theatre in London during World War II, in ‘Tonight and Every Night’ (1952) ch.

10.5 William Henry Vanderbilt 1821-85

The public be damned!

Replying to whether the public should be consulted about luxury trains, in a letter from A. W. Cole to New York Times 25 August 1918

10.6 Laurens van der Post 1906—

Human beings are perhaps never more frightening than when they are convinced beyond doubt that they are right.

'The Lost World of the Kalahari' (1958) ch. 3

10.7 Bartolomeo Vanzetti 1888-1927

If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

Statement after being sentenced to death on 9 April 1927, in M. D. Frankfurter and G. Jackson 'Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti' (1928) preface

Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people and in their gratitude when Katzmann's and yours bones will be dispersed by time, when your name, his name, your laws, institutions, and your false god are but a deem rememoring of a cursed past in which man was wolf to the man.

Note of what he wanted to say at his trial on 9 April 1927, in M. D. Frankfurter and G. Jackson 'Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti' (1928) p. 380

10.8 Charles John Vaughan 1816-97

Must you go? Can't you stay?

His formula for breaking up breakfast parties of schoolboys too shy to leave (retold with the words transposed, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?') in G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' ch. 24

10.9 Harry Vaughan

If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

In 'Time' 28 April 1952 (associated with Harry S. Truman, but attributed by him to Vaughan, his 'military jester')

10.10 Henry Vaughan 1622-95

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no Nest.

'Man' from 'Silex Scintillans' (1650-5)

Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

‘The Night’ l. 5 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

Dear Night! this world’s defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care’s check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul’s calm retreat
Which none disturb!

‘The Night’ l. 25 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentry
All skilful in the wars;
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace is crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

‘Peace’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face.

‘The Retreat’ l. 1 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

‘The Retreat’ l. 13 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

‘The Retreat’ l.19 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

‘The Retreat’ l.29 from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

‘They Are All Gone’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

‘They Are All Gone’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

‘They Are All Gone’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

‘They Are All Gone’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv’n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

‘The World’ from ‘Silex Scintillans’ (1650-5)

10.11 Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872-1958

I don’t know whether I like it, but it’s what I meant.

Referring to his 4th symphony, in Christopher Headington ‘Bodley Head History of Western Music’ (1974) p. 293

It’s a Rum Go!

His reply when asked what he thought about music, in Leslie Ayr ‘The Wit of Music’ (1966) p. 43

10.12 Thorstein Veblen 1857-1929

Conspicuous consumption of valuable goods is a means of reputability to the gentleman of leisure.

'Theory of the Leisure Class' (1899) ch. 4

So it is something of a homiletical commonplace to say that the outcome of any serious research can only be to make two questions grow where one question grew before.

'Evolution of the Scientific Point of View' in 'University of California Chronicle' (1908) vol. 10, no. 4

10.13 Vegetius 4th-5th century A.D.

Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum.

Let him who desires peace, prepare for war.

'De Rei Militari' 3, prologue (usually cited in the form Si vis pacem, para bellum If you want peace, prepare for war)

10.14 Venantius Fortunatus c.530-c.610

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Proelium certaminis.

Sing, my tongue, of the battle in the glorious struggle.

'Pange lingua gloriosi' in J. P. Migne 'Patrologia Latina' (1844-64) vol. 88 (Passiontide hymn 'Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle')

Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium;
Qua vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.

The banners of the king advance, the mystery of the cross shines bright; where his life went through with death, and from death brought forth life.

'Vexilla Regis' in 'Analecta Hymnica' vol. 50, no. 67, p. 74

Regnavit a ligno Deus.

God reigned from the wood.

'Vexilla Regis' in 'Analecta Hymnica' vol. 50, no. 67, p. 74

10.15 Pierre Vergniaud 1753-93

Il a ètè permis de craindre que la Rèvolution, comme Saturne, dèvorât successivement tous ses enfants.

There was reason to fear that the Revolution, like Saturn, might devour in turn each one of her children.

Alphonse de Lamartine 'Histoire des Girondins' (1847) bk. 38, ch. 20

10.16 Paul Verlaine 1844-96

Et tout le reste est littèrature.

All the rest is mere fine writing.

‘L’art poètique’

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l’automne
Blessent mon coeur
D’une langueur
Monotone.

The drawn-out sobs of autumn’s violins wound my heart with a monotonous languor.

‘Chanson de l’automne’ (1866)

Et, ô ces voix d’enfants chantants dans la coupole!

And oh those children’s voices, singing beneath the dome!

‘Parsifal, A Jules Tellier’

10.17 Emperor Vespasian A.D. 9-79

Pecunia non olet.

Money has no smell.

Traditional summary of Suetonius ‘Vespasian’ 23, 3. Vespasian was answering Titus’s objection to his tax on public lavatories; holding a coin to Titus’s nose and being told it didn’t smell, he replied: Atque e lotio est Yes, that’s made from urine.

Vae, puto deus fio.

Woe is me, I think I am becoming a god.

When fatally ill, in Suetonius ‘Vespasian’ 23, 4

10.18 Queen Victoria 1819-1901

The Queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of ‘Woman’s Rights’, with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady—ought to get a good whipping. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position.

Letter to Sir Theodore Martin, 29 May 1870

The danger to the country, to Europe, to her vast Empire, which is involved in having all these great interests entrusted to the shaking hand of an old, wild, and incomprehensible man of 82, is very great!

On Gladstone’s last appointment as Prime Minister, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, 12 August 1892

We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat; they do not exist.

To A. J. Balfour, in ‘Black Week’, December 1899

We are not amused.

Attributed, in ‘Notebooks of a Spinster Lady’ 2 January 1900

I will be good.

On being shown a chart of the line of succession for the first time, 11 March 1830, in Martin 'The Prince Consort' (1875) vol. 1, p. 13

Move Queen Anne? Most certainly not! Why it might some day be suggested that my statue should be moved, which I should much dislike.

When it was suggested that the statue of Queen Anne outside St. Paul's should be moved, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee in 1887. Duke of Portland 'Men, Women and Things' ch. 5

He [Mr Gladstone] speaks to Me as if I was a public meeting.

In G. W. E. Russell 'Collections and Recollections' (1898) ch. 14

10.19 Gore Vidal 1925—

American writers want to be not good but great; and so are neither.

'Two Sisters' (1970) p. 65

It is not enough to succeed. Others must fail.

In G. Irvine 'Antipanegyric for Tom Driberg' 8 December 1976, p. 2

It is the spirit of the age to believe that any fact, no matter how suspect, is superior to any imaginative exercise, no matter how true.

'French Letters: Theories of the New Novel' in 'Encounter' December 1967

A triumph of the embalmer's art.

Describing Ronald Reagan in 'Observer' 26 April 1981

I'm all for bringing back the birch, but only between consenting adults.

In 'Sunday Times Magazine' 16 September 1973

Whenever a friend succeeds, a little something in me dies.

In 'Sunday Times Magazine' 16 September 1973

10.20 King Vidor 1895-1982

Take it from me, marriage isn't a word...it's a sentence!

'The Crowd' (1928 film)

10.21 Josè Antonio Viera Gallo 1943—

El socialismo puede llegar solo en bicicleta.

Socialism can only arrive by bicycle.

Said when Assistant Secretary of Justice in Chilean Government, in Ivan Illich 'Energy and Equity' (1974) p. 11

10.22 Alfred De Vigny 1797-1863

J'aime la majestè des souffrances humaines.

I love the majesty of human suffering.

'La Maison du Berger' (1844)

Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse...

Fais ènergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche...
Puis, aprés, comme moi, souffre et meurs sans parler.

Silence alone is great; all else is feebleness...
Perform with all your heart your long and heavy task...
Then as do I, say naught, but suffer and die.

‘La mort du loup’ (1838)

10.23 Philippe-Auguste Villiers De L’Isle-Adam 1838-89

Vivre? les serviteurs feront cela pour nous.

Living? The servants will do that for us.

‘Axël’ (1890) 4, sect. 2

10.24 François Villon b. 1431

Fréres humains qui aprés nous vivez,
N’ayez les cuers contre nous endurcis,
Car, se pitiè de nous povres avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis...
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!

Brothers in humanity who live after us, let not your hearts be hardened against us, for, if you take pity on us poor ones, God will be more likely to have mercy on you. But pray God that he may be willing to absolve us all.

‘Ballade des pendus’

Mais oû sont les neiges d’antan?

But where are the snows of yesteryear?

‘Ballade des dames du temps jadis’ from ‘Le Grand Testament’ (1461) (translation by D. G. Rossetti)

En ceste foy je veuil vivre et mourir.

In this faith I wish to live and to die.

‘Ballade pour prier Nostre Dame’ from ‘Le Grand Testament’ (1461)

10.25 St Vincent Of Lerins d. c.450

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est.

What is always, what is everywhere, what is by all people believed.

‘Commonitorium’ 2

10.26 Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro) 70-19 B.C.

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Laviniaque venit
Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
Vi superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram.

I sing of arms and the man who first from the shores of Troy came destined an exile to Italy and the Lavinian beaches, much buffeted he on land and on the deep by force of the gods because of fierce Juno's never-forgetting anger.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 1

Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Why such great anger in those heavenly minds?

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 11

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

So massive was the effort to found the Roman nation.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 33

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Odd figures swimming were glimpsed in the waste of waters.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 118

Constitit hic arcumque manu celerisque sagittas
Corripuit fidus quae tela gerebat Achates.

Hereupon he stopped and took up in his hand a bow and swift arrows, the weapons that trusty Achates carried.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 187

O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.

O you who have borne even heavier things, God will grant an end to these too.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 199

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.

Maybe one day we shall be glad to remember even these things.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 203

Dux femina facti.

The leader of the enterprise a woman.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 364

Dixit et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit dea.

She said no more and as she turned away there was a bright glimpse of the rosy glow of her neck, and from her ambrosial head of hair a heavenly fragrance wafted; her dress flowed down right to her feet, and in her walk it showed, she was in truth a goddess.

'Aeneid' bk. 1, l. 402

'En Priamus. Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'

Sic ait atque animum pictura pascit inani.

‘Look, there’s Priam! Even here prowess has its due rewards, there are tears shed for things even here and mortality touches the heart. Abandon your fears; I tell you, this fame will stand us somehow in good stead.’ So he spoke, and fed his thoughts on the unreal painting.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 1, l. 461

Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
Usquam iustitiae est et mens sibi conscia recti,
Praemia digna ferant.

Surely as the divine powers take note of the dutiful, surely as there is any justice anywhere and a mind recognizing in itself what is right, may the gods bring you your earned rewards.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 1, l. 603

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

No stranger to trouble myself I am learning to care for the unhappy.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 1, l. 630

Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem.

A grief too much to be told, O queen, you bid me renew.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 3

Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.

And the most miserable things which I myself saw and of which I was a major part.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 5

Equo ne credite, Teucri.
Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.

Do not trust the horse, Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 48

Crimine ab uno
Disce omnis.

From the one crime recognize them all as culprits.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 65

Tacitae per amica silentia lunae.

Through the friendly silence of the soundless moonlight.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 255

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris Incipit et dono divum gratissima serpit.

It was the time when first sleep begins for weary mortals and by the gift of the gods creeps over them most welcomely.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 268

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli.

How greatly changed from that Hector who comes home wearing the armour stripped from Achilles!

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 274

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.

We Trojans are at an end, Ilium has ended and the vast glory of the Teucrians.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 325

Moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

Let us die even as we rush into the midst of the battle. The only safe course for the defeated is to expect no safety.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 353

Dis aliter visum.

The gods thought otherwise.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 428

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.

Now is not the hour that requires such help, nor those defenders.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 2, l. 521

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!

What do you not drive human hearts into, cursed craving for gold!

‘Aeneid’ bk. 3, l. 56

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

A monster horrendous, hideous and vast, deprived of sight.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 3, l. 658

Quis fallere possit amantem?

Who could deceive a lover?

‘Aeneid’ bk. 4, l. 296

Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.

Nor will it ever upset me to remember Elissa so long as I can remember who I am, so long as the breath of life controls these limbs.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 4, l. 335 (Aeneas, of Dido)

Varium et mutabile semper
Femina.

Fickle and changeable always is woman.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 4, l. 569 (‘A windfane changabil huf puffe / Always is a woomman’ in Richard Stanyhurst’s

translation, 1582)

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

Arise, you avenger someone, from my bones.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 4, l. 625

Hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur.

These success encourages: they can because they think they can.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 5, l. 231

Bella, horrida bella,
Et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

I see wars, horrible wars, and the Tiber foaming with much blood.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 86

Facilis descensus Averno:
Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Easy is the way down to the Underworld: by night and by day dark Dis’s door stands open; but to withdraw one’s steps and to make a way out to the upper air, that’s the task, that is the labour.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 126

Procul, o procul este, profani.

Far off, Oh keep far off, you uninitiated ones.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 258

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.

Darkling they went under the lonely night through the shadow and through the empty dwellings and unsubstantial realms of Dis.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 268

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
Pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,
Et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,
Terribiles visu formae, Letumque Labosque.

Before the very forecourt and in the opening of the jaws of hell Grief and avenging Cares have placed their beds, and wan Diseases and sad Old Age live there, and Fear and Hunger that urges to wrongdoing, and shaming Destitution, figures terrible to see, and Death and Toil.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 273

Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.

They stood begging to be the first to make the voyage over and they reached out their hands in

longing for the further shore.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 313

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis
Quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

Or those who have improved life by the knowledge they have found out, and those who have made themselves remembered by some for their services: round the brows of all these is worn a snow-white band.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 663

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

The spirit within nourishes, and mind instilled throughout the living parts activates the whole mass and mingles with the vast frame.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 726

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
(Credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(Hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

Others shall shape bronzes more smoothly so that they seem alive (yes, I believe it), shall mould from marble living faces, shall better plead their cases in court, and shall demonstrate with a pointer the motions of the heavenly bodies and tell the stars as they rise: you, Roman, make your task to rule nations by your government (these shall be your skills), to impose ordered ways upon a state of peace, to spare those who have submitted and to subdue the arrogant.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 847

Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis.

Alas, pitiable boy—if only you might break your cruel fate!—you are to be Marcellus. Give me lilies in armfuls.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 882

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.

There are two gates of Sleep, one of which it is held is made of horn and by it real ghosts have easy egress; the other shining fashioned of gleaming white ivory, but deceptive are the visions the Underworld sends that way to the light.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 6, l. 893

Geniumque loci primamque deorum
Tellurem Nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur
Flumina.

He prays to the spirit of the place and to Earth the first of the gods and to the Nymphs and as yet unknown rivers.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 7, l. 136

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

If I am unable to make the gods above relent, I shall move Hell.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 7, l. 312

O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos.

Oh if only Jupiter would give me back my past years.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 8, l. 560

Quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Hooves with a galloping sound are shaking the powdery plain.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 8, l. 596

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra.

Blessings on your young courage, boy; that’s the way to the stars.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 9, l. 641

Audentis Fortuna iuvat.

Fortune assists the bold.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 10, l. 284

Experto credite.

Trust one who has gone through it.

‘Aeneid’ bk. 11, l. 283

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.

Tityrus, you who lie under cover of the spreading beech-tree, you are practising your pastoral music on a thin stalk.

‘Eclogue’ no. 1, l. 1

O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit.

O Meliboeus, it is a god that has made this peaceful life for us.

‘Eclogue’ no. 1, l. 6

At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam et rapidum cretae veniemus Oaxen
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

But we from here are to go some to arid Africa, another group to Scythia and others of us shall come to the Oaxes swirling with clay, and amongst the Britons who are kept far away from the

whole world.

‘Eclogue’ no. 1, l. 64

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin,
Delicias domini, nec quid speraret habebat.

The shepherd Corydon was in hot love with handsome Alexis, his master’s favourite, but he was not getting anything he hoped for.

‘Eclogue’ no. 2, l. 1

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.

O handsome lad, don’t trust too much in your complexion.

‘Eclogue’ no. 2, l. 17

Quem fugis, a! demens? Habitarunt di quoque silvas.

Ah, madman! Whom are you running away from? Gods too have lived in the woods.

‘Eclogue’ no. 2, l. 60

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

Everyone is dragged on by their favourite pleasure.

‘Eclogue’ no. 2, l. 65

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.

Galatea throws an apple at me, sexy girl, and runs away into the willows and wants to have been spotted.

‘Eclogue’ no. 3, l. 64

Latet anguis in herba.

There’s a snake hidden in the grass.

‘Eclogue’ no. 3, l. 93

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

It’s not in my power to decide such a great dispute between you.

‘Eclogue’ no. 3, l. 108

Claudite iam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.

Close the sluices now, lads; the fields have drunk enough.

‘Eclogue’ no. 3, l. 111

Sicelides Musae, paulo maiora canamus!
Non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae;
Si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.
Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas;
Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.

Sicilian Muses, let us sing of rather greater things. Not everyone likes bushes and low

tamarisks; if we sing of the woods, let them be woods of consular dignity. Now has come the last age according to the oracle at Cumae; the great series of lifetimes starts anew. Now too the virgin goddess returns, the golden days of Saturn's reign return, now a new race descends from high heaven.

'Eclogue' no. 4, l. 1

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

Begin, baby boy, to recognize your mother with a smile.

'Eclogue' no. 4, l. 60

Incipe, parve puer: qui non risere parenti,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

Begin, baby boy: if you haven't had a smile for your parent, then neither will a god think you worth inviting to dinner, nor a goddess to bed.

'Eclogue' no. 4, l. 62

Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Both in the flower of their youth, Arcadians both, and matched and ready alike to start a song and to respond.

'Eclogue' no. 7, l. 4

Saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.
Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,
Iam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos:
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!

In our orchard I saw you picking dewy apples with your mother (I was showing you the way). I had just turned twelve years old, I could reach the brittle branches even from the ground: how I saw you! how I fell in love! how an awful madness swept me away!

'Eclogue' no. 8, l. 37

Nunc scio quid sit Amor.

Now I know what Love is.

'Eclogue' no. 8, l. 43

Non omnia possumus omnes.

We can't all do everything.

'Eclogue' no. 8, l. 63 (attributed to Lucilius, Macrobius 'Saturnalia' vi.1.35)

Et me fecere poetam
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.
Nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Me too the Muses made write verse. I have songs of my own, the shepherds call me also a poet; but I'm not inclined to trust them. For I don't seem yet to write things as good either as Varius or as Cinna, but to be a goose honking amongst tuneful swans.

'Eclogue' no. 9, l. 32

Omnia vincit Amor: et nos cedamus Amori.

Love conquers all things: let us too give in to Love.

'Eclogue' no. 10, l. 69

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae.

Go on home, you have fed full, the evening star is coming, go on, my she-goats.

'Eclogue' no. 10, l. 77

Ultima Thule.

Farthest Thule.

'Georgics' no. 1, l. 30

Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

And when the rising sun has first breathed on us with his panting horses, over there the red evening-star is lighting his late lamps.

'Georgics' no. 1, l. 250

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum;
Ter pater exstructos disiecit fulmine montis.

Three times they endeavoured to pile Ossa on Pelion, no less, and to roll leafy Olympus on top of Ossa; three times our Father scattered the heaped-up mountains with a thunderbolt.

'Georgics' no. 1, l. 281

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!

O farmers excessively fortunate if only they recognized their blessings!

'Georgics' no. 2, l. 458

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Lucky is he who has been able to understand the causes of things.

'Georgics' no. 2, l. 490

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestis.

Fortunate too is the man who has come to know the gods of the countryside.

'Georgics' no. 2, l. 493

Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis.

All the best days of life slip away from us poor mortals first; illnesses and dreary old age and

pain sneak up, and the fierceness of harsh death snatches away.

‘Georgics’ no. 3, l. 66

Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempus.

But meanwhile it is flying, irretrievable time is flying.

‘Georgics’ no. 3, l. 284

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent.

All these spirited movements and such great contests as these will be contained and quieten down by the throwing of a little dust.

‘Georgics’ no. 4, l. 86 (referring to the battle of the bees)

Non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,
Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi
Munere quamque suo.

Just so, if one may compare small things with great, an innate love of getting drives these Attic bees each with his own function.

‘Georgics’ no. 4, l. 176

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.

Thus you bees make honey not for yourselves. Thus you birds build nests not for yourselves. Thus you sheep bear fleeces not for yourselves.

Attributed, on Bathyllus claiming authorship of certain lines by Virgil

10.27 Voltaire 1694-1778

Si nous ne trouvons pas des choses agrèables, nous trouverons du moins des choses nouvelles.

If we do not find anything pleasant, at least we shall find something new.

‘Candide’ (1759) ch. 17

Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres.

In this country [England] it is thought well to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others.

‘Candide’ (1759) ch. 23

Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.

All is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

‘Candide’ (1759) ch. 30

Cela est bien dit, rèpondit Candide, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.

‘That is well said,’ replied Candide, ‘but we must cultivate our garden.’ (meaning ‘We must attend to our own affairs’)

‘Candide’ (1759) ch. 30

Ils ne se servent de la pensèe que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et n'emploient les paroles que pour dèguiser leurs pensèes.

[Men] use thought only to justify their injustices, and speech only to conceal their thoughts.

'Dialogues' no. 14 'Le Chapon et la Poularde'

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.

The best is the enemy of the good.

'Art Dramatique' in 'Dictionnaire Philosophique' (1764)

La superstition met le monde entier en flammes; la philosophie les èteint.

Superstition sets the whole world in flames; philosophy quenches them.

'Superstition' in 'Dictionnaire Philosophique' (1764)

Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.

All styles are good save the tiresome kind.

'L'Enfant Prodigue' (1736) preface

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.

'Èpîtres' no. 96 'A l'Auteur du livre des trois imposteurs'

Ce corps qui s'appelait et qui s'appelle encore le saint empire romain n'ètait en aucune maniére ni saint, ni romain, ni empire.

This agglomeration which was called and which still calls itself the Holy Roman Empire was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire.

'Essai sur les moeurs et l'esprit des nations' (1769) lxx

En effet, l'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.

Indeed, history is nothing more than a tableau of crimes and misfortunes.

'L'Ingènu' (1767) ch. 10.

Quoi que vous fassiez, ècrasez l'infâme, et aimez qui vous aime.

Whatever you do, stamp out abuses, and love those who love you.

Letter to M. d'Alembert, 28 November 1762

Il est plaisant qu'on fait une vertu du vice de chastetè; et voilá encore une drôle de chastetè que celle qui méne tout droit les hommes au pèchè d'Onan, et les filles aux pâles couleurs!

It is amusing that a virtue is made of the vice of chastity; and it's a pretty odd sort of chastity at that, which leads men straight into the sin of Onan, and girls to the waning of their colour.

Letter to M. Mariott, 28 March 1766

Je ne suis pas comme une dame de la cour de Versailles, qui disait: c'est bien dommage que l'aventure de la tour de Babel ait produit la confusion des langues; sans cela tout le monde aurait toujours parlè français.

I am not like a lady at the court of Versailles, who said: 'What a dreadful pity that the bother at the tower of Babel should have got language all mixed up; but for that, everyone would always have spoken French.'

Letter to Catherine the Great, 26 May 1767

Le superflu, chose trés nècessaire.

The superfluous is very necessary.

'Le Mondain' (1736) v.22

C'est une des superstitions de l'esprit humain d'avoir imaginè que la virginitè pouvait être une vertu.

It is one of the superstitions of the human mind to have imagined that virginity could be a virtue.

'The Leningrad Notebooks' (c.1735-c.1750) in T. Besterman (ed.) 'Notebooks' (2nd ed., 1968) vol. 2, p. 455

Il faut qu'il y ait des moments tranquilles dans les grands ouvrages, comme dans la vie aprés les instants de passions, mais non pas des moments de dègoût.

There ought to be moments of tranquillity in great works, as in life after the experience of passions, but not moments of disgust.

'The Piccini Notebooks' (c.1735-c.1750) in T. Besterman (ed.) 'Notebooks' (2nd ed., 1968) vol. 2, p. 500

Il faut, dans le gouvernement, des bergers et des bouchers.

Governments need to have both shepherds and butchers.

'The Piccini Notebooks' (c.1735-c.1750) in T. Besterman (ed.) 'Notebooks' (2nd ed., 1968) vol. 2, p. 517

Dieu n'est pas pour les gros bataillons, mais pour ceux qui tirent le mieux.

God is on the side not of the heavy batallions, but of the best shots.

'The Piccini Notebooks' (c.1735-c.1750) in T. Besterman (ed.) 'Notebooks' (2nd ed., 1968) vol. 2, p. 547.

On doit des ègards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vèritè.

We owe respect to the living; to the dead we owe only truth.

'Première Lettre sur Oedipe' in 'Oeuvres' (1785) vol. 1, p. 15n.

La foi consiste á croire ce que la raison ne croit pas...Il ne suffit pas qu'une chose soit possible pour la croire.

Faith consists in believing when it is beyond the power of reason to believe. It is not enough that a thing be possible for it to be believed.

'Questions sur l'Encyclopèdie'

Le secret d'ennuyer est...de tout dire.

The way to be a bore is to say everything.

'Sur la Nature de l'Homme' v.174-5 in 'Sept Discours en vers sur l'homme'

The composition of a tragedy requires testicles.

When asked 'why no woman has ever written a tolerable tragedy', in a letter from Lord Byron to John Murray, 2 April 1817

Habacuc ètait capable de tout.

Habakkuk was capable of anything.

Attributed, in 'Notes & Queries' vol. 181, p. 46

I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

Attributed to Voltaire, the words are in fact S. G. Tallentyre's summary of Voltaire's attitude towards Helvètius, following the ban on De l'Esprit in 'The Friends of Voltaire' (1907) p. 199

11.0 W

11.1 Richard Wagner 1813-83

Frisch weht der Wind
der Heimat zu:—
mein irisch Kind,
wo weilest du?

Freshly blows the wind to the homeland: my Irish child, where are you staying?

'Tristan und Isolde' act 1, sc. 1

11.2 John Wain 1925—

Poetry is to prose as dancing is to walking.

BBC radio broadcast, 13 January 1976

11.3 Jerry Wald 1911-1962 and Richard Macaulay

Naughty but nice.

Title of film (1939)

11.4 Prince of Wales

See Prince Charles (3.78) in Volume I

11.5 Arthur Waley 1889-1966

What is hard today is to censor one's own thoughts—
To sit by and see the blind man
On the sightless horse, riding into the bottomless abyss.

'Censorship'

11.6 Edgar Wallace 1875-1932

Dreamin' of thee! Dreamin' of thee!

'T. A. in Love' (popularised in 1930 broadcast by Cyril Fletcher)

What is a highbrow? He is a man who has found something more interesting than women.

'New York Times' 24 January 1932, sect. 8, p. 6

11.7 George Wallace 1919—

Segregation now, segregation tomorrow and segregation forever!

Inaugural speech as Governor of Alabama, January 1963, in 'Birmingham World' 19 January 1963

11.8 Henry Wallace 1888-1965

The century on which we are entering—the century which will come out of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man.

Speech, 8 May 1942, in 'Vital Speeches' (1942) vol. 8, p. 483

11.9 William Ross Wallace d. 1881

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

J .K. Hoyt 'Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations' (1896) 402

11.10 Graham Wallas 1858-1932

The little girl had the making of a poet in her who, being told to be sure of her meaning before she spoke, said, 'How can I know what I think till I see what I say?'

'The Art of Thought' (1926) ch. 4.

11.11 Edmund Waller 1606-1687

So was the huntsman by the bear oppressed,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!

'Battle of the Summer Islands' 2, l. 111

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek.

'Of English Verse'

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode.

'Of a War with Spain' l. 25

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

'On the Foregoing Divine Poems' l. 18

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

'On a Girdle'

Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

'Panegyric to My Lord Protector' 17

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse.
‘Panegyric to My Lord Protector’ 46

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
‘Go Lovely Rose!’

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
‘Go Lovely Rose!’

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
‘To My Young Lady Lucy Sidney’

So all we know
Of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.
‘Upon the Death of My Lady Rich’ l. 75

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv’d our yoke.
‘Upon the Death of the Lord Protector’ l. 21

11.12 Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl Of Orford 1717-97

Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school.
Letter to Montagu, 6 May 1736, in ‘Letters’

Our supreme governors, the mob.
Letter to Mann, 7 September 1743, in ‘Letters’

[Lovat] was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery or timidity: his behaviour was natural and intrepid.
Letter to Mann, 10 April 1747, in ‘Letters’

[Strawberry Hill] is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs Chenevix’s shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges.
Letter to Conway, 8 June 1747, in ‘Letters’

But, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry.
Letter to Conway, 8 June 1747, in ‘Letters’

Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold.
Letter to Montagu, 3 July 1752, in ‘Letters’

It has the true rust of the Barons’ Wars.
Letter to Bentley, September 1753, in ‘Letters’

At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy; the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards.
Letter to Dalrymple, 4 April 1760, in ‘Letters’

One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste.
Letter to Wren, 9 August 1764, in ‘Letters’

The works of Richardson...which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist preacher.
Letter to Mann, 20 December 1764, in ‘Letters’

At Madame du Deffand’s, an old blind dèbauchèe of wit.
Letter to Conway, 6 October 1765, in ‘Letters’

What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with friends with whom one began it?
Letter to Montagu, 21 November 1765, in ‘Letters’

It is charming to totter into vogue.
Letter to Selwyn, 2 December 1765, in ‘Letters’

Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Faubourg St Germain.
Letter to Gray, 25 January 1766, in ‘Letters’

The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal.
Letter to Montagu, 15 June 1768, in ‘Letters’

Everybody talks of the constitution, but all sides forget that the constitution is extremely well, and would do very well, if they would but let it alone.
Letter to Mann, 18-19 January 1770, in ‘Letters’

It was easier to conquer it [the East] than to know what to do with it.
Letter to Mann, 27 March 1772, in ‘Letters’

The way to ensure summer in England is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable room.
Letter to Cole, 28 May 1774, in ‘Letters’

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St Paul’s, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.
Letter to Mann, 24 November 1774, in ‘Letters’.

By the waters of Babylon we sit down and weep, when we think of thee, O America!

Letter to Mason, 12 June 1775, in ‘Letters’.

This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel.

Letter to the Countess of Upper Ossory, 16 August 1776, in ‘Letters’

Tell me, ye divines, which is the most virtuous man, he who begets twenty bastards, or he who sacrifices an hundred thousand lives?

Letter to Mann, 7 July 1778, in ‘Letters’

When will the world know that peace and propagation are the two most delightful things in it?

Letter to Mann, 7 July 1778, in ‘Letters’

The life of any man written under the direction of his family, did nobody honour.

Letter to Cole, 1 September 1778, in ‘Letters’

When men write for profit, they are not very delicate.

Letter to Cole, 1 September 1778, in ‘Letters’

Easy I am so far, that the ill success of the American war has saved us from slavery—in truth, I am content that liberty will exist anywhere, and amongst Englishmen, even cross the Atlantic.

Letter to Mann, 25 February 1779, in ‘Letters’

When people will not weed their own minds, they are apt to be overrun with nettles.

Letter to Lady Ailesbury, 10 July 1779, in ‘Letters’

Prognostics do not always prove prophecies,—at least the wisest prophets make sure of the event first.

Letter to Thos. Walpole, 19 February 1785, in ‘Letters’

It is the story of a mountebank and his zany.

Referring to Boswell’s ‘Tour to the Hebrides’ in a letter to Conway, 6 October 1785, in ‘Letters’

All his [Sir Joshua Reynolds’s] own geese are swans, as the swans of others are geese.

Letter to the Countess of Upper Ossory, 1 December 1786, in ‘Letters’

I do not dislike the French from the vulgar antipathy between neighbouring nations, but for their insolent and unfounded airs of superiority.

Letter to Hannah More, 14 October 1787, in ‘Letters’

Virtue knows to a farthing what it has lost by not having been vice.

In L. Kronenberger ‘The extraordinary Mr Wilkes’ (1974) pt. 3, ch. 2 ‘The Ruling Class’

11.13 Sir Hugh Walpole 1884-1941

’Tisn’t life that matters! ’Tis the courage you bring to it.

‘Fortitude’ (1913) bk.1, ch. 1

11.14 Sir Robert Walpole, First Earl Of Orford 1676-1745

The balance of power.

House of Commons, 13 February 1741

They now ring the bells, but they will soon wring their hands.

On the declaration of war with Spain, 1739, in W. Coxe ‘Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole’ (1798) vol. 1, p. 618

Madam, there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one Englishman.

To Queen Caroline, 1734, in Hervey ‘Memoirs’ (1848) vol. 1, p. 398

My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England.

To Pulteney, Earl of Bath, on their promotion to the House of Lords, in W. King ‘Political & Literary Anecdotes’ (1819) p. 43

11.15 William Walsh 1663-1708

And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set.

‘The Despairing Lover’ l. 17

By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

‘Song: Of All the Torments’

I can endure my own despair,
But not another’s hope.

‘Song: Of All the Torments’

11.16 Izaak Walton 1593-1683

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) ‘Epistle to the Reader’

And for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an almanac out of date.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) ‘Epistle to the Reader’

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) ‘Epistle to the Reader’

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) ‘Epistle to the Reader’

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 1

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so.

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 1

Sir Henry Wotton...was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, ‘it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent...a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.’

‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 1

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 2

An excellent angler, and now with God.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 4

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 5

A good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 5

No man can lose what he never had.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 5

In so doing, use him as though you loved him.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 8 (instructions for baiting a hook with a live frog)

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 8

I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 18

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 21

Let the blessing of St Peter’s Master be...upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in His providence; and be quiet; and go a-Angling.
‘The Compleat Angler’ (1653) pt. 1, ch. 21

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the Angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own.
‘Life of Donne’ (1640)

The great Secretary of Nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon.
‘Life of Herbert’ (1670)

Of this blest man, let his just praise be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.
Written in Dr Richard Sibbes’s Returning Backslider, now preserved in Salisbury Cathedral Library

11.17 Bishop William Warburton 1698-1779

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man’s doxy.
To Lord Sandwich, in Priestley ‘Memoirs’ (1807) vol. 1, p. 372

11.18 Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne) 1834-67

I now bid you a welcome adoo.
‘Artemus Ward His Book’ ‘The Shakers’

‘Mister Ward, don’t yur blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled

brethren air a clanking their chains in the South?'

Sez I, 'not a bile! Let 'em clank!'

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Oberlin'

If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'The Showman's Courtship'

My pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'The Crisis'

Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash?

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'The Crisis'.

N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'A Visit to Brigham Young'

I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'A Visit to Brigham Young'

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many?

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'The Census'

The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Woman's Rights'

By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Thrilling Scenes in Dixie'

The ground flew up and hit me in the hed.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Thrilling Scenes in Dixie'

I presunted myself at Betty's bedside late at nite, with considerbul licker koncealed about my persun.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Betsy-Jain Re-orgunised'

The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail.

'Artemus Ward His Book' 'Draft in Baldinsville'

It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

'Artemus Ward in London' ch. 4

He [Brigham Young] is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

'Artemus Ward's Lecture'

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?

'Artemus Ward's Lecture'

I am happiest when I am idle. I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months.

'Pyrotechny', 3 'Pettingill'

Why care for grammar as long as we are good?

'Pyrotechny', 5

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer the money to do it

with.

‘Science and Natural History’

11.19 Mrs Humphry Ward 1851-1920

‘Propinquity does it’—as Mrs Thornburgh is always reminding us.

‘Robert Elsmere’ (1888) bk. 1, ch. 2

11.20 Revd Nathaniel Ward 1578-1652

The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble;
Woman and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble.

Epigram, attributed by Ward to a lady at the Court of the Queen of Bohemia, in ‘Simple Cobler’s Boy’ (1648) p. 25

11.21 Andy Warhol 1927-87

It’s the place where my prediction from the sixties finally came true: ‘In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes.’ I’m bored with that line. I never use it anymore. My new line is, ‘In fifteen minutes everybody will be famous.’

‘Andy Warhol’s Exposures’ (1979) ‘Studio 54’

An artist is someone who produces things that people don’t need to have but that he—for some reason—thinks it would be a good idea to give them.

‘Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)’ (1975) ch. 10

Being good in business is the most fascinating kind of art.

In ‘Observer’ 1 March 1987

11.22 Jack Warner (Horace Waters) 1895-1981

Mind my bike!

Catch-phrase used in the BBC radio series ‘Garrison Theatre’, 1939 onwards

11.23 George Washington 1732-99

Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.

Attributed by Mark Twain in ‘Mark Twain as George Washington’. Another version is: I can’t tell a lie, Pa; you know I can’t tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet. Weems ‘Washington’ (Fifth ed. 1806)

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliance with any portion of the foreign world.

Farewell address to the people of the United States, 17 September 1796

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour. Sparks ‘Life of Washington’ (1839) vol. 2, p. 109

We must consult Brother Jonathan.

Said to have been a frequent remark of his during the American Revolution, referring to Jonathan Trumbull, 1710-85, Governor of Connecticut. ‘Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts’ (1905) vol. 7, p. 94

Put none but Americans on guard to-night.

Attributed; based on his circular letter to regimental commanders, 30 April 1777

11.24 Ned Washington

Hi diddle dee dee (an actor's life for me).
Title of song (1940)

When you wish upon a star.
Title of song (1940)

11.25 Rowland Watkyns fl.1662

I love him not, but shew no reason can
Wherefore, but this,I do not love the man.
'Antipathy'.

For every marriage then is best in tune,
When that the wife is May, the husband June.
'To the most Courteous and Fair Gentlewoman, Mrs Elinor Williams'

11.26 William Watson c.1559-1603

Fiat justitia et ruant coeli.

Let justice be done though the heavens fall.
'A Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions Concerning Religion and State' (1602) (first citation in an English work of a famous maxim).

11.27 Sir William Watson 1858-1935

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
'Song'

These and a thousand tricks and ways and traits
I noted as of Demos at their root,
And foreign to the staid, conservative
Came-over-with-the Conqueror type of mind.
'A Study in Contrasts'

11.28 Isaac Watts 1674-1748

One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.
'Against Evil Company' from 'Divine Songs for Children' (1715)

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day

From every opening flower!

‘Against Idleness and Mischief’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

‘Against Idleness and Mischief’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

‘Against Pride in Clothes’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For ’tis their nature too.

‘Against Quarrelling’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other’s eyes.

‘Against Quarrelling’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

I’ll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What’s amiss I’ll strive to mend,
And endure what can’t be mended.

‘Good Resolution’

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.

‘Hark! from the Tombs’

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

‘Heaven and Hell’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire.

‘Innocent Play’

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home.

‘Love between Brothers and Sisters’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

Birds in their little nests agree
And ’tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family

Fall out, and chide, and fight.

‘Love between Brothers and Sisters’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

‘Praise for the Gospel’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

’Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
‘You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again’.
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

‘The Sluggard’

There’s no repentance in the grave.

‘Solemn Thoughts of God and Death’ from ‘Divine Songs for Children’ (1715)

11.29 Evelyn Waugh 1903-66

Brideshead revisited.

Title of novel (1945)

A shriller note could now be heard rising from Sir Alastair’s rooms; any who have heard that sound will shrink at the recollection of it; it is the sound of English county families baying for broken glass.

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) ‘Prelude’.

I expect you’ll be becoming a schoolmaster, sir. That’s what most of the gentlemen does, sir, that gets sent down for indecent behaviour.

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) ‘Prelude’

‘We class schools, you see, into four grades: Leading School, First-rate School, Good School, and School. Frankly,’ said Mr Levy, ‘School is pretty bad.’

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) pt. 1, ch. 1

For generations the British bourgeoisie have spoken of themselves as gentlemen, and by that they have meant, among other things, a self-respecting scorn of irregular perquisites. It is the quality that distinguishes the gentleman from both the artist and the aristocrat.

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) pt. 1, ch. 6

‘I often think,’ he continued, ‘that we can trace almost all the disasters of English history to the influence of Wales!’

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) pt. 1, ch. 8

I haven’t been to sleep for over a year. That’s why I go to bed early. One needs more rest if one doesn’t sleep.

‘Decline and Fall’ (1928) pt. 2, ch. 3

Apparently he has been reading a series of articles by a popular bishop and has discovered that there is a species of person called a ‘Modern Churchman’ who draws the full salary of a

beneficed clergyman and need not commit himself to any religious belief.

'Decline and Fall' (1928) pt. 2, ch. 4

I came to the conclusion many years ago that almost all crime is due to the repressed desire for aesthetic expression.

'Decline and Fall' (1928) pt. 3, ch. 1

Any one who has been to an English public school will always feel comparatively at home in prison. It is the people brought up in the gay intimacy of the slums, Paul learned, who find prison so soul-destroying.

'Decline and Fall' (1928) pt. 3, ch. 4

You never find an Englishman among the under-dogs—except in England, of course.

'The Loved One' (1948) ch. 1

In the dying world I come from quotation is a national vice. No one would think of making an after-dinner speech without the help of poetry. It used to be the classics, now it's lyric verse.

'The Loved One' (1948) ch. 9

'The Beast stands for strong mutually antagonistic governments everywhere,' he [Lord Copper] said. 'Self-sufficiency at home, self-assertion abroad.'

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 1, ch. 1

Mr Salter's side of the conversation was limited to expressions of assent.

When Lord Copper was right, he said, 'Definitely, Lord Copper'; when he was wrong, 'Up to a point'.

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 1, ch. 1

'He [Boot]'s supposed to have a particularly high-class style: 'Feather-footed through the plashy fen passes the questing vole'...would that be it?' 'Yes,' said the Managing Editor. 'That must be good style.'

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 1, ch. 1

News is what a chap who doesn't care much about anything wants to read.

And it's only news until he's read it. After that it's dead.

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 1, ch. 5

'I will not stand for being called a woman in my own house,' she [Mrs Earl Russell Jackson] said.

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 2, ch. 1

Other nations use 'force'; we Britons alone use 'Might'.

'Scoop' (1938) bk. 2, ch. 5

All this fuss about sleeping together. For physical pleasure I'd sooner go to my dentist any day.

'Vile Bodies' (1930) ch. 6

Lady Peabury was in the morning room reading a novel; early training gave a guilty spice to this recreation, for she had been brought up to believe that to read a novel before luncheon was one of the gravest sins it was possible for a gentlewoman to commit.

'Work Suspended' (1942) 'An Englishman's Home'

Punctuality is the virtue of the bored.

Michael Davie (ed.) 'Diaries of Evelyn Waugh' (1976) 'Irregular Notes 1960-65', 26 March 1962

Randolph Churchill went into hospital...to have a lung removed. It was announced that the trouble was not 'malignant'. Seeing Ed Stanley in White's, on my way to Rome, I remarked that it was a typical triumph of modern science to find the only part of Randolph that was not malignant and remove it.

Michael Davie (ed.) 'Diaries of Evelyn Waugh' (1976) 'Irregular Notes 1960-65', March 1964

Manners are especially the need of the plain. The pretty can get away with anything.

In 'Observer' 15 April 1962

The trouble with the Conservative Party is that it has not turned the clock back a single second.

Attributed

11.30 Frederick Weatherly 1848-1929

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?

'The Old Brigade'

Roses are flowering in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you.

'Roses of Picardy' (1916 song)

11.31 Beatrice Webb 1858-1943

If I ever felt inclined to be timid as I was going into a room full of people, I would say to myself, 'You're the cleverest member of one of the cleverest families in the cleverest class of the cleverest nation in the world, why should you be frightened?'

In Bertrand Russell 'Autobiography' (1967) vol. 1, ch. 4

See also Sidney Webb and Beatrice Webb (11.35)

11.32 Geoffrey Webb and Edward J. Mason

An everyday story of country folk.

Introduction to 'The Archers' (BBC radio serial, 1950 onwards)

11.33 Jim Webb 1946—

Up, up and away.

Title of song (1967)

11.34 Sidney Webb (Baron Passfield) 1859-1947

First let me insist on what our opponents habitually ignore, and indeed, what they seem intellectually incapable of understanding, namely the inevitable gradualness of our scheme of change.

Presidential address at Labour Party Conference in London, 26 June 1923, in 'Report' (1923) p. 178

11.35 Sidney Webb (Baron Passfield) 1859-1947 and Beatrice Webb 1858-1943

Sidney would remark, ‘I know just what Beatrice is saying at this moment.
She is saying, “as Sidney always says, marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions.”’
In Bertrand Russell ‘Autobiography’ (1967) vol. 1, ch. 4

11.36 Daniel Webster 1782-1852

The people’s government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.
Second speech in the Senate on Foot’s Resolution, 26 January 1830.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!
Second speech in the Senate on Foot’s Resolution, 26 January 1830

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.
Speech in the Senate on the President’s Protest, 7 May 1834

Thank God, I—I also—am an American!
Speech on the Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, 17 June 1843

The Law: It has honoured us, may we honour it.
xxx
I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American.
Speech in the Senate on ‘The Compromise Bill’, 17 July 1850

Fearful concatenation of circumstances.
Argument on the Murder of Captain Joseph White

There is always room at the top.
When advised not to become a lawyer as the profession was overcrowded

11.37 John Webster c.1580-c.1625

Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things,
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.
‘The Devil’s Law-Case’ (1623) act 5, sc. 4

Ferdinand: And women like that part which, like the lamprey,
Hath never a bone in’t.
Duchess: Fie, sir!
Ferdinand: Nay,
I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale

Make a woman believe?

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 1, sc. 2, l. 43. References are to C. B. Wheeler’s edition, 1915

Unequal nature, to place women’s hearts
So far upon the left side.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 2, sc. 5, l. 33

Why should only I...
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 3, sc. 2, l. 135

Raised by that curious engine, your white hand.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 3, sc. 2, l. 297

O, that it were possible,
We might but hold some two days’ conference
With the dead!

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 18

I have made a soap-boiler costive.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 117

I am Duchess of Malfi still.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 146

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 148

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 222.

Ferdinand: Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bosola: I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 4, sc. 2, l. 267

Physicians are like kings,—they brook no contradiction.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 5, sc. 2, l. 72

We are merely the stars’ tennis-balls, struck and bandied
Which way please them.

‘The Duchess of Malfi’ (1623) act 5, sc. 4, l. 53

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweethearts, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.

‘Westward Hoe’ (1607) act 2, sc. 2

Fortune’s a right whore:
If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swoop.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 1, sc. 1, l. 4

’Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 1, sc. 2, l. 47

A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 2, sc. 1, l. 92

Only the deep sense of some deathless shame.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 2, sc. 2, l. 67

Cowardly dogs bark loudest.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 3, sc. 1, l. 163

A rape! a rape!...
Yes, you have ravished justice;
Forced her to do your pleasure.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 3, sc. 1, l. 271

There’s nothing sooner dry than women’s tears.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 3, l. 192

Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
Since o’er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 4, l. 100

But keep the wolf far thence that’s foe to men,
For with his nails he’ll dig them up again.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 4, l. 108

We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 4, l. 128

And of all axioms this shall win the prize,—
’Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 6, l. 183

There’s nothing of so infinite vexation
As man’s own thoughts.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 6, l. 206

My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 6, l. 248

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 6, l. 250

I have caught
An everlasting cold; I have lost my voice

Most irrecoverably.

‘The White Devil’ (1612) act 5, sc. 6, l. 270

11.38 Josiah Wedgwood 1730-95

Am I not a man and a brother.

Legend on Wedgwood cameo depicting a kneeling negro slave in chains, reproduced in facsimile in E. Darwin ‘The Botanic Garden’ pt. 1 (1791) facing p. 87

11.39 Anthony Wedgewood Benn

See Tony Benn (2.84) in Volume I

11.40 Simone Weil 1909-43

La culture est un instrument maniè par des professeurs pour fabriquer des professeurs qui á leur tour fabriqueront des professeurs.

Culture is an instrument wielded by professors, to manufacture professors, who when their turn comes will manufacture professors.

‘L’Enracinement’ (The Need for Roots, 1949) ‘Dèracinement ouvrier’

Tous les Pèchès sont des tentatives pour combler des vides.

All sins are attempts to fill voids.

‘La Pesanteur et la grâce’ (Gravity and Grace, 1948) p. 27

What a country calls its vital economic interests are not the things which enable its citizens to live, but the things which enable it to make war. Gasoline is much more likely than wheat to be a cause of international conflict.

In W. H. Auden ‘A Certain World’ (1971) p. 384

11.41 Johnny Weissmuller 1904-84

I didn’t have to act in ‘Tarzan, the Ape Man’—just said, ‘Me Tarzan, you Jane.’

‘Photoplay Magazine’ June 1932 (the words ‘Me Tarzan, you Jane’ do not occur in the 1932 film)

11.42 Thomas Earle Welby 1881-1933

‘Turbot, Sir,’ said the waiter, placing before me two fishbones, two eyeballs, and a bit of black mackintosh.

‘The Dinner Knell’ (1932) ‘Birmingham or Crewe?’

11.43 Fay Weldon 1931—

Natalie had left the wives and joined the women.

‘The Heart of the Country’ (1987) p. 51

The life and loves of a she-devil.

Title of novel (1984)

11.44 Colin Welland 1934—

The British are coming.

Speech accepting an Oscar for his ‘Chariots of Fire’ screenplay, 30 March 1982, in ‘Sight & Sound’ Summer 1982

11.45 Orson Welles 1915-85

In Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed—they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love, five hundred years of democracy and peace and what did that produce...? The cuckoo clock.

‘The Third Man’ (1949 film; words added by Welles to the script, in Graham Greene and Carol Reed ‘The Third Man’ (1969) p. 114)

To his associate, Richard Wilson...Orson [Welles] then declared, ‘This [the RKO studio] is the biggest electric train set any boy ever had!’

Peter Noble ‘The Fabulous Orson Welles’ (1956) ch. 7

11.46 Duke Of Wellington 1769-1852

Beginning reform is beginning revolution.

Mrs Arbuthnot’s Journal, 7 November 1830

Up Guards and at them again!

Letter from Captain Batty 22 June 1815, in Booth ‘Battle of Waterloo’, also Croker ‘Correspondence and Diaries’ (1884) 3, 280

Not upon a man from the colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two perhaps; but not worth a damn.

On being asked whether he calculated upon any desertion in Buonaparte’s army, in ‘Creevey Papers’ ch. 10, p. 228

It has been a damned serious business—Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life...By God! I don’t think it would have done if I had not been there.

Referring to the battle of Waterloo, in ‘Creevey Papers’ ch. 10, p. 236

All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you don’t know by what you do; that’s what I called ‘guessing what was at the other side of the hill’.

‘The Croker Papers’ (1885) vol. 3, p. 276

When I reflect upon the characters and attainments of some of the general officers of this army, and consider that these are the persons on whom I am to rely to lead columns against the French, I tremble; and as Lord Chesterfield said of the generals of his day, ‘I only hope that when the enemy reads the list of their names, he trembles as I do.’

Dispatch to Torrens, 29 August 1810 (usually quoted as ‘I don’t know what effect these men will have upon the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me’, and also attributed to George III)

I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life.

On seeing the first Reformed Parliament, in Sir William Fraser ‘Words on Wellington’ (1889) p. 12

You must build your House of Parliament upon the river: so...that the populace cannot exact

their demands by sitting down round you.

In Sir William Fraser ‘Words on Wellington’ (1889) p. 163

I believe I forgot to tell you I was made a Duke.

Postscript to a letter to his nephew Henry Wellesley, 22 May 1814

The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

Montalembert ‘De l’Avenir Politique de l’Angleterre’ (1856). The attribution was refuted by the 7th Duke.

I hate the whole race...There is no believing a word they say—your professional poets, I mean—there never existed a more worthless set than Byron and his friends for example.

Noted in Lady Salisbury’s diary, 26 October 1833, in C. Oman ‘The Gascoyne Heiress’ (1968) 3

Publish and be damned.

Attributed. According to legend, Wellington wrote these words across a blackmailing letter from Stockdale, publisher of Harriette Wilson’s Memoirs, and posted it back to him. Elizabeth Pakenham ‘Wellington: The Years of the Sword’ (1969) ch. 10

The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this.

In S. Rogers ‘Recollections’ (1859) p. 215

‘What a glorious thing must be a victory, Sir.’ ‘The greatest tragedy in the world, Madam, except a defeat.’

In S. Rogers ‘Recollections’ (1859) p. 215, footnote

So he is a fool, and a d—d fool; but he can take Rangoon.

On its being objected that he had always spoken of Lord Combermere as a fool, and yet had proposed him as commander of an expedition to take Rangoon, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 2 (the story is probably apocryphal: Wellington thought highly of Combermere, who, moreover, was never involved in the Rangoon campaign)

In my situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, I have been much exposed to authors.

In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 2

Not half so surprised as I am now, Mum!

On being asked by Mrs Arbuthnot if he had not been surprised at Waterloo, in G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 2

I have no small talk and Peel has no manners.

In G. W. E. Russell ‘Collections and Recollections’ (1898) ch. 14

Hard pounding this, gentlemen; let’s see who will pound longest.

At Waterloo, in Sir W. Scott ‘Paul’s Letters’ (1815)

I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained.

In Frances, Lady Shelley ‘Diary’ p. 102

I used to say of him [Napoleon] that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men.

Stanhope ‘Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington’ 2 November 1831

Ours [our army] is composed of the scum of the earth—the mere scum of the earth.

Stanhope ‘Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington’ 4 November 1831

My rule always was to do the business of the day in the day.

Stanhope ‘Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington’ 2 November 1835

What is the best to be done for the country? How can the Government be carried on?

Stanhope ‘Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington’ 18 May 1839

There is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and there shall be no mistake.

‘Wellingtoniana’ (1852) p. 78

If you believe that you will believe anything.

Attributed reply to a gentleman who accosted him in the street saying, ‘Mr. Jones, I believe?’

11.47 H. G. Wells 1866-1946

The thing his [Henry James’s] novel is about is always there. It is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focussed on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string.

‘Boon’ (1915) ch. 4

It is leviathan retrieving pebbles. It is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den. Most things, it insists, are beyond it, but it can, at any rate modestly, and with an artistic singleness of mind, pick up that pea.

‘Boon’ (1915) ch. 4 (on Henry James)

In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King.

‘The Country of the Blind’ (1904; revised 1939) p. 52.

‘Sesquippledan,’ he would say. ‘Sesquippledan verboojuice.’

‘The History of Mr Polly’ (1909) ch. 1, pt. 5

‘I’m a Norfan, both sides,’ he would explain, with the air of one who had seen trouble.

‘Kipps’ (1905) bk. 1, ch. 6, pt. 1

‘I expect,’ he said, ‘I was thinking jest what a Rum Go everything is. I expect it was something like that.’

‘Kipps’ (1905) bk. 3, ch. 3, pt. 8

He [James Holroyd] was a practical electrician but fond of whisky, a heavy, red-haired brute with irregular teeth. He doubted the existence of the Deity but accepted Carnot’s cycle, and he had read Shakespeare and found him weak in chemistry.

‘Lord of the Dynamos’ in ‘Complete Short Stories’ (1927)

The Social Contract is nothing more or less than a vast conspiracy of human beings to lie to and humbug themselves and one another for the general Good. Lies are the mortar that bind the savage individual man into the social masonry.

‘Love and Mr Lewisham’ (1900) ch. 23

Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe.

‘The Outline of History’ (1920) vol. 2, ch. 41, pt. 4

The shape of things to come.

Title of book (1933)

The war that will end war.

Title of book (1914).

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.
'The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman' (1914) ch. 9, sect. 2

In England we have come to rely upon a comfortable time-lag of fifty years or a century intervening between the perception that something ought to be done and a serious attempt to do it.
'The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind' (1931) ch. 2

If Max [Beaverbrook] gets to Heaven he won't last long. He will be chucked out for trying to pull off a merger between Heaven and Hell...after having secured a controlling interest in key subsidiary companies in both places, of course.
In A. J. P. Taylor 'Beaverbrook' (1972) ch. 8

11.48 Arnold Wesker 1932—

And then I saw the menu, stained with tea and beautifully written by a foreign hand, and on top it said—God I hated that old man—it said 'Chips with everything'. Chips with every damn thing. You breed babies and you eat chips with everything.
'Chips with Everything' (1962) act 1, sc. 2

11.49 Charles Wesley 1707-88

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
'Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild'

11.50 John Wesley 1703-91

I look upon all the world as my parish.
'Journal' 11 June 1739

I heard a good man say long since,—'Once in seven years I burn all my sermons; for it is a shame if I cannot write better sermons now than I did seven years ago.'—Whatever others can do, I really cannot
'Journal' 1 September 1778

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.
Letter to a member of the Society. 10 December 1777, in 'Select Letters' (1837)

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

‘Rule of Conduct’ in ‘Letters’ (1915)

Let it be observed, that slovenliness is no part of religion; that neither this, nor any text of Scripture, condemns neatness of apparel. Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. ‘Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness.’

‘Sermons’ no. 93 ‘On Dress’

Beware you be not swallowed up in books! An ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge.

In R. Southey ‘Life of Wesley’ (1820) ch. 16

We should constantly use the most common, little, easy words (so they are pure and proper) which our language affords.

Of preaching to ‘plain people’, in R. Southey ‘Life of Wesley’ (1820) ch. 16

11.51 Revd Samuel Wesley 1662-1735

Style is the dress of thought; a modest dress,
Neat, but not gaudy, will true critics please.

‘An Epistle to a Friend concerning Poetry’

11.52 Mae West 1892-1980

It’s better to be looked over than overlooked.

‘Belle of the Nineties’ (1934 film)

A man in the house is worth two in the street.

‘Belle of the Nineties’ (1934 film)

I always say, keep a diary and some day it’ll keep you.

‘Every Day’s a Holiday’ (1937 film)

Beulah, peel me a grape.

‘I’m No Angel’ (1933 film)

I’ve been things and seen places.

‘I’m No Angel’ (1933 film)

When I’m good, I’m very, very good, but when I’m bad, I’m better.

‘I’m No Angel’ (1933 film)

It’s not the men in my life that counts—it’s the life in my men.

‘I’m No Angel’ (1933 film)

Give a man a free hand and he’ll try to put it all over you.

‘Klondike Annie’ (1936 film)

Between two evils, I always pick the one I never tried before.

‘Klondike Annie’ (1936 film)

I’ve been in Who’s Who, and I know what’s what, but it’ll be the first time I ever made the dictionary.

Letter to the RAF, early 1940s, on having an inflatable life jacket named after her, in Fergus Cashin ‘Mae West’ (1981) ch. 9

‘Goodness, what beautiful diamonds!’ ‘Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie.’

‘Night After Night’ (1932 film)

Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?
In Joseph Weintraub ‘Peel Me a Grape’ (1975) p. 47

I used to be Snow White...but I drifted.
In Joseph Weintraub ‘Peel Me a Grape’ (1975) p. 47

Why don’t you come up sometime, and see me? I’m home every evening.
‘She Done Him Wrong’ (1933 film; often misquoted as ‘Come up and see me sometime’, which became Mae West’s catch-phrase)

11.53 Dame Rebecca West (Cicily Isabel Fairfield) 1892-1983

God forbid that any book should be banned. The practice is as indefensible as infanticide.
‘The Strange Necessity’ (1928) ‘The Tosh Horse’.

Journalism—an ability to meet the challenge of filling the space.
‘New York Herald Tribune’ 22 April 1956 sect. 6, p. 2

Just how difficult it is to write biography can be reckoned by anybody who sits down and considers just how many people know the truth about his or her love affairs.
‘Vogue’ 1 November 1952

He [Michael Arlen] is every other inch a gentleman.
In Victoria Glendinning ‘Rebecca West’ (1987) pt. 3, ch. 5

11.54 Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury 1800-73

Then, sir, you will turn it over once more in what you are pleased to call your mind.
Related by Jowett and denied, not very convincingly, by Westbury. T. A. Nash ‘Life of Lord Westbury’ (1888) bk. 2, ch. 12

11.55 Edward Noyes Westcott 1846-98

They say a reasonable amount o’ fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from broodin’ over bein’ a dog, mebbe.
‘David Harum’ ch. 32

11.56 John Fane, Lord Westmorland 1759-1841

Merit, indeed!...We are come to a pretty pass if they talk of merit for a bishopric.
Noted in Lady Salisbury’s diary, 9 December 1835, in C. Oman ‘The Gascoyne Heiress’ (1968) 5

11.57 Sir Charles Wetherell 1770-1846

Then there is my noble and biographical friend who has added a new terror to death.
Referring to Lord Campbell, in Lord St Leonards ‘Misrepresentations in Campbell’s Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham’ (1869) p. 3.

11.58 Robert Wever fl.1550

In a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay,

The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreaméd fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

‘Lusty Juventus’

11.59 Edith Wharton 1862-1937

She sang, of course, ‘M’ama!’ and not ‘he loves me’, since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences.

‘The Age of Innocence’ (1920) bk. 1, ch. 1

She keeps on being Queenly in her own room with the door shut.

‘The House of Mirth’ (1905) bk. 2, ch. 1

Another unsettling element in modern art is that common symptom of immaturity, the dread of doing what has been done before.

‘The Writing of Fiction’ (1925) ch. 1

Mrs Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet it alone.

‘Xingu’ in ‘Xingu and Other Stories’ (1916)

11.60 Thomas, 1st Marquis Of Wharton 1648-1715

Ho, Brother Teague, dost hear de Decree?
Lilli Burlero Bullena-la.
Dat we shall have a new Debity,
Lilli Burlero Bullena-la.

‘A New Song’ written 1687; published on a single sheet 1688; first collected, in the above form, as ‘Song’ in ‘Poems on Affairs of State’ (1704) vol. 3, p. 231 (debity deputy)

11.61 Richard Whately, Archbishop Of Dublin 1787-1863

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.

‘Apophthegms’

Happiness is no laughing matter.

‘Apophthegms’ p. 218

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do.

‘Apophthegms’ p. 219

Honesty is the best policy; but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.

‘Apophthegms’ p. 219

‘Never forget, gentlemen,’ he said, to his astonished hearers, as he held up a copy of the ‘Authorized Version’ of the Bible, ‘never forget that this is not the Bible,’ then, after a moment’s pause, he continued, ‘This, gentlemen, is only a translation of the Bible.’

To a meeting of his diocesan clergy, in H. Solly ‘These Eighty Years’ (1893) vol. 2. ch. 2, p. 81

11.62 William Whewell 1794-1866

Hence no force however great can stretch a cord however fine into an horizontal line which is accurately straight: there will always be a bending downwards.

'Elementary Treatise on Mechanics' (1819) ch. 4, problem 2. Often cited as an example of accidental metre and rhyme, and changed in later editions.

11.63 James Mcneill Whistler 1834-1903

I am not arguing with you—I am telling you.

'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' (1890)

Art is upon the Town!

'Ten O'Clock' (1885)

Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation.

'Ten O'Clock' (1885)

Nature is usually wrong.

'Ten O'Clock' (1885)

'I only know of two painters in the world,' said a newly introduced feminine enthusiast to Whistler, 'yourself and Velasquez.' 'Why,' answered Whistler in dulcet tones, 'why drag in Velasquez?'

In D. C. Seitz 'Whistler Stories' (1913) p. 27

[In answer to a lady who said that a landscape reminded her of his work] Yes madam, Nature is creeping up.

In D. C. Seitz 'Whistler Stories' (1913) p. 9

[In answer to the question 'For two days' labour, you ask two hundred guineas?'] No, I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime.

In D. C. Seitz 'Whistler Stories' (1913) p. 40

You shouldn't say it is not good. You should say you do not like it; and then, you know, you're perfectly safe.

In D. C. Seitz 'Whistler Stories' (1913) p. 35

[Answering Oscar Wilde's 'I wish I had said that'] You will, Oscar, you will.

L. C. Ingleby 'Oscar Wilde' p. 67

11.64 E. B. White 1899-1985

Commuter—one who spends his life
In riding to and from his wife;
A man who shaves and takes a train,
And then rides back to shave again.

'The Commuter'

Mother: It's broccoli, dear.
Child: I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it.

'New Yorker' 8 December 1928 (cartoon caption)

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.

'New Yorker' 3 July 1944

11.65 T. H. White 1906-64

The Victorians had not been anxious to go away for the weekend. The Edwardians, on the contrary, were nomadic.

'Farewell Victoria' (1933) pt. 4

The once and future king.

Title of novel (1958), translating Sir Thomas Malory Le Morte d'Arthur bk. 21, ch. 7 'Hic iacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus'

11.66 Alfred North Whitehead 1861-1947

Life is an offensive, directed against the repetitious mechanism of the Universe.

'Adventures of Ideas' (1933) pt. 1, ch. 5

It is more important that a proposition be interesting than that it be true. This statement is almost a tautology. For the energy of operation of a proposition in an occasion of experience is its interest, and is its importance. But of course a true proposition is more apt to be interesting than a false one.

'Adventures of Ideas' (1933) pt. 4, ch. 16

There are no whole truths; all truths are half-truths. It is trying to treat them as whole truths that plays the devil.

'Dialogues' (1954) prologue

Intelligence is quickness to apprehend as distinct from ability, which is capacity to act wisely on the thing apprehended.

'Dialogues' (1954) 15 December 1939

What is morality in any given time or place? It is what the majority then and there happen to like, and immorality is what they dislike.

'Dialogues' (1954) 30 August 1941

Art is the imposing of a pattern on experience, and our aesthetic enjoyment is recognition of the pattern.

'Dialogues' (1954) 10 June 1943

Civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them.

'Introduction to Mathematics' (1911) ch. 5

The safest general characterization of the European philosophical tradition is that it consists of a series of footnotes to Plato.

'Process and Reality' (1929) pt. 2, ch. 1

11.67 Bertrand Whitehead

Drinka Pinta Milka Day.
Slogan for the British Milk Marketing Board, 1958

11.68 Katharine Whitehorn 1926—

I wouldn't say when you've seen one Western you've seen the lot; but when you've seen the lot you get the feeling you've seen one.
'Decoding the West' in 'Sunday Best' (1976)

Hats divide generally into three classes: offensive hats, defensive hats, and shrapnel.
'Hats' in 'Shouts and Murmurs' (1963) No nice men are good at getting taxis.
In 'Observer' 1977

11.69 George Whiting

My blue heaven.
Title of song (1927)

When you're all dressed up and have no place to go.
Title of song (1912)

11.70 William Whiting 1825-78

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
'Eternal Father Strong to Save'

11.71 Gough Whitlam 1916—

Well may he say 'God Save the Queen'. But after this nothing will save the Governor-General....Maintain your rage and your enthusiasm through the campaign for the election now to be held and until polling day.
Speech in Canberra, 11 November 1975, in 'The Times' 12 November 1975

11.72 Walt Whitman 1819-92

Silent and amazed even when a little boy,
I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God in his statements,
As contending against some being or influence.
'A Child's Amaze'

Full of life now, compact, visible,
I, forty year old the eighty-third year of the States,
To one a century hence or any number of centuries hence,
To you yet unborn these, seeking you.
'Full of life now'

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling!
'Give me the splendid silent sun'

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,

I dreamed that was the new city of Friends.
‘I dreamed in a dream’

The institution of the dear love of comrades.
‘I hear it was charged against me’

Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature.
‘Me imperturbe’

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting.
‘O Captain! My Captain!’

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.
‘O Captain! My Captain!’

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird’s throat, the musical shuttle...
A reminiscence sing.
‘Out of the cradle endlessly rocking’

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!
‘Pioneers! O Pioneers!’

Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead, a man as divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.
‘Reconciliation’

What do you see Walt Whitman?
Who are they you salute, and that one after another salute you?
‘Salut au monde’

Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man,
(Is it night? Are we here together alone?)
It is I you hold and who holds you.
I spring from the pages into your arms—decease calls me forth.
‘So Long!’

I celebrate myself, and sing myself.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 1

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 3

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to one with full hands
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of the hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner’s name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say Whose?...

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 6

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her, it is just as lucky to die and I know it.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 7

I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 18

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree toad is a chef-d’oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 31

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 32

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 39

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there.

‘Song of Myself’ (1855) st. 45

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is.
'Song of Myself' (1855) st. 48

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.
'Song of Myself' (1855) st. 48

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)
'Song of Myself' (1855) st. 51

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
'Song of Myself' (1855) st. 52

Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons.
'Song of the Broad Axe' 5, l. 12

Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men;
Where the city of the faithfullest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands.
'Song of the Broad Axe' 5, l. 20

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
'Song of the Open Road' 1, l. 1

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.
'Song of the Open Road' 1, l. 8

I will put in my poems that with you is heroism upon land and sea,
And I will report all heroism from an American point of view.
'Starting from Paumanok'

This dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,

Was saved the Union of these States.
'This dust was once the man'

The earth does not argue,
Is not pathetic, has no arrangements,
Does not scream, haste, persuade, threaten, promise,
Makes no discriminations, has no conceivable failures,
Closes nothing, refuses nothing, shuts none out.
'To the sayers of words' 2

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
'When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed' st. 1

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.
Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.
'When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed' st. 14

These United States.
'A Backward Glance O'er Travell'd Roads' (1888) ('These States' is passim in Whitman's verse)

11.73 John Greenleaf Whittier 1807-92

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
'Barbara Frietchie' l. 1

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
'Barbara Frietchie' l. 23

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.
'Barbara Frietchie' l. 35

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

‘Barbara Frietchie’ l. 41

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: ‘It might have been!’
‘Maud Muller’ l. 105.

The Indian Summer of the heart!
‘Memories’

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother.
‘Worship’ l. 49

11.74 Robert Whittington fl.1520

As time requireth, a man of marvellous mirth and pastimes, and sometime of as sad gravity, as who say: a man for all seasons.

Referring to Sir Thomas More, in ‘Vulgaria’ (1521) pt. 2 ‘De constructione nominum’. Erasmus famously applied the idea to More, writing in his prefatory letter to In Praise of Folly (1509), in Latin, that he played ‘omnium horarum hominem.’

11.75 Charlotte Whitton 1896-1975

Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult.

In ‘Canada Month’ June 1963

11.76 Benjamin Whorf 1897-1941

We dissect nature along lines laid down by our native language...Language is not simply a reporting device for experience but a defining framework for it.

‘Thinking in Primitive Communities’ in Hoyer (ed.) ‘New Directions in the Study of Language’ 1964

11.77 Cornelius Whur c.1837

While lasting joys the man attend
Who has a faithful female friend.
‘The Female Friend’

11.78 William H. Whyte 1917—

This book is about the organization man....I can think of no other way to describe the people I am talking about. They are not the workers, nor are they the white-collar people in the usual, clerk sense of the word. These people only work for the Organization. The ones I am talking about belong to it as well.

‘The Organization Man’ (1956) ch. 1

11.79 George John Whyte-Melville 1821-78

Then drink, puppy, drink, and let ev’ry puppy drink,
That is old enough to lap and to swallow;

For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.
'Drink, Puppy, Drink' chorus

11.80 Anna Wickham (Edith Alice Mary Harper) 1884-1947

It is well within the order of things
That man should listen when his mate sings;
But the true male never yet walked
Who liked to listen when his mate talked.
'The Affinity'

11.81 Bishop Samuel Wilberforce 1805-73

If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Cassock, band, and hymn-book too.
Impromptu verse, ascribed also to W.M. Thackeray

11.82 Richard Wilbur 1921—

We milk the cow of the world, and as we do
We whisper in her ear, 'You are not true.'
'Epistemology'

11.83 Ella Wheeler Wilcox 1855-1919

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
'Solitude'

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.
'The World's Need'

11.84 Oscar Wilde 1854-1900

He did not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red,
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead.
'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' (1898) pt. 1, st. 1

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 1, st. 3

When a voice behind me whispered low,
‘That fellow’s got to swing.’

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 1, st. 4

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 1, st. 7

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm
We had crossed each other’s way:
But we made no sign, we said no word,
We had no word to say.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 2, st. 12

The Governor was strong upon
The Regulations Act:
The Doctor said that Death was but
A scientific fact:
And twice a day the Chaplain called,
And left a little tract.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 3, st. 3

Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 3, st. 31

And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 3, st. 37

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,

A year whose days are long.

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 5, st. 1

How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?

‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’ (1898) pt. 5, st. 14

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

‘Requiescat’

And yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some things.

‘Sonnet to Liberty’

O Singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

‘Theocritus’

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

‘The Critic as Artist’ pt. 2 in ‘Intentions’ (1891)

Ah! don’t say that you agree with me. When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong.

‘The Critic as Artist’ pt. 2 in ‘Intentions’ (1891)

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination.
When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

‘The Critic as Artist’ pt. 2 in ‘Intentions’ (1891)

There is no sin except stupidity.

‘The Critic as Artist’ pt. 2 in ‘Intentions’ (1891)

Art never expresses anything but itself.

‘The Decay of Lying’ in ‘Intentions’ (1891)

Really, if the lower orders don’t set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them?

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn’t a dentist. It produces a false impression.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

The truth is rarely pure, and never simple.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

In married life three is company and two none.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

To lose one parent, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1

All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does.

That’s his.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 1 (Wilde had used the same words as dialogue in ‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 2)

The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means.

Miss Prism on her novel, in ‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 2

The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 2

I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 2

Charity, dear Miss Prism, charity! None of us are perfect. I myself am peculiarly susceptible to draughts.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 2

On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one’s mind. It becomes a pleasure.

‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ (1895) act 2

I couldn’t help it. I can resist everything except temptation.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 1

Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has a least a dozen, and that they all fit.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 1

Do you know, Mr Hopper, dear Agatha and I are so much interested in Australia. It must be so pretty with all the dear little kangaroos flying about.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 2

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 3

There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 3

Cecil Graham: What is a cynic?

Lord Darlington: A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 3

Dumby: Experience is the name every one gives to their mistakes. cecil graham: One shouldn’t commit any.

Dumby: Life would be very dull without them.

‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ (1892) act 3

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) preface

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in the glass.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) preface

The moral life of man forms part of the subject matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) preface

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) ch. 1

A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) ch. 1

A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want?

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) ch. 6

It is better to be beautiful than to be good. But...it is better to be good than to be ugly.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) ch. 17

Anybody can be good in the country.

‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1891) ch. 19

As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them.

‘The Soul of Man under Socialism’

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people.

‘The Soul of Man under Socialism’

Mrs Allonby: They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Americans die they go to Paris.

Lady Hunstanton: Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do they go to?

Lord Illingworth: Oh, they go to America.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 1.

The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 1

The English country gentleman galloping after a fox—the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 1

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell one that, would tell one anything.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 1

Lord Illingworth: The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden.

Mrs Allonby: It ends with Revelations.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 1

Children begin by loving their parents; after a time they judge them; rarely, if ever, do they forgive them.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 2

Gerald: I suppose society is wonderfully delightful!

Lord Illingworth: To be in it is merely a bore. But to be out of it simply a tragedy.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 3

You should study the Peerage, Gerald...It is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done.

‘A Woman of No Importance’ (1893) act 3

No publisher should ever express an opinion of the value of what he publishes. That is a matter entirely for the literary critic to decide...A publisher is simply a useful middle-man. It is not for him to anticipate the verdict of criticism.

Letter in ‘St James’s Gazette’ 28 June 1890

A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it.

‘Sebastian Melmoth’ (1905) p. 12. Oscariana (1910) p. 8

Voulez-vous savoir le grand drame de ma vie? C’est que j’ai mis mon gènie dans ma vie; je n’ai mis que mon talent dans mes oeuvres.

Do you want to know the great drama of my life? It’s that I have put my genius into my life; all I’ve put into my works is my talent.

Spoken to Andrè Gide, in Gide ‘Oscar Wilde: In Memoriam’

I have nothing to declare except my genius.

Said at the New York Custom House, in F. Harris ‘Oscar Wilde’ (1918) p. 75

‘Will you very kindly tell me, Mr Wilde, in your own words, your viewpoint of George Meredith?’

‘George Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning.’

‘Thank you. His style?’

‘Chaos, illumined by flashes of lightning.’

In Ada Leverson ‘Letters to the Sphinx’ (1930) ‘Reminiscences’ 1

There seems to be some curious connection between piety and poor rhymes.

In E. V. Lucas (ed.), ‘A Critic in Pall Mall’ (1919) ‘Sententiae’

Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

In H. Pearson ‘Life of Oscar Wilde’ (1946) ch. 12

He has fought a good fight and has had to face every difficulty except popularity.

Unpublished character sketch of W. E. Henley written for Rothenstein’s English Portraits. W. Rothenstein ‘Men and Memories’ vol. 1, ch. 25

He [Bernard Shaw] hasn’t an enemy in the world, and none of his friends like him.

Shaw ‘Sixteen Self Sketches’ ch. 17

Ah, well, then, I suppose that I shall have to die beyond my means.

Said when a huge fee for an operation was mentioned, in R. H. Sherard ‘Life of Oscar Wilde’ (1906) p. 421

11.85 Billy Wilder (Samuel Wilder) 1906—

Hindsight is always twenty-twenty.

In J. R. Columbo ‘Wit and Wisdom of the Moviemakers’ (1979) ch. 7

11.86 Billy Wilder 1906—and I. A. L. Diamond

Gerry: We can’t get married at all....I’m a man.

Osgood: Well, nobody’s perfect.

‘Some Like It Hot’ (1959 film; closing words)

11.87 Thornton Wilder 1897-1975

Marriage is a bribe to make a housekeeper think she’s a householder.

‘The Merchant of Yonkers’ (1939) act 1

The fights are the best part of married life. The rest is merely so-so.

‘The Merchant of Yonkers’ (1939) act 2

Literature is the orchestration of platitudes.

In ‘Time’ 12 January 1953

11.88 Kaiser Wilhelm II 1859-1941

We have...fought for our place in the sun and have won it. It will be my business to see that we retain this place in the sun unchallenged, so that the rays of that sun may exert a fructifying influence upon our foreign trade and traffic.

Speech in Hamburg, 18 June 1901, in ‘The Times’ 20 June 1901

11.89 John Wilkes 1727-97

The chapter of accidents is the longest chapter in the book.

Attributed by Southey in ‘The Doctor’ (1837) vol. 4, p. 166

‘Wilkes,’ said Lord Sandwich, ‘you will die either on the gallows, or of the pox.’

‘That,’ replied Wilkes blandly, ‘must depend on whether I embrace your lordship’s principles or your mistress.’

In Charles Chenevix-Trench ‘Portrait of a Patriot’ (1962) ch. 3. But H. Brougham ‘Statesmen of George III’ third series (1843) p. 189. Also attributed to Samuel Foote

11.90 Geoffrey Willans 1911-58 and Ronald Searle 1920—

The only good things about skool are the boys wizz who are noble brave fearless etc. although you hav various swots, bulies, cissies, milksops, greedy guts and oiks with whom i am forced to mingle hem-hem.

‘Down With Skool!’ (1953) p. 7

This is wot it is like when we go back on the skool trane. There are lots of new bugs and all there maters blub they hav every reason if they knew what they were going to. For us old lags however it is just another stretch same as any other and no remision for good conduc. We kno what it will be like at the other end Headmaster beaming skool bus ratle off leaving trail of tuck boxes peason smugling in a box of flat 50 cigs fotherington-tomas left in the lugage rack and new

bugs stand as if amazed.

'How To Be Topp' (1954) ch. 1

There is no better xsample of a goody-goody than fotherington-tomas in the world in space. You kno he is the one who sa Hullo Clouds Hullo Sky and skip about like a girly.

'How To Be Topp' (1954) ch. 4

Still xmas is a good time with all those presents and good food and i hope it will never die out or at any rate not until i am grown up and hav to pay for it all.

'How To Be Topp' (1954) ch. 11

11.91 Emma Hart Willard 1787-1870

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Song

11.92 King William III 1650-1702

'Do you not see your country is lost?' asked the Duke of Buckingham.

'There is one way never to see it lost' replied William, 'and that is to die in the last ditch.'

In Burnet 'History of his own Times' (1715) 1, 457

Every bullet has its billet.

In John Wesley 'Journal' 6 June 1765

11.93 Harry Williams 1874-1924

I'm afraid to come home in the dark.

Title of song (1907).

11.94 Kenneth Williams 1926-88

The nice thing about quotes is that they give us a nodding acquaintance with the originator which is often socially impressive.

'Acid Drops' (1980) preface

11.95 Tennessee Williams (Thomas Lanier Williams) 1911-83

We have to distrust each other. It's our only defence against betrayal.

'Camino Real' (1953) block 10

We're all of us guinea pigs in the laboratory of God. Humanity is just a work in progress.

'Camino Real' (1953) block 12

What is the victory of a cat on a hot tin roof?—I wish I knew....Just staying on it, I guess, as long as she can.

'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' (1955) act 1

Brick: Well, they say nature hates a vacuum, Big Daddy.

Big Daddy: That's what they say, but sometimes I think that a vacuum is a hell of a lot better than some of the stuff that nature replaces it with.

'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' (1955) act 2.

Mendacity is a system that we live in. Liquor is one way out an' death's the other.

'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' (1955) act 2

I didn't go to the moon, I went much further—for time is the longest distance between two places.

'The Glass Menagerie' (1945) p. 123

We're all of us sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins, for life! 'Orpheus Descending' (1958) act 2, sc. 1

Turn that off! I won't be looked at in this merciless glare!

'A Streetcar Named Desire' (1947) sc. 1

I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.

'A Streetcar Named Desire' (1947) sc. 11 (Blanche's final words)

11.96 William Carlos Williams 1883-1963

Minds like beds always made up,
(more stony than a shore)
unwilling or unable.

'Paterson' (1946) bk. 1, preface

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens.

'The Red Wheelbarrow'

Is it any better in Heaven, my friend Ford,
Than you found it in Provence?

'To Ford Madox Ford in Heaven'

I will teach you my townspeople
how to perform a funeral
for you have it over a troop
of artists—
unless one should scour the world—
you have the ground sense necessary.

'Tract'

11.97 Ted Willis (Edward Henry Willis, Baron Willis of Chislehurst) 1918—

Evening, all.

Opening words spoken by Jack Warner as Sergeant Dixon in 'Dixon of Dock Green' (BBC television series, 1956-76)

11.98 Nathaniel Parker Willis 1806-67

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.

'Necessity for a Promenade Drive'

11.99 Wendell Willkie 1892-1944

The constitution does not provide for first and second class citizens.

'An American Programme' (1944) ch. 2

Freedom is an indivisible word. If we want to enjoy it, and fight for it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone, whether they are rich or poor, whether they agree with us or not, no matter what their race or the colour of their skin.

'One World' (1943) ch. 13

11.100 Angus Wilson 1913-91

'God knows how you Protestants can be expected to have any sense of direction,' she said. 'It's different with us, I haven't been to mass for years, I've got every mortal sin on my conscience, but I know when I'm doing wrong. I'm still a Catholic, it's there, nothing can take it away from me.' 'Of course, duckie,' said Jeremy...'once a Catholic always a Catholic.'

'The Wrong Set' (1949) p. 168

11.101 Charles E. Wilson 1890-1961

For years I thought what was good for our country was good for General Motors and vice versa. The difference did not exist. Our company is too big. It goes with the welfare of the country. Our contribution to the nation is quite considerable.

Testimony to the Senate Armed Services Committee on his proposed nomination to be Secretary of Defence, 15 January 1953, in 'New York Times' 24 February 1953, p. 8

11.102 Edmund Wilson 1895-1972

Of all the great Victorian writers, he [Dickens] was probably the most antagonistic to the Victorian age itself.

'The Wound and the Bow' (1941) 'Dickens: the Two Scrooges'

11.103 Harold Wilson (Baron Wilson of Rievaulx) 1916—

Traders and financiers all over the world had been listening to the Chancellor. For months he had said that if he could not stop the wage claims, the country was 'facing disaster'....Rightly or wrongly these people believed him. For them, 5th September—the day that the Trades Union Congress unanimously rejected the policy of wage restraint—marked the end of an era. And all these financiers, all the little gnomes in Zurich and the other financial centres about whom we keep on hearing, started to make their dispositions in regard to sterling.

'Hansard' 12 November 1956, col. 578

This party [the Labour Party] is a moral crusade or it is nothing.

Speech at Labour Party Conference 1 October 1962, in ‘The Times’ 2 October 1962

The Smethwick Conservatives can have the satisfaction of having topped the poll, and of having sent here as their Member one who, until a further General Election restores him to oblivion, will serve his term here as a Parliamentary leper.

‘Hansard’ 3 November 1964, col. 71

From now the pound abroad is worth 14 per cent or so less in terms of other currencies. It does not mean, of course, that the pound here in Britain, in your pocket or purse or in your bank, has been devalued.

Ministerial broadcast, 19 November 1967, in ‘The Times’ 20 November 1967

Everyone wanted more wage increases, he [Mr Wilson] said, believing that prices would remain stable; but one man’s wage increase was another man’s price increase.

Speech at Blackburn, 8 January 1970, in ‘The Times’ 9 January 1970

My hon. Friends know that if one buys land on which there is a slag heap 120 ft. high and it costs £100,000 to remove that slag, that is not land speculation in the sense that we condemn it. It is land reclamation.

‘Hansard’ 4 April 1974, col. 1441

If I had the choice between smoked salmon and tinned salmon, I’d have it tinned. With vinegar.

In ‘Observer’ 11 November 1962

The Monarchy is a labour-intensive industry.

In ‘Observer’ 13 February 1977

Harold Wilson...was unable to remember when he first uttered his dictum to the effect that: A week is a long time in politics....Inquiries among political journalists led to the conclusion that in its present form the phrase was probably first uttered at a meeting between Wilson and the Parliamentary lobby in the wake of the Sterling crisis shortly after he first took office as Prime Minister in 1964. However, Robert Carvel...recalled Wilson at a Labour Party conference in 1960 saying ‘Forty-eight hours is a long time in politics.’

In Nigel Rees ‘Sayings of the Century’ (1984) p. 149

The Prime Ministers [at the Lagos Conference, 9-12 January 1966] noted the statement by the British Prime Minister that on the expert advice available to him the cumulative effects of the economic and financial sanctions might well bring the rebellion to an end within a matter of weeks rather than months.

‘The Times’ 13 January 1966

11.104 Harriette Wilson 1789-1846

I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven.

‘Memoirs’ first sentence

11.105 John Wilson

See Christopher North (2.34)

11.106 McLandburgh Wilson 1892—

'Twixt the optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut
But the pessimist sees the hole.

'Optimist and Pessimist'

11.107 Sandy Wilson 1924—

It's never too late to have a fling,
For Autumn is just as nice as Spring,
And it's never too late to fall in love.

'It's Never too Late to Fall in Love' (1953 song)

11.108 Woodrow Wilson 1856-1924

Liberty has never come from the government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of government. The history of liberty is the history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it.

Speech to New York Press Club in New York, 9 September 1912, in 'Papers of Woodrow Wilson' (1978) vol. 25, p. 124

No nation is fit to sit in judgement upon any other nation.

Speech in New York, 20 April 1915, in 'Selected Addresses' (1918) p. 79

There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight; there is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

Speech in Philadelphia, 10 May 1915, in 'Selected Addresses' (1918) p. 88

We have stood apart, studiously neutral.

Speech to Congress, 7 December 1915, in 'New York Times' 8 December 1915, p. 4

America can not be an ostrich with its head in the sand.

Speech at Des Moines, 1 February 1916, in 'New York Times' 2 February 1916, p. 1

It must be a peace without victory....Only a peace between equals can last. Only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit.

Speech to US Senate, 22 January 1917, in 'Messages and Papers' (1924) vol. 1, p. 352

A little group of wilful men representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the Great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible.

Statement, 4 March 1917, after a successful filibuster against Wilson's bill to arm American merchant ships, in 'New York Times' 5 March 1917, p. 1

Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best.

Speech to Congress, 2 April 1917, in 'Selected Addresses' (1918) p. 190

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

Speech to Congress, 2 April 1917, in 'Selected Addresses' (1918) p. 195

The right is more precious than peace.

Speech to Congress, 2 April 1917, in ‘Selected Addresses’ (1918) p. 197

The programme of the world’s peace...is this:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

Speech to Congress, 8 January 1918, in ‘Selected Addresses’ (1918) p. 247

Sometimes people call me an idealist. Well, that is the way I know I am an American. America, my fellow citizens—I do not say it in disaparagement of any other great people—America is the only idealistic Nation in the world.

Speech at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 8 September 1919, in ‘Messages and Papers’ (1924) vol. 2, p. 822

Once lead this people into war and they will forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance.

In John Dos Passos ‘Mr Wilson’s War’ (1917) pt. 3, ch. 12

11.109 Robb Wilton 1881-1957

The day war broke out.

Catch-phrase, from c.1940

11.110 Arthur Wimperis 1874-1953

I’ve gotter motter
Always merry and bright!
Look around and you will find
Every cloud is silver-lined;
The sun will shine
Altho’ the sky’s a grey one;
I’ve often said to meself, I’ve said,
‘Cheer up, curly you’ll soon be dead!
A short life and a gay one!’

‘My Motter’ (1909 song)

11.111 Anne Finch, Lady Winchilsea 1661-1720

For see! where on the bier before ye lies
The pale, the fall’n, th’ untimely sacrifice
To your mistaken shrine, to your false idol Honour.

‘All is Vanity’ 3

Nor will in fading silks compose
Faintly the inimitable rose.

‘The Spleen’

Now the Jonquille o’ercomes the feeble brain;
We faint beneath the aromatic pain.

‘The Spleen’.

11.112 William Windham 1750-1810

Those entrusted with arms...should be persons of some substance and stake in the country.

House of Commons, 22 July 1807

11.113 Catherine Winkworth 1827-78

Peccavi—I have Sindh.

Of Sir Charles Napier's conquest of Sind (1843). Pun sent to Punch, 13 May 1844, and printed as 'the most laconic despatch ever issued', supposedly sent by Napier to Lord Ellenborough, in 'Punch' vol. 6, p.209, 18 May 1844. N. M. Billimoria 'Proceedings of the Sind Historical Society' 2 (1938) and 'Notes & Queries' (1954) p. 219.

11.114 Robert Charles Winthrop 1809-94

A Star for every State, and a State for every Star.

Speech on Boston Common, 27 August 1862

11.115 Cardinal Wiseman 1802-65

Dr Wiseman was particularly pleased by the conversion of a Mr Morris, who, as he said, was 'the author of the essay...on the best method of proving Christianity to the Hindoos.'

In Lytton Strachey 'Eminent Victorians' (1918) 'Cardinal Manning' pt. 3

11.116 Owen Wister 1860-1938

Therefore Trampas spoke. 'You bet, you son-of-a—' The Virginian's pistol came out, and...he issued his orders to the man Trampas:—'When you call me that, smile!'

'The Virginian' (1902) ch. 2

11.117 George Wither 1588-1667

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen.

'I loved a lass, a fair one'

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

'Sonnet'

11.118 Ludwig Wittgenstein 1889-1951

Gäbe es ein Verbum mit der Bedeutung ‘fälschlich glauben’, so hätte das keine sinnvolle erste Person im Indikatir des Präsens.

If there were a verb meaning ‘to behave falsely’, it would not have any significant first person, present indicative.

‘Philosophical Investigations’ (1953) pt. 2, sect. 10

Was sich überhaupt sagen lässt, lässt sich klar sagen; und wovon man nicht reden kann, darüber muss man schweigen.

What can be said at all can be said clearly; and whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent.

‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus’ (1922) preface

Die Welt ist alles, was der Fall ist.

The world is everything that is the case.

‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus’ (1922) p. 30

Die Logik muss für sich selber sorgen.

Logic must take care of itself.

‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus’ (1922) p. 126

Die Grenzen meiner Sprache bedeuten die Grenzen meiner Welt.

The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.

‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus’ (1922) p. 148

Die Welt des Glücklichen ist eine andere als die des Unglücklichen.

The world of the happy is quite different from that of the unhappy.

‘Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus’ (1922) p. 184

11.119 P. G. Wodehouse 1881-1975

Chumps always make the best husbands. When you marry, Sally, grab a chump. Tap his forehead first, and if it rings solid, don’t hesitate. All the unhappy marriages come from the husbands having brains. What good are brains to a man? They only unsettle him.

‘The Adventures of Sally’ (1920) ch. 10

It is never difficult to distinguish between a Scotsman with a grievance and a ray of sunshine.

‘Blandings Castle and Elsewhere’ (1935) ‘The Custody of the Pumpkin’

At this point in the proceedings there was another ring at the front door. Jeeves shimmered out and came back with a telegram.

‘Carry On, Jeeves!’ (1925) ‘Jeeves Takes Charge’

He spoke with a certain what-is-it in his voice, and I could see that, if not actually disgruntled, he was far from being gruntled, so I tactfully changed the subject.

‘The Code of the Woosters’ (1938) ch. 1

Slice him where you like, a hellhound is always a hellhound.

‘The Code of the Woosters’ (1938) ch. 1

It is no use telling me that there are bad aunts and good aunts. At the core, they are all alike. Sooner or later, out pops the cloven hoof.

‘The Code of the Woosters’ (1938) ch. 2

Roderick Spode? Big chap with a small moustache and the sort of eye that can open an oyster at sixty paces?

‘The Code of the Woosters’ (1938) ch. 2

To my daughter Leonora without whose never-failing sympathy and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time.

‘The Heart of a Goof’ (1926) dedication

The lunches of fifty-seven years had caused his chest to slip down into the mezzanine floor.

‘The Heart of a Goof’ (1926) ‘Chester Forgets Himself’

I turned to Aunt Agatha, whose demeanour was now rather like that of one who, picking daisies on the railway, has just caught the down express in the small of the back.

‘The Inimitable Jeeves’ (1923) ch. 4

Sir Roderick Glossop, Honoria’s father, is always called a nerve specialist, because it sounds better, but everybody knows that he’s really a sort of janitor to the looney-bin.

‘The Inimitable Jeeves’ (1923) ch. 7

As a rule, you see, I’m not lugged into Family Rows. On the occasions when Aunt is calling to Aunt like mastodons bellowing across primeval swamps and Uncle James’s letter about Cousin Mabel’s peculiar behaviour is being shot round the family circle (‘Please read this carefully and send it on to Jane’), the clan has a tendency to ignore me. It’s one of the advantages I get from being a bachelor—and, according to my nearest and dearest, practically a half-witted bachelor at that.

‘The Inimitable Jeeves’ (1923) ch. 16

It was my Uncle George who discovered that alcohol was a food well in advance of medical thought.

‘The Inimitable Jeeves’ (1923) ch. 16

It is a good rule in life never to apologize. The right sort of people do not want apologies, and the wrong sort take a mean advantage of them.

‘The Man Upstairs’ (1914) title story

She fitted into my biggest armchair as if it had been built round her by someone who knew they were wearing armchairs tight about the hips that season.

‘My Man Jeeves’ (1919) ‘Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest’

What with excellent browsing and sluicing and cheery conversation and what-not, the afternoon passed quite happily.

‘My Man Jeeves’ (1919) ‘Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest’

‘What ho!’ I said. ‘What ho!’ said Motty. ‘What ho! What ho!’ ‘What ho! What ho! What ho!’ After that it seemed rather difficult to go on with the conversation.

‘My Man Jeeves’ (1919) ‘Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest’

I spent the afternoon musing on Life. If you come to think of it, what a queer thing Life is! So unlike anything else, don't you know, if you see what I mean.

'My Man Jeeves' (1919) 'Rallying Round Old George'

Ice formed on the butler's upper slopes.

'Pigs Have Wings' (1952) ch. 5

The Right Hon. was a tubby little chap who looked as if he had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to say 'When!'.

'Very Good, Jeeves' (1930) 'Jeeves and the Impending Doom'

11.120 Charles Wolfe 1791-1823

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

'The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna'

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning.

'The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna'

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

'The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna'

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

'The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna'

11.121 Humbert Wolfe 1886-1940

You cannot hope
to bribe or twist,
thank God! the
British journalist.

But, seeing what
the man will do
unbribed, there's
no occasion to.

'Over the Fire'

11.122 James Wolfe 1727-59

The General...repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy...adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.

In J. Playfair 'Biogr. Acc. of J. Robinson' in 'Transactions R. Soc. Edinb.' (1814) 7, 499

Now God be praised, I will die in peace.

Dying words, in J. Knox 'Historical Journal of Campaigns, 1757-60' (1769) (vol. 2, p. 114 1914 ed.)

11.123 Thomas Wolfe 1900-38

Most of the time we think we're sick, it's all in the mind.

'Look Homeward, Angel' (1929) pt. 1, ch. 1

'Where they got you stationed now, Luke?' said Harry Tugman peering up snoutily from a mug of coffee. 'At the p-p-p-present time in Norfolk at the Navy base,' Luke answered, 'm-m-making the world safe for hypocrisy.'

'Look Homeward, Angel' (1929) pt. 3, ch. 36.

You can't go home again.

Title of novel (1940)

11.124 Tom Wolfe 1931—

The bonfire of the vanities.

Title of novel (1987)

11.125 Mary Wollstonecraft 1759-97

The divine right of husbands, like the divine right of kings, may, it is hoped, in this enlightened age, be contested without danger.

'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman' (1792) ch. 3

A king is always a king—and a woman always a woman: his authority and her sex ever stand between them and rational converse.

'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman' (1792) ch. 4

I do not wish them [women] to have power over men; but over themselves.

'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman' (1792) ch. 4

When a man seduces a woman, it should, I think, be termed a left-handed marriage.

'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman' (1792) ch. 4

11.126 Cardinal Wolsey c.1475-1530

Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones amongst you.

Cavendish 'Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey' (1641) p. 108

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.

Cavendish 'Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey' (1641) p. 113

11.127 Mrs Henry Wood 1814-87

Dead! and...never called me mother.

'East Lynne' (dramatized version by T. A. Palmer, 1874). These words do not occur in the novel

11.128 Woodbine Willie

See G. A. Studdert Kennedy (7.180)

11.129 Lt.-Commander Thomas Woodroofe 1899-1978

At the present moment, the whole Fleet's lit up. When I say 'lit up', I mean lit up by fairy lamps.

Radio broadcast, 20 May 1937

11.130 Harry Woods

Oh we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song,
Side by side.

'Side by Side' (1927 song)

When the red, red, robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along.

Title of song (1926)

11.131 Virginia Woolf 1882-1941

Righteous indignation...is misplaced if we agree with the lady's maid that high birth is a form of congenital insanity, that the sufferer merely inherits diseases of his ancestors, and endures them, for the most part very stoically, in one of those comfortably padded lunatic asylums which are known, euphemistically, as the stately homes of England.

'Lady Dorothy Nevill' in 'The Common Reader' (1925).

We are nauseated by the sight of trivial personalities decomposing in the eternity of print.

'The Modern Essay' in 'The Common Reader' (1925)

Each had his past shut in him like the leaves of a book known to him by heart; and his friends could only read the title.

'Jacob's Room' (1922) ch. 5

A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction.

'A Room of One's Own' (1929) ch. 1

Women have served all these centuries as looking-glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of a man at twice its natural size.

'A Room of One's Own' (1929) ch. 2

Literature is strewn with the wreckage of men who have minded beyond reason the opinions of others.

'A Room of One's Own' (1929) ch. 3

So that is marriage, Lily thought, a man and a woman looking at a girl throwing a ball.

'To the Lighthouse' (1927) pt. 1, ch. 13

Things have dropped from me. I have outlived certain desires; I have lost friends, some by death—Percival—others through sheer inability to cross the street.

'The Waves' (1931) p. 202

Never did I read such tosh [as James Joyce's Ulysses]. As for the first two chapters we will let

them pass, but the 3rd 4th 5th 6th—merely the scratching of pimples on the body of the bootboy at Claridges.

Letter to Lytton Strachey, 24 April 1922, in 'Letters' (1976) vol. 2, p. 551

11.132 Alexander Woollcott 1887-1943

She [Dorothy Parker] is so odd a blend of Little Nell and Lady Macbeth. It is not so much the familiar phenomenon of a hand of steel in a velvet glove as a lacy sleeve with a bottle of vitriol concealed in its folds.

'While Rome Burns' (1934) 'Our Mrs Parker'

All the things I really like to do are either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

In R. E. Drennan 'Wit's End' (1973)

A broker is a man who takes your fortune and runs it into a shoestring.

In Samuel Hopkins Adams 'Alexander Woollcott' (1945) ch. 15

I have no need of your God-damned sympathy. I only wish to be entertained by some of your grosser reminiscences.

Letter to Rex O'Malley, 1942, in Samuel Hopkins Adams 'Alexander Woollcott' (1945) ch. 34

11.133 Dorothy Wordsworth 1771-1855

When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside...But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful they grew among the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on pillow for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake.

'The Grasmere Journals' 15 April 1802.

11.134 Elizabeth Wordsworth 1840-1932

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

'Good and Clever'

11.135 William Wordsworth 1770-1850

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;

The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass.
‘The Affliction of Margaret—’ (1807)

And three times to the child I said,
‘Why, Edward, tell me why?’
‘Anecdote for Fathers’ (1798)

Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone.
‘Another year!’ (1807)

Action is transitory,—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle, this way or that—
’Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.
‘The Borderers’ (1842) act 3, l. 1539

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn.
‘Character of the Happy Warrior’ (1807)

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
‘Composed upon Westminster Bridge’ (1807)

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
‘Composed upon Westminster Bridge’ (1807)

Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter’s hand,

To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
'Elegiac Stanzas' (on a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, 1807)

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife...
Is Nature felt, or can be.
'Evening Voluntaries' (1835) 4

By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine.
'Evening Voluntaries' (1835) 4

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude.
'The Excursion' (1814) preface, l. 1

The Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song.
'The Excursion' (1814) preface, l. 40

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 1, l. 77

What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light!
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 1, l. 198

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 1, l. 500

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 2, l. 484 (referring to Voltaire's Candide)

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 3, l. 700

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children.
'The Excursion' (1814) bk. 3, l. 735

'Tis a thing impossible, to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;

And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
‘The Excursion’ (1814) bk. 4, l. 136

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
‘The Excursion’ (1814) bk. 4, l. 1132

‘To every Form of being is assigned’,
Thus calmly spoke the venerable Sage,
‘An active Principle.’
‘The Excursion’ (1814) bk. 9, l. 1

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
‘Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg’ (1835)

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!
‘Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg’ (1835)

The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.
‘The Fountain’ (1800)

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!
‘French Revolution, as it Appeared to Enthusiasts’ (1809) and ‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 9, l. 108

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity.
‘A genial hearth’ (1822)

Not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd.
‘Grant that by this’ (1822)

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:

’Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.
‘Hart-leap Well’ (1800) pt. 2, l.1

’Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.
‘The Idiot Boy’ (1798) l. 370

As her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better.
‘The Idiot Boy’ (1798) l. 415

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate.
‘Influence of Natural Objects’ (1809) and ‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 414

Leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain.
‘Influence of Natural Objects’ (1809)

Yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
‘Influence of Natural Objects’ (1809) and ‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 458

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration.
‘It is a beauteous evening’ (1807)

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
Thou liest in Abraham’s bosom all the year;
And worshipp’st at the temple’s inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.
‘It is a beauteous evening’ (1807)

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world’s praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, ‘with pomp of waters, unwithstood’...
Should perish.
‘It is not to be thought of’ (1807)

In our halls is hung

Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
'It is not to be thought of' (1807)

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.
'I travelled among unknown men' (1807)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
'I wandered lonely as a cloud' (1807).

A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
'I wandered lonely as a cloud' (1807)

Jones! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day.
'Jones! as from Calais' (1807) (referring to 14 July 1790)

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
'Laodamia' (1815) l. 74

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.

‘Laodamia’ (1815) l. 103

I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man’s life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love.

‘Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey’ (1798) l. 26

That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened.

‘Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey’ (1798) l. 37

For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

‘Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey’ (1798) l. 72

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

‘Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey’ (1798) l. 88

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature’s dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—

That Man who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

‘Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr Fox’ (1807)

And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

‘Lines Written in Early Spring’ (1798)

I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

‘Lucy Gray’ (1800)

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

‘Rob Roy’s Grave’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!

‘The Solitary Reaper’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

‘The Solitary Reaper’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again.

‘The Solitary Reaper’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

‘The Solitary Reaper’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Degenerate Douglas! Oh, the unworthy lord!

‘Sonnet’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

What, you are stepping westward?

‘Stepping Westward’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.

‘To a Highland Girl’ from ‘Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803’

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness.

‘Milton! thou shouldst’ (1807)

Some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

‘Most sweet it is’ (1835)

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is fatehr of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

‘My heart leaps up’ (1807)

Nuns fret not at their convent’s narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells.

‘Nuns fret not’ (1807)

In sundry moods, ’twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet’s scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find some solace there, as I have found.

‘Nuns fret not’ (1807)

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

‘Nutting’ (1800)

But Thy most dreaded instrument

In working out a pure intent,
Is man,—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter.

‘Ode, 1815’ (Imagination—ne’er before content, 1816)

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe’er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know, where’er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 1

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 3

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 3

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 3

The sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother’s arm.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 4

—But there’s a tree of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

'Ode. Intimations of Immortality' (1807) st. 4

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

'Ode. Intimations of Immortality' (1807) st. 7

Thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind.

'Ode. Intimations of Immortality' (1807) st. 8

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

'Ode. Intimations of Immortality' (1807) st. 8

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 9

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing suprised.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 9

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 9

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 9

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind...
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 10

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

‘Ode. Intimations of Immortality’ (1807) st. 11

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove.
‘Ode to Duty’ (1807)

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.
‘Ode to Duty’ (1807)

Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
‘O friend! I know not’ (1807)

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West.
‘Once did she hold’

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free.
‘Once did she hold’

Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!
‘Open your gates’ (1822)

Sweetest melodies
Are those by distance made more sweet.
‘Personal Talk’ (1807).

There’s something in a flying horse,
There’s something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I’ll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent moon.
‘Peter Bell’ (1819) prologue, l. 1

A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
‘Peter Bell’ (1819) pt. 1, l. 249

He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.
‘Peter Bell’ (1819) pt. 1, l. 443

Is it a party in a parlour?

Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned!

‘Peter Bell’ pt. 1, st. 66 in MS of 1819, later omitted

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.

‘A Poet! He hath put his heart’ (1842)

Physician art thou?—one, all eyes,
Philosopher!—a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother’s grave?

‘A Poet’s Epitaph’ (1800)

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

‘A Poet’s Epitaph’ (1800)

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave.

‘A Poet’s Epitaph’ (1800)

I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave.

‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 265

Made one long bathing of a summer’s day.

‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 290

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.

‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 301

When the deed was done

I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 321

Though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 328

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 340

The grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 382

For many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 391

Huge and mighty forms that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 1, l. 398

I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 2, l. 76

To thee
Science appears but, what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
To our infirmity.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 2, l. 211

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,

The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 3, l. 61

Spirits overwrought
Were making night do penance for a day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 4, l. 376

Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognised,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 5, l. 601

We were brothers all
In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 9, l. 227

All things have second birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 10, l. 83

In the People was my trust,
And in the virtues which mine eyes had seen.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 11, l. 11

Not in Utopia—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 11, l. 140

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 11, l. 393

I shook the habit off
Entirely and for ever, and again
In Nature’s presence stood, as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a creative soul.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 12, l. 204

Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power

And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
‘The Prelude’ (1850) bk. 14, l. 190

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising, calm and bright.
‘Resolution and Independence’ (1807) st. 1

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.
‘Resolution and Independence’ (1807) st. 7

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice words, and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use.
‘Resolution and Independence’ (1807) st. 14

The fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly I did renew.
‘How is it that you live, and what is it you do?’
‘Resolution and Independence’ (1807) st. 17

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

’Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.
‘The Reverie of Poor Susan’

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,

As being past away—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies.

‘The River Duddon’ (1820) st. 34 ‘After-Thought’

Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

‘The River Duddon’ (1820) st. 34 ‘After-Thought’

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

‘Scorn not the Sonnet’ (1827)

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

‘She dwelt among the untrodden ways’ (1800)

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

‘She was a phantom of delight’ (1807)

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

‘She was a phantom of delight’ (1807)

For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

‘Simon Lee’ (1798)

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

‘A slumber did my spirit seal’ (1800)

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

‘Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle’ (1807)

O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

‘The Small Celandine’ (There is a flower, 1807)

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover’s head!
‘O mercy!’ to myself I cried,
‘If Lucy should be dead!’

‘Strange Fits of Passion’ (1800)

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom

But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb.

‘Surprised by joy’ (1815)

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you’ll grow double.

‘The Tables Turned’ (1798)

Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves.
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

‘The Tables Turned’ (1798)

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more.

‘Tax not the royal Saint’ (1822) (referring to King’s College Chapel, Cambridge)

I’ve measured it from side to side:
’Tis three feet long and two feet wide.

‘The Thorn’ (1798) st. 3 (early reading)

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

‘To the Cuckoo’ (O blithe new-comer!, 1807)

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees.

‘To the Same Flower [Daisy]’ (With little here to do, 1807)

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

‘To a Skylark’ (Ethereal minstrel!, 1827)

There’s a flower that shall be mine,
’Tis the little celandine.

‘To the Small Celandine’ (Pansies, lilies, 1807)

Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,

And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.
'To the Spade of a Friend' (1807)

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
'To a Young Lady' (1802)

Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
'Toussaint, the most unhappy man' (1803)

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice,
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
'Two Voices are there' (1807)

A simple child, dear brother Jim
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
'We are Seven' (1798) (the words 'dear brother Jim' were omitted in the 1815 edition of his poems)

I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.
'We are Seven' (1798)

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'
'We are Seven' (1798)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours.
'The world is too much with us' (1807)

Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

‘The world is too much with us’ (1807).

The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a natural philosopher, but as a Man.

‘Lyrical Ballads’ (2nd ed., 1802) preface

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.

‘Lyrical Ballads’ (2nd ed., 1802) preface

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.

‘Lyrical Ballads’ (2nd ed., 1802) preface

Never forget what I believe was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great and original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished.

Letter to Lady Beaumont, 21 May 1807

11.136 Sir Henry Wotton 1568-1639

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another’s will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

‘The Character of a Happy Life’

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

‘The Character of a Happy Life’

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him: liked it not, and died.

‘Death of Sir Albertus Moreton’s Wife’

You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number, than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?
'On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia'

In architecture as in all other operative arts, the end must direct the operation. The end is to build well. Well building hath three conditions. Commodity, Firmness, and Delight.
'Elements of Architecture' (1624) pt. 1

Take heed of thinking, The farther you go from the church of Rome, the nearer you are to God.
In Izaak Walton 'Sir Henry Wotton', in Christopher Wordsworth 'Ecclesiastical Biography' (1810) vol. 5, p. 44; first published in Walton's first edition of 'Reliquiae Wottonianae' (1651)

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.
Written in the album of Christopher Fleckmore in 1604. Izaak Walton 'Life'

11.137 Frank Lloyd Wright 1867-1959

The necessities were going by default to save the luxuries until I hardly knew which were necessities and which luxuries.
'Autobiography' (1945) bk. 2, p. 108

The physician can bury his mistakes, but the architect can only advise his client to plant vines—so they should go as far as possible from home to build their first buildings.
'New York Times' 4 Oct. 1953, sec. 6, p. 47

11.138 Sir Thomas Wyatt c.1503-42

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame.
'An Appeal'

What should I say,
Since faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
'Farewell'

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand.
'Remembrance'

When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,

Therewith all sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, ‘Dear heart how like you this?’
‘Remembrance’

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
An end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.
‘To his Lute’

11.139 Woodrow Wyatt (Baron Wyatt) 1919—

A man falls in love through his eyes, a woman through her ears.
‘To the Point’ (1981) p. 107

11.140 William Wycherley c.1640-1716

A mistress should be like a little country retreat near the town, not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away.
‘The Country Wife’ (1672-3) act 1, sc. 1

Go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.
‘The Country Wife’ (1672-3) act 2

Nay, you had both felt his desperate deadly daunting dagger:—there are your d’s for you!
‘The Gentleman Dancing-Master’ (1671-2) act 5

Fy! madam, do you think me so ill bred as to love a husband?
‘Love in a Wood’ (1671) act 3, sc. 4

You [drama critics] who scribble, yet hate all who write...
And with faint praises one another damn.
‘The Plain Dealer’ (1677) prologue

11.141 Laurie Wyman

Left hand down a bit!
‘The Navy Lark’ (BBC radio series, 1959-77)

11.142 George Wyndham 1863-1913

Over the construction of Dreadnoughts....What the people said was, ‘We want eight, and we won’t wait.’
Speech in Wigan, 27 March 1909, in ‘The Times’ 29 March 1909

11.143 Tammy Wynette (Wynette Pugh) 1942—and Billy Sherrill

Stand by your man.
Title of song (1968)

11.144 Andrew Of Wyntoun c.1350-c.1420

Quhen Alysander oure kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle;
Oure gold wes changyd into lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte.

'The Orygynale Cronykil' (1795 ed.) vol. 1, p. 401

12.0 X

12.1 Xenophon c.428/7-c.354 B.C.

The sea! the sea!

'Anabasis' 4, 7, 24

12.2 Augustin, Marquis De Ximènéz 1726-1817

Attaquons dans ses eaux
La perfide Albion!

Let us attack in her own waters perfidious Albion!

'L'ôre des Français' (October 1793) in 'Poèsies Rèvolutionnaires et contre-rèvolutionnaires' (Paris, 1821) 1, p. 160.

13.0 Y

13.1 Thomas Russell Ybarra b. 1880

A Christian is a man who feels
Repentance on a Sunday
For what he did on Saturday
And is going to do on Monday.

'The Christian'

13.2 W. F. Yeames R. A. 1835-1918

And when did you last see your father?

Title of painting (1878) now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

13.3 R. J. Yeatman 1898-1968

See W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (7.55)

13.4 W. B. Yeats 1865-1939

I said ‘a line will take us hours maybe,
Yet if it does not seem a moment’s thought
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.’

‘Adam’s Curse’

Had I the heavens’ embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

‘Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven’

When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs,
That one believed he had a sword upstairs.

‘All Things can Tempt Me’

O body swayed to music, O brightening glance
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

‘Among School Children’

Only God, my dear,
Could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.

‘Anne Gregory’

A starlit or a moonlit dome distains
All that man is;
All mere complexities,
The fury and the mire of human veins.

‘Byzantium’

Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,
That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

‘Byzantium’

Now that my ladder’s gone
I must lie down where all ladders start
In the foul rag and bone shop of the heart.

‘The Circus Animals’ Desertion’ pt. 3

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries

Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eye
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

'A Coat'

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
Whatever's written in what poets name
The book of the people; whatever most can bless
The mind of man or elevate a rhyme;
But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

'Coole and Ballylee, 1931'

The intellect of man is forced to choose
Perfection of the life, or of the work,
And if it take the second must refuse
A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark.

'Coole Park and Ballylee, 1932'

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed,
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone.

'The Countess Cathleen' (1895) act 3

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet.

'The Countess Cathleen' (1895) act 4

A woman can be proud and stiff
When on love intent;
But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;
For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent.

'Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop'

Nor dread nor hope attend
A dying animal;

A man awaits his end
Dreading and hoping all.
‘Death’

He knows death to the bone—
Man has created death.
‘Death’

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.
‘Down by the Salley Gardens’

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.
‘Easter, 1916’

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
‘Easter, 1916’

I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,

Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

‘Easter, 1916’

I see a schoolboy when I think of him
With face and nose pressed to a sweet-shop window,
For certainly he sank into his grave
His senses and his heart unsatisfied,
And made—being poor, ailing and ignorant,
Shut out from all the luxury of the world,
The ill-bred son of a livery stable-keeper—
Luxuriant song.

‘Ego Dominus Tuus’ (referring to Keats)

The fascination of what’s difficult
Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
Spontaneous joy and natural content
Out of my heart.

‘The Fascination of What’s Difficult’

Never to have lived is best, ancient writers say;
Never to have drawn the breath of life, never to have looked into the eye of day;
The second best’s a gay goodnight and quickly turn away.

‘From Oedipus at Colonus’.

The ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door.

‘The Ghost of Roger Casement’

I mourn for that most lonely thing; and yet God’s will be done,
I knew a phoenix in my youth so let them have their day.

‘His Phoenix’

The light of evening, Lissadell,
Great windows open to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.

‘In Memory of Eva Gore Booth and Con Markiewicz’

The innocent and the beautiful
Have no enemy but time.

‘In Memory of Eva Gore Booth and Con Markiewicz’

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight;
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of morn.

‘Into the Twilight’

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public man, nor angry crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

‘An Irish Airman Foresees his Death’

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

‘The Lake Isle of Innisfree’

The land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.

‘The Land of Heart’s Desire’ (1894) p. 12

Land of Heart’s Desire,
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song.

‘The Land of Heart’s Desire’ (1894) p. 36

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?

‘Leda and the Swan’

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

‘Leda and the Swan’

Our master Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

‘Long-Legged Fly’

What were all the world’s alarms
To mighty Paris when he found
Sleep upon a golden bed
That first night in Helen’s arms?

‘Lullaby’

We had fed the heart on fantasies,
The heart’s grown brutal from the fare,
More substance in our enmities
Than in our love; Oh, honey-bees
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

‘Meditations in Time of Civil War 6: The Stare’s Nest by my Window’

Think where man’s glory most begins and ends
And say my glory was I had such friends.

‘The Municipal Gallery Re-visited’

Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

‘No Second Troy’

Where, where but here have Pride and Truth,
That long to give themselves for wage,
To shake their wicked sides at youth
Restraining reckless middle age?

‘On hearing that the Students of our New University have joined the Agitation against Immoral Literature’

A pity beyond all telling,
Is hid in the heart of love.

‘The Pity of Love’

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
Out of the mouth of Plenty’s horn,

Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old bellows full of angry wind?
‘A Prayer for My Daughter’

I think it better that at times like these
We poets keep our mouths shut, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right;
He’s had enough of meddling who can please
A young girl in the indolence of her youth
Or an old man upon a winter’s night.
‘A Reason for Keeping Silent’

Out of Ireland have we come.
Great hatred, little room,
Maimed us at the start.
I carry from my mother’s womb
A fanatic heart.
‘Remorse for Intemperate Speech’

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World!
‘The Rose of Battle’

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another’s arms, birds in the trees—
Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish flesh or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten born and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.
‘Sailing to Byzantium’

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress.
‘Sailing to Byzantium’

And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.
‘Sailing to Byzantium’

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,
Old, learned, respectable bald heads
Edit and annotate the lines

That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

All shuffle there; all cough in ink;
All wear the carpet with their shoes;
All think what other people think;
All know the man their neighbour knows.
Lord, what would they say
Did their Catullus walk that way?

'The Scholars'

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

'The Second Coming'

The darkness drops again but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

'The Second Coming'

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

'September, 1913'

I thought no more was needed
Youth to prolong
Than dumb-bell and foil
To keep the body young.
Oh, who could have foretold
That the heart grows old?

‘A Song’

And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

‘Song of Wandering Aengus’

You think it horrible that lust and rage
Should dance attendance upon my old age;
They were not such a plague when I was young;
What else have I to spur me into song?

‘The Spur’

Pythagoras planned it. Why did the people stare?
His numbers, though they moved or seemed to move
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.
But boys and girls, pale from the imagined love
Of solitary beds, knew what they were,
That passion could bring character enough,
And pressed at midnight in some public place
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

No! Greater than Pythagoras, for the men
That with a mallet or a chisel modelled these
Calculations that look but casual flesh, put down
All Asiatic vague immensities,
And not the banks of oars that swam upon
The many-headed foam at Salamis.
Europe put off that foam when Phidias
Gave women dreams and dreams their looking glass.

‘The Statues’

When Pearse summoned Cuchulain to his side
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?
We Irish, born into that ancient sect
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide
And by its formless spawning, fury wrecked,
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

‘The Statues’

Swift has sailed into his rest;
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare,

World-besotted traveller; he
Served human liberty.

‘Swift’s Epitaph’.

But where’s the wild dog that has praised his fleas?

‘To a Poet, Who would have Me Praise certain bad Poets, Imitators of His and of Mine’

Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!
Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways.

‘To the Rose upon the Rood of Time’

A woman of so shining loveliness
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress,
A little stolen tress.

‘To the Secret Rose’

When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,
Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose?

‘To the Secret Rose’

Does the imagination dwell the most
Upon a woman won or woman lost?
If on the lost, admit you turned aside
From a great labyrinth out of pride.

‘The Tower’ pt. 2

Measurement began our might:
Forms a stark Egyptian thought,
Forms that gentler Phidias wrought.
Michaelangelo left a proof
On the Sistine Chapel roof,
Where but half-awakened Adam
Can disturb globe-trotting Madam
Till her bowels are in heat,
Proof that there’s a purpose set
Before the secret working mind:
Profane perfection of mankind.

‘Under Ben Bulben’ pt. 4

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.

Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen,
The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter.
'Under Ben Bulben' pt. 5

Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.
'Under Ben Bulben' pt. 5

Under bare Ben Bulben's head
In Drumcliffe churchyard Yeats is laid.
An ancestor was rector there
Long years ago, a church stands near,
By the road an ancient cross.
No marble, no conventional phrase;
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman pass by!
'Under Ben Bulben' pt. 6

While on the shop and street I gazed
My body of a sudden blazed;
And twenty minutes more or less
It seemed, so great my happiness,
That I was blesséd and could bless.
'Vacillation'

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sad, 'From us fled Love.
He paced upon the mountains far above,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.'
'When You Are Old'

What lively lad most pleased me
Of all that with me lay?
I answer that I gave my soul
And loved in misery,
But had great pleasure with a lad
That I loved bodily.

Flinging from his arms I laughed
To think his passion such
He fancied that I gave a soul
Did but our bodies touch,
And laughed upon his breast to think
Beast gave beast as much.

‘A Woman Young and Old’ pt. 9

We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry.

‘Anima Hominis’ sect. 5 in ‘Essays’ (1924)

In dreams begins responsibility.

‘Responsibilities’ (1914) epigraph

13.5 Jack Yellen 1892-1991

Happy days are here again!
The skies above are clear again.
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again!

‘Happy Days Are Here Again’ (1929 song)

I’m the last of the red-hot mamas.

Title of song (1928; popularized by Sophie Tucker)

13.6 Edward Young 1683-1765

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 2, l. 281

For who does nothing with a better grace?

‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 4, l. 86

With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 6, l. 106

For her own breakfast she’ll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 6, l. 187

One to destroy, is murder by the law;

And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War’s glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 7, l. 55

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
‘Love of Fame: The Universal Passion’ (1725-8) Satire 7, l. 97.

Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 1

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumb’ring world.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 18

We take no note of Time
But from its Loss.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 55

Be wise to-day; ’tis madness to defer.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 390

Procrastination is the thief of time.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 393

At thirty a man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 417

All men think all men mortal, but themselves.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 1’ l. 424

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 3’ l. 81

Shall our pale, withered hands be still stretched out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With avarice, and convulsions grasping hand?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long.

‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 4’ l. 118.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 4’ l. 233

By night an atheist half believes a God.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 5’ l. 176

To know the world, not love her, is thy point,
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 8’ l. 1276

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
‘The Complaint: Night Thoughts’ (1742-5) ‘Night 9’ l. 769

Life is the desert, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority.
‘The Revenge’ (1721) act 4.

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.
Epigram on Voltaire

13.7 George W. Young 1846-1919

Your lips, on my own, when they printed ‘Farewell’,
Had never been soiled by the ‘beverage of hell’;
But they come to me now with the bacchanal sign,
And the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.
‘The Lips That Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine’; also attributed, in a different form, to Harriet A. Glazebrook

13.8 Michael Young 1915—

The rise of the meritocracy 1870-2033.
Title of book (1958)

13.9 Waldemar Young et al.

We have ways of making men talk.
‘Lives of a Bengal Lancer’ (1935 film; the words became a catch-phrase as ‘We have ways of making you talk’)

14.0 Z

14.1 Israel Zangwill 1864-1926

Scratch the Christian and you find the pagan—spoiled.
‘Children of the Ghetto’ (1892) bk. 2, ch. 6

America is God’s Crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming!

‘The Melting Pot’ (1908) act 1

14.2 Darryl F. Zanuck 1902-79

For God’s sake don’t say yes until I’ve finished talking.

In Philip French ‘The Movie Moguls’ (1969) ch. 5

14.3 Emiliano Zapata 1879-1919

Muchos de ellos, por complacer a tiranos, por un puñado de monedas, o por cohecho o soborno, est n derramando la sangre de sus hermanos.

Many of them, so as to curry favour with tyrants, for a fistful of coins, or through bribery or corruption, are shedding the blood of their brothers.

‘Plan de Ayala’ 28 November 1911, para. 10 (referring to the maderistas who, in Zapata’s view, had betrayed the revolutionary cause)

14.4 Frank Zappa 1940—

Rock journalism is people who can’t write interviewing people who can’t talk for people who can’t read.

In Linda Botts ‘Loose Talk’ (1980) p. 177

14.5 Robert Zemeckis 1952—and Bob Gale 1952—

Back to the future.

Title of film (1985)

14.6 Ronald L. Ziegler 1939—

Reminded of the President’s previous statements that the White House was not involved [in the Watergate affair], Ziegler said that Mr Nixon’s latest statement ‘is the Operative White House Position...and all previous statements are inoperative.’

‘Boston Globe’ 18 April 1973

14.7 Grigori Zinoviev 1883-1936

Armed warfare must be preceded by a struggle against the inclinations to compromise which are embedded among the majority of British workmen, against the ideas of evolution and peaceful extermination of capitalism. Only then will it be possible to count upon complete success of an armed insurrection.

Letter to the British Communist Party, 15 September 1924, in ‘The Times’ 25 October 1924 (the ‘Zinoviev Letter’, said by some to be a forgery: see ‘Listener’ 17 September 1987)

14.8 Èmile Zola 1840-1902

Ne me regardez plus comme ça, parce que vous allez vous user les yeux.

Don’t go on looking at me like that, because you’ll wear your eyes out.

‘La Bête Humaine’ (1889-90) ch. 5 J’accuse.

I accuse

Title of an open letter to the President of the French Republic, in connection with the Dreyfus case, published in L’Aurore 13 January 1898