Men, Death, May, Hands, Life, Spring, Age, Lying, Tongue, Littles, Love, Mean, Kings, Love Is, Youth, Adversity, Treasure, Laborers, Long, Art

If we had not winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome.

~Anne Bradstreet

Authority without wisdom is like a heavy ax without an edge -- fitter to bruise than polish.

~Anne Bradstreet

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant.

~Anne Bradstreet

Sweet words are like honey, a little may refresh, but too much gluts the stomach.

~Anne Bradstreet

What to my Saviour shall I giveWho freely hath done this for me?I'll serve him here whilst I shall liveAnd Loue him to Eternity

~Anne Bradstreet

Wisdom with an inheritance is good, but wisdom without an inheritance is better than an inheritance without wisdom.

~Anne Bradstreet

Sin and shame ever go together; he that would be freed from the last must be sure to shun the company of the first.

~Anne Bradstreet

I wish my Sun may never set, but burn.

~Anne Bradstreet

If ever two were one, then surely we. If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.

~Anne Bradstreet

That when we live no more, We may live ever

~Anne Bradstreet

My love is such that Rivers cannot quench, Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence. Thy love is such I can no way repay, The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.

~Anne Bradstreet

I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold or all the riches that the East doth hold.

~Anne Bradstreet

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue who says my hand a needle better fits.

~Anne Bradstreet

My hope and treasure lies above

~Anne Bradstreet

We must, therefore, be here as strangers and pilgrims, that we may plainly declare that we seek a city above.

~Anne Bradstreet

Youth is the time of getting, middle age of improving, and old age of spending.

~Anne Bradstreet

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are.

~Anne Bradstreet

I happy am, if well with you.

~Anne Bradstreet

Youth is the time of getting, middle age of improving, and old age of

spending; a negligent youth is usually attended by an ignorant middle age, and both by an empty old age.

~Anne Bradstreet

Satan, that great angler, hath his sundry baits for sundry tempers of men, which they all catch greedily at, but few perceive the hook till it be too late.

~Anne Bradstreet

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, I here, though there, yet both but one.

~Anne Bradstreet

But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

~Anne Bradstreet

The spring is a lively emblem of the Resurrection.

~Anne Bradstreet

If what I do prove well, it won't advance. They'll say it's stolen, or else it was by chance.

~Anne Bradstreet

A prosperous state makes a secure Christian, but adversity makes him Consider.

~Anne Bradstreet

Some laborers have hard hands, and old sinners have brawny consciences.

~Anne Bradstreet

Iron till it be thoroughly heated is incapable to be wrought; so God sees good to cast some men into the furnace of affliction, and then beats them on His anvil into what frame He desires.

~Anne Bradstreet

Wickedness comes to its height by degrees. He that dares say of a less sin, Is it not a little one? will ere long say of a greater, Tush, God regards it not!

~Anne Bradstreet

Fire hath its force abated by water, not by wind; and anger must be allayed by cold words, and not by blustering threats.

~Anne Bradstreet

The world no longer lets me love, My hope and treasure are above.

~Anne Bradstreet

If ever wife was happy in a man, compare with me, ye women if you can.

~Anne Bradstreet

My age I will not once lament, / But sing, my time so near is spent.

~Anne Bradstreet

And time brings down what is both strong and tall. But plants new set to be eradicate, And buds new blown, to have so short a date, Is by his hand alone that guides nature and fate.

~Anne Bradstreet

Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure/A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

~Anne Bradstreet

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings/Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun/For my mean Pen are too superior things.

~Anne Bradstreet

When I behold the heavens as in their prime, And then the earth
(though old) still clad in green, The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen

~Anne Bradstreet

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