

Arthur Symons

Quotes

*Dream, Love, Art, Night, Sleep, Perfect, Eye, Vision, Heart, Passion, Men, Fate,
Flower, Venice, Sea, Fire, Crush, Made, Criticism, Veils*

A realist, in Venice, would become a romantic by mere faithfulness to what he saw before him.

~Arthur Symons

The desert of virginity Aches in the hotness of her mouth.

~Arthur Symons

My soul is like this cloudy, flaming opal ring.

~Arthur Symons

The clamours of spring are the same old delicate noises, The earth renews its magical youth at a breath.

~Arthur Symons

Vaguely conscious of that great suspense in which we live, we find our escape from its sterile, annihilating reality in many dreams, in religion, passion, art.

~Arthur Symons

As perfume doth remain In the folds where it hath lain, So the thought of you, remaining Deeply folded in my brain, Will not leave me: all things leave me: You remain.

~Arthur Symons

The wind is rising on the sea, The windy white foam-dancers leap; And the sea moans uneasily, And turns to sleep, and cannot sleep.

~Arthur Symons

The English mist is always at work like a subtle painter, and London is a vast canvas prepared for the mist to work on.

~Arthur Symons

To have loved, to have been made happy thus, / What better fate has life in store for us?

~Arthur Symons

I had my dreams of Venice, but nothing that I had dreamed was as impossible as what I found.

~Arthur Symons

It is in their eyes that their magic resides.

~Arthur Symons

Without charm there can be no fine literature, as there can be no perfect flower without fragrance.

~Arthur Symons

Here in a little lonely room I am master of earth and sea, And the planets come to me.

~Arthur Symons

My life is like a music-hall, Where, in the impotence of rage, Chained by enchantment to my stall, I see myself upon the stage Dance to amuse a music-hall.

~Arthur Symons

He knew that the whole mystery of beauty can never be comprehended by the crowd, and that while clearness is a virtue of style, perfect explicitness is not a necessary virtue.

~Arthur Symons

Love is a flaming heart, and its flames aspire / Till they cloud the soul in the smoke of a windy fire.

~Arthur Symons

Night, a more perfect day.

~Arthur Symons

There are certain natures to whom work is nothing, the act of work everything.

~Arthur Symons

Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears, A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.

~Arthur Symons

God, like all highest things, Hides light in shade, And in the night his visitings To sleep and dreams are clearliest made.

~Arthur Symons

I have loved colours, and not flowers; Their motion, not the swallows wings; And wasted more than half my hours Without the comradeship of things.

~Arthur Symons

Art begins when a man wishes to immortalize the most vivid moment he has ever lived.

~Arthur Symons

There is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes, or chooses, our own fate.... It is only the dreams of those light sleepers who dream faintly that do not come true.

~Arthur Symons

Criticism is properly the rod of divination: a hazel switch for the discovery of buried treasure, not a birch twig for the castigation of offenders.

~Arthur Symons

The making of one's life into art is, after all, the first duty and privilege of every man.

~Arthur Symons

The dead are happy, having no desire. I rise and fall, and rise and fall again, Something is in me, famishing for bread, Baffled and unappeasable as fire.

~Arthur Symons

All art is a form of artifice. For in art there can be no prejudices.

~Arthur Symons

And I would have, now love is over, An end to all, an end: I cannot, having been your lover Stoop to become your friend!

~Arthur Symons

Leave words to them whom words, not doings, move.

~Arthur Symons

What we ask of him is, that he should find out for us more than we can find out for ourselves... He must have the passion of a lover.

~Arthur Symons

I have laid sorrow to sleep; Love sleeps. She who oft made me weep Now weeps.

~Arthur Symons

The mystic too full of God to speak intelligibly to the world.

~Arthur Symons

I heard the sighing of the reeds At noontide and at evening, And some old dream I had forgotten I seemed to be remembering.

~Arthur Symons

But we have been taught to see before our eyes have found out a way of seeing for themselves.

~Arthur Symons

A place has almost the shyness of a person, with strangers; and its secret is not to be surprised by a too direct interrogation.

~Arthur Symons

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