

Bryan Procter Quotes

*Literature, Dream, Night, Sea, Sweet, Sleep, Ocean, Years, Fall, Strong,
Simple, Silence, Joy, Heart, Beach, Sunshine, Art, Believe, Despair, Spring*

The sea! The sea! The open sea!, The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

~Bryan Procter

Oh, the summer night, Has a smile of light, And she sits on a sapphire throne.

~Bryan Procter

O human beauty, what a dream art thou, that we should cast our life and hopes away on thee!

~Bryan Procter

Shadows fall on even the brightest hours.

~Bryan Procter

Pity speaks to grief more sweetly than a band of instruments.

~Bryan Procter

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea! I am where I would ever be, With the blue above and the blue below, And silence wheresoever I go.

~Bryan Procter

I never was on the dull, tame shore, But I loved the great sea more and more.

~Bryan Procter

Not the rich viol, trump, cymbal, nor horn, Guitar, nor cittern, nor the pining flute, Are half so sweet as tender human words.

~Bryan Procter

Death is the tyrant of the imagination.

~Bryan Procter

So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed, And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

~Bryan Procter

The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue; A string which hath no discord.

~Bryan Procter

Most writers steal a good thing when they can, and when 'Tis safely got 'Tis worth the winning. The worst of 't is we now and then detect em, they ever dream that we suspect em.

~Bryan Procter

How silent are the winds!

~Bryan Procter

Despair doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain as mischief or remorse.

~Bryan Procter

Women are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring! but the leaf withers not sooner, and tropic light fades not more abruptly.

~Bryan Procter

Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts Are ills because we hoard them.

~Bryan Procter

I said that I loved the wise proverb, Brief, simple and deep; For it I'd exchange the great poem That sends us to sleep.

~Bryan Procter

All round the room my silent servants wait, My friends in every season, bright and dim.

~Bryan Procter

Touch us gently, Time! Let us glide adown thy stream Gently,-as we
sometimes glide Through a quiet dream!

~Bryan Procter

A single star is rising in the east, and from afar sheds a most tremulous
lustre; silent Night doth wear it like a jewel on her brow.

~Bryan Procter

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