

Henry Vaughan

Quotes

*Men, Light, Prayer, Night, Angel, Sleep, Heaven, Spring, Country, Darkness,
Dark, Flower, Stars, Christmas, Morning, Mother, Ivy, Dear, Ease, Sun*

There is in God - some say - A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here Say it is late and dusky, because they See not all clear. O for that Night! where I in Him Might live invisible and dim!

~Henry Vaughan

I saw Eternity the other night Like a great ring of pure and endless light, All calm as it was bright.

~Henry Vaughan

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just.

~Henry Vaughan

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams Call to the soul when man doth sleep. So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams, And into glory peep.

~Henry Vaughan

Death, and darkness get you packing, Nothing now to man is lacking, All your triumphs now are ended, And what Adam marred, is mended.

~Henry Vaughan

The skin and shell of things Though fair are not Thy wish nor prayer but got My meer despair of wings.

~Henry Vaughan

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!

~Henry Vaughan

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.

~Henry Vaughan

They are all gone into the world of light, and I alone sit lingering here.

~Henry Vaughan

The sun doth shake Light from his locks, and, all the way Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

~Henry Vaughan

Affliction is a mother, Whose painful throes yield many sons, Each fairer than the other.

~Henry Vaughan

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest And passage through these looms God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

~Henry Vaughan

But felt through all this fleshly dresse Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

~Henry Vaughan

As men are killed by fighting, the truth is lost in disputing.

~Henry Vaughan

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth, Man's resurrection, and the future's bud Shroud in their births.

~Henry Vaughan

Prayer is The world in tune, A spirit-voyce, And vocall joyes, Whose Eccho is heaven's blisse.

~Henry Vaughan

Holy writing must strive (by all means) for perfection and true holiness, that a door may be opened to him in heaven.

~Henry Vaughan

Still young and fine! but what is still in view We slight as old and soil'd,

though fresh and new.

~Henry Vaughan

If thou canst but thither, There grows the flower of Peace, The Rose
that cannot wither, Thy fortress and thy ease.

~Henry Vaughan

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.

~Henry Vaughan

For each inclosed spirit is a star Enlightening his own little sphere

~Henry Vaughan

Early, as well as late, Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers

~Henry Vaughan

As great a store Have we of books as bees of herbs or more.

~Henry Vaughan

Some syllables are swords.

~Henry Vaughan

I played with fire, did counsel spurn, Made life my common stake; But
never thought that fire would burn, O that a soul could ache.

~Henry Vaughan

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