

# Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Quotes

*Heart, Men, Life, Art, Time, Inspirational, Night, Children, Fall, Stars, Strong,  
Wall, Air, Beautiful, Book, Flower, Sea, Hands, Rain, Twilight*

Softly the evening came /with the sunset/.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years mere study of books.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Into each life some rain must fall.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The best thing one can do when it's raining is to let it rain.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

My soul is full of longing for the secret of the sea

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It takes less time to do a thing right, than it does to explain why you did it wrong.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and often times we call a man cold when he is only sad.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Sit in reverie and watch the changing color of the waves that break upon the idle seashore of the mind.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks, And all the sweet serenity of books.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate, you are sure to wake up somebody.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If a woman shows too often the Medusa's head, she must not be astonished if her lover is turned into stone.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If we love one another, nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface Is as

the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old, their beards of icicles and snow.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Success is not something to wait for, it is something to work for.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Nature paints not; In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven; With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds; And flying vapors.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

He had mittens, Minjekahwun, Magic mittens made of deer-skin; When upon his hands he wore them, He could smite the rocks asunder, He could grind them into powder.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined; Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

And the wind plays on those great sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Nile, forever new and old, Among the living and the dead, Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

My soul is full of longing for the secret of the sea, and the heart of the great ocean sends a thrilling pulse through me.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Music is the universal language of mankind.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The heart, like the mind, has a memory. And in it are kept the most precious keepsakes.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Very hot and still the air was, Very smooth the gliding river, Motionless the sleeping shadows.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

But oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining, Blossoms flaunting in the  
eye of day, Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining, Buds that open  
only to decay.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Through woods and mountain passes The winds, like anthems, roll.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine;  
afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness, the taste and  
stain from the lees of the vat.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely  
improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future  
without fear and with a manly heart.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The country is lyric, the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the  
most perfect musical drama.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship Let me  
be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled  
with great ambitions.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Where, twisted round the barren oak, The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke, The crystal icicle is hung.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The great tragedy of the average man is that he goes to his grave with his music still in him.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Live up to the best that is in you: Live noble lives, as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Great is the art of beginning, but greater is the art of ending.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Trust no future, however pleasant! Let the dead past bury its dead! Act -- act in the living Present! Heart within and God overhead.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The nearer the dawn the darker the night.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Love gives itself; it is not bought.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The spring came suddenly, bursting upon the world as a child bursts into a room, with a laugh and a shout and hands full of flowers.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Man is always more than he can know of himself; consequently, his accomplishments, time and again, will come as a surprise to him.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Every man has his secret sorrows.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

We have not wings we cannot soar; but, we have feet to scale and climb, by slow degrees, by more and more, the cloudy summits of our time.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Youth comes but once a life time. Perhaps, but it remains strong in many for their entire lives.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Many critics are like woodpeckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes



in the bark to discover some little worm or other.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The sea hath its pearls The heaven hath its stars But my heart, my heart Has its love.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Each morning sees some task begin, each evening sees it close.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I stay a little longer, as one stays, to cover up the embers that still burn.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I hear the wind among the trees Playing the celestial symphonies; I see the branches downward bent, Like keys of some great instrument.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The human voice is the organ of the soul.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and the heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Joy, temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Mormons make the marriage ring, like the ring of Saturn, fluid, not solid, and keep it in its place by numerous satellites.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls, The twilight darkens, the curlew calls; The little waves, with their soft, white hands, Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Ah, Nothing is too late, till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

To be left alone, and face to face with my own crime, had been just retribution.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I am the Angel of the Sun Whose flaming wheels began to run  
When God's almighty breath Said to the darkness and the Night,  
Let there be light! and there was light.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning - an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Ah, how good it feels! The hand of an old friend.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Youth comes but once in a lifetime.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

For bells are the voice of the church; They have tones that touch and search  
The hearts of young and old.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The student has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within  
the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique

world and the glories of a modern one.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There are things of which I may not speak; There are dreams that cannot die; There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak, And bring a pallor into the cheek, And a mist before the eye.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Wreck of the Hesperus  
But the father answered never a word, A frozen corpse was he.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Would you learn the secret of the sea? Only those who brave its dangers, comprehend its mystery!

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It is a beautiful trait in the lover's character, that they think no evil of the object loved.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Art is long, and Time is fleeting.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If we could read the secret history of our enemies.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Age is opportunity no less than youth itself.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast, And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable.

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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