

James Gates Percival Quotes

*Flower, Sweet, Heart, Years, Spring, Stealing, Green, Goal, Never Forget, Air,
Conscience, Darkness, Vision, Hours, Fool, Rose, Breaths, Mean, Farewell,
Dark*

Green sods are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.

~James Gates Percival

Roses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither, Then, like visions, hurry by.

~James Gates Percival

The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves
dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.

~James Gates Percival

Thought can wing its way Swifter than lightning-flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.

~James Gates Percival

The thundering voice that wrings, in one dark, damning moment, crimes
of years!

~James Gates Percival

I am one who finds within me a nobility that spurns the idle pratings of
the great, and their mean boasts of what their fathers were, while they
themselves are fools effeminate.

~James Gates Percival

There is nothing but death Our affections can sever, And till life's latest
breath Love shall bind us for ever.

~James Gates Percival

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers, And they tell in a garland their
loves and cares; Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers, On
its leaves a mystic language bears.

~James Gates Percival

The recollection of one upward hour Hath more in it to tranquilize and cheer
The darkness of despondency, than years Of gayety and pleasure.

~James Gates Percival

There are moments of life that we never forget, which brighten and brighten
as time steals away.

~James Gates Percival

Sweet flower, thou tellest how hearts as pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
and humble as thy stem, will surely know the joy that peace imparts.

~James Gates Percival

O rose! the sweetest blossom, Of spring the fairest flower, O rose! the joy
of heaven. The god of love, with roses His yellow locks adorning,
Dances with the hours and graces.

~James Gates Percival

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream, Obscure, unnoticed through
the vale has flow'd; The heart that ne'er was charm'd by fortune's gleam
Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode.

~James Gates Percival

How awful is that hour when con, science stings.

~James Gates Percival

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