Men, Eye, Pride, Women, Mind, Heart, Dream, Giving, Ease, Dark, Soul, Stills, Sweet, Moving, Night, Morning, Air, People, Half, Bliss

Good-morrow to thy sable beak, And glossy plumage, dark and sleek, Thy crimson moon and azure eye

~Joanna Baillie

A willing heart adds feather to the heel.

~Joanna Baillie

If my heart were not light, I would die.

~Joanna Baillie

Pampered vanity is a better thing perhaps than starved pride.

~Joanna Baillie

I have seen the day, when, if a man made himself ridiculous, the world would laugh at him. But now, everything that is mean, disgusting, and absurd, pleases them but so much the better!

~Joanna Baillie

The bliss even of a moment still is bliss.

~Joanna Baillie

My day is closed! the gloom of night is come! a hopeless darkness settles over my fate.

~Joanna Baillie

But woman's grief is like a summer storm, Short as it violent is.

~Joanna Baillie

Tis ever thus: indulgence spoils the base; Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence, Like noxious vapors from the fulsome marsh When morning shines upon it.

~Joanna Baillie

I wish I were with some of the wild people that run in the woods, and

know nothing about accomplishments!

~Joanna Baillie

A woman is seldom roused to great and courageous exertion but when something most dear to her is in immediate danger.

~Joanna Baillie

Time never bears such moments on his wing as when he flies too swiftly to be marked.

~Joanna Baillie

Half-uttered praise is to the curious mind, as to the eye half-veiled beauty is, more precious than the whole.

~Joanna Baillie

But dreams full oft are found of real events The form and shadows.

~Joanna Baillie

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat, Just parted from the shore, And to the fisher's chorus-note Soft moves the dipping oar.

~Joanna Baillie

O lovely Sisters! is it true That they are all inspired by you, And write by inward magic charm'd, And high enthusiasm warm'd?

~Joanna Baillie

The strength of man sinks in the hour of trial; but there doth live a Power that to the battle girdeth the weak.

~Joanna Baillie

I believe this earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions through which a moving crowd forever press.

~Joanna Baillie

The tyrant now Trusts not to men: nightly within his chamber The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend He now dare trust.

~Joanna Baillie

Men's actions to futurity appear but as the events to which they are conjoined do give them consequence.

~Joanna Baillie

It ever is the marked propensity of restless and aspiring minds to look into the stretch of dark futurity.

~Joanna Baillie

This will be triumph! This will be happiness! Yea, that very thing, happiness, which I have been pursuing all my life, and have never yet overtaken.

~Joanna Baillie

Heaven often smites in mercy, even when the blow is severest.

~Joanna Baillie

Me care for te laws when te laws care for me.

~Joanna Baillie

Busy work brings after ease; Ease brings sport and sport brings rest; For young and old, of all degrees, The mingled lot is best.

~Joanna Baillie

It is so seldom that a young fellow has any inclination for the company of an old man. . .

~Joanna Baillie

Still on it creeps, Each little moment at another's heels, Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up Of such small parts as these, and men look back Worn and bewilder'd, wondering how it is.

~Joanna Baillie

He that will not give some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth, for other's good, is a poor, frozen churl.

~Joanna Baillie

O mysterious Night! thou art not silent; many tongues halt thou.

~Joanna Baillie

Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed, The latest spoken still are deem'd the best.

~Joanna Baillie

I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire, in frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie, be tossed aloft through tracts of endless void, but cannot live in shame.

~Joanna Baillie

A good man's prayers will from the deepest dungeon climb heaven's height, and bring a blessing down.

~Joanna Baillie

There is a sight all hearts beguiling-- A youthful mother to her infant smiling, Who with spread arms and dancing feet, A cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.

~Joanna Baillie

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things.

~Joanna Baillie

The inward sighs of humble penitence Rise to the ear of Heaven, when peal'd hymns Are scatter'd with the sounds of common air.

~Joanna Baillie

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