Thinking, Hymns, People, Men, Church, Clouds, Country, Sound, Missing, Sake, Children, Reeds, Happiness, Two, Rewards, Mind, Approval, Jewels, Folks, Interest

Childhood is measured out by sounds and smells and sights, before the dark hour of reason grows.

~John Betjeman

On out deathbeds we're not going to regret all the work we didn't do. We're going to regret all the sex we didn't have!

~John Betjeman

Too many people in the modern world view poetry as a luxury, not a necessity like petrol. But to me it's the oil of life.

~John Betjeman

It's strange that those we miss the most Are those we take for granted. ~John Betjeman

Now if the harvest is over, And the world cold, Give me the bonus of laughter, As I lose hold.

~John Betjeman

History must not be written with bias, and both sides must be given, even if there is only one side.

~John Betjeman

People's backyards are much more interesting than their front gardens, and houses that back on to railways are public benefactors.

~John Betjeman

I ought to warn you that my verse is of no interest to people who can think.

~John Betjeman

And I think it was the outline of that church tower at Belaugh against the sky which gave me a passion for churches so that every church I've past since I've wanted to stop and look in.

~John Betjeman

And now, dear Lord, I cannot wait Because I have a luncheon date.

~John Betjeman

Topography is one of my chief themes in my poetry, about the country, the suburbs and the seaside. Then there comes love... and increasingly; the fear of death.

~John Betjeman

Hymns are the poetry of the people.

~John Betjeman

I have a Vision of the Future, chum. The workers flats in fields of soya beans tower up like silver pencils, score on score.

~John Betjeman

Gracious Lord, oh bomb the Germans. Spare their women for Thy Sake, And if that is not too easy, We will pardon Thy Mistake. But, gracious Lord, whate'er shall be, Don't let anyone bomb me.

~John Betjeman

A whispering and watery Norfolk sound Telling of all the moonlit reeds around.

~John Betjeman

Imprisoned in a cage of sound, even the trivial seems profound ~John Betjeman

Lovers of Norfolk churches can never agree which is the best and I think one is either a Salle or a Cawston man.

~John Betjeman

I don't think I am any good. If I thought I was any good, I wouldn't be.

~John Betjeman

I am still reeling with delight at the soaring majesty of Norfolk.

~John Betjeman

Hymn tunes are the nearest we've got to English folk music.

~John Betjeman

Lord, reserve for me a crown, And do not let my shares go down.

~John Betjeman

Old men who never cheated, never doubted, Communicated monthly, sit and stare At the new suburb stretched beyond the run-way Where a young man lands hatless from the air.

~John Betjeman

Oh! full Surrey twilight! importunate band! Oh! strongly adorable tennis-girl's hand!

~John Betjeman

Oh Wasn't it naughty of Smudges? Oh, Mummy, I'm sick with disgust. She threww me in front of the judges, And my silly old collar-bone's bust.

~John Betjeman

One mark of good verse is surprise

~John Betjeman

Approval of what is approved of Is as false as a well-kept vow.

~John Betjeman

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- Clouds Quotes
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- Missing Quotes
- Sake Quotes
- Children Quotes
- Reeds Quotes
- Happiness Quotes
- Two Quotes
- Rewards Quotes
- Mind Quotes
- Approval Quotes
- Jewels Quotes
- Folks Quotes
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