

# John Clare Quotes

*Sweet, Summer, Flower, Nature, Men, Spring, Lying, Memories, World, Writing,  
Fall, Joy, Children, Heart, Tree, Gold, Running, Lust, Dream, Blue*

If life had a second edition, how I would correct the proofs.

~John Clare

Language has not the power to speak what love indites: The soul lies buried in the ink that writes.

~John Clare

I found the poems in the fields And only wrote them down

~John Clare

Love lives with Nature, not with lust. Go find her in the flowers.

~John Clare

The best way to avoid a bad action is by doing a good one, for there is no difficulty in the world like that of trying to do nothing.

~John Clare

The present is the funeral of the past, And man the living sepulchre of life.

~John Clare

I ne'er was struck before that hour with love so sudden and so sweet.  
Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower and stole my heart away  
complete

~John Clare

For Nature is love, and finds haunts for true love, Where nothing can  
hear or intrude; It hides from the eagle and joins with the dove, In  
beautiful green solitude.

~John Clare

Burning hot is the ground, liquid gold is the air; Whoever looks round  
sees Eternity there.

~John Clare

I long for scenes where man has never trod;... There to abide with my Creator, God.

~John Clare

I never saw so sweet a face. As that I stood before. My heart has left it dwelling place ... and can return no more.

~John Clare

Still, I have been no one's enemy but my own. My easy nature, either in drinking or anything else, was always ready to submit to persuasions of profligate companions, who often led me into snares.

~John Clare

I am generally understood tho I do not use that awkward squad of pointings called commas colons semicolons etc.

~John Clare

This world has suns, but they are overcast;This world has sweets, but they're of ling'ring bloom;Life still expects, and empty falls at last;Warm Hope on tiptoe drops into the tomb.

~John Clare

Crowded places, I shunned them as noises too rude / And flew to the silence of sweet solitude.

~John Clare

So dull and dark are the November days. The lazy mist high up the evening curled, And now the morn quite hides in smoke and haze; The place we occupy seems all the world.

~John Clare

He could not die when the trees were green, For he loved the time too well.

~John Clare

Old April wanes, and her last dewy morn  
Her death-bed steps in tears;  
to hail the May New blooming blossoms neath the sun are born,  
And all poor April's charms are swept away.

~John Clare

My fears are agitated to an extreme degree and the dread of death  
involves me in a stupor of chilling indisposition.

~John Clare

Ah, words are poor receipts for what time hath stole away.

~John Clare

To-morrow comes, true copy of to-day,  
And empty shadow of what is to be;  
Yet cheated Hope on future still depends,  
And ends but only when our being ends.

~John Clare

I am the self-consumer of my woes.

~John Clare

Tasteful illumination of the night,  
Bright scattered, twinkling star of  
spangled earth.

~John Clare

Yet simple souls, their faith it knows no stint: Things least to be  
believed are most preferred. All counterfeits, as from truth's sacred  
mint, Are readily believed if once put down in print

~John Clare

In mid-wood silence, thus, how sweet to be; Where all the noises, that  
on peace intrude, Come from the chattering cricket, bird, and bee,  
Whose songs have charms to sweeten solitude.

~John Clare

When trouble haunts me, need I sigh? No, rather smile away despair

~John Clare

I lost the love of heaven above I spurned the lust of earth below I felt  
the sweets of fancied love And hell itself my only foe.

~John Clare

I was Byron and Shakespeare formerly.

~John Clare

Throw not my words away, as many do; They're gold in value, though  
they're cheap to you.

~John Clare

Old noted oak! I saw thee in a mood Of vague indifference; and yet with  
me Thy memory, like thy fate, hath lingering stood For years, thou  
hermit, in the lonely sea Of grass that waves around thee!

~John Clare

How oft a summer shower has started me; to seek the shelter of a  
hollow tree

~John Clare

And what is Life? - An hour-glass on the run

~John Clare

Wildness is my suiting scene.

~John Clare

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