

John Greenleaf Whittier Quotes

*Men, Flower, Fall, Light, Sweet, Heart, Giving, Eye, Song, Beauty, Children,
Love, Prayer, Life, Truth, Winter, Autumn, Christmas, Beautiful, Lying*

For all sad words of tongue and pen, The saddest are these, 'It might have been'.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

A little smile, a word of cheer, A bit of love from someone near, A little gift from one held dear, Best wishes for the coming year. These make a merry christmas!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Through this broad street, restless ever, ebbs and flows a human tide, wave on wave a living river; wealth and fashion side by side; Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick current glide.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying, In sweetness, not in music, dying.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Along the river's summer walk, The withered tufts of asters nod; And trembles on its arid stalk the hoar plum of the golden-rod.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through his cypress-trees Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day Across the mournful marbles play!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

All the windows of my heart I open to the day.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks, Through showers the sunbeams fall; For God, who loveth all his works, Has left his Hope with all.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

If thou of fortune be bereft, and in thy store there be but left two loaves,

sell one, and with the dole, buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Green calm below, blue quietness above.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

the joy that you give to others is the joy that comes back to you

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Peace hath higher tests of manhood, than battle ever knew.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The Fates are just: they give us but our own; Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The green earth sends her incense up. From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewey cup She pours her sacred wine.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power; let fortune's bubbles rise
and fall; who sows a field, or trains a flower, or plants a tree, is more
than all.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

I hear the tread of pioneers Of nations yet to be, The first low wash of
waves where soon Shall roll a human sea.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye? What calls back the
past like the rich pumpkin pie?

~John Greenleaf Whittier

We meet today To thank Thee for the era done, And Thee for the

opening one.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

I'll lift you and you lift me, and we'll both ascend together.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

No longer forward or behind I look in hope or fear, But grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness, Our burden is our boon; The curse of earth's gray morning is The blessing of its noon.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Tradition wears a snowy beard, romance is always young.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

We shape ourselves the joy or fear Of which the coming life is made, And fill our Future's atmosphere With sunshine or with shade.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

And sweet and far as from a star, replied a voice which shall not cease, till drowning all the noise of war, it sings the blessed song of peace

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Who never wins can rarely lose, Who never climbs as rarely falls

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Again the blackbirds sings; the streams Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams, And tremble in the April showers The tassels of the maple flowers.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought? Who talks of scheme and plan? The

Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

All day the darkness and the cold Upon my heart have lain Like shadows on the winter sky Like frost upon the pane

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The tints of autumn...a mighty flower garden blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, frost.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn Which once he wore; The glory from his gray hairs gone For evermore!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

One brave deed makes no hero.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The simple heart that freely asks in love, obtains.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Rest if you must, but never quit.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Before me, even as behind, God is, and all is well.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The good is always beautiful, the beautiful is good!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Beauty seen is never lost, God's colors all are fast.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by

which the future is shaped and colored.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Beauty is its own excuse.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Autumn, in his leafless bowers, is waiting for the winter's snow.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! Heap high the golden corn! No richer gift has Autumn poured From out her lavish horn!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Who sows a field, or trains a flower, Or plants a tree, is more than all.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Freedom's soil hath only place For a free and fearless race!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The still, sad music of humanity.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

And close at hand, the basket stood With nuts from brown October's wood. And close at hand, the basket stood With nuts from brown October's wood.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers And piled with fruits, awake again Thanksgivings for the golden hours, The early and the latter rain!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

And the more you spend in blessing The poor and lonely and sad, The more of your heart's possessing Returns to you glad.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Thee lift me, and I lift thee, and together we ascend.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The smile of God is victory.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Every chain that spirits wear crumbles in the breadth of prayer.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Once more the liberal year laughs out O'er richer stores than gems or gold: Once more with harvest song and shout Is nature's boldest triumph told.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

A charmed life old goodness hath; the tares may perish, but the grain is not for death.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Few have borne unconsciously the spell of loveliness.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

But let the good old corn adorn The hills our fathers trod; Still let us, for his golden corn, Send up our thanks to God!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

God blesses still the generous thought, And still the fitting word He speeds, And Truth, at His requiring taught, He quickens into deeds.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Romance is always young.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Happy he whose inward ear Angel comfortings can hear, O'er the
rabble's laughter; And, while Hatred's fagots burn, Glimpses through
the smoke discern Of the good hereafter.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

What miracle of weird transforming Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite?

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Thine to work as well as pray, Clearing thorny wrongs away; Plucking
up the weeds of sin, Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The sun that brief December day Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon A sadder light than waning moon.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

To be saved is only this-salvation from our own selfishness.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Despair is infidelity and death.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Around the mighty master came The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame Is wide as human thought.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Through the open door A drowsy smell of flowers -grey heliotrope And
white sweet clover, and shy mignonette Comes fairly in, and silent

chorus leads To the pervading symphony of Peace.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come Where in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Here Greek and Roman find themselves alive along these crowded shelves; and Shakespeare treads again his stage, and Chaucer paints anew his age.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Small leisure have the poor for grief.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

God gives quietness at last.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll; on plastic clay and leather scroll, man wrote his thoughts; the ages passed, and lo! the Press was found at last!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

This is truth the poet sings . . .

~John Greenleaf Whittier

From purest wells of English undefiled None deeper drank than he, the

New World's Child, Who in the language of their farm field spoke The wit and wisdom of New England folk.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Up from the sea, the wild north wind is blowing, under the sky's gray arch. Smiling, I watch the shaken elm boughs, knowing It is the wind of March.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

From the death of the old the new proceeds, and the life of truth from the death of creeds.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

There is religion in everything around us, - a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of Nature, which man would do well to imitate.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Nothing before, nothing behind; The steps of faith Fall on the seeming void, and find The Rock beneath.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight, From Life's glad morning to its solemn night; Yet, through the dear Lord's love, I also show There's light above me by the shade I throw.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

His daily prayer, far better understood in acts than in words, was simply doing good.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace; East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease; Sing the song of great joy that the angels began, Sing the glory to God and of good-will to man!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Oh, for boyhood's painless play, sleep that wakes in laughing day,
health that mocks the doctor's rules, knowledge never learned of
schools.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Clothe with life the weak intent, Let me be the thing I meant.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Through the dark and stormy night Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking; Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest For the full day-breaking!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

God fills the gaps of human need, Each crisis brings its word and deed.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

For still the new transcends the old In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves, With roots deep set in battle
graves!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

As a small businessperson, you have no greater leverage than the
truth.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

At what point does a man turn into a monster? I don't believe that it's
when he does horrible things, but when he accepts that he's able to do
them, and that he does them well.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

And light is mingled with the gloom, And joy with grief; Divinest
compensations come, Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom In
sweet relief.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother; Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there; To worship rightly is to love each other, Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The child must teach the man.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Yet, in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed trust my spirit clings; I know that God is good!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Nature speaks in symbols and in signs.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Press bravely onward! - not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

What airs outblown from ferny dells
And clover-bloom and sweet brier smells.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

The low green tent Whose curtain never outward swings.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps, Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers, With buds scarcely swelled,

which should burst into flowers!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck, And hear a cry from a reeling deck!

~John Greenleaf Whittier

Children have neither past nor future - they rejoice in the present.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

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