Night, Morning, Eye, Heart, Soul, Voice, Sweet, Sleep, Giving, Past, Brother, Finding Yourself, Water, Mind, Praying, Abiding, True Humility, Heaven, Pride, Helping

Peace is the first thing the angels sang.

~John Keble

And help us, this and every day, to live more nearly as we pray.

~John Keble

Sweet is the infant's waking smile, And sweet the old man's rest-- But middle age by no fond wile, No soothing calm is blest.

~John Keble

Once you make up your mind never to stand waiting and hesitating when your conscience tells you what you ought to do, and you have got the key to every blessing that a sinner can reasonably hope for.

~John Keble

Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see our God. The secret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's abode.

~John Keble

When you find yourself overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something.

~John Keble

If the Church of England were to fail, it would be found in my parish ~John Keble

Give us grace to listen well.

~John Keble

New every morning is the love Our waking and uprising prove, Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life and power and thought.

~John Keble

Why should we faint and fear to live alone, Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die? Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

~John Keble

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near.

~John Keble

For as fire is kindled by fire, so is a poet's mind kindled by contact with a brother poet.

~John Keble

Love masters agony; the soul that seemed Forsaken feels her present God again And in her Father's arms Contented dies away.

~John Keble

Pride of the dewy morning, The swain's experienced eye From thee takes timely warning. Nor trusts the gorgeous sky.

~John Keble

Abide with me from morn to eve, / For without Thee I cannot live: / Abide with me when night is nigh. / For without Thee I dare not die.

~John Keble

When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billow past? ~John Keble

God hath sworn to lift on high Who sinks himself by true humility.

~John Keble

Thou art the Sun of other days. They shine by giving back the rays.

~John Keble

The voice that breathed o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day.

~John Keble

The watchful mother tarries nigh Though sleep have closed her infant's eye, For should he wake, and find her gone.

~John Keble

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look when hearts are of each other sure.

~John Keble

Sprinkled along the waste of years Full many a soft green isle appears: Pause where we may upon the desert road, Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.

~John Keble

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint In triumph wear his Christ-like chain; No fear lest he should swerve or faint; "His life is Christ, his death is gain.

~John Keble

The trivial round, the common task, Would furnish all we ought to ask.

~John Keble

The deeds we do, the words we say, Into still air they seem to fleet; We count them ever past; But they shall last -In the dread judgment they And we shall meet.

~John Keble

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near. Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

~John Keble

Time's waters will not ebb nor stay.

~John Keble

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