Sweet, Heart, Eye, Sorrow, Kissing, Tears, Beautiful, Children, Pain, Animal, Beauty, People, Book, Laughter, Giving, Men, Hair, Life, Dream, Littles

Green little vaulter, in the sunny grass, Catching your heart up at the feel of June, Sole noise that's heard amidst the lazy noon, When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass.

~Leigh Hunt

The groundwork of all happiness is health.

~Leigh Hunt

Stolen kisses are always sweetest.

~Leigh Hunt

We are slumberous poppies, Lords of Lethe downs, Some awake and some asleep, Sleeping in our crowns. What perchance our dreams may know, Let our serious may know.

~Leigh Hunt

The most tangible of all visible mysteries - fire.

~Leigh Hunt

Sympathizing and selfish people are alike, both given to tears.

~Leigh Hunt

Traveling in the company of those we love is home in motion.

~Leigh Hunt

Colors are the smiles of nature.

~Leigh Hunt

Patience and gentleness is power.

~Leigh Hunt

Music is the medicine of the breaking heart.

Poetry is the breath of beauty.

~Leigh Hunt

Happy opinions are the wine of the heart.

~Leigh Hunt

Your second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasures he dispenses.

~Leigh Hunt

There are two worlds: The world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world we feel with our hearts and imaginations.

~Leigh Hunt

Stolen sweets are always sweeter, Stolen kisses much completer, Stolen looks are nice in chapels, Stolen, stolen be your apples.

~Leigh Hunt

Whatever evil befalls us, we ought to ask ourselves... how we can turn it into good. So shall we take occasion, from one bitter root, to raise perhaps many flowers.

~Leigh Hunt

Where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty, with a right heart.

~Leigh Hunt

When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.

~Leigh Hunt

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.

To receive a present handsomely and in a right spirit, even when you have none to give in return, is to give one in return.

~Leigh Hunt

If you become a Nun, dear, The bishop Love will be; The Cupids every one, dear! Will chant-'We trust in thee!'

~Leigh Hunt

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.

~Leigh Hunt

If you are ever at a loss to support a flagging conversation, introduce the subject of eating.

~Leigh Hunt

Affection, like melancholy, magnifies trifles.

~Leigh Hunt

One can love any man that is generous.

~Leigh Hunt

"Books ... books, ..." he exclaims. It is those that teach us to refine on our pleasures when young, and which, having so taught us, enable us to recall them with satisfaction when old.

~Leigh Hunt

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm; that soothes the weary mind: The labored days restoring balm; the comfort of mankind.

~Leigh Hunt

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find, upon a little inquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now.

~Leigh Hunt

The more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is in her proportionate power to entertain.

~Leigh Hunt

Danger for danger's sake is senseless.

~Leigh Hunt

This garden has a soul, I know its moods.

~Leigh Hunt

The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety is a church, for there is plenty of room there.

~Leigh Hunt

The person who can be only serious or only cheerful, is but half a man.

~Leigh Hunt

The last excessive feelings of delight are always grave.

~Leigh Hunt

Affection, like melancholy, magnifies trifles; but the magnifying of the one is like looking through a telescope at heavenly objects; that of the other, like enlarging monsters with a microscope.

~Leigh Hunt

Part of our good consists in the endeavor to do sorrows away, and in the power to sustain them when the endeavor fails,--to bear them nobly, and thus help others to bear them as well.

May exalting and humanizing thoughts forever accompany me, making me confident without pride, and modest without servility.

~Leigh Hunt

No wonder is greater than any other wonder, and if once explained ceases to be a wonder.

~Leigh Hunt

For the qualities of sheer wit and humor, Swift had no superior, ancient or modern.

~Leigh Hunt

The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace.

~Leigh Hunt

Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair.

~Leigh Hunt

I am persuaded there is no such thing after all as a perfect enjoyment of solitude; for the more delicious the solitude the more one wants a companion.

~Leigh Hunt

Bread, milk and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world.

~Leigh Hunt

We are violets blue, For our sweetness found Careless in the mossy shades, Looking on the ground. Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,--Such our breath and blueness is.

~Leigh Hunt

Wit is the clash and reconcilement of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner.

~Leigh Hunt

The beautiful attracts the beautiful.

~Leigh Hunt

The rapturuous, wild, and ineffable pleasure of drinking at somebody else's expense

~Leigh Hunt

Mankind are creatures of books, as well as of other circumstances; and such they eternally remain,--proofs, that the race is a noble and believing race, and capable of whatever books can stimulate.

~Leigh Hunt

Did you ever observe that immoderate laughter always ends in a sigh? ~Leigh Hunt

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word "effrontery" comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead as vines are trailed over a wall.

~Leigh Hunt

There is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense.

~Leigh Hunt

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook, Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!

~Leigh Hunt

Cats at firesides live luxuriously and are the picture of comfort.

~Leigh Hunt

Great women belong to history and to self-sacrifice, not to the annals of

a stage, however dignified.

~Leigh Hunt

An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them.

~Leigh Hunt

There seems a life in hair, though it be dead.

~Leigh Hunt

The two divinest things this world has got, A lovely woman in a rural spot!

~Leigh Hunt

Improvement is nature.

~Leigh Hunt

Light is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all visible things.

~Leigh Hunt

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands, Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream, And times and things, as in that vision, seem Keeping along it their eternal stands.

~Leigh Hunt

A pleasure so exquisite as almost to amount to pain.

~Leigh Hunt

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather.

~Leigh Hunt

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

Those who have lost an infant are never, in a way, without an infant.

~Leigh Hunt

A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Isaac Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish.

~Leigh Hunt

Little eyes must be good-tempered or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and, should do their duty.

~Leigh Hunt

Colors are the smiles of Nature. When they are extremely smiling, and break forth into other beauty besides, they are her laughs.

~Leigh Hunt

Christmas is the glorious time of great Too-Much.

~Leigh Hunt

The perfection of conversational intercourse is when the breeding of high life is animated by the fervor of genius.

~Leigh Hunt

Anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought.

~Leigh Hunt

Many birds and beasts are...as fit to go to Heaven as many human beings - people who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked them at a box office.

~Leigh Hunt

Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

~Leigh Hunt

Words are often things also, and very precious, especially on the gravest occasions. Without "words," and the truth of things that is in them, what were we?

~Leigh Hunt

The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear, A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves.

~Leigh Hunt

Mirth itself is too often but melancholy in disguise.

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