

# Richard Henry Stoddard

## Quotes

*Children, Names, Heart, Flower, Night, Death, Nature, Rain, Odor, Reading, Life  
Death, Prayer, Men, Shadow, Real, Speech, Thinking, Heaven, Voice, Sand*

Children are the keys of Paradise. They alone are good and wise, because their thoughts, their very lives are prayer.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Once, when the days were ages, And the old Earth was young, The high gods and the sages From Nature's golden pages Her open secrets wrung.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

There are gains for all our losses, There are balms for all our pain: But when youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Silence is the speech of love, The music of the spheres above.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

A face at the window, a tap on the pane, who is it that wants me tonight in the rain?

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Day is the Child of Time, And Day must cease to be: But Night is without a sire, And cannot expire, One with Eternity.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

We grow like flowers, and bear desire, the odor of the human flowers.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

There is no death. The thing that we call death Is but another, sadder name for life.

## Richard Henry Stoddard Quotes

~Richard Henry Stoddard

There is no hope the future will but turn the old sand in the falling glass of time.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Heaven is not gone, but we are blind with tears, Groping our way along the downward slope of Years!

~Richard Henry Stoddard

We have two lives about us, Two worlds in which we dwell, Within us and without us, Alternate Heaven and Hell:-Without, the somber Real, Within, our hearts of hearts, the beautiful Ideal.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Given the books of a man, it is not difficult, I think, to detect therein the personality of the man, and the station in life to which he was born.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Pale in her fading bowers the Summer stands, Like a new Niobe with clasp'd hands, Silent above the flowers, her children lost, Slain by the arrows of the early Frost.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

With no companion but the constant Muse, Who sought me when I needed her ah, when Did I not need her, solitary else?

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Joy may be a miser, But Sorrow's purse is free.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

Day and night my thoughts incline To the blandishments of wine, Jars were made to drain, I think; Wine, I know, was made to drink.

~Richard Henry Stoddard

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