

Rupert Brooke

Quotes

*Death, Heart, Love, Water, Eye, Night, Wise, Life, Littles, War, Heaven,
Thinking, Space, Book, Bed, Three, Dark, Sleep, Wisdom, Laughter*

Breathless, we flung us on a windy hill, Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.

~Rupert Brooke

And in my flower-beds, I think, Smile the carnation and the pink.

~Rupert Brooke

Cities, like cats, will reveal themselves at night.

~Rupert Brooke

Just now the lilac is in bloom All before my little room.

~Rupert Brooke

Infinite hungers leap no more I in the chance swaying of your dress; and love has changed to kindness.

~Rupert Brooke

A kiss makes the heart young again and wipes out the years.

~Rupert Brooke

There are only three things in the world, one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry.

~Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me: that there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England.

~Rupert Brooke

Incredibly, inordinately, devastatingly, immortally, calamitously, hearteningly, adorably beautiful.

~Rupert Brooke

All the little emptiness of love!

~Rupert Brooke

I have need to busy my heart with quietude.

~Rupert Brooke

One may not doubt that, somehow Good Shall come of Water and of Mud; And sure, the reverent eye must see A purpose in Liquidity.

~Rupert Brooke

I know what things are good: friendship and work and conversation. These I shall have.

~Rupert Brooke

For Cambridge people rarely smile, Being urban, squat, and packed with guile.

~Rupert Brooke

Youth is stranger than fiction.

~Rupert Brooke

War knows no power. Safe shall be my going, Secretly armed against all death's endeavour; Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall; And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

~Rupert Brooke

But the best I've known Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown About the winds of the world, and fades from brains Of living men, and dies.

~Rupert Brooke

Hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

~Rupert Brooke

Love is a breach in the walls, a broken gate, Love sells the proud heart's citadel to fate.

~Rupert Brooke

The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss of blankets.

~Rupert Brooke

Store up reservoirs of calm and content and draw on them at later moments when the source isn't there, but the need is very great.

~Rupert Brooke

A book may be compared to your neighbor: if it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

~Rupert Brooke

Oh! death will find me long before I tire of watching you.

~Rupert Brooke

But only agony, and that has ending; And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

~Rupert Brooke

Down the blue night the unending columns press
In noiseless tumult,
break and wave and flow

~Rupert Brooke

I thought when love for you died, I should die. It's dead. Alone, most strangely, I live on.

~Rupert Brooke

It's all a terrible tragedy. And yet, in it's details, it's great fun. And - apart from the tragedy - I've never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium.

~Rupert Brooke

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

~Rupert Brooke

Mud unto mud!--Death eddies near-- Not here the appointed End, not here! But somewhere, beyond Space and Time, Is wetter water, slimier slime!

~Rupert Brooke

In your arms was still delight, Quiet as a street at night; And thoughts of you, I do remember, Were green leaves in a darkened chamber, Were dark clouds in a moonless sky.

~Rupert Brooke

.. . . would I were In Grantchester, in Grantchester!

~Rupert Brooke

Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond; But is there anything Beyond?

~Rupert Brooke

But there's wisdom in women, of more than they have known, And thoughts go blowing through them, are wiser than their own.

~Rupert Brooke

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead! There's none of these so lonely and poor of old, But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

~Rupert Brooke

Stands the Church clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?

~Rupert Brooke

And I shall find some girl perhaps, and a better one than you, With eyes as wise, but kindlier, and lips as soft, but true, and I dare say she will do.

~Rupert Brooke

And in that Heaven of all their wish, there shall be no more land, say
fish

~Rupert Brooke

Canada is a live country - live, but not, like the States, kicking.

~Rupert Brooke

Yet, behind the night, Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,
Some white tremendous daybreak.

~Rupert Brooke

I shall desire and I shall find The best of my desires; The autumn road,
the mellow wind That soothes the darkening shires. And laughter, and
inn-fires.

~Rupert Brooke

There's little comfort in the wise

~Rupert Brooke

Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to greet Death as a friend!

~Rupert Brooke

Oh! death will find me, long before I tire Of watching for you; and swing
me suddenly Into the shade and loneliness and mire Of the last land!

~Rupert Brooke

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