

Sara Teasdale

Quotes

*Heart, Spring, Stars, Rain, Song, Night, Beauty, Love, Life, Flower, Tired,
Dream, Sorrow, Pain, Light, Men, Wise, Joy, Moon, Sea*

There is a quiet at the heart of love, And I have pierced the pain and come to peace.

~Sara Teasdale

I make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes.

~Sara Teasdale

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn, Would scarcely know
that we were gone.

~Sara Teasdale

Take love when love is given.

~Sara Teasdale

No one worth possessing can be quite possessed.

~Sara Teasdale

My soul is a broken field, plowed by pain.

~Sara Teasdale

It is strange how often a heart must be broken before the years can
make it wise.

~Sara Teasdale

I found more joy in sorrow than you could find in joy.

~Sara Teasdale

The leaves fall patiently Nothing remembers or grieves The river takes
to the sea The yellow drift of leaves.

~Sara Teasdale

Wisdom is not acquired save as the result of investigation.

~Sara Teasdale

My heart is a garden tired with autumn.

~Sara Teasdale

Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

~Sara Teasdale

Only by love is life made real.

~Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell, all beautiful and splendid things, blue waves whitened on a cliff, soaring fire that sways and sings, and children's faces looking up, holding wonder like a cup.

~Sara Teasdale

When I can look life in the eyes, grown calm and very coldly wise, life will have given me the truth, and taken in exchange - my youth.

~Sara Teasdale

One by one, like leaves from a tree, / All my faiths have forsaken me.

~Sara Teasdale

Life is a frail moth flying Caught in the web of the years that pass.

~Sara Teasdale

What we have never had, remains; It is the things we have that go.

~Sara Teasdale

I shall gather myself into my self again, I shall take my scattered selves and make them one.

~Sara Teasdale

Though I know he loves me, tonight my heart is sad; his kiss was not so wonderful as all the dreams I had.

~Sara Teasdale

Oh Earth, you gave me all I have, I love you, I love you, - oh what
have I That I can give you in return - Except my body after I die?

~Sara Teasdale

Spend all you have for loveliness.

~Sara Teasdale

I am the pool of gold When sunset burns and dies-- You are my
deepening skies; Give me your stars to hold

~Sara Teasdale

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful when rain bends down
the bough; And I shall be more silent and cold hearted than you are
now.

~Sara Teasdale

look for a lovely thing and you will find it, it is not far, it never will be far

~Sara Teasdale

There in the windy flood of morning Longing lifted its weight from me,
Lost as a sob in the midst of cheering, Swept as a sea-bird out to sea.

~Sara Teasdale

My soul is a dark ploughed field In the cold rain; My soul is a broken
field Ploughed by pain.

~Sara Teasdale

Beauty, more than bitterness, makes the heart break.

~Sara Teasdale

It is my heart that makes my songs, not I.

~Sara Teasdale

Of my own spirit let me be in sole though feeble mastery.

~Sara Teasdale

I try to catch at many a tune
Like petals of light fallen from the moon,
Broken and bright on a dark lagoon,
But they float away - for who
can hold Youth, or perfume or the moon's gold?

~Sara Teasdale

A hush is over everything, Silent as women wait for love;
The world is waiting for the spring.

~Sara Teasdale

The grass is waking in the ground, / Soon it will rise and blow in waves
- / How can it have the heart to sway / Over the graves, / New graves?

~Sara Teasdale

There's nothing half so real in life as the things you've done...
inexorably, unalterably done.

~Sara Teasdale

Oh who can tell the range of joy or set the bounds of beauty?

~Sara Teasdale

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear because
to a clear why.

~Sara Teasdale

Joy was a flame in me Too steady to destroy. Lithe as a bending reed,
Loving the storm that sways her

~Sara Teasdale

Moon, worn thin to the width of a quill, / In the dawn clouds flying, / How
good to go, light into light, and still / Giving light, dying.

~Sara Teasdale

Let this single hour atone For the theft of all of me

~Sara Teasdale

I could not be so sure of Spring / Save that it sings in me.

~Sara Teasdale

With my singing I can make, a refuge for my spirit's sake; a house of shining words, to be my fragile immortality.

~Sara Teasdale

For I shall learn from flower and leaf, That color every drop they hold,
To change the lifeless wine of grief To living gold.

~Sara Teasdale

Love in my heart is a cry forever Lost as the swallow's flight, Seeking
for you and never, never Stilled by the stars at night

~Sara Teasdale

The window-lights, myriads and myriads, Bloom from the walls like
climbing flowers.

~Sara Teasdale

The world is tired, the year is old, The faded leaves are glad to die.

~Sara Teasdale

The ache of empty arms was an old tale to you.

~Sara Teasdale

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten, Forgotten as a fire that once
was singing gold, Let it be forgotten forever and ever, Time is a kind
friend, he will make us old.

~Sara Teasdale

But oh, to him I loved Who loved me not at all, I owe the little open

gate That led thru heaven's wall.

~Sara Teasdale

O lovely chance, what can I do
To give my gratefulness to you?
You rise between myself and me
With a wise persistency;
I would have broken body and soul,
But by your grace, still I am whole.

~Sara Teasdale

But what do I care, for love will be over so soon,
Let my heart have its say and my mind stand idly by,
For my mind is proud and strong enough to be silent,
It is my heart that makes my songs, not I.

~Sara Teasdale

Make songs for Death as you would sing to Love -
But you will not assuage him. He alone
Of all the gods will take no gifts from men.

~Sara Teasdale

The greenish sky glows up in misty reds, The purple shadows turn
to brick and stone,
The dreams wear thin, men turn upon their beds,
And hear the milk-cart jangle by alone.

~Sara Teasdale

Years go, dreams go, and youth goes too,
The world's heart breaks beneath its wars,
All things are changed, save in the east,
The faithful beauty of the stars.

~Sara Teasdale

I saw above a sea of hills
A solitary planet shine,
And there was no one, near or far,
to keep the world from being mine.

~Sara Teasdale

Old love, old love, / How can I be true? / Shall I be faithless to myself /
Or to you?

~Sara Teasdale

Down the hill I went, and then, I forgot the ways of men, For
night-scents, heady and damp and cool Wakened ecstasy

~Sara Teasdale

The poet should try to give his poem the quiet swiftness of flame, so
that the reader will feel and not think while he is reading. But the
thinking will come afterwards.

~Sara Teasdale

Now at last I have come to see what life is, Nothing is ever ended,
everything only begun, And the brave victories that seem so splendid
Are never really won.

~Sara Teasdale

Love said, "Wake still and think of me," Sleep, "Close your eyes till
break of day," But Dreams came by and smilingly Gave both to Love
and Sleep their way.

~Sara Teasdale

And for a breath of ecstasy / Give all you have been, or could be.

~Sara Teasdale

If I am peaceful, I shall see Beauty's face continually; Feeding on her
wine and bread I shall be wholly comforted, For she can make one day
for me Rich as my lost eternity.

~Sara Teasdale

But you I never understood, Your spirit's secret hides like gold
Sunk in a Spanish galleon Ages ago in waters cold.

~Sara Teasdale

I saw a star slide down the sky Blinding the north as it went by Too
buring and too quick to hold Too lovely to be bought or sold Good only
to make wishes on And then forever to be gone

~Sara Teasdale

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him,
If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly,
Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me,
A lamp in darkness.

~Sara Teasdale

Take love when love is given, But never think to find it
A sure escape from sorrow Or a complete repose.

~Sara Teasdale

I shall not let a sorrow die Until I find the heart of it,
Nor let a wordless joy go by Until it talks to me a bit.

~Sara Teasdale

O beauty, are you not enough; why am I crying after love.

~Sara Teasdale

Can I ever know you / Or you know me?

~Sara Teasdale

Into my heart's treasury I slipped a coin
That Time cannot take Nor a thief purloin-
O better than the minting Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory Of a lovely thing.

~Sara Teasdale

Places I love come back to me like music, / Hush me and heal me
when I am very tired.

~Sara Teasdale

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