

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Quotes

*Spring, Way, Autumn, Bells, Song, Soul, Morning, Flower, Night, Heart,
Religion, Rays, Sun, Dies, Each Day, Swings, Melting, Men, Weed, Recovery*

Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose From out night's gray and cloudy sheath; Softly and still it grows and grows, Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet, Pauses a moment, with white twinkling feet, And golden locks in breezy play, Half teasing and half tender, to repeat Her song of May.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Earth's saddest day and gladdest day were just three days apart!

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

As we meet and touch, each day, The many travelers on our way, Let every such brief contact be A glorious, helpful minister.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Men die but sorrow never dies.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen my soul, to the glad refrain, And in spite of old sorrow... and possible pain, Take heart with the day and begin again.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Now the last red ray is gone; Now the twilight shadows hie.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

In the deep shadow of the porch A slender bind-weed springs, And climbs, like airy acrobat, The trellises, and swings And dances in the golden sun In fairy loops and rings.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Every tear is answered by a blossom, Every sigh with songs and laughter blent, April-blooms upon the breezes toss them. April knows

her own, and is content.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

We ring the bells and we raise the strain
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic - and
then we go Back to the same old lives again.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made anew.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

True love is not selfish. In time it accustoms itself to anything which secures happiness for its object.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Few things are more aggravating than to be forgiven when one has done no wrong.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

... And God, who studies each separate soul, out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

The sobbing wind is fierce and strong; its cry is like a human wail.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Ah, the pretty whisperers! It was very well
When the leaves were thick and green,
awhile ago-- Leaves are secret-keepers;
but since the last leaf fell
There is nothing hidden from the eyes below.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Dry leaves upon the wall, Which flap like rustling wings and seek
escape, A single frosted cluster on the grape Still hangs--and that is all.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

So, just for one more merry day To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way, Upon the autumn breezes
swung.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Softly drops the crimson sun: Softly down from overhead, Drop the
bell-notes, one by one, Melting in the melting red.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

...this pause of rest, This morning hush before the sun.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

All green and fair the summer lies, Just budded from the bud of spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies, And winds that softly sing.

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

The Autumn seems to cry for thee, Best lover of the Autumn-days!

~Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

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