

Thomas Gray

Quotes

*Eye, Pain, Life, Men, Voice, Soul, Spring, Dark, Wise, Wind, Air, Heart, Fate,
Paradise, Flower, Thinking, Moving, Solitude, Sky, Littles*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

~Thomas Gray

I shall be but a shrimp of an author.

~Thomas Gray

Youth smiles without any reason. It is one of its chiefest charms.

~Thomas Gray

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows, While proudly rising o'er the azure realm In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes, Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

~Thomas Gray

Poetry is thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

~Thomas Gray

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would draw his hat over his eyes.

~Thomas Gray

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

~Thomas Gray

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight! Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

~Thomas Gray

Men will believe anything at all provided they are under no obligation to believe it.

~Thomas Gray

To each his suff'rings: all are men, / Condemn'd alike to groan, / The tender for another's pain; / Th' unfeeling for his own.

~Thomas Gray

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king! Confusion on thy banners wait! Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing, They mock the air with idle state.

~Thomas Gray

Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise.

~Thomas Gray

From toil he wins his spirits light, From busy day the peaceful night; Rich, from the very want of wealth, In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

~Thomas Gray

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes And heedless hearts, is lawful prize; Nor all that glisters gold.

~Thomas Gray

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere, Heaven did a recompense as largely send: He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear, He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

~Thomas Gray

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

~Thomas Gray

Hell is full of good intentions.

~Thomas Gray

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathom'd caves of

ocean bear: Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

~Thomas Gray

A fav'rite has no friend!

~Thomas Gray

Rich with the spoils of time.

~Thomas Gray

Can storied urn, or animated bust Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust, Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

~Thomas Gray

Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity.

~Thomas Gray

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

~Thomas Gray

Full many a gem of purest ray serene, The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

~Thomas Gray

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

~Thomas Gray

As to posterity, I may ask what has it ever done to oblige me?

~Thomas Gray

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries, E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

~Thomas Gray

The still small voice of gratitude.

~Thomas Gray

Alas, regardless of their doom, the little victims play! No sense have they of ills to come nor care beyond today.

~Thomas Gray

To Contemplation's sober eye. / Such is the race of Man.

~Thomas Gray

Her track, where'er the goddess roves, Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame, Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

~Thomas Gray

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd, Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

~Thomas Gray

To contemplation's sober eye, Such is the race of man; And they that creep, and they that fly, Shall end where they began, Alike the busy and the gay, But flutter through life's little day.

~Thomas Gray

T'was Spring, t'was Summer, all was gay Now Autumn bears a cloud brow The flowers of Spring are swept away And Summer fruits desert the bough

~Thomas Gray

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, A youth to fortune and to fame unknown: Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

~Thomas Gray

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Awaits alike th' inevitable hour. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

~Thomas Gray

No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode (There they alike in trembling hope repose), The bosom of his Father and his God.

~Thomas Gray

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

~Thomas Gray

Some bold adventurers disdain The limits of their little reign, And unknown regions date descry.

~Thomas Gray

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, Beneath the good how far,-but far above the great.

~Thomas Gray

They hear a voice in every wind, And snatch a fearful joy.

~Thomas Gray

The insect-youth are on the wing, Eager to taste the honied spring, And float amid the liquid noon!

~Thomas Gray

To brisk notes in cadence beating, glance their many-twinkling feet.

~Thomas Gray

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed, Less pleasing when possess; The tear forgot as soon as shed, The sunshine of the breast.

~Thomas Gray

Where once my careless childhood strayed, / A stranger yet to pain.

~Thomas Gray

The Attic warbler pours her throat, Responsive to the cuckoo's note, The untaught harmony of spring.

~Thomas Gray

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray; Along the cool sequester'd vale of life They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

~Thomas Gray

The meanest flowret of the vale, / The simplest note that swells the gale, / The common sun, the air, and skies, / To him are opening paradise.

~Thomas Gray

There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument.

~Thomas Gray

From Helicon's harmonious springs A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

~Thomas Gray

The hues of bliss more brightly glow, Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.

~Thomas Gray

Daughter of Jove, relentless power, Thou tamer of the human breast, Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour The bad affright, afflict the best!

~Thomas Gray

Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

~Thomas Gray

One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

~Thomas Gray

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

~Thomas Gray

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies. While aged peasants, too amazed for words, Stare at the flying fleets of wondrous birds.

~Thomas Gray

Scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.

~Thomas Gray

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

~Thomas Gray

And moody madness laughing wild Amid severest woe.

~Thomas Gray

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time: The living throne, the sapphire blaze, Where angels tremble while they gaze, He saw; but blasted with excess of light, Closed his eyes in endless night.

~Thomas Gray

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move The bloom of young
Desire and purple light of love.

~Thomas Gray

Low on his funeral couch he lies!

~Thomas Gray

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

~Thomas Gray

The applause of list'ning senates to command, The threats of pain and
ruin to despise, To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, And read their
history in a nation's eyes.

~Thomas Gray

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in
playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal
new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

~Thomas Gray

Ah, tell them they are men!

~Thomas Gray

Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er, Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

~Thomas Gray

And hie him home, at evening's close, To sweet repast and calm
repose.

~Thomas Gray

We frolic while 'tis May.

~Thomas Gray

Sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

~Thomas Gray

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

~Thomas Gray

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade! Ah, fields beloved in vain! Where once my careless childhood stray'd, A stranger yet to pain! I feel the gales that from ye blow A momentary bliss bestow.

~Thomas Gray

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

~Thomas Gray

The language of the age is never the language of poetry, except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose.

~Thomas Gray

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,/ The bee's collected treasure sweet,/ Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet/ The still small voice of gratitude.

~Thomas Gray

Thought would destroy their paradise.

~Thomas Gray

What female heart can gold despise? What cat 's averse to fish?

~Thomas Gray

How low, how little are the proud, How indigent the great!

~Thomas Gray

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust, or flattery soothe the dull,
cold ear of death?

~Thomas Gray

Man's feeble race what ills await! Labour, and Penury, the racks of
Pain, Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train, And Death, sad refuge from
the storms of Fate!

~Thomas Gray

Along the cool sequestered vale of life, They kept the noiseless tenour
of their way.

~Thomas Gray

In buskined measures move Pale Grief and pleasing Pain, With Horror,
tyrant of the throbbing breast.

~Thomas Gray

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

~Thomas Gray

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd, Or waked to ecstasy
the living lyre.

~Thomas Gray

England, so long mistress of the sea, Where winds and waves confess
her sovereignty, Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear And reign
the sovereign of the conquered air.

~Thomas Gray

When love could teach a monarch to be wise, And gospel-light first
dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

~Thomas Gray

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