

Thomas Hood Quotes

*Men, Flower, Autumn, Heart, Fall, Sweet, Inspirational, Life, Moon, Atheism,
Love, Fear, May, Boys, Half, Years, Winter, Sleep, Gold, Joy*

With fingers weary and worn, With eyelids heavy and red, A woman sat
in unwomanly rags, Plying her needle and thread.

~Thomas Hood

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees, No fruits, no flowers, no
leaves, no birds - November!

~Thomas Hood

She stood breast-high amid the corn Clasp'd by the golden light of
morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had
won.

~Thomas Hood

Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells When on the
undulating air they swim!

~Thomas Hood

My tears must stop, for every drop Hinders needle and thread.

~Thomas Hood

Coquetry is the champagne of love.

~Thomas Hood

There's a double beauty whenever a swan Swims on a lake with her
double thereon.

~Thomas Hood

Some minds improve by travel, others, rather, resemble copper wire, or
brass, which get the narrower by going farther.

~Thomas Hood

I saw old autumn in the misty morn Stand shadowless like silence,
listening To silence.

~Thomas Hood

I remember, I remember, The house where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn.

~Thomas Hood

Gold! gold! gold! gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold!

~Thomas Hood

So mayst thou live, dear! many years, In all the bliss that life endears

~Thomas Hood

What joy have I in June's return? My feet are parched-my eyeballs burn, I scent no flowery gust; But faint the flagging zephyr springs, With dry Macadam on its wings, And turns me 'dust to dust.'

~Thomas Hood

When Eve upon the first of Men The apple press'd with specious cant, Oh! what a thousand pities then That Adam was not Adamant!

~Thomas Hood

To attempt to advise conceited people is like whistling against the wind.

~Thomas Hood

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, Tormenting himself with his prickles.

~Thomas Hood

The cowslip is a country wench.

~Thomas Hood

There is a silence where hath been no sound, There is a silence where no sound may be,- In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea, Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

~Thomas Hood

O bed! O bed! delicious bed! That heaven upon earth to the weary head.

~Thomas Hood

Oh, if it be to choose and call thee mine, love, thou art every day my Valentine!

~Thomas Hood

Some sigh for this and that; My wishes don't go far; The world may wag at will, So I have my cigar.

~Thomas Hood

A moment's thinking is an hour in words.

~Thomas Hood

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!

~Thomas Hood

When was ever honey made with one bee in a hive?

~Thomas Hood

Frost is the greatest artist in our clime - he paints in nature and describes in rime.

~Thomas Hood

Peace and rest at length have come, All the day's long toil is past; And each heart is whispering, "Home, Home at last!"

~Thomas Hood

Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves.

~Thomas Hood

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the

soul? It is immaterial.

~Thomas Hood

Half of the failures in life come from pulling one's horse when he is leaping.

~Thomas Hood

Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.

~Thomas Hood

The lily is all in white, like a saint, And so is no mate for me.

~Thomas Hood

Sweet are the little brooks that run O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones.

~Thomas Hood

The biggest bore of all is he who is overflowing with congratulations

~Thomas Hood

It was not in the winter Our loving lot was cast! It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!

~Thomas Hood

But evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart!

~Thomas Hood

The year's in wane; There is nothing adorning; The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning; Cold winter gives warning!

~Thomas Hood

Ben Battle was a soldier bold, and used to war's alarms, But a
cannon-ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms.

~Thomas Hood

The Autumn is old; The sere leaves are flying; He hath gather'd up gold, And now he is dying;- Old age, begin sighing!

~Thomas Hood

Extremes meet', as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth.

~Thomas Hood

A name, it has more than nominal worth, And belongs to good or bad luck at birth

~Thomas Hood

While the steeples are loud in their joy, To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding, Let us chime in a peal, one and all, For we all should be able to sing Hullah baloo.

~Thomas Hood

The best of friends fall out, and so his teeth had done some years ago.

~Thomas Hood

When he is forsaken, Withered and shaken, What can an old man do but die?

~Thomas Hood

There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later; namely: novelty, novelty, novelty.

~Thomas Hood

There is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy.

~Thomas Hood

Apothegms form a short cut to much knowledge.

~Thomas Hood

Such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown

with corn.

~Thomas Hood

I love thee - I love thee, 'Tis all that I can say, It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day.

~Thomas Hood

It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy To know I'm further off
from heaven Than when I was a boy.

~Thomas Hood

No blessed leisure for love or hope, But only time for grief.

~Thomas Hood

For my part, getting up seems not so easy By half as lying.

~Thomas Hood

What is a modern poet's fate? / To write his thoughts upon a slate; /
The critic spits on what is done, / Gives it a wipe - and all is gone.

~Thomas Hood

Father of rosy day, No more thy clouds of incense rise; But waking
flow'rs, At morning hours, Give out their sweets to meet thee in the
skies.

~Thomas Hood

Oh! God! That bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so
cheap!

~Thomas Hood

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams, Unnatural and full
of contradictions; Yet others of our most romantic schemes, Are
something more than fictions.

~Thomas Hood

I resolved that, like the sun, as long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything.

~Thomas Hood

Comfort and indolence are cronies.

~Thomas Hood

We watch'd her breathing through the night, Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

~Thomas Hood

How bless'd the heart that has a friend. A sympathizing ear to lend.

~Thomas Hood

My brain is dull, my sight is foul, I cannot write a verse, or read-- Then,
Pallas, take away thine Owl, And let us have a lark instead.

~Thomas Hood

Experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow.

~Thomas Hood

Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of an industrious turn, willing, for an infinitesimal share of the honey, to undertake the labor of its fabrication.

~Thomas Hood

Fuss is the froth of business.

~Thomas Hood

Bells are musics laughter.

~Thomas Hood

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing.

~Thomas Hood

And there is even a happiness That makes the heart afraid.

~Thomas Hood

Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied; We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died.

~Thomas Hood

A certain portion of the human race has certainly a taste for being diddled.

~Thomas Hood

A man that's fond precociously of stirring , ::::; Must be a spoon.

~Thomas Hood

Alas for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun!

~Thomas Hood

My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon.

~Thomas Hood

Oh would I were dead now, Or up in my bed now, To cover my head now, And have a good cry!

~Thomas Hood

How widely its agencies vary,- To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,- As even its minted coins express, Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess, And now of a Bloody Mary.

~Thomas Hood

Boughs are daily rifled By the gusty thieves, And the book of Nature Getteth short of leaves.

~Thomas Hood

Lives of great men oft remind us as we o'er their pages turn, That we too may leave behind us - Letters that we ought to burn.

~Thomas Hood

The Quaker loves an ample brim, A hat that bows to no salaam; And dear the beaver is to him As if it never made a dam.

~Thomas Hood

O men with sisters dear, O men with mothers and wives, It is not linen you 're wearing out, But human creatures' lives!

~Thomas Hood

For man may pious texts repeat, And yet religion have no inward seat

~Thomas Hood

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