

Walter de La Mare

Quotes

*Men, Lying, Cat, Flower, Stars, Water, Long, Night, Sorrow, Pity, Lovely,
Summer, Dream, Eye, Mind, Blind, Morning, Sleep, Rose, Too Late*

All but blind In his chambered hole Gropes for worms The four-clawed Mole.

~Walter de La Mare

All day long the door of the sub-conscious remains just ajar; we slip through to the other side, and return again, as easily and secretly as a cat.

~Walter de La Mare

A harvest mouse goes scampering by, With silver claws and silver eye; And moveless fish in the water gleam, By silver reeds in a silver stream.

~Walter de La Mare

After all, what is every man? A horde of ghosts - like a Chinese nest of boxes - oaks that were acorns that were oaks. Death lies behind us, not in front - in our ancestors, back and back until.

~Walter de La Mare

Once a man strays out of the common herd, he's more likely to meet wolves in the thickets than angels.

~Walter de La Mare

What a haunting, inescapable riddle life was.

~Walter de La Mare

And some win peace who spend The skill of words to sweeten despair Of finding consolation where Life has but one dark end.

~Walter de La Mare

A lost but happy dream may shed its light upon our waking hours, and the whole day may be infected with the gloom of a dreary or sorrowful one; yet of neither may we be able to recover a trace.

~Walter de La Mare

An hour's terror is better than a lifetime of timidity.

~Walter de La Mare

For beauty with sorrow Is a burden hard to be borne: The evening light
on the foam, and the swans, there; That music, remote, forlorn.

~Walter de La Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon Walks the night in her silver shoon.

~Walter de La Mare

Very old are the woods; And the buds that break Out of the brier's
boughs, When March winds wake, So old with their beauty are-- Oh, no
man knows Through what wild centuries Roves back the rose.

~Walter de La Mare

A face peered. All the grey night In chaos of vacancy shone; Nought
but vast Sorrow was there The sweet cheat gone.

~Walter de La Mare

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland, The waters of no-more-pain; His
ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars, "Rest, rest, and rest again.

~Walter de La Mare

Too late for fruit, too soon for flowers.

~Walter de La Mare

When I lie where shades of darkness Shall no more assail mine eyes.

~Walter de La Mare

Oh, no man knows Through what wild centuries Roves back the rose.

~Walter de La Mare

Dobbin at manger pulls his hay: Gone is another summer's day.

~Walter de La Mare

Look thy last on all things lovely, Every hour

~Walter de La Mare

The only catalogue of this world's goods that really counts is that which we keep in the silence of the mind.

~Walter de La Mare

Three jolly huntsmen, In coats of red, Rode their horses Up to bed.

~Walter de La Mare

Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him He lags the long bright morning through, Ever so tired of nothing to do.

~Walter de La Mare

Oh, pity the poor glutton Whose troubles all begin In struggling on and on to turn What's out into what's in.

~Walter de La Mare

Now that cleverness was the fashion most people were clever - even perfect fools; and cleverness after all was often only a bore: all head and no body

~Walter de La Mare

As soon as they're out of your sight, you are out of their mind.

~Walter de La Mare

What is the world, O soldiers? It is I, I, this incessant snow, This northern sky.

~Walter de La Mare

As long as I live I shall always be My Self - and no other, Just me.

~Walter de La Mare

It was a pity thoughts always ran the easiest way, like water in old

ditches.

~Walter de La Mare

Hi! handsome hunting man
Fire your little gun. Bang! Now the animal is
dead and dumb and done. Nevermore to peep again,
creep again, leap again, Eat or sleep or drink again.
Oh, what fun!

~Walter de La Mare

God has mercifully ordered that the human brain works slowly;
first the blow, hours afterwards the bruise.

~Walter de La Mare

We wake and whisper awhile, But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields Of amaranth lie.

~Walter de La Mare

Do diddle di do, Poor Jim Jay Got stuck fast
In Yesterday.

~Walter de La Mare

But beauty vanishes; beauty passes; However rare rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember This lady of the West Country?

~Walter de La Mare

So, blind to Someone I must be.

~Walter de La Mare

What lovely things Thy hand hath made.

~Walter de La Mare

Related Links:

- Men Quotes
- Lying Quotes
- Cat Quotes
- Flower Quotes
- Stars Quotes
- Water Quotes
- Long Quotes
- Night Quotes
- Sorrow Quotes
- Pity Quotes
- Lovely Quotes
- Summer Quotes
- Dream Quotes
- Eye Quotes
- Mind Quotes
- Blind Quotes
- Morning Quotes
- Sleep Quotes
- Rose Quotes
- Too Late Quotes