Autumn, Summer, Men, Home, Spring, Kissing, Fall, World, Book, Song, Feelings, Writing, Heart, Sweet, Morning, Selfishness, Stars, Foundation, Politeness, Revenge

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods and day by day the dead leaves fall and melt.

~William Allingham

Autumn's the mellow time.

~William Allingham

Writing is learning to say nothing, more cleverly every day.

~William Allingham

Four ducks on a pond, / A grass-bank beyond, / A blue sky of spring, / White clouds on the wing: / What a little thing / To remember for years - / To remember with tears!.

~William Allingham

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one: I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me.

~William Allingham

History of Ireland--lawlessness and turbulency, robbery and oppression, hatred and revenge, blind selfishness everywhere--no principle, no heroism. What can be done with it?

~William Allingham

Pluck not the wayside flower; It is the traveler's dower.

~William Allingham

She danced a jig, she sung a song that took my heart away.

~William Allingham

A man who keeps a diary pays, Due toll to many tedious days; But life becomes eventful—then, His busy hand forgets the pen. Most books, indeed, are records less Of fulness than of emptiness.

~William Allingham

Round the world and home again, that's the sailor's way!

~William Allingham

Fairies, arouse! Mix with your song Harplet and pipe, Thrilling and clear, Swarm on the boughs! Chant in a throng! Morning is ripe, Waiting to hear.

~William Allingham

Not like Homer would I write, Not like Dante if I might, Not like Shakespeare at his best, Not like Goethe or the rest, Like myself, however small, Like myself, or not at all.

~William Allingham

Does not the latent feeling that much of their striving is to no purpose tend to infuse large quantities of sham into men's work?

~William Allingham

Sin we have explain'd away; Unluckily, the sinners stay.

~William Allingham

Scarcely a tear to shed; Hardly a word to say; The end of a Summer's day; Sweet Love is dead.

~William Allingham

Winds and waters keepA hush more dead than any sleep.

~William Allingham

Bare twigs in April enhance our pleasure; We know the good time is yet to come.... Bare twigs in Autumn are signs for sadness; We feel the good time is well-nigh past.

~William Allingham

I believe in Success, And in Comfort no less I believe all the rest is but patter.

~William Allingham

Tantarrara! the joyous Book of Spring Lies open, writ in blossoms.

~William Allingham

Solitude is very sad, Too much company twice as bad.

~William Allingham

Oh, bring again my heart's content, Thou Spirit of the Summer-time!

~William Allingham

Politeness costs nothing. Nothing, that is, to him that shows it; but if often costs the world very dear.

~William Allingham

One who can see without seeming to see-- That's an observer as good as three.

~William Allingham

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside; It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and waterswide.

~William Allingham

Soul's Castle fell at one blast of temptation, But many a worm had pierced the foundation.

~William Allingham

The mother's kiss is the sweetest thing ever.

~William Allingham

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