

William C. Bryant

Quotes

*Flower, Summer, Spring, Autumn, Lying, Fall, Night, Men, Eye, Sky, Light,
Wind, Air, Nature, Beautiful, Earth, Art, Tree, Sunshine, Dream*

The air was fragrant with a thousand trodden aromatic herbs, with fields of lavender, and with the brightest roses blushing in tufts all over the meadows.

~William C. Bryant

Go forth under the open sky, and list To Nature's teachings.

~William C. Bryant

The moon is at her full, and riding high, Floods the calm fields with light. The airs that hover in the summer sky Are all asleep to-night.

~William C. Bryant

These struggling tides of life that seem In wayward, aimless course to tend, Are eddies of the mighty stream That rolls to its appointed end.

~William C. Bryant

Hark to that shrill, sudden shout, The cry of an applauding multitude, Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields The living mass as if he were its soul!

~William C. Bryant

It is said to be the manner of hypochondriacs to change often their physician.

~William C. Bryant

But 'neath yon crimson tree Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame, Nor mark, within its roseate canopy, Her blush of maiden shame.

~William C. Bryant

Autumn, the year's last, loveliest smile.

~William C. Bryant

There is a day of sunny rest For every dark and troubled night; And

grief may hide an evening guest, But joy shall come with early light.

~William C. Bryant

The groves were God's first temples.

~William C. Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language.

~William C. Bryant

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods and meadows brown and sear.

~William C. Bryant

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows With windflowers fail and fair.

~William C. Bryant

I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart. . . .

~William C. Bryant

Self-interest is the most ingenious and persuasive of all the agents that deceive our consciences, while by means of it our unhappy and stubborn prejudices operate in their greatest force.

~William C. Bryant

Winning isn't everything, but it beats anything in second place.

~William C. Bryant

Difficulty is the nurse of greatness.

~William C. Bryant

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson.

~William C. Bryant

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.

~William C. Bryant

Difficulty, my brethren, is the nurse of greatness - a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster children into strength and athletic proportion.

~William C. Bryant

And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief, and the year smiles as it draws near its death.

~William C. Bryant

I hear the howl of the wind that brings The long drear storm on its heavy wings.

~William C. Bryant

The rose that lives its little hour Is prized beyond the sculpted flower.

~William C. Bryant

Truth crushed to the earth will rise again!

~William C. Bryant

The stormy March has come at last, With winds and clouds and changing skies; I hear the rushing of the blast That through the snowy valley flies.

~William C. Bryant

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length, Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place A limit to the giant's unchained strength, Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

~William C. Bryant

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

~William C. Bryant

A sculptor wields The chisel, and the stricken marble grows To beauty.

~William C. Bryant

Pain dies quickly, and lets her weary prisoners go; the fiercest agonies have shortest reign.

~William C. Bryant

Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues That live among the clouds, and flush the air, Linger, and deepening at the hour of dews.

~William C. Bryant

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene And silent waters heaven is seen. Their lashes are the herbs that look On their young figures in the brook.

~William C. Bryant

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh; The rocks moan wildly as it passes by; Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand, And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

~William C. Bryant

Loveliest of lovely things are they, On earth, that soonest pass away. The rose that lives its little hour Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

~William C. Bryant

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase is fruits of innocence and blessedness.

~William C. Bryant

There is no glory in star or blossom till looked upon by a loving eye; There is no fragrance in April breezes till breathed with joy as they wander by.

~William C. Bryant

The rugged trees are mingling Their flowery sprays in love; The ivy climbs the laurel To clasp the boughs above.

~William C. Bryant

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies tall, silver-shafted palm-trees rise, between full orange-trees that shade the living colonade.

~William C. Bryant

Music is not merely a study, it is an entertainment; wherever there is music there is a throng of listeners.

~William C. Bryant

The February sunshine steeps your boughs and tints the buds and swells the leaves within.

~William C. Bryant

Do not the bright June roses blow To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

~William C. Bryant

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

~William C. Bryant

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime.

~William C. Bryant

Eloquence is the poetry of prose.

~William C. Bryant

A herd of prairie-wolves will enter a field of melons and quarrel about the division of the spoils as fiercely and noisily as so many politicians.

~William C. Bryant

Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient

sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd and under roofs That our frail hands have raised?

~William C. Bryant

The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at.

~William C. Bryant

All that tread, the globe are but a handful to the tribes, that slumber in its bosom.

~William C. Bryant

Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger.

~William C. Bryant

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn.

~William C. Bryant

Ere, in the northern gale, The summer tresses of the trees are gone, The woods of Autumn, all around our vale, Have put their glory on.

~William C. Bryant

God hath yoked to guilt her pale tormentor,--misery.

~William C. Bryant

The victory of endurance born.

~William C. Bryant

Pleasantly, between the pelting showers, the sunshine gushes down.

~William C. Bryant

Virtue cannot dwell with slaves, nor reign O'er those who cower to take a tyrant's yoke.

~William C. Bryant

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign; And after dreams of horror,
comes again The welcome morning with its rays of peace.

~William C. Bryant

And kind the voice and glad the eyes That welcome my return at night.

~William C. Bryant

Sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like
one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to
pleasant dreams.

~William C. Bryant

Ah! never shall the land forget How gushed the life-blood of her brave -

~William C. Bryant

But Winter has yet brighter scenes-he boasts Splendors beyond what
gorgeous Summer knows; Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues.

~William C. Bryant

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again.

~William C. Bryant

The mighty Rain Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.

~William C. Bryant

So they, who climb to wealth, forget The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them--but I regret That I should ape the ways of pride.

~William C. Bryant

Ah! never shall the land forget.

~William C. Bryant

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,- The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshippers.

~William C. Bryant

Features, the great soul's apparent seat.

~William C. Bryant

That make the meadows green; and, poured round all, Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,--
Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tomb of man.

~William C. Bryant

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew, And colored with the heaven's own blue.

~William C. Bryant

Showers and sunshine bring, Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack, And one by one the singing-birds come back.

~William C. Bryant

Maidens hearts are always soft: Would that men's were truer!

~William C. Bryant

There is a Power whose care Teaches thy way.

~William C. Bryant

The journalist should be on his guard against publishing what is false in taste or exceptionable in morals.

~William C. Bryant

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now Warms the low spot; upon
its grassy mold The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough drops

its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

~William C. Bryant

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away, Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

~William C. Bryant

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth in her fair page.

~William C. Bryant

Tender pauses speak The overflow of gladness, When words are all too weak.

~William C. Bryant

Is not thy home among the flowers?

~William C. Bryant

Follow thou thy choice.

~William C. Bryant

Adversity is the nurse of greatness which roughly rocks her patients back to health.

~William C. Bryant

All great poets have been men of great knowledge.

~William C. Bryant

Poetry is that art which selects and arranges the symbols of thought in such a manner as to excite the imagination the most powerfully and delightfully.

~William C. Bryant

A melancholy sound is in the air, A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail Around my dwelling. 'Tis the Wind of night.

~William C. Bryant

Flowers spring up unsown and die ungathered.

~William C. Bryant

Yet will that beauteous image make The dreary sea less drear And thy remembered smile will wake The hope that tramples fear

~William C. Bryant

Heed not the night; A summer lodge amid the wild is mine, 'Tis shadowed by the tulip-tree, 'Tis mantled by the vine.

~William C. Bryant

Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven They fade, they fly--but truth survives the flight.

~William C. Bryant

Ah, never shall the land forget How gush'd the life-blood of the brave, Gush'd warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save!

~William C. Bryant

The gentle race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds.

~William C. Bryant

Poetry is the eloquence of verse.

~William C. Bryant

A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.

~William C. Bryant

He [William Henry Harrison] did not live long enough to prove his incapacity for the office of President.

~William C. Bryant

And at my silent window-sill The jessamine peeps in.

~William C. Bryant

[Thanatopsis] was written in 1817, when Bryant was 23. Had he died then, the world would have thought it had lost a great poet. But he lived on.

~William C. Bryant

The birch-bark canoe of the savage seems to me one of the most beautiful and perfect things of the kind constructed by human art.

~William C. Bryant

The breath of springtime at this twilight hour Comes through the gathering glooms, And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower Into my silent rooms.

~William C. Bryant

And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze, Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

~William C. Bryant

The hushed winds their Sabbath keep.

~William C. Bryant

The summer morn is bright and fresh, the birds are darting by. As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the cool clear sky.

~William C. Bryant

Related Links:

- Flower Quotes
- Summer Quotes
- Spring Quotes
- Autumn Quotes
- Lying Quotes
- Fall Quotes
- Night Quotes
- Men Quotes
- Eye Quotes
- Sky Quotes
- Light Quotes
- Wind Quotes
- Air Quotes
- Nature Quotes
- Beautiful Quotes
- Earth Quotes
- Art Quotes
- Tree Quotes
- Sunshine Quotes
- Dream Quotes