Eye, Hate, Song, Fall, Believe, Children, Feet, Light, Hands, Earnest, Silence, Gleam, Joy, Heart, Dream, Mother, Justice, Past, Weary, Ease

Empires dissolve and peoples disappear, song passes not away.

~William Watson

Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness.

~William Watson

April, April Laugh thy girlish laughter; Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears.

~William Watson

And though circuitous and obscureThe feet of Nemesis how sure!

~William Watson

The thirst to know and understand a large and liberal discontent.

~William Watson

God, eldest of Poets.

~William Watson

In this world with starry dome, Floored with gemlike plains and seas, Shall I never feel at home, Never wholly be at ease?

~William Watson

Deemest thou laborOnly is earnest? Grave is all beauty, Solemn is joy.

~William Watson

The after-silence, when the feast is o'er, And void the places where the minstrels stood, Differs in nought from what hath been before, And is nor ill nor good.

~William Watson

Best they honor thee Who honor in thee only what is best.

~William Watson

On from room to room I stray, Yet mine Host can ne'er espy, And I know not to this day, Whether guest or captive I.

~William Watson

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.

~William Watson

Personally, I do not believe that we shall have greater armaments in the future than we have had in the past. On the contrary, I believe there will be a gradual diminution in this respect.

~William Watson

Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

~William Watson

Too long, that some may rest, tired millions toil unblest.

~William Watson

Lord of the golden tongue and smiting eyes; Great out of season and untimely wise: A man whose virtue, genius, grandeur, worth, Wrought deadlier ill than ages can undo.

~William Watson

A dreamer of the common dreams, A fisher in familiar streams, He chased the transitory gleams That all pursue; But on his lips the eternal themes Again were new.

~William Watson

We hold our hate too choice a thing, for light and careless lavishing.

~William Watson

Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose Upon Truths lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

~William Watson

His friends he loved. His direst earthly foe - Cats-I believe he did but feign to hate. My hand will miss the insinuated nose, Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at Fate.

~William Watson

Fiat justitia et ruant coeli. Let justice be done, though the heavens may fall. See Ferdinand I 320:1.

~William Watson

Threadbare his songs seem now, to lettered ken: They were worn threadbare next the hearts of men.

~William Watson

He saw wan Woman toil with famished eyes; He saw her bound, and strove to sing her free. He saw her fall'n; and wrote "The Bridge of Sighs"; And on it crossed to immortality.

~William Watson

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