



# QUOTATIONS

The Penguin Dictionary of

J. M. and M. J. COHEN



PENGUIN REFERENCE BOOKS

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J. M. AND M. J. COHEN

# THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

*To fill up a work with these scraps may, indeed,  
be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world,  
who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second  
time in fragments and by retail, what they  
have already in gross, if not in their  
memories, upon their shelves.*

FIELDING: Tom Jones

Bk 12, Ch. 1




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PENGUIN REFERENCE BOOKS

## THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

J. M. Cohen, born in London in 1903, is the author of many Penguin translations, including versions for the Classics of Cervantes, Rabelais, and Montaigne. He has also edited the three volumes of *Comic and Curious Verse*, *Writers in the New Cuba*, and *Latin American Writing Today*. He has written a good deal of criticism, broadcasts on the Third Programme on a variety of subjects, and has read widely in several languages. His particular interests are poetry, and the literature of Spanish America, which he has visited several times. He now lives in the country and, though his vision no longer enables him to read, continues to work and keep up with his favourite subjects.

His third son, M. J. Cohen, is an educational publisher who is married and has three daughters. He worked on the dictionary during most of his Cambridge vacations, contributing particularly quotations from drama and some seventeenth-century and modern writers. Both authors have collaborated in a dictionary of modern quotations (from 1900) which is in preparation.



## FOREWORD

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A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS MUST SERVE AT LEAST THREE PURPOSES. Its owner must be able to find, with the aid of the index, the speaker or writer responsible for a phrase that has stuck – or half-stuck – in his head, or for a reference found during his reading. His dictionary must guide him to the context, giving him, where possible, line and page references to some easily available edition. By use of the index too, he must be able to see what has been said on a particular subject by a variety of men; to turn up such key-words as *God, life, love, money, peace, war, word, and world* is to discover a babel of opinions, with one or more of which he may care to embellish his own writing or conversation at the proper moment. Direct use of the first section, moreover, arranged under alphabetical order of authors, will give him some of the outstanding statements made by the great, or by the not-so-great who have for some reason been remembered.

It is remarkable that it is not always those who are most read or respected who have left the greatest number of sayings in the popular memory. Samuel Butler the elder, for example, can have few readers today, yet his once universally quoted political satire *Hudibras* has enriched the language with a great number of almost proverbial maxims, many of which are included in the present book. Wilde and Shaw coined ready-made quotations as they wrote; Henry James and D. H. Lawrence, though at present even more

widely read, have left few phrases that are remembered. Single observations of theirs can seldom be detached from their context.

A large proportion of the quotations to be found here are necessary inclusions in any dictionary of quotations. The Bible, Shakespeare, *Paradise Lost*, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson* inevitably contribute a great number of pages. The compilers' free choice is limited to modern authors; and here they have to decide what will be read and quoted during the lifetime of their book. What to take from W. H. Auden, Christopher Fry, John Osborne, and Dylan Thomas; which, if any, of our present-day politicians will be remembered for anything at all; what newspaper, broadcasting, or advertising catchwords will last longer than the customary few months: these are problems which force them to take risks, at the price of possibly proving bad prophets.

Not only in the choice of modern authors, but also in the selection from writings in foreign languages, the present compilers have taken their own line. With the decline in the study of the Classics, it has seemed sensible to dispense with all quotations in the original Greek, and severely to limit the representation of Latin authors. On the other hand French is more adequately covered in this book than in most other dictionaries, and quite a few entries have been admitted in Ger-

## FOREWORD

man. All foreign quotations are followed by a prose translation; and often, where the original does not stick in the English memory, the translation only is given. It would be pedantic, for instance, to print the very well-known sayings from *Don Quixote* in Spanish, since the book is invariably read in English.

Quotations are taken from the most readily available source; those from the Bible are, except when otherwise described taken from the Authorized Version; those from Shakespeare from the one-volume Oxford edition edited by W. J. Craig; those from the English poets from the Oxford Editions of Standard Authors; and those from the Latin from the Oxford Classical Texts. Line numbering invariably differs from edition to edition, particularly

in Shakespeare, on account of the interpolated prose passages. Those possessing other editions therefore must be prepared to glance up and down the page.

The compilers hope that the book will prove easy to use. The index acts as a guide not only to the page on which the quotation is given, but to the number of that quotation on the page; and the indexing is, we hope, so thorough that the user will find the saying he wants by turning up any of the more striking words in it, that stick in his mind. Finally we hope that, in addition to its use as a reader's and writer's companion – and occasional aid in the solution of crossword puzzles – *The Penguin Dictionary of Quotations* will give some pleasure to those who browse in it.

J.M.C. M.J.C.

In order to save space, lines of verse are run on and the divisions between lines are indicated by oblique strokes.

# THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

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## LUCIUS ACCIUS 170-c. 85 B.C.

- 1 *Oderint, dum metuant.* - Let them hate so long as they fear. [Quoted in Cicero's *Philippic*, I. 14]

## LORD ACTON 1834-1902

- 2 Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men. [*Historical Essays and Studies*, Appendix]

## CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS 1842-1918

- 3 I haf von funny leedle poy / Vot gomes schust to mine knee: / Der queerest schap, der createst rogue / As efer you dit see. [*Yawcob Strauss*]

## F. P. ADAMS 1881-1960

- 4 The rich man has his motor car, / His country and his town estate. / He smokes a fifty-cent cigar / And jeers at Fate. [*The Rich Man*]
- 5 Yet though my lamp burns low and dim, / Though I must slave for livelihood - / Think you that I would change with him? / You bet I would! [*Ib.*]

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS 1767-1848

- 6 Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity! [Speech, 22 Dec. 1802]

## SAMUEL ADAMS 1722-1803

- 7 A nation of shopkeepers are very seldom so disinterested. [Speech said to have been made at Philadelphia, 1776]

## SARAH FLOWER ADAMS 1805-1848

- 8 Nearer, my God, to Thee. [Hymn title]

## JOSEPH ADDISON 1672-1719

- 9 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform, / Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. [*The Campaign*, 291]
- 10 'Tis not in mortals to command success, / But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [*Cato*, I. ii. 43]
- 11 And if, the following day, he chance to find / A new repast, or an untasted spring, / Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury. [*Ib.* I. iv. 68]
- 12 When love once pleads admission to our hearts, / In spite of all the virtue we can boast, / The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Ib.* IV. i. 29]
- 13 It must be so - Plato, thou reasonest well! - / Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, / This longing after immortality? [*Ib.* V. i. 1]
- 14 'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter, / And intimates eternity to man. / Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! [*Ib.* V. i. 8]
- 15 From hence, let fierce contending nations know, / What dire effects from civil discord flow. [*Ib.* V. iv. 111]
- 16 For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes, / Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise, / Poetic fields encompass me around, / And still I seem to tread on classic ground. [*Letter from Italy*]
- 17 Music, the greatest good that mortals know, / And all of heaven we have below. [*Song for St Cecilia's Day*]
- 18 Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters. [*Ancient Medals*, i]
- 19 Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species. [*The Spectator*, 1]
- 20 Nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense. [*Ib.* 18]
- 21 A perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature. [*Ib.* 39]

- 1 In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow, / Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow; / Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee, / There is no living with thee nor without thee. [*The Spectator*, 68, adapted from Martial, xii. 47]
- 2 The infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. [*Ib.* 69]
- 3 Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week. [*Ib.* 112]
- 4 Sir Roger told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgement rashly, that much might be said on both sides. [*Ib.* 122]
- 5 I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. [*Ib.* 269]
- 6 These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. [*Ib.* 335]
- 7 This Mr Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing'. [*Ib.* 419]
- 8 Through all Eternity to Thee / A joyful song I'll raise, / For oh! Eternity's too short / To utter all Thy praise. [*Ib.* 453]
- 9 We have in England a particular bashfulness in everything that regards religion. [*Ib.* 458]
- 10 The spacious firmament on high, / And all the blue ethereal sky, / And spangled heavens, a shining frame, / Their great Original proclaim. [*Ib.* 465, Ode]
- 11 Soon as the evening shades prevail, / The moon takes up the wondrous tale, / And nightly to the listening earth / Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, / And all the planets, in their turn, / Confirm the tidings as they roll, / And spread the truth from pole to pole. [*Ib.*]
- 12 The Hand that made us is divine. [*Ib.*]
- 13 A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. [*Ib.* 475]
- 14 Our disputants put me in mind of the skuttle fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him, till he becomes invisible. [*Ib.* 476]
- 15 I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. [*Ib.* 477]
- 16 'We are always doing', says he, 'something for Posterity, but I wou'd fain see

Posterity doing something for us.' [*The Spectator*, 583]

- 17 I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake. [*The Tatler*, 240]
- 18 I have but nincence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds. [(Contrasting his powers of conversation and writing.) Quoted in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 7 May 1773]
- 19 See in what peace a Christian can die. [Dying words]

MAX ADELER

1847-1915

- 20 We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner. [*Little Hanner*]
- 21 Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick, / And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick. [*The Purple Monkey*]

THOMAS ADY

17 Cent.

- 22 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, / The bed be blest that I lie on. / Four angels to my bed, / Four angels round my head, / One to watch, and one to pray, / And two to bear my soul away. [*A Candle in the Dark* (1655)]

AESOP

fl. c. 550 B.C.

- 23 Beware that you do not lose the substance by grasping at the shadow. [*Fables*, 'The Dog and the Shadow']
- 24 I am sure the grapes are sour. [*Ib.* 'The Fox and the Grapes']
- 25 Thinking to get at once all the gold that the goose could give, he killed it, and opened it only to find - nothing. [*Ib.* 'The Goose with the Golden Eggs']
- 26 The gods help them that help themselves. [*Ib.* 'Hercules and the Waggoner']
- 27 It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds. [*Ib.* 'The Jay and the Peacock']
- 28 While I see many hoof-marks going in, I see none coming out. [*Ib.* 'The Lion, the Fox, and the Beasts']
- 29 I will have nothing to do with a man who can blow hot and cold with the same breath. [*Ib.* 'The Man and the Satyr']



1 Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. [*Fables*, 'The Milkmaid and her Pail']

2 The boy cried 'Wolf, wolf!' and the villagers came out to help him. [*Ib.* 'The Shepherd's Boy']

3 Only cowards insult dying majesty. [*Ib.* 'The Sick Lion']

4 The lamb that belonged to the sheep whose skin the wolf was wearing began to follow the wolf in the sheep's clothing. [*Ib.* 'The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing']

AGATHON 447?-401 B.C.

5 Even God cannot change the past. [Quoted in Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, 6]

A. C. AINGER 1841-1919

6 God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year, / God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing near; / Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, / When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea. [Hymn]

THOMAS À KEMPIS *see under*  
KEMPIS

MARK AKENSIDE 1721-1770

7 Such and so various are the tastes of men. [*The Pleasures of the Imagination*, iii. 567]

ALCUIN 735-804

8 *Nec audiendi sunt qui solent docere, 'Vox populi, vox dei'; cum tumultuositas vulgi semper insaniae proxima est.* - Nor should we listen to those who say, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God', for the turbulence of the mob is always close to insanity. [*Epistolae*, 166. §9]

HENRY ALDRICH 1647-1710

9 If all be true that I do think, / There are five reasons we should drink; / Good wine, a friend, or being dry, / Or lest we

should be by and by; / Or any other reason why. [*A Catch*]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

356-323 B.C.

10 I am dying with the help of too many physicians. [Quoted in *Treasury of Humorous Quotations*]

MRS C. F. ALEXANDER 1818-1895

11 All things bright and beautiful, / All creatures great and small, / All things wise and wonderful, / The Lord God made them all. [Hymn]

12 The rich man in his castle, / The poor man at his gate, / God made them, high or lowly, / And ordered their estate. [*Ib.*]

13 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult / Of our life's wild, restless sea. [Hymn]

14 Once in royal David's city / Stood a lowly cattle shed, / Where a Mother laid her Baby / In a manger for His bed: / Mary was that Mother mild, / Jesus Christ her little Child. [Hymn]

15 There is a green hill far away, / Without a city wall, / Where the dear Lord was crucified, / Who died to save us all. [Hymn]

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL  
OF STIRLING 1567?-1640

16 The weaker sex, to piety more prone. [*Doomsday*, Hour V. lv]

ALFONSO THE WISE, KING  
OF CASTILE 1221-1284

17 If I had been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better arrangement of the Universe. [Attr.]

RICHARD ALISON *fl. c.* 1606

18 There is a garden in her face, / Where roses and white lilies grow. [*An Hour's Recreation in Music*]

19 There cherries grow, that none can buy / Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry. [*Ib.*]

ALLAINVAL · ANONYMOUS

ABBÉ D'ALLAINVAL 1700-1753

- 1 *L'embarras des richesses*. - Too much to choose from. [Title of play]

GRANT ALLEN 1848-1899

- 2 *The Woman who Did*. [Title of novel]

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM  
1828-1889

- 3 Up the airy mountain, / Down the rushy glen, / We daren't go a-hunting, / For fear of little men. [*The Fairies*]
- 4 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! [*A Memory*]

ST AMBROSE 337-397

- 5 *Si fueris Romae, Romano vivito more; / Si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi*. - When in Rome, live as the Romans do; when elsewhere, live as they live elsewhere. [Advice to St. Augustine, quoted by Jeremy Taylor]

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL  
1821-1881

- 6 *Un paysage quelconque est un état de l'âme*. - Any landscape is a condition of the spirit. [*Fragments d'un journal intime*]

KINGSLEY AMIS 1922-

- 7 *Lucky Jim*. [Title of novel]
- 8 Feeling a tremendous rakehell, and not liking myself much for it, and feeling rather a good chap for not liking myself much for it, and not liking myself at all for feeling rather a good chap. [*That Uncertain Feeling*, Ch. 7]

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN  
1805-1875

- 9 "But the Emperor has nothing at all on!" said a little child. [*The Emperor's New Clothes*]
- 10 *The Ugly Duckling*. [Title of story]

LANCELOT ANDREWES

1555-1626

- 11 *The nearer the Church the further from God* [*Sermon on the Nativity* (1622)]

NORMAN ANGELL 1874-1967

- 12 *The Great Illusion*. [Title of book which proved that war could not pay]

ANONYMOUS

Advertisements

- 13 Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people.
- 14 He won't be happy till he gets it. [For Pears' Soap]
- 15 Is your journey really necessary? [Railway poster of 1939-45 War]
- 16 That schoolgirl complexion. [For Palmolive soap]
- 17 They come as a boon and a blessing to men, / The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen.
- 18 What did you do in the Great War, daddy? [Recruiting poster, 1914-18 War]
- 19 Worth a guinea a box. [For Beecham's Pills]
- 20 You press the button, and we'll do the rest. [Kodak advertisement, c. 1888]

Play

- 21 Everyman, I will go with thee and be thy guide, / In thy most need to go by thy side. [*Everyman* (morality play)]

Poems

- 22 From alle wymmen my love is lent, / And lyht on Alysoun. [*Alysoun*. 13 Cent.]
- 23 Lenten ys come with love to tounne, with blosmen and with briddes rounne. [*Lenten is Come with Love to Town*. 13 Cent.]
- 24 Nou sprinkes the sprai, / al for love icche am to seeke / that slepen i ne mai. [*Now Springs the Spray*. 13 Cent.]
- 25 Sumer is icumen in. / Lhude sing cuccu! / Groweth sed and bloweth med / And springth the wude nu. [*Sumer is Icumen In*. 13 Cent.]
- 26 Maiden in the mor lay - / in the mor

- lay - / sevenyst fulle, sevenist fulle.  
[*Maiden of the Moor*. 14 Cent.]
- 1 Adam lay I-bowndyn, bowndyn in a  
bond, / Fowre thowsand wynter thowt he  
not to long; / And al was for an appil,  
an appil that he tok, / As clerkis fyndin  
wretyn in here book. [*Bless the Time the  
Apple was Taken!* 15 Cent.]
  - 2 Western Wind, when wilt thou blow, /  
The small rain down can rain? / Christ if  
my love were in my arms / And I in my  
bed again! [16 Cent.]
  - 3 From the hag and hungry goblin / That  
into rage would rend ye, / And the spirit  
that stands by the naked man / In the  
book of Moons defend ye! [*Tom o' Bed-  
lam*. 17 Cent.]
  - 4 The Gipsy snap and Pedro / Are none of  
Tom's comrades. / The punk I scorn  
and the cut-purse sworn / And the roar-  
ing boys' bravado. [*Ib.*]
  - 5 With an host of furious fancies / Whereof  
I am commander, / With a burning  
spear, and a horse of air, / To the wilder-  
ness I wander. / By a knight of ghosts and  
shadows / I summoned am to tourney /  
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's  
end, / Methinks it is no journey. [*Ib.*]
  - 6 If all the world were paper, / And all the  
sea were ink, / And all the trees were  
bread and cheese, / What should we do  
for drink? [*If All the World were Paper*.  
17 Cent.]
  - 7 And when with envy Time, transported, /  
Shall think to rob us of our joys; / You'll  
in your girls again be courted, / And I'll  
go wooing in my boys. ['Winifreda'. D.  
Lewis, *Miscellaneous Poems* (1726)]
  - 8 In his chamber, weak and dying, / While  
the Norman Baron lay, / Loud, without,  
his men were crying, / 'Shorter hours and  
better pay'. [*A Strike among the Poets*.  
19 Cent.]
  - 9 When he killed the Mudjokivis, / Of the  
skin he made him mittens, / Made them  
with the fur side inside, / Made them  
with the skin side outside. [*The Modern  
Hiawatha*. 19 Cent.]
- Rhymes, Catches, and Epigrams**
- 10 An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, /  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.  
['Siege of Belgrade', *The Trifler* (1817)]
  - 11 The common cormorant or shag / Lays  
eggs inside a paper bag / The reason you  
will see no doubt / It is to keep the  
lightning out / But what these unobserv-  
ant birds / Have never noticed is that  
herds / Of wandering bears may come  
with buns / And steal the bags to hold the  
crumbs. [W. H. Auden and John Garrett,  
*The Poet's Tongue*]
  - 12 Great Chatham with his sabre drawn /  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan; /  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em, / Stood  
waiting for the Earl of Chatham. [*At  
Walcheren* (1809)]
  - 13 He that fights and runs away / May live  
to fight another day. [*Musarum Deliciae*.  
17 Cent.]
  - 14 Here lies Fred, / Who was alive and is  
dead: / Had it been his father, / I had  
much rather; / Had it been his brother, /  
Still better than another; / Had it been  
his sister, / No one would have missed  
her; / Had it been the whole generation, /  
Still better for the nation: / But since 'tis  
only Fred, / Who was alive and is dead, -  
/ There's no more to be said. [Horace  
Walpole, *Memoirs of George II*]
  - 15 Here we come gathering nuts in May, /  
Nuts in May, / On a cold and frosty  
morning. [*Here We Come Gathering Nuts  
in May*]
  - 16 I know two things about the horse, / And  
one of them is rather coarse. [*The Week-  
End Book*]
  - 17 I slept and dreamed that life was beauty; /  
I woke and found that life was duty.  
[*Duty*. 19 Cent.]
  - 18 King Charles the First walked and talked /  
Half an hour after his head was cut off.  
[Peter Puzzlewell, *A Choice Collection of  
Riddles, Charades, and Rebuses*. 18 Cent.]
  - 19 The law doth punish man or woman /  
That steals the goose from off the com-  
mon, / But lets the greater felon loose, /  
That steals the common from the goose.  
[On enclosures, 18 Cent.]
  - 20 Little Willie from his mirror / Licked  
the mercury right off, / Thinking, in his  
childish error, / It would cure the whoop-  
ing cough. / At the funeral his mother /  
Smartly said to Mrs Brown: / 'Twas a  
chilly day for Willie / When the mercury  
went down'. [*Willie's Epitaph*]

ANONYMOUS

- 1 Lizzie Borden took an axe / And gave her mother forty whacks; / When she saw what she had done, / She gave her father forty-one! [On an American trial of the 1890s]
  - 2 Miss Buss and Miss Beale / Cupid's darts do not feel. / How different from us, / Miss Beale and Miss Buss. [On two Victorian headmistresses]
  - 3 Multiplication is vexation, / Division is as bad; / The Rule of three doth puzzle me, / And Practice drives me mad. [Elizabethan MS. (1570)]
  - 4 The noble Duke of York, / He had ten thousand men, / He marched them up to the top of the hill, / And he marched them down again. / And when they were up, they were up, / And when they were down, they were down, / And when they were only half way up, / They were neither up nor down. [*The Noble Duke of York*. 18 Cent.]
  - 5 Now I lay me down to sleep; / I pray the Lord my soul to keep. / If I should die before I wake, / I pray the Lord my soul to take. [Prayer. 18 Cent.]
  - 6 Please to remember the Fifth of November, / Gunpowder Treason and Plot. [Traditional]
  - 7 There was a young lady of Riga, / Who rode with a smile on a tiger; / They returned from the ride / With the lady inside, / And the smile on the face of the tiger. [Limerick]
  - 8 There was an old man of Boulogne, / Who sang a most topical song, / It wasn't the words / Which frightened the birds, / But the horrible double-entendre. [Limerick]
  - 9 Thirty days hath September, / April, June, and November; / All the rest have thirty-one, / Excepting February alone, / And that has twenty-eight days clear / And twenty-nine in each leap-year. [*Stevens MS.* (c. 1555)]
- Sayings
- 10 A beast, but a just beast. [Of Dr Temple, Headmaster of Rugby]  
Earned a precarious living by taking in one another's washing. [Quoted in *The Commonweal*, 6 Aug. 1887. Attr. by William Morris to Mark Twain]
  - 12 The eternal triangle. [Book review, *Daily Chronicle*, 5 Dec. 1907].
  - 13 From ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggedy beasties / And things that go bump in the night, / Good Lord, deliver us! [Scottish prayer]
  - 14 How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen! [Irvin S. Cobb, *A Laugh a Day*. The alleged remark of a British matron during a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*]
  - 15 An intelligent Russian once remarked to us, 'Every country has its own constitution; ours is absolutism moderated by assassination'. [Count Münster, *Political Sketches of the State of Europe* (1868)]
  - 16 The King over the water. [Jacobite toast]
  - 17 Muscular Christianity. [Description of Kingsley's doctrine. *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1858]
  - 18 A place within the meaning of the Act. [*The Betting Act*]
- Songs
- 19 Absence makes the heart grow fonder. [From *Davidson's Poetical Rhapsody* (1602)]
  - 20 The animals went in one by one, / There's one more river to cross. [*One More River*]
  - 21 As I sat on a sunny bank, / On Christmas Day in the morning, / I spied three ships come sailing by. [Carol: *As I sat on a Sunny Bank*]
  - 22 Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me! / Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree. [*Begone Dull Care*]
  - 23 The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling / For you but not for me. [Song of the 1914-18 War]
  - 24 Bring us in no browne bred, for that is made of brane, / Nor bring us in no white bred, for therein is no gane, / But bring us in good ale! [*Bring us in Good Ale*]
  - 25 But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts, / Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts. [*I saw my Lady weep*, set by John Dowland]
  - 26 The Campbells are comin', oho, oho. [*The Campbells are Comin'* (c. 1715)]
  - 27 Casey Jones, he mounted to the cabin, / Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand!

- / Casey Jones, he mounted to the cabin, /  
Took his farewell trip into the promised  
land. [*Casey Jones*]
- 1 Come lasses and lads, get leave of your  
dads, / And away to the Maypole hie, /  
For every he has got him a she, / And the  
fiddler's standing by. [*Come Lasses and  
Lads*]
  - 2 Early one morning, just as the sun was  
rising, / I heard a maid singing in the  
valley below: / 'Oh, don't deceive me;  
Oh, never leave me! / How could you use  
a poor maiden so?' [*Early One Morning*]
  - 3 Farewell and adieu to you, / Fair Spanish  
Ladies, / Farewell and adieu to you,  
Ladies of Spain. [*Spanish Ladies*]
  - 4 For there was a man, sold lily-vite sand, /  
In Cupid's net had caught her; / And  
right over head and ears in love / Vent  
the putty little ratcatcher's daughter. [*The  
Ratcatcher's Daughter*]
  - 5 For they're hangin' men and women  
there for the wearin' o' the Green. [*The  
Wearin' o' the Green. Irish street ballad*]
  - 6 Frankie and Johnny were lovers, my  
gawd, how they could love, / Swore to be  
true to each other, true as the stars above;  
/ He was her man, but he done her  
wrong. [*Frankie and Johnny*]
  - 7 God rest you merry, gentlemen, / Let  
nothing you dismay; / Remember Christ  
our Saviour, / Who was born on Christ-  
mas Day. [Carol: *God Rest you*]
  - 8 Greensleeves was all my joy. / Green-  
sleeves was my delight, / Greensleeves  
was my heart of gold, / And who but  
Lady Greensleeves? [*Greensleeves*]
  - 9 Alas my love! ye do me wrong / To cast  
me off discourteously. [*Ib.*]
  - 10 Ha-ha-ha, you and me, / Little brown  
jug, don't I love thee! [*The Little Brown  
Jug*]
  - 11 He was a wight of high renown, / And  
thou's but of low degree. / It's pride that  
puts this country down: / Man, put thy  
old cloak about thee! [*The Old Cloak,  
sung in Othello, II, i*]
  - 12 Here we come a-wassailing. [Carol]
  - 13 Hierusalem, my happie home / When  
shall I come to thee? [*Song, 'made by  
F.D.P.'*]
  - 14 The holly and the ivy, / When they are  
both full grown / Of all the trees that are  
in the wood, / The holly bears the  
crown: / The rising of the sun / And the  
running of the deer, / The playing of the  
merry organ, / Sweet singing in the choir.  
[Carol: *The Holly and the Ivy*]
  - 15 I feel no pain, dear mother, now / But  
oh! I am so dry! / Oh, take me to a  
brewery / And leave me there to die.  
[Shanty]
  - 16 In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so  
pretty, / I first set my eyes on sweet  
Molly Malone, / As she wheeled her  
wheelbarrow through streets broad and  
narrow, / Crying, Cockles and mussels!  
alive, alive, oh! [*Cockles and Mussels*]
  - 17 In good King Charles's golden days, /  
When loyalty no harm meant; / A furi-  
ous High-Churchman I was, / And so I  
gained preferment. [*The Vicar of Bray*]
  - 18 And damned are those who dare resist, /  
Or touch the Lord's Anointed. / And this  
is law, I will maintain, / Unto my dying  
day, Sir, / That whatsoever King shall  
reign, / I will be the Vicar of Bray, Sir!  
[*Ib.*]
  - 19 When George in pudding time came o'er,  
/ And moderate men looked big, Sir. [*Ib.*]
  - 20 Is that Mr Reilly, can anyone tell? / Is  
that Mr Reilly who owns the hotel? /  
Well, if that's Mr Reilly they speak of so  
highly, / Upon the soul, Reilly, you're  
doin' quite well. [*Is that Mr Reilly,  
Chorus (1882)*]
  - 21 It is good to be merry and wise, / It is  
good to be honest and true, / It is best to  
be off with the old love, / Before you are  
on with the new. [*Songs of England and  
Scotland (1835)*]
  - 22 It's love that makes the world go round.  
[Translation of French song]
  - 23 King Stephen was a worthy peer; / His  
breeches cost him but a crown; / He held  
them sixpence all too dear, / Therefore  
he called the tailor lovn. / Like a fine old  
English gentleman, / All of the olden  
time. [*The Fine Old English Gentleman*]
  - 24 O, No, John! No, John! No, John! No!  
[*O No, John*]
  - 25 Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you. /  
Away, you rolling river. [Shanty: *Oh,  
Shenandoah*]
  - 26 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in  
the season of the year. [*The Lincolnshire  
Poacher*]

- 1 Oh! where is my wandering boy to-night?  
/ The boy who was bravest of all. [*Oh!  
Where is my Boy To-night?*]
- 2 O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak'  
the low road, / And I'll be in Scotland  
afore ye, / But me and my true love will  
never meet again, / On the bonnie, bonnie  
banks o' Loch Lomon'. [*The Bonnie  
Banks o' Loch Lomon'*]
- 3 An old Soldier of the Queen's, / And the  
Queen's old Soldier. [*An Old Soldier of  
the Queen's*]
- 4 Old soldiers never die; / They only fade  
away! [Song of the 1914-18 War]
- 5 She was poor but she was honest, / Vic-  
tim of the squire's whim: / First he loved  
her, then he left her, / And she lost her  
honest name. [Song of the 1914-18 War,  
of which there are many versions]
- 6 See the little old-world village / Where  
her aged parents live, / Drinking the  
champagne she sends them; / But they  
never can forgive. [*Ib.*]
- 7 Standing on the bridge at midnight, / She  
says: 'Farewell, blighted Love.' / There's  
a scream, a splash - Good Heavens! /  
What is she a-doing of? [*Ib.*]
- 8 It's the same the whole world over, / It's  
the poor what gets the blame, / It's the  
rich what gets the pleasure, / Isn't it a  
blooming shame? [*Ib.*]
- 9 Some talk of Alexander, and some of  
Hercules; / Of Hector and Lysander, and  
such great names as these; / But of all  
the world's brave heroes, there's none  
that can compare / With the tow, row,  
row, row, row, row, for the British  
Grenadier. [*The British Grenadier*]
- 10 Swing low sweet chariot, / Comin' for to  
carry me home; / I looked over Jordan,  
an' what did I see? / A band of Angels  
coming after me, / Comin' for to carry  
me home. [Negro spiritual]
- 11 There is a tavern in the town, / And there  
my true love sits him down. [*There is a  
Tavern in the Town*]
- 12 Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, / Do  
not let this parting grieve thee, / And  
remember that the best of friends must  
part. [*Ib.*]
- 13 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu,  
adieu, / I can no longer stay with you,  
stay with you. / I'll hang my harp on a  
weeping willow-tree. / And may the  
world go well with thee. [*Ib.*]
- 14 Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your  
grey mare, / All along, down along, out  
along lee. / For I want for to go to  
Widdicombe Fair, / Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan  
Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey,  
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, / Old Uncle  
Tom Cobbleigh and all. [*Widdicombe  
Fair*]
- 15 Until he came to a mer-ma-id / At the  
bottom of the deep blue sea, / Singing,  
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves!  
/ Britons never, never, never shall be  
marr-ed to a mer-ma-id / At the bot-  
tom of the deep blue sea. [*Oh! 'Twas in  
the Broad Atlantic*]
- 16 Wash me in the water / Where you wash  
your dirty daughter / And I shall be  
whiter / Than the whitewash on the wall.  
[*The Top of the Dixie Lid. Song of the  
1914-18 War*]
- 17 We're here because we're here because  
we're here because we're here. [American  
song of the 1914-18 War]
- 18 Weep you no more, sad fountains; /  
What need you flow so fast? / Look how  
the snowy mountains / Heaven's sun  
doth gently waste. [*Weep you no more,  
set by John Dowland*]
- 19 What is our life? a play of passion, / Our  
mirth the music of derision, / Our  
mothers' wombs the tiring houses be, /  
Where we are dressed for this short  
comedy. [*On the Life of Man, from  
Orlando Gibbons, First Set of Madrigals  
and Motets*]
- 20 Only we die in earnest, that's no jest. [*Ib.*]
- 21 What shall we do with the drunken  
sailor? / Early in the morning? [Shanty]

Greek

- 22 Know thyself. [Written up in the temple  
at Delphi]
- 23 Nothing to excess. [Written up in the  
temple at Delphi, according to Plato's  
*Protagoras*]

Latin

- 24 *Adeste fideles, / Laete triumphantes; /  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.* [Hymn, 18  
Cent. See F. Oakely for translation]
- 25 *Ave Caesar, morituri te salutant.* - Hail  
Caesar, those about to die salute you.  
[Gladiators' salute on entering the arena]

- 1 *Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.* – Tomorrow may he love who never loved before, and may he who has loved love too. [*Pervigilium Veneris*]
- 2 *Et in Arcadia ego.* – I too am in Arcadia. [Inscription on a tomb, the subject of paintings by Poussin and others]
- 3 *Gaudeamus igitur, / Iuvenes dum sumus.* – Let us live then and be glad / While young life's before us. [Medieval students' song]
- 4 *Quidquid agas, prudenter agas, et respice finem.* – Whatever you do, do cautiously, and look to the end. [*Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 103]
- 5 *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* – Times change, and we change with them. [Quoted in Harrison, *Description of Britain* (1577), Pt III. Ch. iii]
- French
- 6 *Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, / Les aristocrates à la lanterne.* – Oh, it'll be, it'll be, it'll be, it'll be, / The aristocrats will hang. [Refrain of the French Revolution. The phrase 'ça ira' is pre-revolutionary]
- 7 *Cet animal est très méchant, Quand on l'attaque il se défend.* – This creature is very wicked. He defends himself when attacked. [*La Ménagerie*, by Théodore P. K., identity unknown (1868)]
- 8 *Il ne faut pas être plus royaliste que le roi.* – You must not be more royalist than the king. [A phrase current in the reign of Louis XVI; see Chateaubriand, *La Monarchie selon la Charte*]
- 9 *Ils ne passeront pas.* – They shall not pass. [Watchword during defence of Verdun, 1916. The phrase was again used during the defence of Madrid by the Government 1936–8 in the Spanish form of *¡no pasarán!*]
- 10 *Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!* – Liberty Equality! Fraternity! [Phrase used in the French Revolution, but actually earlier in origin]
- 11 *Revenons à ces moutons.* – Let us return to those sheep: i.e. to the subject. [*La Farce de Maître Pathelin*, III. iv]
- 12 *Le roi est mort, vive le roi.* – The king is dead, long live the king. [Phrase used by the heralds to proclaim the death of one

French king and the coming to the throne of his successor. First used in 1461]

## Italian

- 13 *Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato.* – If it is not true, it is a very happy invention. [Common saying, quoted by Giordano Bruno, 1585]

APPIUS CAECUS 4 Cent. B.C.

- 14 *Fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae.* – Each man the architect of his own fate. [Quoted by Sallust, *De Civitate*, I. 2]

THOMAS APPLETON 1812–1884

- 15 Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. [Quoted in O. W. Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Ch. 6]

## ARABIAN NIGHTS

- 16 Who will change old lamps for new? . . . new lamps for old? [*The History of Aladdin*]
- 17 Open Sesame! [*The History of Ali Baba*]

ARCHIMEDES 287–212 B.C.

- 18 *Eureka!* – I have found it! [On making a discovery]
- 19 Give me a firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth. [On the lever]

COMTE D'ARGENSON 1652–1721

- 20 ABBÉ GUYOT DESFONTAINES (excusing himself for having written a libellous pamphlet): *Il faut que je vive.* – But I must live.  
D'ARGENSON: *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.* – I do not see the necessity.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO 1474–1533

- 21 *Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.* – Nature made him, and then broke the mould. [*Orlando furioso*, X. 84]

ARISTOTLE 384–322 B.C.

- 22 A tragedy is the imitation of an action that is serious, and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself . . . with incidents arousing pity and terror, with which to accomplish its purgation of these emotions. [*Poetics*, 6]

ARISTOTLE · ARNOLD

- 1 Tragedy is an imitation of a whole and complete action of some amplitude. . . . Now a whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. [*Poetics*, 7]
- 2 Poetry is more philosophical and of higher value than history. [*Ib.* 9]
- 3 A plausible impossibility is always preferable to an unconvincing possibility. [*Ib.* 24]
- 4 Man is by nature a political animal. [*Politics*, I. 2]
- 5 Either a beast or a god. [*Ib.* I. 14]
- 6 Plato is dear to me, but dearer still is truth. [Attr.]
- 15 And we are here as on a darkling plain / Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, / Where ignorant armies clash by night. [*Dover Beach*]
- 16 Is it so small a thing / To have enjoyed the sun, / To have lived light in the spring, / To have loved, to have thought, to have done? [*Empedocles on Etna*, I. ii. 397]
- 17 Not here, O Apollo! / Are haunts meet for thee. / But, where Helicon breaks down / In cliff to the sea. [*Ib.* II. 421]
- 18 'Tis Apollo comes leading / His choir, the Nine. / The leader is fairest, / But all are divine. [*Ib.* II. 445]

JOHN ARMSTRONG 1709-1779

- 7 Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied / Of soul, is well compensated in limbs. [*The Art of Preserving Health*, III. 206]
- 8 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight. / 'Tis not too late tomorrow to be brave. [*Ib.* IV. 457]
- 19 Eyes too expressive to be blue, / Too lovely to be grey. [*Faded Leaves*, 4]
- 20 Come, dear children, let us away; / Down and away below. [*The Forsaken Merman*, 1]
- 21 Now the great winds shoreward blow, / Now the salt tides seaward flow; / Now the wild white horses play, / Champ and chafe and toss in the spray. [*Ib.* 4]

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD 1832-1904

- 9 Veil after veil will lift - but there must be / Veil upon veil behind. [*The Light of Asia*, VIII]
- 10 Nor ever be ashamed / So we be named / Press-men; Slaves of the Lamp; Servants of Light. [*The Tenth Muse*]
- 22 Where the great whales come sailing by, / Sail and sail, with unshut eye. [*Ib.* 43]
- 23 Children dear, was it yesterday / (Call yet once) that she went away? [*Ib.* 48]
- 24 A wanderer is man from his birth. / He was born in a ship / On the breast of the river of Time. [*The Future*]

GEORGE ARNOLD 1834-1865

- 11 The living need charity more than the dead. [*The Jolly Old Pedagogue*]
- 25 Wandering between two worlds, one dead, / The other powerless to be born. [*The Grande Chartreuse*, 85]
- 26 Years hence, perhaps, may dawn an age, / More fortunate, alas! than we, / Which without hardness will be sage, / And gay without frivolity. [*Ib.* 157]

MATTHEW ARNOLD 1822-1888

- 12 And we forget because we must / And not because we will. [*Absence*]
- 13 And then he thinks he knows / The hills where his life rose, / And the sea where it goes. [*The Buried Life*]
- 14 The Sea of Faith / Was once, too, at the full and round earth's shore / Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled. / But now I only hear / Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, / Retreating, to the breath / Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear / And naked shingles of the world. [*Dover Beach*]
- 27 Creep into thy narrow bed, / Creep, and let no more be said! [*The Last Word*]
- 28 Let the long contention cease! / Geese are swans, and swans are geese. [*Ib.*]
- 29 Let the victors, when they come, / When the forts of folly fall, / Find thy body by the wall. [*Ib.*]
- 30 He bears the seed of ruin in himself. [*Merope*, 856]
- 31 We cannot kindle when we will / The fire which in the heart resides, / The spirit bloweth and is still, / In mystery our soul abides. [*Morality*]



- 1 Now he is dead! Far hence he lies / In the  
lorn Syrian town; / And on his grave, with  
shining eyes, / The Syrian stars look  
down. [*Obermann Once More*, 173]
- 2 Strew on her roses, roses, / And never a  
spray of yew. / In quiet she reposes: /  
Ah! would that I did too! [*Requiescat*]
- 3 To-night it doth inherit / The vasty hall  
of death. [*Ib.*]
- 4 Not deep the poet sees, but wide.  
[*Resignation*; 214]
- 5 Friends who set forth at our side, /  
Falter, are lost in the storm. / We, we  
only, are left! [*Rugby Chapel*, 102]
- 6 Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the  
hill. [*The Scholar-Gypsy*, 1]
- 7 All the live murmur of a summer's day.  
[*Ib.* 20]
- 8 Tired of knocking at Preferment's door,  
[*Ib.* 35]
- 9 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-  
lock-hithe, / Trailing in the cool stream  
thy fingers wet, / As the slow punt swings  
round. [*Ib.* 74]
- 10 Waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.  
[*Ib.* 120]
- 11 Sad Patience, too near neighbour to  
despair. [*Ib.* 195]
- 12 This strange disease of modern life. [*Ib.*  
203]
- 13 Still nursing the unconquerable hope, /  
Still clutching the inviolable shade. [*Ib.*  
211]
- 14 The young light-hearted masters of the  
waves. [*Ib.* 241]
- 15 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come: /  
And on the beach undid his corded bales.  
[*Ib.* 249]
- 16 Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
/ We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art  
still, / Out-topping knowledge. [*Shake-  
speare*].
- 17 And thou, who didst the stars and sun-  
beams know, / Self-schooled, self-  
scanned, self-honoured, self-secure /  
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.  
Better so! [*Ib.*]
- 18 Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.  
[*Sohrab and Rustum*, 656]
- 19 But the majestic river floated on, / Out  
of the mist and hum of that low land, /  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
/ Rejoicing, through the hushed Choras-  
mian waste, / Under the solitary moon.  
[*Sohrab and Rustum*, 875]
- 20 The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains  
along / Through beds of sand and matted  
rushy isles - / Oxus, forgetting the bright  
speed he had / In his high mountain  
cradle in Pamere, / A foiled circuitous  
wanderer - till at last / The longed-for  
dash of waves is heard. [*Ib.* 884]
- 21 From whose floor the new-bathed stars /  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.  
[*Ib.* 891]
- 22 And see all sights from pole to pole, /  
And glance, and nod, and bustle by; /  
And never once possess our soul / Before  
we die. [*A Southern Night*, 69]
- 23 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley  
downs. [*Thyrsis*, 14]
- 24 That sweet city with her dreaming spires.  
[*(Oxford) Ib.* 19]
- 25 He went; his piping took a troubled  
sound / Of storms that rage outside our  
happy ground. [*Ib.* 48]
- 26 The bloom is gone, and with the bloom  
go I. [*Ib.* 60]
- 27 Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou  
go? / Soon will the high midsummer  
poms come on. [*Ib.* 61]
- 28 The heartless bounding at emotion new,  
/ The hope, once crushed, less quick to  
spring again. [*Ib.* 139]
- 29 Roam on! The light we sought is shining  
still. / Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet  
crowns the hill, / Our Scholar travels yet  
the loved hillside. [*Ib.* 238]
- 30 Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole: /  
The mellow glory of the Attic stage.  
[*(Sophocles) To a Friend*]
- 31 Dotted the shoreless watery wild, / We  
mortal millions live alone. [*To Mar-  
guerite, Isolation*]
- 32 The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea. [*Ib.*]
- 33 France, famed in all great arts, in none  
supreme. [*To a Republican Friend*]
- 34 Culture being a pursuit of our total per-  
fection by means of getting to know, on  
all the matters which most concern us,  
the best which has been thought and said  
in the world. [*Culture and Anarchy, Pre-  
face*]