

GALSWORTHY JOHN

QUOTES AND IMAGES
FROM THE WORKS OF
JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy

**Quotes and Images From the
Works of John Galsworthy**

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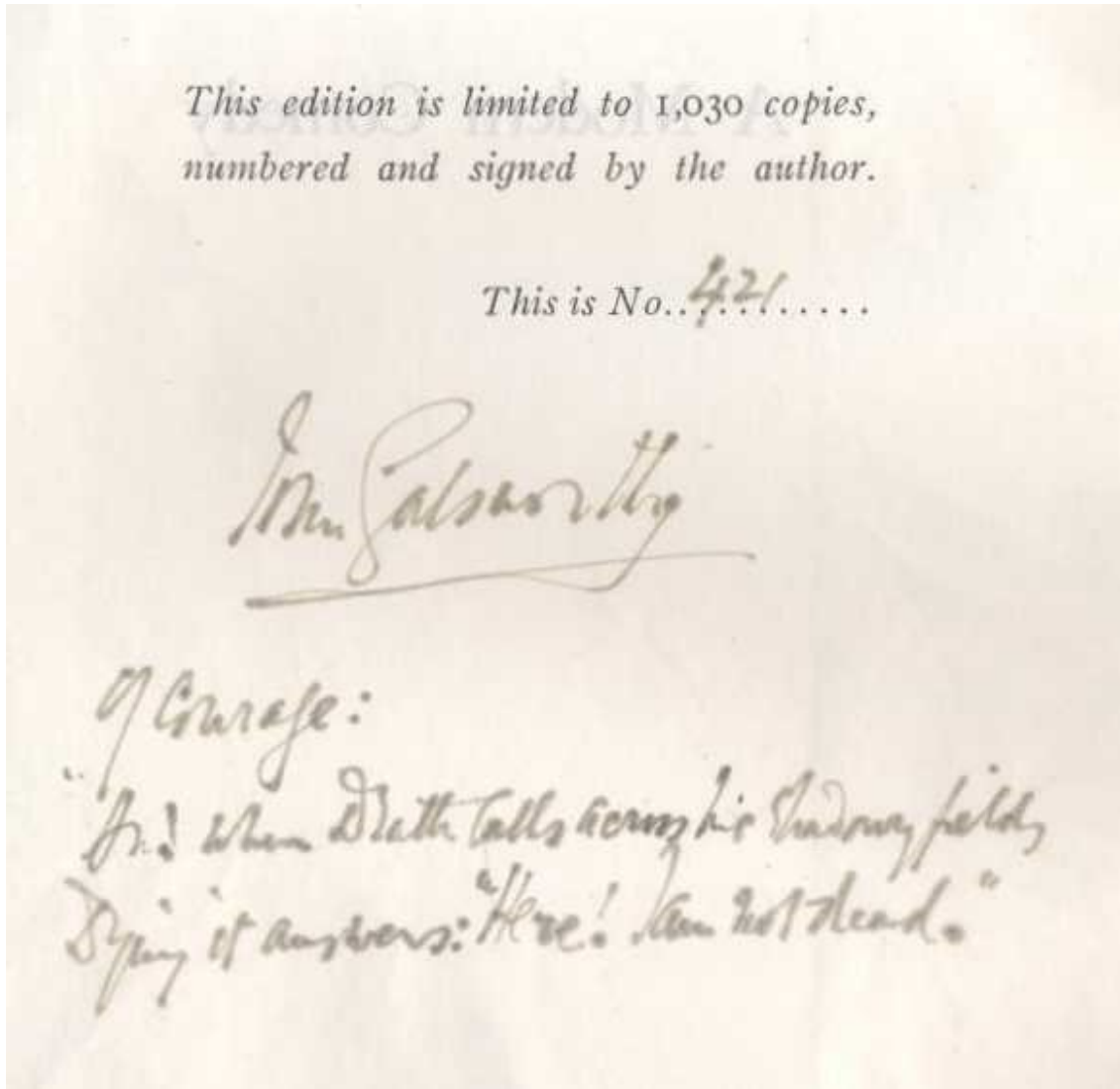
John Galsworthy

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QUOTES AND IMAGES FROM JOHN GALSWORTHY



Attack his fleas – though he was supposed to have none
Dogs: with rudiments of altruism and a sense of God
Don't hurt others more than is absolutely necessary
Early morning does not mince words
Era which had canonised hypocrisy
Forgiven me; but she could never forget
Health – He did not want it at such cost
Is anything more pathetic than the faith of the young?
Law takes a low view of human nature
Let her come to me as she will, when she will, not at all if she will not
Love has no age, no limit; and no death
Never to see yourself as others see you
Old men learn to forego their whims
People who don't live are wonderfully preserved
Perching-place; never – never her cage!
Putting up a brave show of being natural
Socialists: they want our goods
Thank you for that good lie
To seem to be respectable was to be
You have to buy experience



COURAGE

COURAGE Is but a word, and yet, of words,
The only sentinel of permanence;
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
And on. For faith – without it – has no sense;
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
And life for ever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not; before it prayer will blush;
Hope has it not; nor pride of being true;
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,
But hales us on and on to breast the rush
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
**And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—
Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"**

SOME FAVORITE PASSAGES

The simple truth, which underlies the whole story, that where sex attraction is utterly and definitely lacking in one partner to a union, no amount of pity, or reason, or duty, or what not, can overcome a repulsion implicit in

Nature.

The tragedy of whose life is the very simple, uncontrollable tragedy of being unlovable, without quite a thick enough skin to be thoroughly unconscious of the fact. Not even

Fleur loves Soames as he feels he ought to be loved. But in pitying Soames, readers incline, perhaps, to animus against

Irene: After all, they think, he wasn't a bad fellow, it wasn't his fault; she ought to have forgiven him, and so on!

"Let the dead Past bury its dead" would be a better saying if the Past ever died. The persistence of the Past is one of those tragi-comic blessings which each new age denies, coming cocksure on to the stage to mouth its claim to a perfect novelty.

The figure of Irene, never, as the reader may possibly have observed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.

She turned back into the drawing-room; but in a minute came out, and stood as if listening. Then she came stealing up the stairs, with a kitten in her arms. He could see her face bent over the little beast, which was purring against her neck. Why couldn't she look at him like that?

But though the impingement of Beauty and the claims of

Freedom on a possessive world are the main prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died – but no Forsyte had as yet died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property.

"It's my opinion," he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as well as it is."

The eldest by some years of all the Forsytes, she held a peculiar position amongst them. Opportunists and egotists one and all – though not, indeed, more so than their neighbours – they quailed before her incorruptible figure, and, when opportunities were too strong, what could they do but avoid her!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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