

Age
Young men soon forgive and soon forget affronts,
Old age is slow in both. Addison.

Age
Fore grant me length of life, and years good store.
Heap on my bedded back. Dryden.

Age
Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellow'd long;
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner,
Fate seem'd to wind him up for four score years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The whole of weary life at last stood still. Dryden

Age
Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines. (Right thoughts) Young

Ambition
Alas! ambition makes my little less,
Embittering the possess'd; why wish for more?
Wishing if all employment is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay! Young

Angels
How fading are the joys we doat upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality is too weak to bear them long. John Norris.

Anger
Of all bad things by which mankind are curd,
Their own bad temper surely are the worst. Richard Cumberland

Anger
Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful? Shakespeare.

Antiquities.
There is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages
Are its dower.

Byron
Child Harold.

Anxiety
His pensiv' cheek upon his hand reclined,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind. Dryden

Arguing
Let argument bear no hummusical sound,
No false interpose, sacred friendship to grieve. Ben Johnson

Arguing
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And sound caustics about, like you and me. Pope
Moral Essay -

Astrology
Such sullen planets at my birth did shine,
They threaten every fortune mixed with mine. Dryden

Avarice
A cursed love of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starr'd in this, then damnd in that to come! Blair Grace

Avarice
Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts or purchase ease?
Can this prolong one wisp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death? Gay.

Beauty
Beauty a monarch is,
Which kingly power magnificently proves
By crowds of slaves, and peopled empire loves. Dryden