

Death

My God, my father and my friend
Do not forsake me in my end.

Roscommon

Delay

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Young

Desolation

No one so accursed by fate
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own

Longfellow

Forgiveness

Good nature and good sense must ever join,
To err, is human: to ~~forgive~~ divine.

Pope

Forgiveness

Who are they
That in one path have journeyed, needing not
Forgiveness at its close

Forgiveness

The kindest and happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, perhaps forgive.

Longfellow

Fortitude

There is a strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems be found.

Mrs Hemans

Fortune

There's a hole in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
In shallow and in misery.

Shakespeare

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet, are sleep'd in farns.

Shakespeare

Free will

Heaven made us agents, free to good or ill;
And forced it not, though he foresaw the will.

Dryden

Friendship

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance and in friendship burn.

Addison

Friendship

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

Goldsmith

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.

Ben Jonson

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind.

Moore

Friendship hath power
To sooth affliction in her darkest hour.

H. Kirk White

Fruit

Fruit-like that which grew in Paradise the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter.

Milton

Guilt

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend -
The ~~avenging~~ fiend that follows us behind
With whips and stings

Rowe

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.

Wordsworth

Happiness

There comes forever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

Byron

And knew I with prophetic heart -
That we wearing insensibly apart.