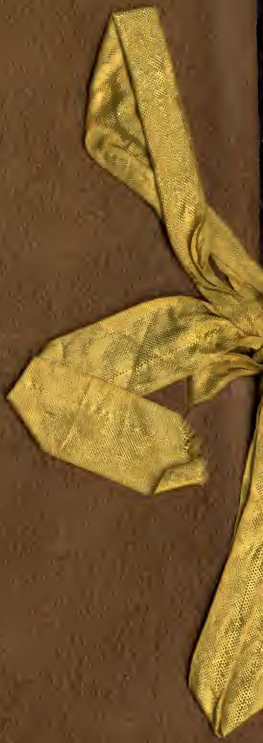
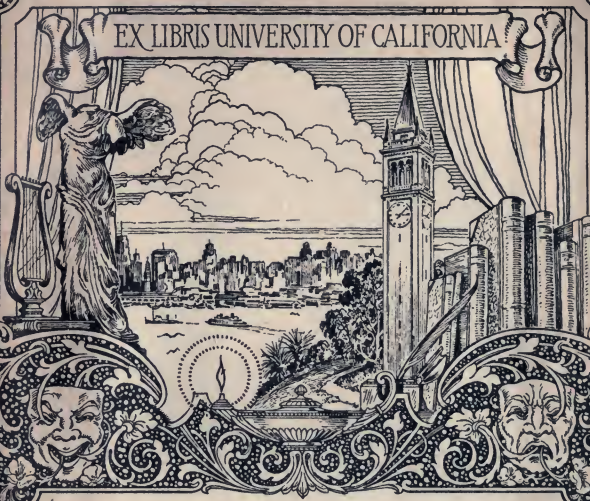
A Century of Mis-Quotations





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A CENTURY OF MISQUOTATIONS

A CENTURY OF MISQUOTATIONS

BY MARY B. DIMOND

"With just enough of learning
to misquote."

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's
name in print;
A book's a book, although there's
nothing in 't."

"Next o'er his books his eyes begin
to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole."

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
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Go, little booke
the monument of vanished
mindes.

Chaucer—Sir Wm. Davenant.

The Tomoye Press

TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE MIGHTY *PENS* WHICH HAVE BEEN OUR INSPIRATION IN MANY A HIGH HOUR, AND WHICH NOW LEND THEMSELVES TO OUR DIVERSION IN AN IDLE ONE, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED.

TO THE PUZZLED READER

Each number composing this collection of misquotations is formed by welding two selections into one.

The task set the reader is to separate these parts, and with the aid of a good memory,—perchance assisted by a book of quotations,—to assign the rightful author to each.

The selections forming those numbers preceded by an asterisk (*) have each a complementary portion similarly united in unholy wedlock within the same section. Bring these together to form a complete quotation.

A key will show the solver whether or not his work is correct.

M. B. D.

SECTION I.

1

*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; dear music that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much.

2

Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor, or the Turkman's rest;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou.

3

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

Ef the bird of our country could ketch him she'd skin him;
I seems though I see her, with wrath in each quill,
Like a chancery lawyer, afilin' her bill,
An' grindin' her talents ez sharp ez all nater,
To pounce like a writ on the back o' the traitor.

4

*Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.

SECTION I.

5

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near
home;
The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

6

An' kep' apokin' fun like sin,
An' then arubbin' on it in;
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what
I'm about;
Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak
inside out!"

7

*The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin;
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-
found,
And news much older than their ale went round.

8

*Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony;
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

SECTION I.

9

*You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
Where the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the bay.

10

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides.

11

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.

12

*Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health;
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing.

SECTION I.

13

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

14

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

15

*As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land might be.
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor;
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door.

16

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,—
Food for powder, food for powder,
They'll fill a pit as well as better.

SECTION I.

17

O woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

18

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

19

*On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,
I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

20

The prince of darkness is a gentleman,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

SECTION II.

1

*She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

2

And prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,—
Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn.

3

*They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way;
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim;
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

4

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.

SECTION II.

5

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

6

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time, and the cheerful dawn.

7

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;

* * * * * *

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there!
I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand!"

SECTION II.

8

*The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest; and Providence their guide;
And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old.

9

*Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie; no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger.

10

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale;
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to comb their
streaming hair.

11

*And let me tell ye, Bausant, a wise proverb
The Arabs have: He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

SECTION II.

12

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

13

We found Dr. Johnson sitting placidly at his tea,
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.

14

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a bird or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I hold it true whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

15

The war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled;
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

SECTION II.

16

*The Devil speed him,
He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, What a great boy am I!

17

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sallie,
And my heart falls back to Erin Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

18

*Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

19

Why, then, the world's my oyster;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

20

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing, an excellent angler, and now with God.

SECTION III.

1

*There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

2

For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

3

*Abou-ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

4

*There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

SECTION III.

5

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further;
First a cough carried him off,
And then a coffin they carried him off in.

6

*Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—the boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer!

7

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll;
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.

8

*At length I saw a lady within call
Stiller than chisell'd marble standing there;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care.

SECTION III.

9

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder; Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.

10

*Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care?
An echo answers, "Where?"

11

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
(This goin' ware glory waits ye hain't one agreeable feetur!)

12

*And never brooch the folds confined
Above a heart more good and kind;
Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

SECTION III.

13

*My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing.
Great empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.

14

*We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

15

Good nature and good sense must ever join,
To err is human, to forgive divine;
Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

16

*O beautiful and grand,
My own, my Native Land,
Of thee I boast;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

SECTION III.

17

Both were young and one was beautiful; no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason why.

18

*We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

19

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every sea;
You won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead.

20

If a woman have long hair it is a glory;
Man wants but little, nor that little long.

SECTION IV.

1

*I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die;
Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign.

2

*Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak·
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.

3

*I awoke one morning and found myself famous,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

4

*A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

5

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

SECTION IV.

6

*And we shall never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

7

*Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sounds.

8

Marry'd in haste we may repent at leisure,
For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

9

*A little learning is a dangerous thing,
But depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds
about to religion.

SECTION IV.

10

*'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

11

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

12

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
On the night's Plutonian shore?
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

13

Gentle dulness ever loves a joke, (but) it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

SECTION IV.

14

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our miseries from our foibles springs,
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw!

15

*Bonnie Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kissed sweet Jennie making hay,—
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

16

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shar'd each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

17

*Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

SECTION IV.

18

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

19

Here Skugg lies snug
As a bug in a rug;
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

20

*Sail on, O Ship of State.
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.

SECTION V.

1

Everybody works but father,
All the livelong day,
Feet in front of the fire,
Smoking his pipe of clay;
Mother takes in washing,
So does sister Ann;
Everybody works at our house
But my old man;
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun—
The many still must labor for the one!

2

*'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

3

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answered: Leader of those armies bright,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!

SECTION V.

4

*The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell.

5

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard;
'E's a daisy, 's a ducky, 's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment of British Infantree.

6

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.
Oh! what a snug little island,
A right little, tight little island;
All the globe round none can be found
So happy as this little island!

7

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

SECTION V.

8

Think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

9

*Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair; —
The rainbow cannot cheer us if the showers refuse
to fall;
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest
eyes of all.

10

The timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eyelids; O we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
O we're a' noddin', at our house at hame.

11

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;
(Now blessings light on him that
first invented this same sleep!)

SECTION V.

12

*The King of France came down the hill
And ne'er went up again;
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd.

13

*And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
he slew the slain;
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

14

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires gleaming;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

15

*O ye tears, O ye tears, I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye come from cold and dark ye shall
glitter in the sun;
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

SECTION V.

16

*Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

17

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare, —
He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

18

*Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

19

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, yet the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

SECTION V.

20

Good-night, ladies, good-night, ladies,
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave
you now;
Good-bye, my paper's out so nearly
I've only room for, Yours sincerely.

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