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Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine -- Complete by Jean de La Fontaine

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PG EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

A pretty wife? Beware the monks as you would guard your life
Above all law is might
Avoid attorneys, if you comfort crave
But reason 's fruitless, with a soul on fire
By others do The same as you would like they should by you
Caresses lavish, and you'll find return
Criticism never stops short nor ever wants for subjects
Delays are dangerous, in love or war
Ev'ry grave's the same
Extremes in ev'ry thing will soonest tire
Favours, when conferred with sullen air, But little gratify
Few ponder long when they can dupe with ease
Fools or brutes, With whose ideas reason never suits
He who loves would fain be loved as well
He, who laughs, is always well received
Her doll, for thought, was just as well designed
Historick writ
How could he give what he had never got?
In childhood *fear* 's the lesson first we know!
In country villages each step is seen
In the midst of society, he was absent from it
Monks are knaves in Virtue's mask
No folly greater than to heighten pain
No grief so great, but what may be subdued
No pleasure's free from care you may rely
Not overburdened with a store of wit
Of't what we would not, we're obliged to do
Opportunity you can't discern---–prithee go and learn
Perhaps one half our bliss to chance we owe
Possession had his passion quite destroyed
Regarded almost as an imbecile by the crowd
Removed from sight, but few for lovers grieve
Sight of meat brings appetite about
Some ostentation ever is with grief
The eyes:---– Soul-speaking language, nothing can disguise
The god of love and wisdom ne'er agree
The less of such misfortunes said is best
The more of this I think, the less I know
The plaint is always greater than the woe
The promises of kings are airy dreams
The wish to please is ever found the same
Those who weep most the soonest gain relief
Though expectations oft away have flown

Tis all the same:---–'twill never make me grieve
Tis past our pow'r to live on love or air
To avoid the tempting bit, 'Tis better far at table not to sit
Too much you may profess
Twere wrong with hope our fond desires to feed
Was always wishing distant scenes to know
We scarcely good can find without alloy
When husbands some assistance seemed to lack
When mourning 's nothing more than change of dress
When passion prompts, few obstacles can clog
While good, if spoken, scarcely is believed
Who knows too much, oft shows a want of sense
Who only make friends in order to gain voices in their favour
Who would wish to reduce Boccaccio to the same modesty as Virgil
Who, born for hanging, ever yet was drowned?
Wife beautiful, witty and chaste woman, who drove him to despair
You little dream for whom you guard the store