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Quotes by Belloc, Hilaire

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Joseph Hilaire Pierre Ren Belloc (July 27, 1870 - July 16, 1953) was one of the most prolific writers in England during the early twentieth century. His style and personality led to the nickname, "Old Thunder".

Be at the pains of putting down every single item of expenditure whatsoever every day which could possibly be twisted into a professional expense and remember to lump in all the doubtfuls.

- Belloc, Hilaire

When friendship disappears then there is a space left open to that awful loneliness of the outside world which is like the cold space between the planets. It is an air in which men perish utterly.

- Belloc, Hilaire

From quiet homes and first beginning, out to the undiscovered ends, there's nothing worth the wear of winning, but laughter and the love of friends.

- Belloc, Hilaire

It is sometimes necessary to lie damnably in the interests of the nation.

- Belloc, Hilaire

I shoot the Hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum, because if I use the leaden one his hide is sure to flatten em.

- Belloc, Hilaire

I'm tired of love; I'm still more tired of rhyme; but money gives me pleasure all the time.

- Belloc, Hilaire

The microbe is so very small: You cannot take him out at all.

- Belloc, Hilaire

It is the best of all trades, to make songs, and the second best to sing them.

- Belloc, Hilaire

Just as there is nothing between the admirable omelet and the intolerable, so with autobiography.

- Belloc, Hilaire

When I am dead, I hope it may be said: His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.

- Belloc, Hilaire

Is there no Latin word for Tea? Upon my soul, if I had known that I would have let the vulgar stuff alone.

- Belloc, Hilaire

Remote and ineffectual don.

- Belloc, Hilaire

Loss and possession, Death and life are one. There falls no shadow where There shines
no sun.

- Belloc, Hilaire

For no one, in our long decline, So dusty, spiteful and divided, Had quite such pleasant
friends as mine, Or loved them half as much as I did. [stanza 3] The library was most
inviting: The books upon the crowded shelves Were mainly of our private writing: We kept a
school and taught ourselves. [stanza 15] From quiet homes and first beginning, Out to the
undiscovered ends, There's nothing worth the wear of winning, But laughter and the love of
friends. [stanza 22] You do retain the song we set, And how it rises, trips and scans? You
keep the sacred memory yet, Republicans? Republicans? [stanza 36]

- Belloc, Hilaire



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