

# **Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Complete eBook**

## **Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Complete by Jean de La Fontaine**

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# Page 1

## 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