

Quotes about introversion

George Washington Carver

Anything will give up its secrets if you love it enough. Not only have I found that when I talk to the little flowers or to the little peanut they will give up their secrets, but I have found that when I silently commune with people they give up their secrets also --if you love them enough.

Reading about nature is fine, but if a person walks in the woods and listens carefully, he can learn more than what is in books...

Since new developments are the products of a creative mind, we must therefore stimulate and encourage that type of mind in every possible way.

Thomas Edison

The best thinking has been done in solitude. The worst has been done in turmoil.

Robert Louis Stevenson

There is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect.

Naomi Judd

Solitude is creativity's best friend, and solitude is refreshment for our souls.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Rarely do we find men who willingly engage in hard, solid thinking. There is an almost universal quest for easy answers and half-baked solutions. Nothing pains some people more than having to think.

The function of education is to teach one to think intensively and to think critically. Intelligence plus character--that is the goal of true education.

Almost always, the creative dedicated minority has made the world better.

Germain G. Glidden (a national squash racquets champion, painter, muralist, cartoonist and founder in 1959 of the National Art Museum of Sport)

The older I grow, the more I listen to people who don't talk much.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Hospitality consists in a little fire, a little food and an immense quiet.

Adlai Stevenson

In quiet places, reason abounds.

Joseph Campbell

As in the novels of Joyce, so in those of Mann, the key to the progression lies in the stress on what is inward... I can feel that I'm in the Grail Castle when I'm living with people I love, doing what I love. I get that sense of being fulfilled. But, by god, it doesn't take much to make me feel I've lost the Castle, it's gone. One way to lose the Grail is to go to a cocktail party. That's my idea of not being there at all.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, **when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.**

Rarely Comest Thou by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not her.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure;--
Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed
, And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost

Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

**I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;**
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love--though he has wings,
And like light can flee, But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee--
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!