

WORDS  
—I HAVE TRIED—  
TO LIVE BY

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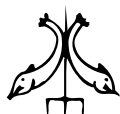
Words  
—*I Have Tried*—  
to Live By

*A Personal Anthology*

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C. ROBERT GATES

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INCLINE VILLAGE, NEVADA

2000

**Dr. Barker's Five Rules for Happiness:**

1. Cultivate the habit of always looking on the bright side of every experience.
2. Accept cheerfully the place in life that is yours, believing that it is the best possible place for you.
3. Throw your whole soul and spirit into your work, and do the best you know how.
4. Get into the habit of doing bits of kindness and courtesies to all those who touch your life each day.
5. Adopt and maintain a simple childlike attitude of confidence and trust in God as your Father.

*—A card carried by my dad for most of his life, given to me,  
and practiced by dad in every part of his daily life.*

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Beat Texas

*—Oklahoma University*

Beat Army

*—Navy*

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God bless America, land that I love....

*—Kate Smith*

M.I.T. is where men go to work, not where boys go to play.

*—Francis A. Walker*

*third president of MIT (1881–1897)*

Ogden Nash  
(1902–1971)

**Reflections on Ice-Breaking**

Candy  
Is dandy  
But liquor  
Is quicker

—*Hard Lines* (1931)

**A Drink with Something in It**

There is something about a Martini,  
Ere the dining and dancing begin,  
And to tell you the truth,  
It is not the vermouth—  
I think that perhaps it's the gin

—*The Primrose Path* (1935)

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“. . . —”

—*L. van Beethoven*

**Victory at Sea**

—*TV series, U.S. Navy in WWII*  
*great music by Richard Rodgers*

### **Shall I Compare Thee**

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:

But thy eternal Summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

### **No Longer Mourn for Me**

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay,  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
(1778–1839)

*from* Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

Epigram

Sir, I admit your general rule,  
That every poet is a fool,  
But you yourself may serve to show it,  
That every fool is not a poet.

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*from* The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

—*Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593)*

*from* The Deserted Village

...And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:

—*Oliver Goldsmith (1738–1744)*

