



How Do I Love Thee? Let count me the ways...

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

*How do I love thee?
Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth
and breadth
and height
My soul can reach,
when feeling out of sight.
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need,
by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Draise.
I love thee with the passion
put to use In my old griefs,
and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,
--I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!
--and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*