



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

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*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 Praise.  
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.*