



"How Do I Love Thee?"



SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.
William Wordsworth



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 every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-
light.

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 child-
hood'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.

Sonnets from the Portugese
Elizabeth Barrett Browning



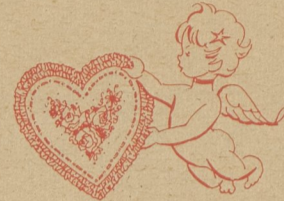
A VALENTINE

Oh little loviest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everyting's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

Laura E. Richards



GIFTS

I gave my first love laughter,
I gave my second tears,
I gave my third love silence
Through all the years.

My first love game me singing,
My second eyes to see,
But oh, it was my third love
Who gave my soul to me.
Sara Teasdale



THE WAYFARER

Love entered in my heart one day,
A sad, unwelcomed guest;
But when he begged that he might stay,
I let him wait and rest.

He broke my sleep with sorrowing,
And shook my dreams with tears,
And when my heart was fain to sing,
He stilled its joy with fears.

But now that he has gone his way,
I miss the old sweet pain,
And sometimes in the night I pray
That he may come again.
Sara Teasdale



TELL HER SO

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true —
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake —
You feel it dreaming or awake —
Don't conceal it; for her sake
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold —
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!
— Anonymous.



NEWS ITEM

Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.
Dorothy Parker

TO THE VIRGINS

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Muse, bid the Morn awake!
Sad Winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate;
This day's Saint Valentine's.
For that good bishop's sake
Get up and let us see
What beauty it shall be
That Fortune us assigns.
Drayton — Additional Odes. To his Valentine

No popular respect
To do the honor
When every

"I KNOW I AM BUT SUMMER TO YOUR HEART"

I know I am but summer to your heart,
And not the full four seasons of the year;
And you must welcome from another part
Such noble moods as are not mine, my dear.
No gracious weight of golden fruits to sell
Have I, nor any wise and wintry thing;
And I have loved you all too long and well
To carry still the high sweet breast of Spring.
Wherefore I say: O love, as summer goes,
I must be gone, steal forth with silent drums,
That you may hail anew the bird and rose
When I come back to you, as summer comes.
Else will you seek, at some not distant time
Even your summer in another clime.
Edna St. Vincent Millay

