



*How Do I Love Thee?*

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 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.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING