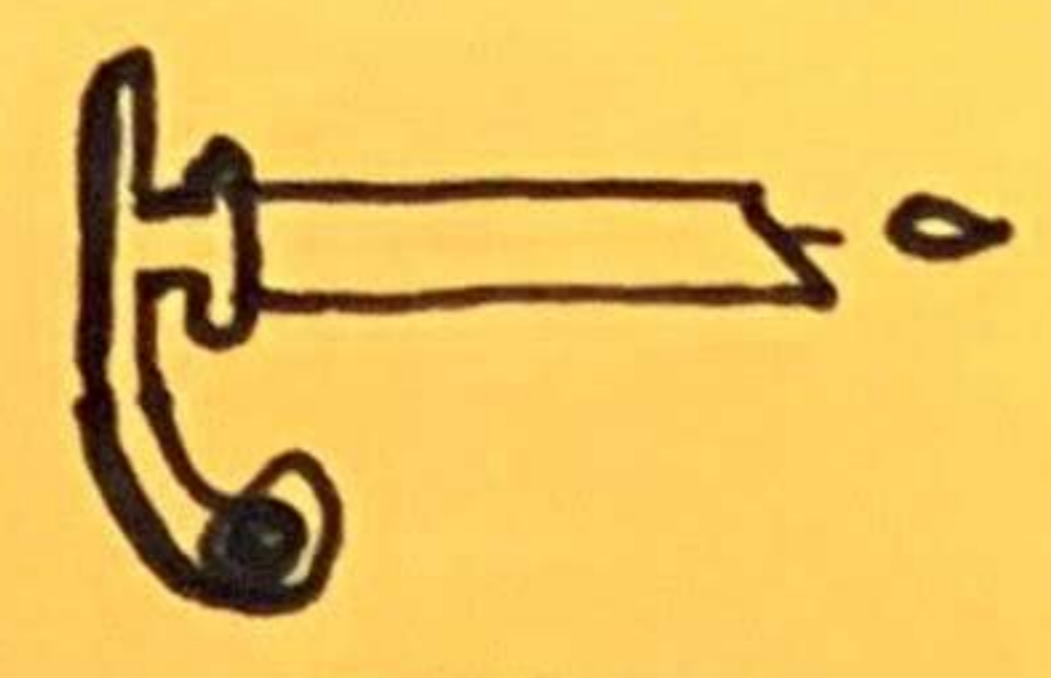
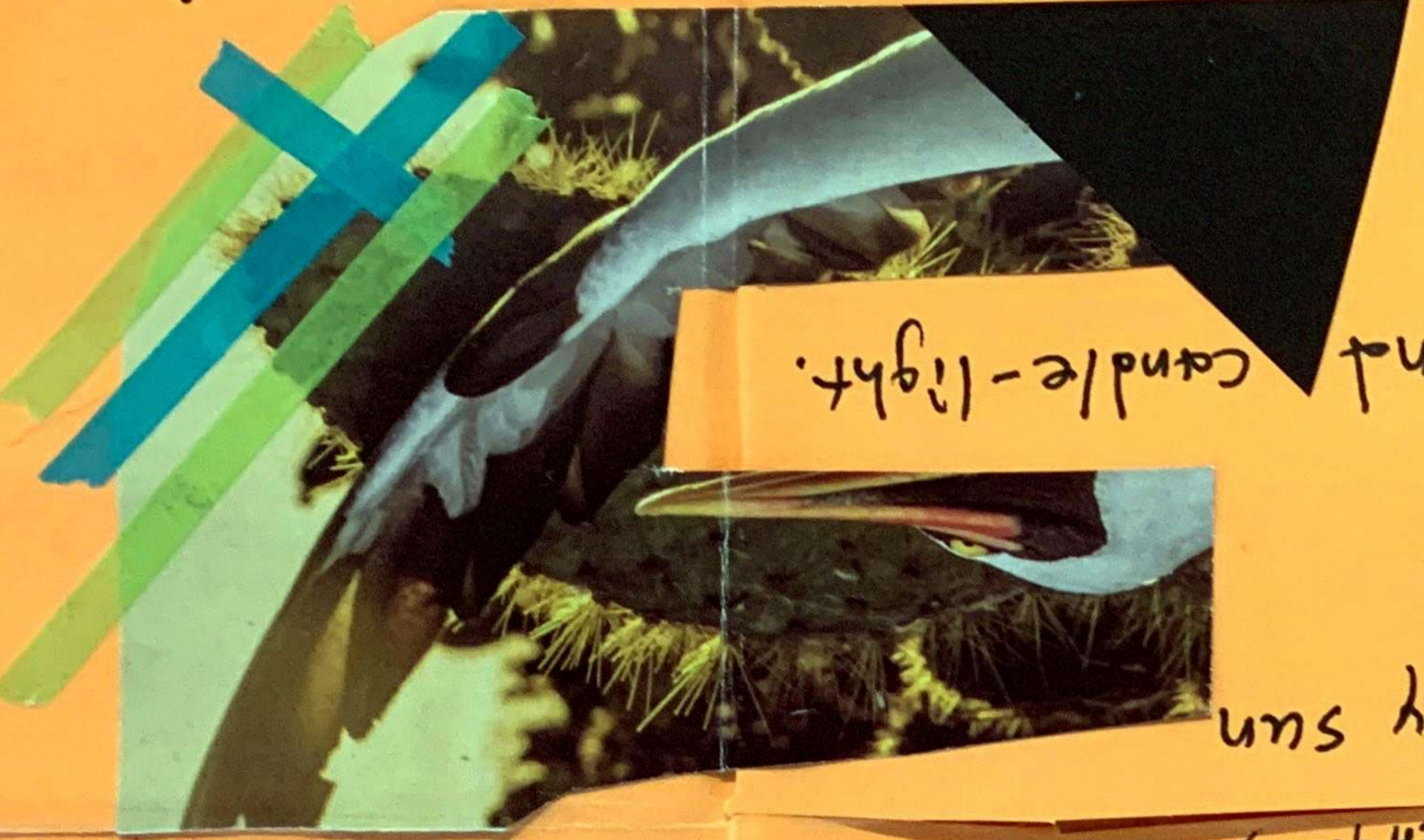


I love the freely,
night! I love the
from praise. I love
put to use in my
as men strive for
purely, as they turn
the with the passion
old gifts, and

I love thee to the level of
every days most quiet need,



When feeling out of sight
For the ends of being
and ideal grace.



and
candle-light.

by sun



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,



How
do I love thee?

Sonnet 43
E.B.B



let me count the ways...

I love thee to the

depth
and breadth
and height
My soul can reach,

