

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I
love thee to the depth and breadth and height Thy
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, Smile, tears, of all my life; and,
if God choose, I shall but love thee better after
death. How do I love thee? Let me count the
ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height Thy soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
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