

**Let me not to the marriage of  
true minds  
(Sonnet CXVI)**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

-- William Shakespeare

## God's Grandeur

THE WORLD is charged with the grandeur of  
God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his  
rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared  
with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's  
smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down  
things;

And though the last lights off the black West  
went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward,  
springs—

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah!  
bright wings.

-- Gerard Manley Hopkins

## "She walks in beauty, like the night"

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

-- George Gordon, Lord Byron

## When You are Old

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead,  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

-- William Butler Yeats

## **"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways..."**

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 candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with a 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.

-- Elizabeth Barrett Browning