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| **How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)** |  |
| by [Elizabeth Barrett Browning](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/152) | |
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| 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. |  |