

### La Vita Nuova

In that book which is  
My memory . . .  
On the first page  
That is the chapter when  
I first met you  
Appear the words . . .  
Here begins a new life  
- Dante Alighieri

### I Love Thee

by Eliza Acton, 1799-1859.

I love thee, as I love the calm  
Of sweet, star-lighted hours!  
I love thee, as I love the balm  
Of early jes'mine flow'rs.  
I love thee, as I love the last  
Rich smile of fading day,  
Which lingereth, like the look we cast,  
On rapture pass'd away.  
I love thee as I love the tone  
Of some soft-breathing flute  
Whose soul is wak'd for me alone,  
When all beside is mute.  
I love thee as I love the first  
Young violet of the spring;  
Or the pale lily, April-nurs'd,  
To scented blossoming.  
I love thee, as I love the full,  
Clear gushings of the song,  
Which lonely--sad--and beautiful--  
At night-fall floats along,  
Pour'd by the bul-bul forth to greet  
The hours of rest and dew;  
When melody and moonlight meet  
To blend their charm, and hue.  
I love thee, as the glad bird loves  
The freedom of its wing,  
On which delightedly it moves  
In wildest wandering.  
I love thee as I love the swell,  
And hush, of some low strain,  
Which bringeth, by its gentle spell,  
The past to life again.  
Such is the feeling which from thee  
Nought earthly can allure:  
'Tis ever link'd to all I see  
Of gifted--high--and pure!

Mrs2Be

**Art of Marriage**  
**by Wilfred A. Peterson**

The little things are the big things.  
It is never being too old to hold hands.  
It is remembering to say "I love you" at least once a day.  
It is never going to sleep angry.  
It is at no time taking the other for granted;  
the courtship should not end with the honeymoon,  
it should continue through all the years.  
It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives.  
It is standing together facing the world.  
It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.  
It is doing things for each other, not in the attitude of duty or sacrifice, but in  
the spirit of joy.  
It is speaking words of appreciation and demonstrating gratitude in  
thoughtful ways.  
It is not expecting the husband to wear a halo or the wife to have wings of  
an angel.  
It is not looking for perfection in each other.  
It is cultivating flexibility, patience, understanding, and a sense of humor.  
It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.  
It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.  
It is finding room for the things of the spirit.  
It is a common search for the good and the beautiful.  
It is establishing a relationship in which the independence is equal,  
dependence is mutual, and the obligation is reciprocal.  
It is not only marrying the right partner,  
it is being the right partner.

**Beautiful Dreamer**

by Stephen Foster 1826 - 1864

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,  
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;  
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,  
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!

Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,  
List while I woo thee with soft melody;  
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng.

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,  
Mermaids are chaunting the wild lorelie;  
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,  
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,  
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;  
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

### **Marriage Morning**

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson 1809 - 1892

Light, so low upon earth,  
You send a flash to the sun.  
Here is the golden close of love,  
All my wooing is done.  
Oh, the woods and the meadows,  
Woods where we hid from the wet,  
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,  
Meadows in which we met!

Light, so low in the vale  
You flash and lighten afar,  
For this is the golden morning of love,  
And you are his morning star.  
Flash, I am coming, I come,  
By meadow and stile and wood,  
Oh, lighten into my eyes and heart,  
Into my heart and my blood!

Heart, are you great enough  
For a love that never tires?  
O' heart, are you great enough for love?  
I have heard of thorns and briers,  
Over the meadow and stiles,  
Over the world to the end of it  
Flash for a million miles.

### **Sonnets from the Portuguese - 43**

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1809 - 1861

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 candlelight.  
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.

### **Shall I compare thee to a Summers Day**

by William Shakespeare 1564-1616

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.