

## Valentine's Day Poetry

### A Red Red Rose

By Robert Burns

O my Love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Love's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.



As fair art thou, my bonnie  
lass, So deep in love am I; And  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Love,  
And fare thee well awhile!  
And I will come again, my Love,  
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile



## **Beautiful Dreamer**

By Stephen Foster

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!

## BEAUTY

By John Masefield



Have seen dawn and sunset on  
moors and windy hills

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain: I  
have seen the lady April bringing in the daffodils, Bringing  
the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

### **Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art**

By John Keats



Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient sleepless eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;  
No yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever or else swoon to death.



**Because She Would Ask Me Why I Loved Her**

By Christopher Brennan

If questioning would make us wise  
No eyes would ever gaze in eyes;  
If all our tales were told in speech  
No mouths would wander each to each.

Were spirits free from mortal mesh  
And love not bound in hearts of flesh  
No aching breasts would yearn to meet  
And find their ecstasy complete.

For who is there that lives and knows  
The secret powers by which he grows?  
Were knowledge all, what were our need  
To thrill and faint and sweetly bleed?

Then seek not, sweet, the "If" and "Why"  
I love you now until I die.  
For I must love because I live  
And life in me is what you give.

**The Passionate Shepherd to His Love**  
By Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.



And I will make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

**How Do I Love Thee?**  
By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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.

**He Tells Of A Valley Full Of Lovers**  
By William Butler Yeats

I dreamed that I stood in a valley, and amid sighs,  
For happy lovers passed two by two where I stood;  
And I dreamed my lost love came stealthily out of the wood  
With her cloud-pale eyelids falling on dream-dimmed eyes:  
I cried in my dream, O women, bid the young men lay  
Their heads on your knees, and drown their eyes with your  
fair, Or remembering hers they will find no other face fair  
Till all the valleys of the world have been withered away.



## Love and Harmony

By William Blake

Love and harmony combine,  
And round our souls entwine  
While thy branches mix with mine,  
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,  
Chirping loud and singing sweet;  
Like gentle streams beneath our feet  
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
I am clad in flowers fair;  
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,  
Sweet I hear her mournful song;  
And thy lovely leaves among,  
There is love, I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,  
There he sleeps the night away;  
There he sports along the day,  
And doth among our branches play.

