

The Beauteous Month of May  
By Heinrich Heine

'Twas in the beauteous month of May,  
When all the flowers were springing,  
That first within my bosom  
I heard love's echo ringing.

'Twas in the beauteous month of May,  
When all the birds were singing,  
That first I to my sweetheart  
My vows of love was bringing.

From out of my tears all burning  
Many blooming flowerets break,  
And all my sighs combining  
A chorus of nightingales make.

And if thou dost love me, my darling,  
To thee shall the flowerets belong;  
Before thy window shall echo  
The nightingale's tuneful song.

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,  
I loved them all dearly once, every one;  
I love them no longer, I love now alone  
The small one, the neat one, the pure one, mine own.  
Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,  
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

Farewell To Eliza<sup>1</sup>

by Robert Burns

From thee, Eliza, I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar:  
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee.  
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,

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<sup>1</sup> The song is sung to "Gilderoy."

The maid that I adore!  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more!  
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,  
While Death stands victor by,—  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh!

Sonnets  
by William Shakespeare

Sonnet 18

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.

Sonnet 34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss,  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

### Sonnet 115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer,  
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why,  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer,  
But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring things:  
Alas why fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe, then might I not say so  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

Poems from Sonnet from the Portuguese  
By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

### Sonnet 32

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;  
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love!—more like an out-of-tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on thee. For perfect strains may float  
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,—  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

### Sonnet 33

Yes, call me by my pet-name! let me hear  
The name I used to run at, when a child,  
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips plied,  
To glance up in some face that proved me dear  
With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear  
Fond voices which, being drawn and reconciled  
Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,  
Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,  
While I call God—call God!—so let thy mouth  
Be heir to those who are now exanimate.  
Gather the north flowers to complete the south,  
And catch the early love up in the late.  
Yes, call me by that name,—and I, in truth,  
With the same heart, will answer and not wait.

### Sonnet 43

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.

### Sonnets

by Christina Rossetti

### I Wish I Could Remember

I wish I could remember that first day,  
First hour, first moment of your meeting me,  
If bright or dim the season, it might be

Summer or Winter for aught I can say;  
So unrecorded did it slip away,  
So blind was I to see and to foresee,  
So dull to mark the budding of my tree  
That would not blossom yet for many a May.  
If only I could recollect it, such  
A day of days! I let it come and go  
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;  
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;  
If only now I could recall that touch,  
First touch of hand in hand—Did one but know!

#### Remember Me When I Am Gone Away

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more, day by day,  
You tell me of our future that you planned:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.