

Words of love....

The rules of love:

1. Falling in love hurts. There may be physical symptoms.
2. However, falling in love makes you a better person. It is a wonderful experience about which people write poems and songs.
3. Men are meant to do all the running. Women are meant to pretend that they don't want to be caught; if they fail to do this, they are "easy" and therefore not worth bothering with. If you are not "easy" men will admire and adore you.
4. They will write poems and love songs to woo you with.

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

William Shakespeare

The Flea

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
 How little that which thou deniest me is;
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
 And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
 Thou know'st that common sense is not to be rais'd
 A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;
 Yet this enjoys before it woo,
 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;
 And this, alas! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
 Where we almost, yea, more than married are,
 This flea is you and I, and this
 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.
 Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
 And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
 Though use make you apt to kill me,
 Let not to that self-murder added be,
 And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
 Purpl'd thy nail in blood of innocence?
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
 Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
 'Tis true; then learn how false fears be;
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

John Donne

Sonnets from the Portuguese XLIII

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

Read through these
 poems one by one.
 What methods are
 being used to woo
 you?
 Would they work on
 you? Why?

Message

by Wendy Cope

would be a good choice to go here but we can not include it because of copyright so download it from:

<http://writersalmanac.publicradio.org/programs/2002/04/01/index.html>

and stick it in this handy space we've left ☺

To his Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and talk which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the side
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell

My lady's presence makes the roses red
Because to see her lips they blush for shame:
The lily's leaves for envy pale became,
And her white hands in them his eyes embraced.
The marigold abroad its leaves did spread
Because the sun's and her presence is the same
The violet of purple colour came,
Dyed with the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief, all flowers from her virtue take;
From her sweet breath the sweet smells do proceed;
The living heat which her eyebeams do make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain which with she watereth these flowers
Falls from her eyes which she dissolves in showers.

Henry Coombe