

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806–1861)

When our two souls stand up erect and strong 1850

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curvèd point – what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long 5
Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Belovèd, – where the unfit 10
Contarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

A Red, Red Rose 1799

O my luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass, 5
So deep in luvè am I;
And I will luvè thee still my dear,
Till a' the seas gang^o dry – 10
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luvè,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luvè, 15
Though it were a thousand mile.