

# Sonnet 14 by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,  
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—  
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may  
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.