

CLASSIC LOVE POEM READINGS FOR WEDDINGS

Weddings are poetical, and they call for a deep expression of the love and commitment of the couple. Here are some romantic love poems to use as readings on your wedding day:

ROADS GO EVER EVER ON

By J.R.R Tolkien

Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,
By streams that never find the sea;
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.
Roads go ever ever on
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone
Turn at last to home afar.
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.

TO BE ONE WITH EACH OTHER

By George Eliot

What greater thing is there for two human souls
than to feel that they are joined together to strengthen
each other in all labor, to minister to each other in all sorrow,
to share with each other in all gladness,
to be one with each other in the
silent unspoken memories?

From SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD
By Walt Whitman

Afoot and lighthearted, take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before you,
The long brown path before you
Leading where you choose.

Say only to one another:
Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law:

Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

POEM XIII from CHAMBER MUSIC
By James Joyce

Go seek her out all courteously,
And say I come,
Wind of spices whose song is ever
Epithalamium.
O hurry over the dark lands
And run upon the sea
For seas and land shall not divide us
My love and me.

Now, wind, of your good courtesy
I pray you go,
And come into her little garden
And sing at her window;
Singing: The bridal wind is blowing
For Love is at his noon;
And soon will your true love be with you,
Soon, O soon.

HE WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN
By William Butler Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

SONNET 18
By William Shakespeare

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 dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
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.

LOVE
By Roy Croft

I love you,
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you,
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

I love you
For the part of me
That you bring out;
I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple;
Out of the works
Of my every day
Not a reproach
But a song.

I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good,
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.

You have done it
Without a touch,
Without a word,
Without a sign.
You have done it
By being yourself.

IF YOU BUT KNEW
(Unknown)

If you but knew
How all my days seemed filled with dreams of you,
How sometimes in the silent night
Your eyes thrill through me with their tender light,
How oft I hear your voice when others speak,
How you 'mid other forms I seek—
Oh, love more real than though such dreams were true
If you but knew.

Could you but guess
How you alone make all my happiness,
How I am more than willing for your sake
To stand alone, give all and nothing take,
Nor chafe to think you bound while I am free,
Quite free, till death, to love you silently,
Could you but guess.

Could you but learn
How when you doubt my truth I sadly yearn
To tell you all, to stand for one brief space
Unfettered, soul to soul, face to face,
To crown you king, my king, till life shall end,
My lover and likewise my truest friend,
Would you love me, dearest, as fondly in return,
Could you but learn?

AT NIGHTFALL
By Charles Hanson Towne

I need so much the quiet of your love
After the day's loud strife;
I need your calm all other things above
After the stress of life.

I crave the haven that in your dear heart lies,
After all toil is done;
I need the starshine of your heavenly eyes,
After the day's great sun.

THESE I CAN PROMISE
(Unknown)

I cannot promise you a life of sunshine;
I cannot promise riches, wealth, or gold;
I cannot promise you an easy pathway
That leads away from change or growing old,
But I can promise all my heart's devotion;
A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow;
A love that's ever true and ever growing;
A hand to hold in yours through each tomorrow.
Yes, I'll marry you.

NEVER MARRY BUT FOR LOVE
By William Penn

Never marry but for love;
But see that thou lovest what is lovely.
He that minds a body and not a soul
Has not the better part of that relationship,
And will consequently lack
The noblest comfort of a married life.
Between a man and his wife nothing ought rule but love.
As love ought to bring them together, so it is the best way
To keep them well together.
A husband and wife that love one another
Show their children that they should do so, too.
Others visibly lose their authority in their families by
Their contempt of one another, and teach their children to be
Unnatural by their own examples.
Let now enjoyment lessen, but augment, affection;
It being the basest of passions to like
When we have not, what we slight when we possess.
Here it is we ought to search out our pleasure,
Where the field is large and full of variety,
And of an enduring nature; sickness,
Poverty or disgrace being not able to
Shake it because it is not under
The moving influences of worldly contingencies.
Nothing can be more entire and without reserve;
Nothing more zealous, affectionate, and sincere;
Nothing more contented than such a couple,
Nor greater temporal felicity
Than to be one of them.

