How Do I Love Thee
For SATB Chorus, Soprano Solo, Piano, and Opt. Horn

Text by
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)
Sonnets XLIII, XLIV

Music by
James Quitman Mulholland

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Beloved thou hast brought me many flowers

Plucked in the garden, all the summer through
a little faster $\dot{\gamma} = 76$

And winter, and it seemed as if they grew. In this close

room, nor missed the sun and showers.
Slow as beginning ( \( \nu = 69 \) )
More motion $q = 80 \ ( \dot{j} = 40 \ )$

So, in the like name of that love of ours,

Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,
This appears to be a musical score. The text is partially visible and not clearly legible. The score seems to be from a classical or operatic work, given the use of words like "So in the like name of that love of ours," and "Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too."
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew.
bow - ers Be ov - er - grown with bit - ter weeds and rue, And wait thy

weed - ing; yet here's eglan - tine,
From my heart's ground, Indeed, those beds and

poco accel.

brow-ers Be over-grown with bit-ter weeds and rue, And wait thy
ground From my heart's bow-ers Be over-grown with bit-ter weeds and wait thy weed-ing.

Here's I- vy, take them, as I used to do Thy flow-ers,
And keep them where they shall not pine.

And tell thy

In-struct thine eyes to keep their col-ours true.
soul, their roots are left in mine.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
molto rit.

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

molto rit.

Very slow \( \dot{=} 54 \)

Solo Sop.

I love thee freely as

Very slow \( \dot{=} 54 \)
men strive for right; as
Faster \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{t}} = 60 \)  

Solo

\[ \begin{align*}
I & \quad \text{love thee purely, as} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{unis.}
\end{align*} \]

they turn from Praise as  

For Perusal Only
accel. e cresc.
they turn from Praise.

accel. e cresc.
they turn from Praise.

(\(h = 72\))

I love thee

I love thee with the passion put to use In my old

(\(h = 72\))
purely I love thee with a

griefs, and with my childhood's faith, and with my childhood's faith.
with a love I seem to lose.

Smile, tears, of

With my lost saints, I love thee with the breath.

Smiles, tears, of
all my life! and, if God choose.

all my life! and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.