

美好爱情英语美文

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本文原地址：<https://xiaorob.com/meiwen/aiqing/2373.html>

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关于美好爱情英语美文

在未等到对的人之前，先好好爱自己，这样才不至于辜负这段无人疼爱的时光。下面是小编整理的关于美好爱情英语美文，希望对你有所帮助！

Article one: a road, The end of life

The spring warm, flowers withered autumn season, to fight, who is in the watch, the lonely fragrance? Two personal feelings, waiting in the face
Cang Sonneratia Tanaka. Bloom Yelapain, long falling in the season ending.

Perhaps the previous marriage, perhaps fate, I met you, but with no regrets, to bury the warm time. A difficult book in tears of heaven, lonely night,
how many thoughts soaring? How many people are crying?

A wisp of melancholy, the broken, a cup of liquor, meet drunk? Yili anyou meng, who was on the pay? A precious sentence, who did the end of the
world send? A low voice to sing, to whom? Sigh, Xuthe tenderness, a cup of tea slowed by the thick.

Where is the Acacia? Autumn is cool, they yellow, often provoke melancholy. All story, but feeling hurt; Yishui people to go to the moon, such as
frost. The apprentice is left to hope in the heart, is forced by the lonely and has the dyeing, is not as good as the empty and thin waiting.

I still depict the glass dream, only hope that the way to love is simple, warm heart xiangxi. To care about you, the pieces fall scattered. Cut red love, cut
green, keep the warm city, hand in hand, through the romantic peach blossom, a thousand years to shoulder, reflecting a pure heart.

Sigh, time if water, tentacles without marks, spring to fall back, no heart pain. Locked brow, with sorrow, no thought, that a piece of streamer, fall
red blur, a thin month, write and paint, in sorrow mood, for you, for my pent of flower, the word of the situation.

The Book of Songs of Qingfeng contains quietly ink and wash, picking rain to make clouds, infiltrating beauty, depicting whispers, chanting words,
such as lotus, Acacia and thin beauty. Write a note and tear cloud, flat Zeze, word Abas, the poem is fortunate to have several chapters of Chi
nese parasol falls.

This kind of mood, for fear of breaking at the margin, the court has already gone Xue yue feng huadusk. Confused the dust, not only into the autumn,
feeling regret, the heart is also left. Let the light book text, disseminated earthly feelings, vivid notes, diffuse through these seasons such as song
.

Package good mood, in today's Sujian, zizijuyou strong, beyond poetry, perhaps no longer The imprint is engraved on my heart.. The quiet beauty of
pure light rhyme words, heart with you to lean close, Juan writes spring roll into chapters, calmly, and flying, the love, the wind from it, the rain from it.

The ink is still fragrant, allure only Yan old, that I The end of life! Gently shake off the dust, painted on a shallow scar for your thoughts, the distant

ragranceaftertastefloatnear,don'tsmelltheoathburningdesiretoashes,andpray,justwantto,sokeepquietinyourside...

Articletwo:longlove

Fatherandmotherhavebeenmarriedfortwentyyears,motherisagreatbeauty,Dadlooksverycommon,alotofpeopleoutsideandmyfatherjokes,ask!Mymotherissobeautiful,askhimishowtocatch,dadalwayssmilenottotalk,facehelookofpride,themotherssecretlylaugh,momwillbeintheoppositesideoftheroad,thefathertreesshade,waitingformyfathertowork,dadtowork,Istoodbackandlookedatmyfatherandmotherhavebeenholdinghandsintheevening,thewindblowingrub,isnotparticularlyhot,theairisfullofwoodaroma,thisscenelalwaysremember,therearetwoofthemclingtoeachotherfromtheback,reallyenviousofmymother.

Aftermorethan20yearsofmarriage,orthesame,alotofpeopleseemymotherisyoungandshealsolikenothing'schanged,Iadmiremyfather'sprotectionmymotherhasnottimetochangehim,loveapersonoutsidewithmuchthingsandmuchstresstill,butinthefaceofhislover,alltiredandpainaway,warm,affectionateunabated,justtogiveherahappyhomeofpeaceofmind,Ithinkwecanhaveaplainhappinessdown.

WhenIwastwelveyearsold,myfathersuddenlydiedofdisease,orinFebruary,peoplefromthefestivaljustcameout,thehomestillhangingredlanternsdidn'tcollect,theweatherisverycold,Iwaswearingnewclothesduringthefestival,withmymotherathome,waitingforoperation,whodidnotseeDadthelastone,soheleftus,motherkneelingonthebedbeforedad'sdesperate tearshaverunout,thereisnotraceofbrighteyes,Ican notforget,stoodinfrontofthebedofwoodatDad'sface,hearthemother'sdespair,Ifeelallmystrengthhasbeenremoved.

Aquietmindrecallsthescene,themotherscan'tinthetreewaitingforworkinthefather,norafamilyofthreehappy laughingscene,I donothaveafather,untilmorethanayearlater,turntotheoldphotos,turntothefamilyFu,Ithinkofaproblem,Icarefullyaskedagainwhy momandDadtogether,therearemanythingsIcannotreadhereyesinstantly,shesaidyouguysnowtoofast,tooimpetuous, live,eatfindobjectsaretoofast,nosomeknowlovethis thing,inthebest,thenafterthemothereofalotofpeopleenthusiasticpursuitofmany,butonlythefatherinslowlychase,alongtime,thosethreeminutespastisgone,onlythefatherhasbeenin,Momanddadreallyloveeachother,mutualsupporttolongingforeachother, itishardtoseemomanddadlikethissteadylove,manypeoplespendalittlemoney.

Ittakesalittlebitofmindtocatchupwiththeloversintheirdreams,eveniftheydon'tknoweachother.Iamgladtoseemomanddadsosimplelove,evenifthetimechange,alsotherearesomepeopleintheworldwhoinsist,happy,Iloveyoudad,justlikemotherlove.

Articlethree:Drunkenredface

Atthebeginningofthememory,thesameway,thesamewaythethornforceshoulderhoe.

Lineinfrontofcitysize,stepovertheoriginalCangmo.

YesterdayhascoloredsolitaryPo,fullofmelancholywasdrunk.

Inthepondwithstonelying,canmengwindtoGulu.Thepreface

Araindaygraduallycool,lightrainXuan,chaos,drunkYinXindyeink,listeningtothewind,opentheumbrellabridge.RainZhanyi,Duijingd'esolately,inraininfiltrationeaves,YunChunheart.Thecoldwindwasblowing,throughthewindow,awindowcurtaininthemistyrain,manymelancholy.Watermistflowerseason,youenchantedwhoisbeautiful?Itastospendsummertime,theclockstruckaseasonandaseason,Ionly,throughtimeandspaceintotime,alwaysbeNingmou,whoknowsmy sorrow?

Thecoolseasonshakeoffthepetals,theheartsofthousandsofthoughts,timeiswhatyear?Theinkpenhasalongitudinalmaddening,one.Recallingthepast,youformetosing,Isingasongforyou,string,briefencounter,lingeringinthepastlove.Painperception,confusedeyes,thebottomoftheheartcreatedabarren,youcansee?Hereyesarethestars,isaworldoftearsofshame,shecurledZuiwo,Shanshansoulshadowshadows only.

Signalooof,heavysmokearoundthebar,handflick,wasstillwanderingintherain.Theplaneleavestears,mildlylovesickness,fallwithsadness,whoisturningWest?Letthebranchleaveapieceoffilm,whoisthewindbellthattouchestheAcacia?Letloveandsweetsausage.Oncethemountainlight,makethecloudsdispersed.Holdhard,lovehatevenice.Xinxiangripplesaprayforsamsaradonotseeagain.

Thinbitterwaiting,Xuisfaraway,likeathousandyears.Swingaround,silentnightofchaos,howtocut?Lotus'sheartiswrappedinasadman,ca

nyou?Toholdapetalforhertopickuptheoar,towakethemelancholyinhermemory.Thegroundissocool,thefogissoheavy,andthepatience makesherfacewithier.Ifyoulove,onlysuchasfirst,yellowthinmirrorwhoface?Thelonelylight,LingBosingrainsoondisappear,holdthehear tofapoolinLiantang,letthemelodiousrhymeflow,justwanttotellyou,friendishardtofind,extremelywarmwarmth!

Therainsmokecondensate,two"shortsentences,readthousandsofhearts.SongCiandFuYinasalotus,ifeveryyearonCrescentSpring,nodr unkenAcacia,greenmossincenseorder,whohelpedwho?Inthemirrorandaskedtheleisureinthegloom,where?Apoolofflowerbookdono twinklewar,eternalcoldhere,XianghunyudianYuanyangmarks,thinandbeautiful,comeon,curledupinthelofty,madehundredsofhou sandsofyearsofwatch.WanttosendalettertothemediApril,hungsmallprint,allthethoughts,askthedistantinfatuation.

TheMo,autumnhasseenawindblownleaves,warmapotofwine,onlyworry.Atthistime,theword"LiaoLiao",thememoryofthechapter,the yearscarvedashallowinjury.Fineaftertaste,songwillintoxicatingsausage.Windyandrainy,noreturn,'tothedepthsoftherainfallingflower. Theemptyflowerpool,Zhuleicentripetalflow.Aboutyouforthousandsofpieces,scenery,drunkdrunkdrunkwind,rain,yilianyoumeng.

Underthesecircumstances,itisthisnight,therain,alightpen,melancholydash,pastthrobbingheart,Rouqingsishui,justatthattimealreadyfr ustrated!Withtheworldrecession,manyunsolved,reddust,cannotliveupto?Theancientwaterfromhighmountains,meditationisnotonlyinpr actice,asclosetoyou,notonlyfortheZenBuddha,youknow.Thislife,onlytheredbeanseedheart,halfofyou,halfofme,tearsforthealliance,l ovefortheoath,justwanttoborrowyourlife,andyou slowlyold.

Whentheseasonalprecipitationyears,theshoreranaground,thesoulhadNaiRiver,lovetoCambridge,howcanweforget,DingLingwhispe rwarmatriumtoo.Akimizulyo,aworldofmortals,Yiyi,midnight,lookingdeepredwithyouagain.Becauseoflove,seeyourbrightsmile,love ,readyourtextinQingwan,infatuation,noregrets,whetheryouaremylifeConfidante?

Article4:thelovelettersyoucan'tsee

Iheardthatloveisasacredthing,wonderful,mesmerizing.

Iheardthatloveisasillything,naive,stupidthinkingofyou.

Iheardthatloveisabumpything,muddy,butstillwalkandstop.

Iheardthatloveisamuddledthing,pay,justwanttobeselfless.

Iheardthatloveisawonderfulthing,meeting,doomedtoloveatfirstsight.

Iheardthatloveisaliteraryandartisticthing,loveletters,alreadywrittenfullofpaper.

Meeting,thecorner'sinexplicablelook,theindescribablefeeling,onlywantstoprotectyou,letsthehumanothurtyou,letsyousmilebutdoe snotwanttoletyoucry,Iamdestinedtohitmeets,Ithought,I mayhavefoundthelove.

Love,Istillloveyou,whateveryourobedienceornot,Iwanttotakecareofyouandtakecareofyou,justwantyoumoreandmorehappy,likeapi ginmyworld,eating,sleeping,donotcareaboutthebody,becausetheyeyesmet,Ifellinlovewithyou,Ithinkloveislikeafish,decreedbyfate,an dwater,neverabandon,untilthemomentofdeathwillreallyleave.

Thinkingofyouangry,angrylook,Iwillmakeyoulaugh,Iwillcoaxyou,letyouslowlynotangry,angerisnotgood,willaffectyourbrain,andsill y,soIwillbehardtopracticetyping,itwillplaymorewordstomakeyouhappy.

Nonsense,Iwillaccompanyoutofight.Iwillmakejokestomakeyoufeelhappy.Iwanttogoallthewaywithyou,goallthewaywithyoutotheen d,sothatyouhatimetoo fast,andnotenough.

Iheardthattheredroserepresentslove,Iwillbuyyoua11potcoveredwithredroses,aslongasIaccompanyoutotheold,theloveoflife,justwa nttotakecareofyouthispig,Iwillletyoubecomemyprincess.

Iwanttoplantatreewhenwestarted,thenweassmallseedlingstotrees,letourlovemoreandmoresweet,andyou,isthatweoftencalltheoldwo man,youwillscoffme,oldshadythings.

I want to hold a wedding dress for you, hold the most beautiful moment you said, generation after generation oath, slowly, let you in my world just like a child, I always do you exposed to wind and rain, a beautiful angel, I support you.

I want to take you to leave our footprints, although time is too hastily, we will go to the place that you want to go, then we pick the one and only that you said to go to Tibet, you want the most and I have already put it, as the most beautiful place.

I want to take you to the love with vigour and vitality, so that we will never change until death when I, for you to wear the ring finger ring and you will say, I met you is the most fortunate life.

Article five: love picturesque, read like an idiot

A few back down to look for you, as per se and worry step noise.

Several years running in the vicissitudes of life, for you, rough and long.

You want to do only a short while ago prince, you dance are refined and cultured, qi yu xuan ang, comfort you a world of loneliness.

There is a light in the darkness of the dark, and the ancient ink is rolled under the light, and the time is written for you to write a love sickness song on the old Xuan paper.

Only a short while ago you are my side of the woman, and for my lips resourceful, Yu Long Song, I comfort my sorrow.

The spring season, the first Ten -
li resting station, the lights dim, and the breeze as I stand into a very pretty and charming flowers, slender beauty to allure.

Intentional heart, love without injury, deep love. Evenings singing, playing together with the time flies. I will hold your hand tightly in life and death in the desert so you will not feel the glint and flash of cold steel, lonely and afraid. Oar sound and light, light sail boat, hug to you as in the past. With the fire Maplesong, La moon in pairs, every morning and evening. I really want to rob you for the rest of your life in this way, and keep in the eyes of each other.

Love, with you, picturesque. Blooming in my heart in the lotus, is stunning the world.

Untold past friendship is rain, but I do not know where to meet with you for years, mesh connected Tianshui, playing a marriage on partings.

Time, you slow down, the previous five hundred years before the bitter cry, only for you and I have a short period of love in this life.

Not the old days, feeling not in you qian qian knot. In the rain forests spring breeze, flowers fall down. I hope there union is doomed to end them elancholy song Tang wind rain made my life not of faint acacia. With former rhyme, at Cascade Mountains, with pen volatile ink to warm your cold early spring. The whole night environment, their silent shaking chaos, leisurely. Really afraid of the world of mortals will not love flowers solely, yesterday will Yuan yang Lu huan.

Miss, give you, like an idiot. I rubbed into my little red paper and marveled at the world.

But life is waiting, fall red moon Qingchou pain, such as clothing alone with cream, haggard on the window, where the full moon in the moon?

The people who miss you, your past five hundred years of bitter practice, I changed my life in the world.

Article six: the most familiar stranger

Fifteen years ago, spent the end of the month, from Zeng Fu poem flowers. This watch on muddy and similar feelings like the old? The preface

Looking back yesterday, I had spent eighteen years of bad time. Today, standing in the time tunnel to look back at me, memories have been hard to do. Since the time, do not want to have in the past, but easier said than done.

It likethis poem most, light clouds and thin, are scattered for the rain. In the year of the flower, the most vulnerable are the delicate flowers. And ten years ago, when I saw his first eye, I fell down. Isn't the Yan burst table values, but he gave me the feeling, like a warm breeze on the lake, Liulv branch swaying to the gentle posture, I seem to have a light, clouds, fly to his side, he was gently doting care, warm feeling, feeling more is that I pass through the time machine, then thousands of years ago, and he once met.

He is wearing a white coat suit, clean face, filled with fortitude and stubborn, a little older, he was surrounded by wisdom and aura, I wear a red coat, white snow boots foot stand in his place, he looked up at my lovely hair tied into two dumplings, then hold belly Lokalaughing, I bully said, don't laugh, laugh your teeth knocked. He rushed up the stairs with a quick mouthpiece. In fact, he's my neighbor. I've been here for so long, but I don't know I like my neighbor.

Every time I go to school, I always get up very early, and I turn the alarm clock to five every night. So I can go out with him at the same time. Just making breakfast, he was swallowing the breakfast in his mouth and heard him slamming and closing the door. I stopped chopsticks, without demur, picked up the bag, wear good shoes quickly, slammed the door behind them. Audible sound but no, wait a few minutes, he found the beam with joy down from upstairs, but I stood there looking at him, his face flushed, is not, then next is not.

I thought he was so cut that he couldn't help laughing when he couldn't help laughing. He saw him walking steadily down the stairs. I followed him for a few steps, and I saw him on his father's slimy sine. I saw him away from a distance, standing in the wind, and letting the hair blow my face. When I go to school, I went into the classroom in a sullen way, but I was worried about why I was in a different class with him, and I could only blame me for his achievement. Class accidentally out of the God, the muddle along without any aim a few classes, the school also don't know. Carrying a shoulder bag, or walk on the road, but found that he and a few girls laughing, I suddenly thought of five kinds of noise, anger, dissatisfaction, more feels sour. Never hold the tears, turned in another direction, your "Chu", everywhere, everywhere amorous. Wiping tears, I plunged into the crowd of students in these sea of people, let the crowd cover up my tears, let the crowd wrap me, and never see you again! Hum...

Just to the door, hum! I don't want to take care of you. Don't know you, ignore you... You hold the key, open the security door, there reverent and respectful hold the door, I pretended to ignore you, find you a warm little detail of me, that I could not bear the heart beat, moved. I gently said a word of thanks and rushed forward, but behind my back, I heard you say, you're going to leave... In such a harmless sentence, the building of my hope has collapsed in a moment.

Came to the school, that you become unripe, to be sent to study abroad, I have a cold, downhearted, only a few steps, it hit a meat wall, looked up to find the monitor, monitor saw twinkling tears in my eyes to know my thoughts, I dropped a sentence to help you tell it! A moment to give you an answer, so hurry away. I slowly squat down the corner of the wall, I have been in tears, I have known for several years, I haven't talked more than ten times, but now I have to leave, leaving only one sentence I want to leave. Monitor back your reply to me, but I don't care, since you have to go, how can I let you hear there every worried about.

This day as you go, the earth covered with silvery white, in the glass on a gas Oh, wrote three words, and these three words, this life you can't see.

Gift words: the most familiar strangers, these years, you have been engraved in my heart, become a past, also become a memory, if there is an afterlife, I hope to love you, and through life's spring, so good.

Article seven: Miss, are you kind of poison

Said the horizon and the Cape, only separated from the heart. If the heart in the remotest corners of the globe, close at hand; measure only after now, Miss across the wall, how to climb, are crushing sorrow, are endless wandering; the original thoughts as well as the rain is like the wind, drip ping everywhere, mottled memories of years. Messy, hesitated after thousands of, only when you understand that you are difficult to cross the net, this world ago!

Ri you suosi, night had a dream last night, the small east wind, flower sea wall, it was like you, always thought that no contact, can forget the time, the original time is long, thoughts more rich, more yearning, when you sow poison, no medicine can solution, you look clearly well ingrained. As before, still has not changed, such as when standing in front of him, "I will wait for you to grow up....." The voice is so soft, like water, across this season of heart lake.

Like a flower opening, the need for a time that time is gray, gorgeous with cool breath, not to touch, not to pay attention to, that a drop of rain, or drop into the eyes, slightly cool, a touch of sadness, otherwise the taste welled up; and, slowly turn over years of thick book line of tangled feelings, a persistent, on the ferry, a ferry in the distance, waiting for your casual glance, drunk into the lounge, just in time, the most beautiful years, smile into each other's eyes.

If the whole life, only to find you, give yourself a perfect, that in the red road lined with missing lines, flat Zeze, debauch let Yanyin qipan, graffiti, a long strand of flowers, petals rain moist time; aque Sujian small, with a surplus like water in rain, care warm wishes not salutary influence of education, years of injury, you will still not; calm thoughts, light to read, not the old castle, Qingyun long continuous.

If you can, if you can, in the page of the scene, Miss watch into the horizon of the haze, simple colors, such as the smears thought, sunset shines a heart of landscape garden, a flower leaf under every tree and bush, and read the highlights in sentiment, every little bit, don't miss the taste, until the evening so, as a silhouette, poetic dream; banzhan leisure, temperature and wind on a pot, you looked on with a lunar night talk; the moonlight is speeding, such as water such as yarn, cupped breeze, thoughts on that heavy curtain, the past meet, you say?

Always read in the years by thinking, so read the hill wall Cong Rong, autumn is gradually cool, whether scattered flowers blossoming friendship, then time to ignore the horse, many surrounding a cavity die, Fangfei, fall red pieces, autumn wind dancing, rain, a piece of falling in the foot, which is a distant message, is a left motto, thin, cool in the sleeve, indifferent to the sky not idling came, or a person in the miss, in obsession, listen to the sound at the end of the season.

Miss the rain, always be caught off guard when the dripping wet, the glass scenery, wet ink, pigment on the fuzzy state, the term into the war; that is missing, you kind of poisonous, so the full line of small print every day, go down, every single word or phrase, consider again the three pour, miss, this poison, drink a cup and a cup, a car may lay these seeds of life, let the verdant, let the wind with rain, adaptable, bloom heart core twist in cense, fall red flower hoeful flowers; drink oneself from drink, you kind of poison drink!

I want to choose a time, heart, quiet corner, quietly Miss Yan, clean way to static read, think that to read, before it and also allows, let Miss dance like wings, hidden Cang mang, Dunqu thin cool, in the original appearance. Wen Xiang count fly; net boiled for a long time, the fabric of a tree flow, waiting for the daily call to religious life, never abandon the oath; portrait of a gentle, for young life to each other.

See these as a Die wu People are hurrying to and fro., Orioless spring, watching the seasons, seasons, in the early autumn in the color of love, love to write, write and write melancholy, amidst the swaying, water and ink in the song, but around the missing, dye ink that I planted to you!

Article eight: meeting you is the most beautiful scenery

Before you wait for the right person, love yourself before you can live up to the unloved time. The preface

It once was so full of love to love a person who never belonged to me, even in spite of his own image and the eyes of everyone. I was following the sto in place, but the man had gone, never heard my cry, never see my tears, but this embarrassed. That low to the dust of the humble, and not out of the gorgeous fireworks. Later, I realized that love is just like the cup of milk tea I had hidden in the box at the beginning. If it could not be put off, it would not smell long enough to run away for a long time. It would be smelly and smelly, even for both sides.

Thank to the desolate years, let me know the art of abandoning. Only after that, I became very careful, not afraid to love, to be afraid of being hurt. In his own heart built a tight wall, others cannot go, and he cannot come out.

Fortunately, meeting you in the time of the water, this is really a beautiful scenery. I woke up, no matter how much hurt, someone will make me believe in love. And now, that man is you. But it's a pity that you believe that the people of love are not me. So I began to be jealous, knowing that jealousy originated from care and inadequacy of my heart.

All of a sudden, my personality changed a lot. Middle school is optimistic and cheerful, but high school becomes sentimental. Junior high school students call me don't bother, not to the benefit of fall, high school classmates called me to let go, don't be so infatuated, hang in a tree. I used to be changed, but now? I don't know, I only know that I'm afraid of the end of my life.

Keep telling yourself: the road is still so long, how do you have the heart to stay in the place, not to find a place for happiness in the distance? But we all know that if you can't sleep under the tree that you like, what does a whole forest mean to me? I'm sorry, but I can't convince myself that I can only follow it and follow my heart.

Through so many ways, I gradually understand that some love, not must be in the heart, but should be pressed in the bottom of the heart. The love of the heart will not be annihilated by the years, and will not fade away at any time. Love is not the only possession, but the freedom to open the shackles. Deep love, is gentle and willing to give each other warm hand care, let the other side have branches, no fear of wind and rain.

If we are in the world walk from first to last, not again, let me put down the obsession, leaving only memories, in shallow or deep time, sing, count

heyearsofsorrow.

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