

美好爱情英语美文

作者：小六 来源：网友投稿

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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。下面是小编收集的关于美好爱情英语美文，希望你有所帮助！

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? Yilian you 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 Chinese
separate 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 the season such as song

Pack a 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
air from it.

The ink is still fragrant, allure only Yan old, that! 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,thefacethelookofpride,themotherssecretlylaugh,momwillbeintheoppositesideoftheroad,thefathertreesshade,waitingformyfatherstowork,dadtowork,Istoodbackandlookedatmyfatherandmotherhavebeenholdinghandsintheevening,thewindblowingrub,isnotparticularlyhot,theairisfullofwoodaroma,thisscenelalwaysremember,therearetwoofthemclingingtoeachotherfromtheback,reallyenviousofmymother.

Aftermorethan20yearsofmarriage,orthesame,alotofpeopleseemymotherisyoungeandshesolikenothing'schanged,Iadmiremyfather'sprotectionmymotherhasnotimetochangehim,loveapersonoutsidewithmuchthingsandmuchstresstill,butinthefaceofhislover,alltiredandpainaway,warm,affectionateunabated,justtogiveherahappyhomeofpeaceofmind,Ithinkwecanhaveaplainhappinessdown.

WhenIwastwelveyearsold,myfathersuddenlydiedofadisease,orinFebruary,peoplefromthefestivaljustcameout,thefestivalsillhangingredlanternsdidn'tcollect,theweatherisverycold,Iwaswearingnewclothesduringthefestival,withmymotherathome,waitingforoperation,whodidnotseeDadthelastone,soheleftus,motherkneelingonthebedbeforeDad'sdesperate tearshaverunout,thereisnotraceofbrighteyes,Icannotforget,stoodinfrontofthebedofwoodatDad'sface,hearthemother'sdespair,Ifeelallmystrengthhasbeenremoved.

Aquietmindrecallsthescene,themotherscantinthe tree waiting for work in the father, nor a family of three happy laughing scene, I do not have a father, until more than a year later, turn to the old photos, turn to the family Fu, I think of a problem, I carefully asked again why mom and Dad together, there are many things I cannot read here eyes instantly, she said you guys now too fast, too impetuous, live, eat find objects are too fast, no one knows love this thing, in the best, then after the mother of a lot of people enthusiastic pursuit of many, but only the father in slow chase, along time, those three minutes past is gone, only the father has been in, Mom and Dad really love each other, mutual support to long for each other, it is hard to see mom and dad like this steady love, many people spend a little money.

It takes a little bit of mind to catch up with the lovers in their dreams, even if they don't know each other. I am glad to see mom and dad's simple love, even if the time changes, also there are some people in the world who insist, happy, I love you dad, just like mother love.

Articlethree:Drunkenredface

Atthebeginningofthememory,thesameway,thesamewaythethornforcesshoulderhoe.

Lineinfrontofcitysize,stepovertheoriginalCangmo.

YesterdayhascoloredsolitaryPo,fullofmelancholywasdrunk.

Inthepondwithstonelying,canmengwindtoGulu.Thepreface

Araindaygraduallycool,lightrainXuan,chaos,drunkYinXindyeink,listeningtothewind,opentheumbrellabridge.RainZhanyi,Duijingd'esolately,inraininfiltrationeaves,YunChunheart.Thecoldwindwasblowing,throughthewindow,awindowcurtaininthemistyrain,manymelancholy.Watermistflowerseason,youenchantedwhoisbeautiful?It hasto spend summertime, the clock struck a season and a season, I only, through time and space into time, always be Ningmou, who knows my sorrow?

Thecoolseasonshakeoffthepetals,thefheartsofthousandsofthoughts,timeiswhatyear?Theinkpenhasalongitudinalmaddening,one.Recallingthepast,youformetosing,Isingasongforyou,string,briefencounter,lingeringinthepastlove.Painperception,confusedeyes,thebottomoftheheartcreatedabarren,youcansee?Hereyesarethestars,isa world of tears of shame, she curled Zuiwo, Shanshan soul shadow shadows only.

Signaloo,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? To hold a petal for her top pick up the ear, to wake the melancholy in her memory. The ground is so cool, the fog is so heavy, and the patience makes her face wither. If you love, only such as first, yellow thin mirror who face? The lonely light, Ling Bo sing rain soon disappear, hold the ear to a pool in Liantang, let the melodious rhyme flow, just want to tell you, friend is hard to find, extremely warm warmth!

The rain smoke condensate, two "short sentences, read thousands of hearts. Song Ci and Fu Yi in a salotus, if every year on Crescent Spring, no drink unken Acacia, green moss incense order, who helped who? In the mirror and asked the leisure in the gloom, where? A pool of flower book done a twinkle war, eternal cold here, Xiang hun yu duan Yu an yang marks, thin and beautiful, come on, curled up in the lofty, made hundreds of thousands of years of watch. Want to send a letter to the media April, hung small print, all the thoughts, ask the distant infatuation.

The Mo, autumn has seen a wind blown leaves, warm a pot of wine, only worry. At this time, the word "Liao Liao", the memory of the chapter, the years carved a shallow injury. Fine after taste, song will into intoxicating sausage. Windy and rainy, no return, 'to the depths of the rain falling flower. The empty flower pool, Zhulei centripetal flow. About you for thousands of pieces, scenery, drunk drunk drunk wind, rain, yili an you meng.

Under these circumstances, it is this night, the rain, a light pen, melancholy dash, past throbbing heart, Rou qing sishui, just at that time already frustrated! With the world recession, many unsolved, red dust, can live up to? The ancient water from high mountains, meditation is not only in practice, as close to you, not only for the Zen Buddha, you know. This life, only the red bean seed heart, half of you, half of me, tears for the alliance, I owe for the oath, just want to borrow your life, and you slowly old.

When these seasonal precipitation years, the shore ran a ground, the soul had Nai River, love to Cambridge, how can we forget, Ding Ling whisper warm a triumph too. Aki mizu yo, a world of mortals, Yiyi, midnight, looking deep red with you again. Because of love, see your bright smile, love, ready your text in Qingwan, infatuation, no regrets, whether you are my life Confidante?

Article 4: the love letters you can't see

I heard that love is a sacred thing, wonderful, mesmerizing.

I heard that love is a silly thing, naive, stupid thinking of you.

I heard that love is a bumpy thing, muddy, but still walk and stop.

I heard that love is a muddled thing, pay, just want to be selfless.

I heard that love is a wonderful thing, meeting, doomed to love at first sight.

I heard that love is a literary and artistic thing, love letters, already written full of paper.

Meeting, the corner's inexplicable look, the indescribable feeling, only want to protect you, let the human not hurt you, let you smile but do not want to let you cry, I am destined to hit meets, I thought, I may have found the love.

Love, I still love you, whatever you obey or not, I want to take care of you and take care of you, just want you more and more happy, like a pig in my world, eating, sleeping, do not care about the body, because they eyes met, I fell in love with you, I think love is like a fish, decreed by fate, and water, never abandon, until the moment of death will really leave.

Thinking of you angry, angry look, I will make you laugh, I will coax you, let you slowly not angry, anger is not good, will affect your brain, and silly, so I will be hard to practice typing, it will play more words to make you happy.

Nonsense, I will accompany you to fight. I will make a joke to make you feel happy. I want to go all the way with you, go all the way with you to the end, so that you have time to eat, and not enough.

I heard that the red rose represents love, I will buy you a pot covered with red roses, as long as I accompany you to the old, the love of life, just want to take care of you this pig, I will let you become my princess.

I want to plant a tree when we started, then we as small seedling to trees, let our love more and more sweet, and you, is that we often call the old man, you will scoff me, old shady things.

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 of fingers 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 perse and worry step noise.

Several years running in the vicissitudes of life, for you, rough and curved, a life 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. Oars and light, lightsail 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 qianqian 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 old dear spring. The whole night environment, their silent shaking chaos, leisurely. Really afraid of the world of mortals will not love flowers lonely, yesterday will Yu anyang Luhuan.

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 a cloth in a lone 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 likethispoemmost,lightcloudsandthin,arescatteredfortherain.Intheyearoftheflower,themostvulnerablearethedelicateflowers.Andtenyearsago,whenIsawhisfirsteye,Ifelldown.Isn'ttheYanbursttablevalues,buthegavemethefeeling,Ilikeawarmbreezeonthelake,Liulvbranchesswayingtothegentleposture,Iseemtohavealight,clouds,flytohisside,hewasgentledotingcare,warmfeeling,feelingmoreisthatIpassthroughthetimetemachine,thenthousandsofyearsago,andheoncemet.

Heiswearingawhitecoatsuit,cleansface,filledwithfortitudeandstubborn,alittleolder,hewassurroundedbywisdomandaura,Iweararedcoat,whitesnowbootsfootstandinhisplace,helookedupatmylovelyhairtiedintotwodumplings,thenholdbellyLokalaughing,Ibullysaid,don'tlaugh,laughyourteethknocked.Herushedupthestairswithaquickmouthpiece.Infact,he'smyneighbor.I'vebeenhereforsolong,butIdon'tknowIlikemyneighbor.

EverytimeIgotoschool,Ialwaysgetupveryearly,andIturnthealarmclocktofiveeverynight.Solcangooutwithhimatthesametime.Justmakingbreakfast,hewasswallowingthebreakfastinhismouthandheardhimslammingandclosingthedoor.Istoppedchopsticks,withoutdemure,pickedupthebag,weargoodshoesquickly,slammedthedoorbehindthem.Audiblesoundbutno,waitafewminutes,hefoundthebeamwithhjoydownfromupstairs,butIstoodtherelookingathim,hisfaceflushed,isnot,thenextisnot.

Ithoughthewassocutethathecouldn'thelplaughingwhenhecouldn'thelplaughing.Hesawhimwalkingsteadilydownthestairs.Ifollowedhimforafewsteps,andIsawhimonhisfather'sslimousine.Isawhimawayfromadistance,standinginthewind,andlettingthehairblowmyface.WhenIgotoschool,Iwentintotheclassroominasullenway,butIwasworriedaboutwhyIwasinadifferentclasswithhim,andIcouldonlyblameforhisachievement.ClassaccidentallyoutoftheGod,themuddlealongwithoutanyaimafewclasses,theschoolalsodon'tknow.Carryingashoulderbag,orwalkontheroad,butfoundthatheandafewgirlsalaughing,Isuddenlythoughtoffivekindsofnoise,anger,dissatisfaction,morefeelsour.Neverholdthetears,turnedinanotherdirection,your"Chu",everywhere,everywhereamorous.Wipingtears,Iplungedintothecrowdofstudentsintheseaofpeople,letthecrowdcoverupmytears,letthecrowdwrapme,andneverseeyouagain!Hum...

Justtothedoor,hum!Idon'twanttotakecareofyou.Donotknowyou,ignoreyou...Youholdthekey,openthesecuritydoor,thereverentandrespectfulholdthedoor,Ipretendedtoignoreyou,findyouawarmlittledetailsofme,thatIcouldnotforbeartheheartbeat,moved.Igentlysaidawordofthanksandrushedforward,butbehindmyback,Iheardyousay,you'regoingtoleave...Insuchaharmlessentence,thebuildingofmyhopehascollapsedinamoment.

Cametotheshool,thatyoubecomeunripe,tobesenttostudyabroad,Ihaveacold,downhearted,onlyafewsteps,ithitameatwall,lookedupofindisthemonitor,monitorsawtwinklingtearsinmyeyestoknowmythoughts,Iroppedasentencetohelpyoutellit!Amomenttogiveyoutheanswer,sohurryaway.Islowlysquatchdownthecornerofthewall,Ihavebeenintears,Ihaveknownforseveralyears,Ihaven'ttalkedmorethantentimes,butnowIhavetoleave,leavingonlyonesentenceIwanttoleave.Monitorbackyurreplytome,butIdon'tcare,sinceyouhavetogo,howcanIletyouhearthereveryworriedabout.

Thisdayasyougo,theearthcoveredwithsilverywhite,intheglassonagasOh,wrotethreewords,andthesethreewords,thislifeyoucan'tsee.

Giftwords:themostfamiliarstrangers,theseyears,youhavebeenengravedinmyheart,becomeapast,alsobecomeamemory,ifthereisanafterlife,Ihopetoloveyou,andthroughlife'sspring,sogood.

Articleseven:Miss,areyoukindofpoison

SaidthehorizonandtheCape,onlyseparatedfromtheheart.Iftheheartintheremotestcornersoftheglobe,closeathand;measureonlyafterknnow,Missacrossthehall,howtoclimb,arecrushingsorrow,areendlesswandering;theoriginalthoughtsaswellastherainislikethewind,drip pingeverywhere,mottledmemoriesofyears.Messy,hesitatedafterthousandsof,onlywhenyouunderstandthatyouaredifficulttocrossthe net,thisworldagu!

Riyouosuosi,nighthadadreamlastnight,thesmalleastwind,flowerseastwall,itwaslikeyou,alwaysthoughtthatnocontact,canforgetthetime, theoriginaltimeislong,thoughtsmorerich,moreyearning,whenyousowpoison,nomedicinecansolution,youlookclearlywellingrained. Asbefore,stillhasnotchanged,suchaswhenstandinginfrontofhim,"Iwillwaitforyoutogrowup....."Thevoiceissofsoft,likewater,acrossthis seasonofheartlake.

Likeafloweropening,theneedforatimethattimeisgray,gorgeouswithcoolbreath,nottotouch,nottopayattentionto,thatadropofrain,ordropsintotheyes,slightlycool,atouchofsadness,otherwisethetastewelledup;and,slowlyturnoveryearsofthickbookalineoftangledfeelings, apersistent,ontheferry,aferryinthedistance,waitingforyourcasualglance,drunkintothelounge,justintime,themostbeautifulyears,smileintoeachother'seyes.

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 smear 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 spot, 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, in different to the sky not idings 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 label 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 the seeds of life, let the verdant, let the wind with rain, adaptable, bloom heart core twist incense, 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 these 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

I 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 pin 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 shoulders. 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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