WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways She dwelt among the untrodden ways Beside the springs of Dove,¹ A Maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love; A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! —Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky. She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and, oh, The difference to me!

1799

1800