

## Divine Comedy "Lucy"

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I travelled among unknown men  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England, did I know 'til then  
What love I bore to thee!  
'Tis past, that melancholy dream -  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time, for I still seem  
To love thee more and more.  
Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire,  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.  
By mornings showed, by nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine, too, is the last green field  
That Lucy's eye surveyed.  
She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove;  
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 alone, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh!  
The difference to me!  
A slumber did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears.  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.  
No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees -  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

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