

## The Divine Comedy

### "Lucy"

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by W. Wordsworth

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I 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.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes 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 unknown, 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 around in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

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