

Divine Comedy, The "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.
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 round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees

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