

William Wordsworth
Lucy Poems

I.

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved look'd every day 5
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fix'd my eye, 10
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reach'd the orchard-plot;
And, as we climb'd the hill, 15
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept 20
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopp'd:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropp'd.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide 25
Into a lover's head!
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

Thus Nature spake—The Work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene; 40
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

V.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force; 5
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.