
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;

5 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
10 When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

1799

1800

1. There are several rivers by this name in England, including one in the Lake Country.