

I traveled 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 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 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 eyes.

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.