

# She Dwelt Among Untrodden Ways

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mosy tone  
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!

William Wordsworth