

## She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways Poem

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### She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways

#### By William Wordsworth

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!