

"She Dwelt Among 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!

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"On Wordsworth", by David Hartley Coleridge

He lived amidst the untrodden ways  
To Rydal Lake that lead;  
A bard whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to read.

Behind a cloud his mystic sense,  
Deep hidden, who can spy?  
Bright as the night when not a star  
Is shining in the sky.

Unread his works — his "Milk White Doe"  
With dust is dark and dim;  
It's still in Longman's shop, and oh!  
The difference to him!