

Lucy Gray

Words: William Wordsworth
Music: Nigel Harbron

Oft I had heard of Lu - cy Gray: and when I crossed the wild, I
chanced to see at break of day the so - li - ta - ry child. No
mate, no com - rade Lu - cy knew; she dwelt on a wide moor, The
sweet - est thing that ev - er grew be - side a hu - man door!

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray: and, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day the solitary child.
No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; she dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play, the hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray will never more be seen.
“Tonight will be a stormy night - you to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father! will I gladly do: ‘tis scarcely afternoon,
The minster-clock has just struck two, and yonder is the moon!”
At this the Father raised his hook, and snapped a faggot-band:
He plied his work: - and Lucy took the lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe: with many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow, that rises up like smoke.
The storm came on before its time: she wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb, but never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight to serve them for a guide.
At day-break on a hill they stood that overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood, a furlong from their door.

They wept - and turning homeward cried, "In heaven we all shall meet;"
When in the snow the mother spied the print of Lucy's feet.
Then downwards from the steep hill's edge they tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge, and by the long stone-wall.

And then an open field they crossed: the marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost; and to the bridge they came.
They followed from the snowy bank those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank; and further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day she is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray upon the lonesome wild.
O'er rough and smooth she trips along, and never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song that whistles in the wind.

And here she is....

