

Clouds, Lucy's Eyes

I travelled amongst unknown men
In lands across the sea
Nor, England, did I know till then
The love I bore to thee
'Tis past, that melancholy dream
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem to love thee
More and more

Beside thy mountains did I feel
They joy of my desire
She I cherished, turned her wheel
Beside an English fire
Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played

And thine, too, was the last green field that
Lucy's eyes surveyed

Nor, England, did I know
The love I bore to thee
Beside thy mountains did I feel
They joy of my desire
She I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire
She lived alone and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave and there's a
Difference to me