**THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER**

 **-William Wordsworth**

 THREE years she grew in sun and shower,

 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

 On earth was never sown;

 This Child I to myself will take;

 She shall be mine, and I will make

 A Lady of my own.

 "Myself will to my darling be

 Both law and impulse: and with me

 The Girl, in rock and plain,

 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10

 Shall feel an overseeing power

 To kindle or restrain.

 "She shall be sportive as the fawn

 That wild with glee across the lawn,

 Or up the mountain springs;

 And her's shall be the breathing balm,

 And her's the silence and the calm

 Of mute insensate things.

 "The floating clouds their state shall lend

 To her; for her the willow bend; 20

 Nor shall she fail to see

 Even in the motions of the Storm

 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form

 By silent sympathy.

 "The stars of midnight shall be dear

 To her; and she shall lean her ear

 In many a secret place

 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,

 And beauty born of murmuring sound

 Shall pass into her face. 30

 "And vital feelings of delight

 Shall rear her form to stately height,

 Her virgin bosom swell;

 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give

 While she and I together live

 Here in this happy dell."

 Thus Nature spake--The work was done--

 How soon my Lucy's race was run!

 She died, and left to me

 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene; 40

 The memory of what has been,

 And never more will be.