**STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN**

 -William Wordsworth

 STRANGE fits of passion have I known:

 And I will dare to tell,

 But in the Lover's ear alone,

 What once to me befell.

 When she I loved looked every day

 Fresh as a rose in June,

 I to her cottage bent my way,

 Beneath an evening-moon.

 Upon the moon I fixed my eye,

 All over the wide lea; 10

 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh

 Those paths so dear to me.

 And now we reached the orchard-plot;

 And, as we climbed the hill,

 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot

 Came near, and nearer still.

 In one of those sweet dreams I slept,

 Kind Nature's gentlest boon!

 And all the while my eyes I kept

 On the descending moon. 20

 My horse moved on; hoof after hoof

 He raised, and never stopped:

 When down behind the cottage roof,

 At once, the bright moon dropped.

 What fond and wayward thoughts will slide

 Into a Lover's head!

 "O mercy!" to myself I cried,

 "If Lucy should be dead!"