Lucy Gray William Wordsworth Lucy Gray" is a poem written by William Wordsworth in 1799 and published in 1800 in his Lyrical Ballads. It describes the death of a young girl named Lucy Gray, who went out one evening into a storm to bring her mother back home. Stanza: 1 Oft I had heard of Lucy

wild,
I chanced to see at break
of day
The solitary child.
This stanza provides the
setting and the
foreshadowing for the rest
of the poem. I had often

And, when I crossed the

Gray:

heard of Lucy Gray. When I crossed the wide open valley. I happened to see the solitary child at the time of break of day. The first stanza simply strikes up curiosity about Lucy and sets her up as an important figure.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; She dwelt on a wide moor, -The sweetest thing that ever grew

Stanza: 2

Beside a human door!

This stanza continues to

create curiosity about Lucy.
She had never enjoyed the company of any playmate or companion. She lived in an open wide valley. The last

"beside a human door". It seems strange that she did not grow inside that door, since she is a human child.

lines say that she grew

Stanza: 3 You yet may spy the fawn at play, The hare upon the green; But the sweet face of

Will never more be seen.
Here, the speaker talks
directly to the readers and

Lucy Gray

directly to the readers and says that you may still see the young deer at play or the hare running about over the green valleys but you can never see anymore the sweetest face of Lucy Gray. With this stanza, the

something has happened to

speaker reveals that

Lucy.

snow

home.

Stanza: 4
To-night will be a stormy

night-You to the town must go;

And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the

He begins to talk from another's point of view.

Lucy's father told her that it

was expected to be a stormy night. She must go to the town with a lantern and bring her mother back

Stanza: 5

That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon-

The minster-clock has

And yonder is the moon! This also reveals that the

just struck two,

speaker within the quotes is Lucy's father. Lucy told her father that she would gladly

do so. It was hardly afternoon at that time. The church clock had struck two. The moon was still hanging

Stanza: 6
At this the Father raised

his hook,

low in the horizon.

And snapped a faggotband; He plied his work;–and

Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

This stanza continues the

story from the original speaker's point of view. When her father heard this,

he was satisfied. He took his sharp hook and got busy with his work of cutting the bundle of woods. He went on doing his work and Lucy took the lantern in her hand and went on.

Stanza: 7

Not blither is the mountain roe: With many a wanton stroke Her feet disperse the powdery snow, That rises up like smoke. Even the deer of the mountain is not so active and smart as Lucy was. This stanza describes Lucy as walking along slowly and carelessly, kicking up the "powdery snow" as she walks, and watching it rise

descriptions of Lucy help to continue to paint a picture of a sweet and innocent child.

"like smoke". These

The storm came on

She wandered up and

before its time:

Stanza: 8

down;

And many a hill did Lucy climb:

But never reached the town.

With the first line of this stanza, the speaker reveals what will happen to Lucy.

The storm burst before its time. She wandered up and

down. Although she climbed

many hills yet she never

reached the town.

Stanza :9

The wretched parents all that night Went shouting far and wide; But there was neither sound nor sight To serve them for a quide. This stanza reveals that at some point during the night, Lucy's mother returned home and her miserable parents came out to search for her. They shouted for her through the night far and wide. But they neither heard any sound nor saw any sight to guide them in the darkness and silence of the night. Stanza:10 At day-break on a hill they stood

moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.
Again, the speaker mentions

That overlooked the

day-break. They stood over a hill. From there, they could see all over the wild valley. They saw a wooden bridge at a distance of about one furlong from there door.

They wept-and, turning homeward, cried, "In heaven we all shall meet;"

Stanza: 11 PUACE

mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

-When in the snow the

At this point, the parents weep and give up their search for Lucy. As they

they said that they would meet the poor girl in heaven. The mother saw the footprints of Lucy Gray in the snow. However, the sight of

came towards their home,

her footprint gives hope.

Stanza: 12

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge

They tracked the

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;
With this, the parents begin to follow her footprints. They traced the small footprints downwards from the side of the steep hill. Those footprints passed through

the broken hathorn hedge

and went along the stone wall.

Stanza: 13
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

Then parents passed over an open field. There were the same marks. They went on tracing them. They did not lose them until they came to the bridge.

Stanza: 14
They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,

plank;
And further there were none!
This stanza invokes the

Into the middle of the

feeling of intense loss. While the parents follow in the footsteps of the child, there is hope that she might be found alive at the end of those footprints. Instead, the prints led the parents to the "middle of the plank" on the bridge, and suddenly the footprints stop. The only conclusion is that Lucy fell

Stanza: 15
Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet
Lucy Gray

off the bridge.

Yet some people believe up to this day that she is a living child. They think they can see sweet Lucy Gray

Upon the lonesome wild.

wandering over the lonely wild valley. Stanza: 16

O'er rough and smooth she trips along, And never looks behind;

And sings a solitary song That whistles in the wind.

She walks slightly over rough as well as smooth places, but she never looks

behind. She sings a lovely

song that whistles in the

wind.