"THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER"

Three years she grew in sun and shower, (1.1)

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower (1.2)

On earth was never sown;

This Child I to myself will take; (1.3)

She shall be mine, and I will make (1.4)

A Lady of my own. (1.5)

"Myself will to my darling be (1.6)

Both law and impulse: and with me (1.7)

The Girl, in rock and plain, (1.8)

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,

Shall feel an overseeing power

To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn (1.9)

That wild with glee across the lawn,

Or up the mountain springs;

And her's shall be the breathing balm, (1.10)

And her's the silence and the calm (1.11)

Of mute insensate things.
"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;           (1.12)
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.                   (1.15)

"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."                  (1.20)

Thus Nature spake--The work was done--
How soon my Lucy's race was run!           (1.21)
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;     (1.23)
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

NUTTING

---------------------IT seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out) (2.1)
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth (2.2)
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung, (2.3)
A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps (2.4)
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded, (2.5)
By exhortation of my frugal Dame-- (2.6)
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook (2.7)
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,

A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,

Breathing with such suppression of the heart

As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint

Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed

The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate

Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;

A temper known to those, who, after long

And weary expectation, have been blest

With sudden happiness beyond all hope.

Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves

The violets of five seasons re-appear

And fade, unseen by any human eye;

Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on

For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,

And—with my cheek on one of those green stones

That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,

Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—

I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,

In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,

The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,

Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,

And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,

And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky--
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch--for there is a spirit in the woods.

WE ARE SEVEN

--------A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl.
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
She had a rustic, woodland air, (3.5)
And she was wildly clad: (3.6)
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; (3.7)
--Her beauty made me glad. (3.8)

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid, (3.9)
How many may you be?" (3.10)
"How many? Seven in all," she said (3.11)
And wondering looked at me. (3.12)

"And where are they? I pray you tell." (3.13)
She answered, "Seven are we; (3.14)
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother; (3.15)
And, in the church-yard cottage, I (3.16)
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, (3.18)
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!--I pray you tell, (3.19)
Sweet Maid, how this may be." (3.20)
Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them."

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there."
"The first that died was sister Jane; (3.37)
In bed she moaning lay, (3.38)
Till God released her of her pain; (3.39)
And then she went away. (3.40)

"So in the church-yard she was laid; (3.41)
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, (3.42)
My brother John and I. (3.43)

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide, (3.44)
My brother John was forced to go, (3.45)
And he lies by her side." (3.46)

"How many are you, then," said I, (3.47)
"If they two are in heaven?" (3.48)
Quick was the little Maid's reply, (3.49)
"O Master! we are seven." (3.50)

"But they are dead; those two are dead! (3.51)
Their spirits are in heaven!" (3.52)
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will, (3.53)
And said, "Nay, we are seven!" (3.54)
# Kinds of deixis in William Wordsworth’s poems

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<td>2.</td>
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