

## APPENDIX

### "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 (1.13)

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 (1.14)

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, (1.16)

*Her* virgin bosom swell; (1.17)

Such thoughts to *Lucy I* will give (1.18)

While *she* and *I* together live (1.19)

*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* (1.22)

*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, (2.8)

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 (2.9)

Among the flowers, and with the flowers *I* played; (2.10)

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, (2.11)

And--with *my* cheek on one of *those* green stones (2.12)

*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, (2.13)

In *that* sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay (2.14)

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, (2.15)

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*** (2.16)  
Confound ***my*** present feelings with the past; (2.17)  
Ere from the mutilated bower ***I*** turned (2.18)  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of ***kings***, (2.19)  
***I*** felt a sense of pain when ***I*** beheld (2.20)  
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky--  
***Then***, dearest ***Maiden***, move along these shades (2.21)  
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***: (3.1)

***She*** was eight years old, ***she*** said; (3.2)

***Her*** hair was thick with many a curl (3.3)

***That*** clustered round ***her*** head. (3.4)

*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." (3.17)

"*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, (3.21)

"Seven boys and girls are *we*; (3.22)

Two of *us* in the church-yard lie,

Beneath the church-yard tree."

"*You* run about, my little *Maid*, (3.23)

*Your* limbs they are alive; (3.24)

If two are in the church-yard laid,

*Then ye* are only five." (3.25)

"*Their* graves are green, *they* may be seen," (3.26)

The little *Maid* replied, (3.27)

"Twelve steps or more from *my* mother's door, (3.28)

And *they* are side by side. (3.29)

"My stockings *there I* often knit, (3.30)

My kerchief *there I* hem; (3.31)

And *there* upon the ground *I* sit, (3.32)

And sing a song to *them*. (3.33)

"And often after sunset, *Sir*, (3.34)

When it is light and fair,

*I* take *my* little porringer, (3.35)

And eat *my* supper *there*. (3.36)

"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**

No	Poem's Title	Kinds of Deixis						
		Person Deixis	Time Deixis	Place Deixis	Social Deixis	Discourse Deixis	Gestural Deixis	Symbolic Deixis
1.	<i>Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower</i>	<i>she, her, I, me, my, myself, mine</i>	<i>then</i>	<i>here, this</i>	<i>Lady, Girl</i>	<i>this</i>	-	-
2.	<i>Nutting</i>	<i>I, my</i>	<i>now, then</i>	-	<i>Kings, Maiden</i>	<i>that</i>	-	-
3.	<i>We are Seven</i>	<i>I, me, she, her, you, your, we, I, my, they, their, them, she, her, he</i>	<i>then</i>	<i>there</i>	<i>Sir, Maid, God</i>	<i>this</i>	-	-