

*The
Daffodils* by William
Wordsworth



I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,



Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.



Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:

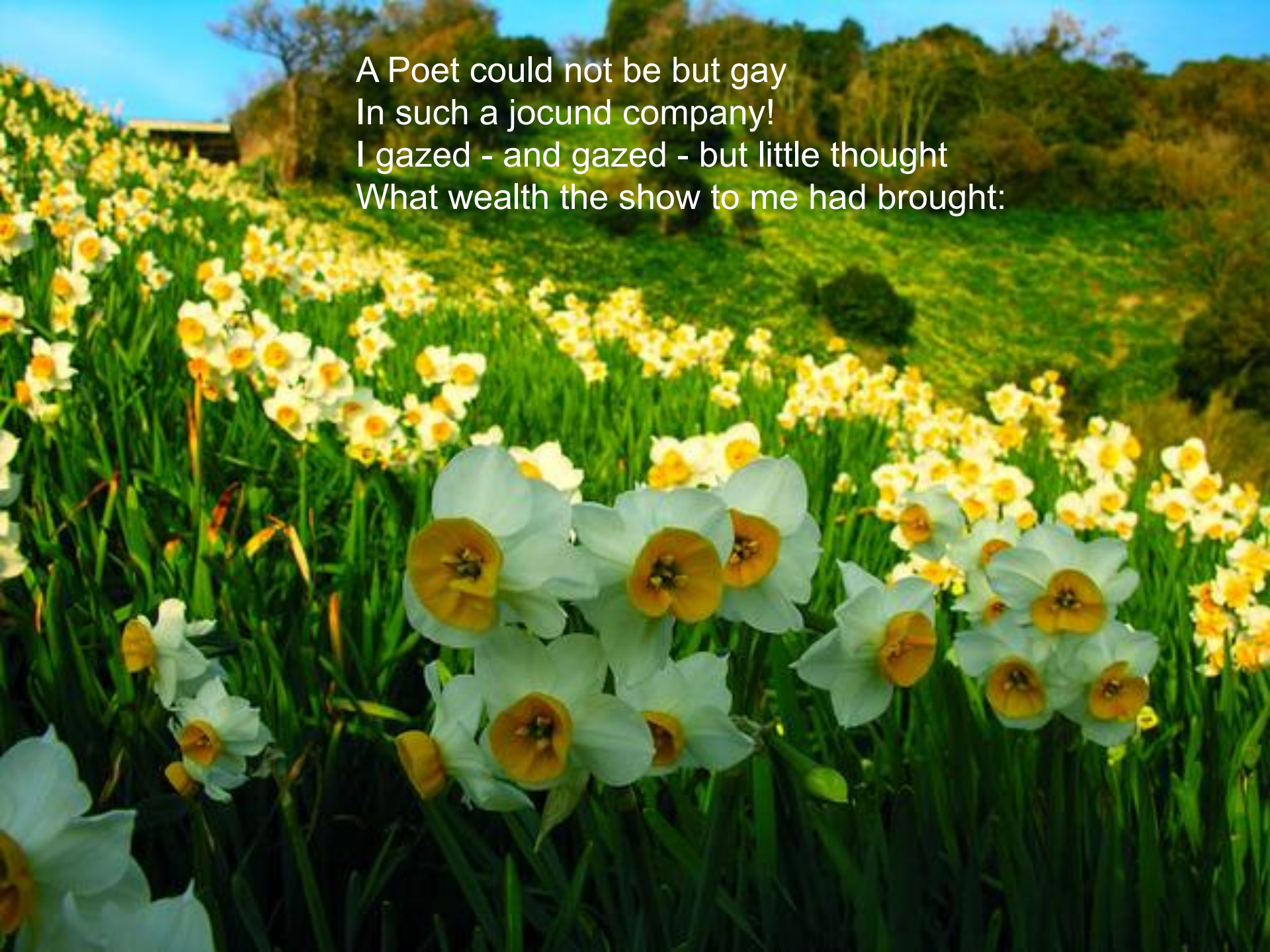


Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.



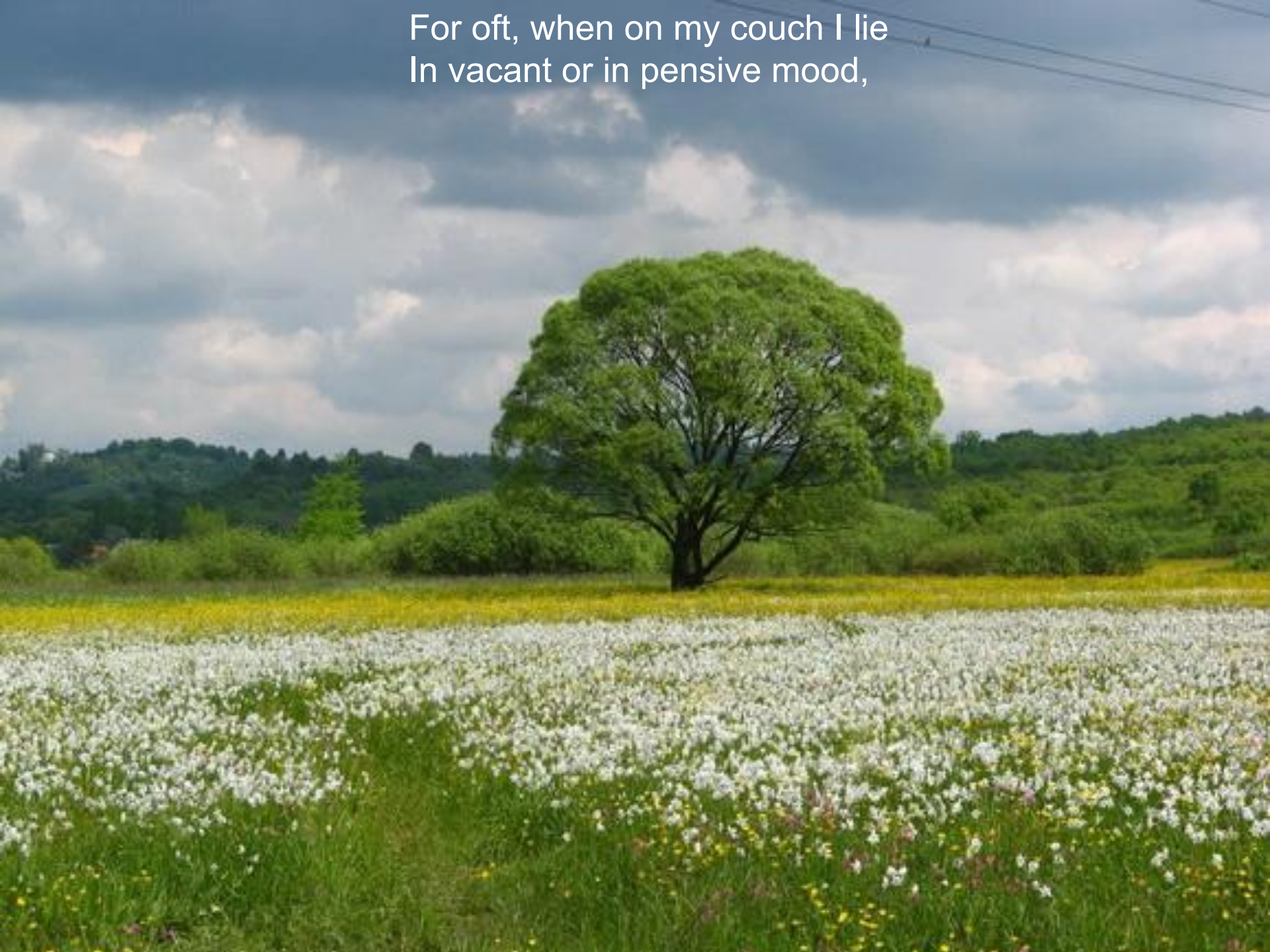
The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:





A Poet could not be but gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;



And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

