

*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:

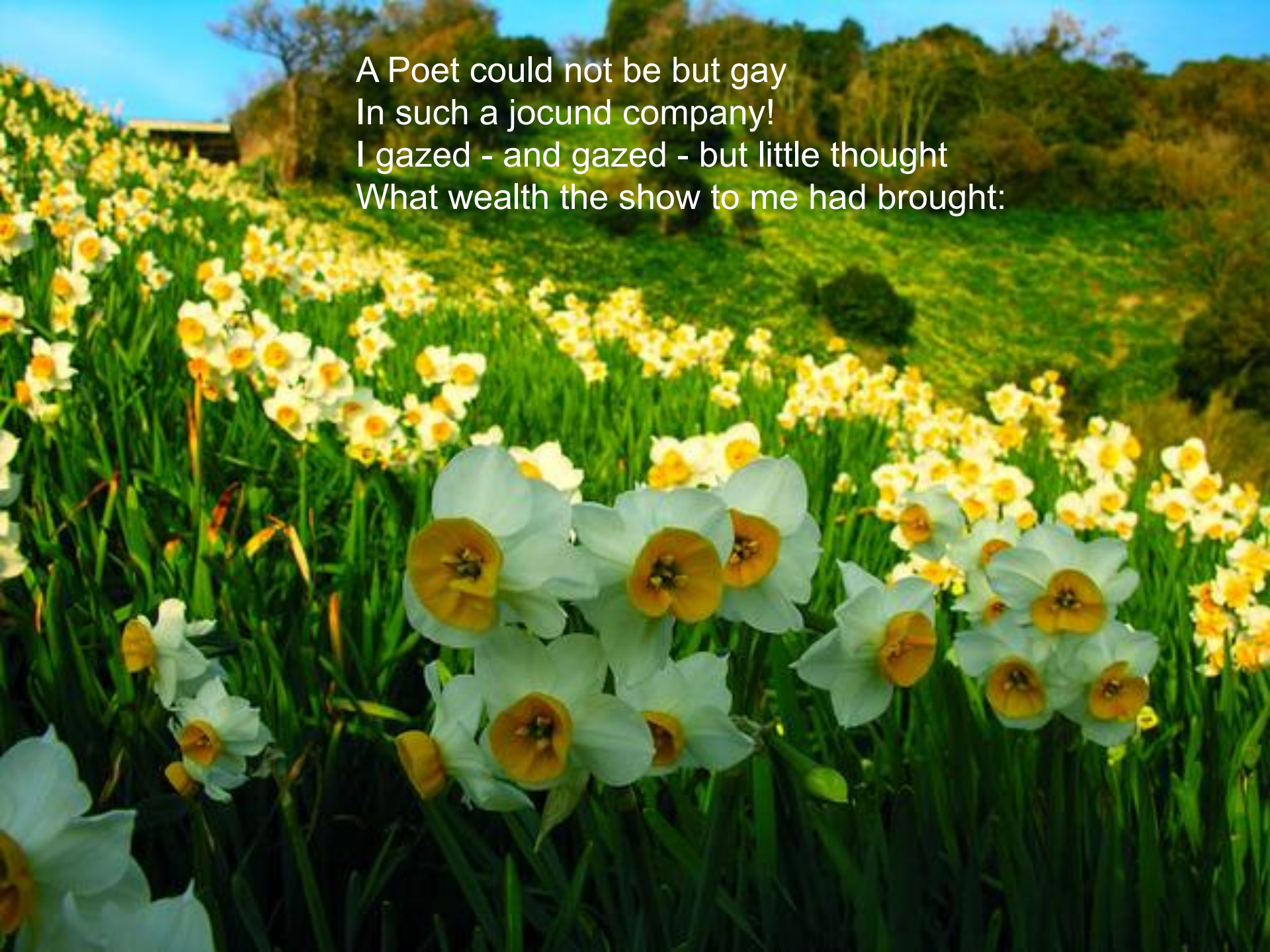


Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.



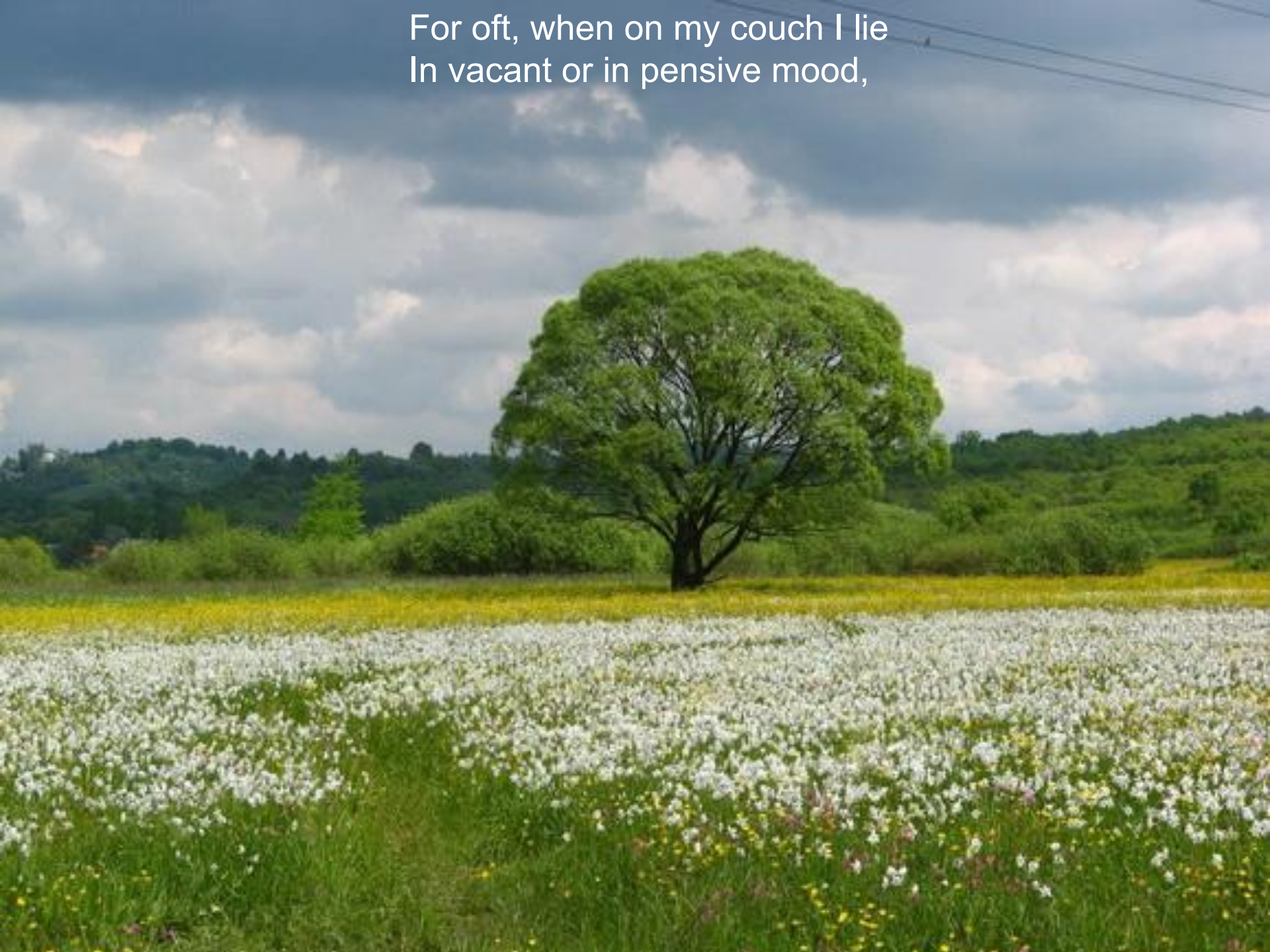
The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:



A vast field of yellow and white daffodils in bloom, stretching across a green hillside under a clear blue sky. The flowers are densely packed, creating a sea of color that recedes into the distance. The foreground shows individual flowers in sharp detail, with their white petals and bright yellow centers. The background features a lush green hillside and a few trees under a bright, clear sky.

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.

