

Daffodils by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the

Continuous as the that shine
and twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending
along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
tossing their heads in sprightly

The beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A could not but be gay,
in such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
what wealth the to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the of solitude;
And then my heart with fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

bliss
mood
pleasure
poet
show
waves