

## The Daffodils

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 but  
be gay,  
In such a jocund company: 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.