Daffodils

- **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 but be 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.