

A ,When all at once I saw a crowd ,That floats on high o'er vales and hills I wandered lonely as a cloud
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze ,Beside the lake, beneath the trees ;host, of golden daffodils
They stretched in never-ending line ,And twinkle on the milky way Continuous as the stars that shine
The Tossing their heads in sprightly dance ,Ten thousand saw I at a glance :Along the margin of a bay
,A poet could not but be gay :Out-did the sparkling waves in glee waves beside them danced; but they
What wealth the show to me had I gazed---and gazed---but little thought :In such a jocund company
They flash upon that inward eye ,In vacant or in pensive mood For oft, when on my couch I lie brought
And dances with the daffodils ,And then my heart with pleasure fills ;Which is the bliss of solitude