



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;
[...] Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
[...] Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

[...] In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

[...] They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William WORDSWORTH, *Poems, in Two Volumes*, 1807-1815.

