

*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* aka Daffodils

by 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.

Is this a particularly appropriate comparison?  
When was the last time you saw a single cloud  
floating over the landscape?

Also, Wordsworth was a great walker who  
would have been striding not floating.  
Dancing generally involves moving your feet.  
Daffodils are very firmly anchored in the soil.

Stars twinkling - a cliché, surely?  
And a never-ending line? It must have stopped  
at some point.