

## 7.

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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 dancing Daffodills;  
Along the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A Poet could not but be gay  
In such a laughing company :  
I gaz'd—and gaz'd—but little thought  
What wealth the shew 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.