

# \* Daffodils

*by William Wordsworth*



Made by pupil  
Grade 8A  
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I wander`d 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







Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch`d in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:

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:







For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**\*Thanks a lot**

