

# DAFFODILS



## To Daffodils

For daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the evensong;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.  
We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours to, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

~Robert Herrick

## I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

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 daffodils  
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 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.

~William Wordsworth

