

A MELANCHOLIC POINT OF VIEW

I wander lonely as a lotus
That floats on high over this mirror,
When all at once I see a sparkle,
A shimmering light, the golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside this mirror,
Fluttering and waving throw the stream.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch in never-ending line
Along the margin of my sight;
Ten thousand see I in a glance,
Tossing their heads in a sprightly stream.

The leaves beyond them thrilled, but they
Out-do the shivering flow in a glee:
An ide could not but be gay,
In such a jocund glimpse:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What hope the show to me had brought:

For oft, when in the depth I lie
In a blue or pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And than my heart with pleasure fills,
And flows with the daffodils.