I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud (Daffodils) -

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.

by William Wordsworth