Daffodils

Poem • Read it, then copy it neatly. Keep going on the back.

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.

— William Wordsworth

Daffodils (continued)