

**DR. H. N. SINHA ARTS AND COMMERCE COLLEGE,
PATUR.**

**FACULTY OF COMMERCE AND MANAGEMENT
B.COM. II SEMESTER III
SUBJECT : COMPULSORY ENGLISH**

**The Daffodils
William Wordsworth**

- William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a major English Romantic poet.
- He, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge ushered in the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication, *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).
- Born in the Lake District of northern England, he was a true worshipper of Nature.
- What distinguishes him from other poets is his belief that Nature is not merely a physical phenomenon but a living entity.
- Wordsworth considered Nature to be the best teacher of wisdom, truth and the reality of things.
- His semi-autobiographical work *The Prelude* is considered by many as the crowning achievement of Romanticism in English Literature
- He became England's poet laureate in 1843, a role he held until his death in 1850.
- His other notable works include *Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey* (1798), *Intimations of Immortality* (1806) and *The Excursion* (1814).

- William Wordsworth wrote Daffodils on a stormy day in spring, while walking along with his sister Dorothy near Ullswater Lake, in England.
- As the poet sees a "host of golden daffodils", it triggers joy in him which he describes in the first three stanzas.
- The poem shows the communion the poet has with the ordinary objects of nature as he personifies daffodils which are "fluttering and dancing in the breeze" and "tossing their heads in sprightly dance."
- The poet reveals in the fourth stanza what wealth the sight brought to him, when he says that his heart fills with "pleasure" and "dances with the daffodils", when "they flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

*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.*

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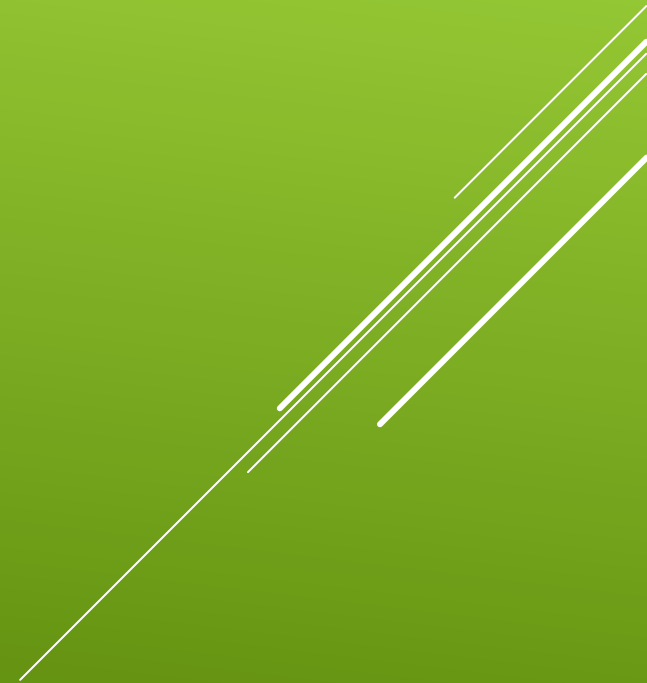
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