



**I WANDERED LONELY  
AS A CLOUD**

Poems by William Wordsworth

## I Wander'd Lonely as a Cloud

*William Wordsworth*

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William Wordsworth

## I Wander'd Lonely as a Cloud William Wordsworth

Introduce young children to the timeless poetry of William Wordsworth, whose traditional verse is accompanied by vivid oil paintings inspired by the poem's original themes. These beautiful images create a parallel story accessible to children: Lonely little Robot doesn't have much to be happy about, working all day in the factory. One day while sadly walking by himself, he follows a bird over a hill, where he finds a field of daffodils. After dancing with them, his spirit is filled with joy. Children will observe the contrast between the dreary, metallic robot world, and the lively, colorful world of the daffodils and nature. They will cheer little Robot for sharing the power of nature with the others, bringing happiness to the once dismal factory. In an effort to have children understand the basic themes of the poem, easily recognizable characters such as robots and animated flowers are used to act out the poetic verse. Bold illustrations and easy-to-read text lend themselves to lap-reading and group story time. Children will relate to the basic emotions (sadness, loneliness, happiness) of the robots, and can be encouraged to think about what cheers them up when they are sad, and to talk about how nature makes them feel. This is the first book in the new Lobster Press series, "Read Me a Poem," in which classic poetry is given a contemporary artistic twist.

## I Wander'd Lonely as a Cloud Details

Date :

ISBN :

Author : William Wordsworth

Format :

Genre : Poetry, Classics, Academic, School, Literature, Medievalism, Romanticism

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## From Reader Review I Wander'd Lonely as a Cloud for online ebook

### Nashwa says

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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### Eileen says

3.5 stars (liked it)

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### Lady Jane says

Ah, yes. Who can blame England's poet laureate of the mid-Nineteenth century for giving in to the poetic rhapsodies that nature incites? Whose heart does not flutter at the sight of so much life before one's eyes? Every pretty butterfly that so joyfully whooshes before you from flower to flower, as if unable to decide which one is the most to her liking; every wild bird that mischievously zooms by as if he had just committed

an innocent folly; every pretty duck that shakes his little tail like a girl dancer-- everything, every one of these sights fills my heart to the brim.

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### **Keith says**

I reread this classic. Still very good.

Also found at [poetrysoup.com](http://poetrysoup.com)

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### **Shrouk Farghaly says**

This was the stepping stone for me into falling in love with poetry :')

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### **Akje says**

Okay, I prefer Bullwinkle's version better, but this was still five stars. (>???)

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### **Melissa Jennings says**

Nature is mystifying, enchanting, and literally poetry in motion.

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### **Sragdharamalini says**

A eulogy to the restorative powers of Nature, Daffodils is perhaps the simplest and yet most celebrated lyric poem of the entire Wordsworth canon. Here the poet dips his mysticism, minimalism and spontaneity in his imagination, with Nature herself acting as the inspiration. Daffodils, which is a representative of Romanticism in English Literature, is one that can be called a “real poem”, which is “a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings arising from emotions recollected in tranquility. Romanticism talks about going back to nature as only nature has the narrative power to save people from the mechanical humdrum of city life. It shows that a poet is not a man in an ivory tower but a man among men, writing about all that interests and inspires mankind. And what inspires mankind more than nature? Not only is it a visual treat, but also a source of joy to the mind and the soul.

With each of the lines of the four six-line stanzas metered in an iambic tetrameter, the poem follows a quatrain-couplet style with the rhyming scheme ababcc.

This lyrical poem starts with the melancholic diction of

I wandered lonely as a cloud

which sets in the mood of seclusion that trails through the entire poem. The narrator much like a lonesome cloud that aimlessly drifts “high o'er vales and hills”, meanders down the mountains in the Lake District of England. It is after this that the poem shifts to a euphoric mood as he comes across A host of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees

His depiction of the daffodils as “a crowd” is contrary to his previous portrayal of solitude. The discomfort that he feels in the human multitude (which in turn, leads to his solitude) is curiously absent when he is in the company of the infinities of nature. The use of the word “golden” is significant as it bestows a sense richness to a wild flower. The narrator seems to glide into a Utopian world, where these daffodils seem to be “fluttering and dancing” in the breeze (personification). Now the poet’s mind seems to soar higher and higher like a cloud as he looks at the daffodils.

On an autobiographical note, the loneliness that the poet talks about was a result of his brother’s death. It was on one such gloomy afternoon that he was strolling near a lake in Grasmere in England with his sister, Dorothy, when they chanced upon some daffodils close to a waterside. To him this scene seemed like a breath of fresh air in which his soul, a long-cramped scroll, seemed to flutter.

To him the flowers appeared to be  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way.

akin to innumerable shining golden stars that are studded in the Milky Way—the golden daffodils that were as ethereal as the stars . The flowers seemed to border “the margin of the bay” as far as he could see. That is why he says

They stretched in never-ending line

It could also imply the undying everglow that these flowers gave the narrator. He uses a hyperbole while describing the number of flowers that he saw, accounting it as “ten thousand”. This poetic exaggeration suggests that never before had he sighted so many daffodils all at once. At a single glance, he could see a myriad of daffodils “tossing their heads in sprightly dance” in the breeze, as if they were rejoicing in ecstasy. The joy that filled the narrator’s soul seemed to find expression in the way he perceived the swaying movement of the flowers.

It seemed as though the sparkling gleeful waves of the lake with the breeze drawing patterns on them were dancing in tandem with these flowers but their gleeful dance was in no way comparable to the euphoric and gaiety of the daffodils that

Surpassed the sparkling waves in glee  
They seemed to be in a frenzy of delight. He asserts that

A Poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company

The cheerful companionship of the flowers lifted his spirits. The use of “gazed-and –gazed” shows that he was so mesmerized by the beautiful image of the dancing daffodils that he forgot all about his surrounding. However ordinary a daffodil may be in reality, the poet has painted them in such magical verses and blended in to such transcendental romanticism, that they leave an everlasting impression on the mind of the readers. Initially, the narrator fails to fathom what wealth the show of these lively flowers had endowed him with but goes on to answer it himself in the following stanza.

By beginning with “for” he presents the reason for his holding that chanced vision as a prized possession. He says that since that day, whenever he lies upon his couch in a vacant or pensive (meditative) mood, the vision flashes upon his “inward-eye”, i.e. his imagination. Not only had he captured the image of the golden flowers but also the feelings that they evoked in him. The daffodils seemed to have become his “bliss of solitude”, something that gives him the luxury to bask in his estrangement from the world and comforts him when he drowns in the imminent sorrows of life. Wordsworth was not without his share of loss. He had lost both of

his parents by the age of thirteen. As if it was not enough loss for one, three of his children were taken away by the hand of Fate during his own lifetime. All these alienated him from the world and from life at large. But the moment he reminisces the daffodils his heart is filled with delight and seems to dance with the daffodils. This reminiscence is a source of hope and solace. He realizes that nature has gifted him something that money cannot buy—sublime happiness and a pleasant memory that he can cherish throughout his life; it imparts wisdom upon men in a way formal education never can. This is evocative of how modern man knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. People often forget that peace and joy are more worthy than money and material objects. Worldly pleasure is nothing in comparison with the delight that Nature gifts man.

Daffodils are a metaphor for the voice of Nature, scarcely audible except in seclusion, those magical moments when our spirit develops a visionary power and we return to the enchanted unity with nature we knew in childhood. They represent a living microcosm within the larger macrocosm of nature. Nature is the spirit of the universe—Nature has music for those who listen.

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### **Britney says**

I love this poem every time I read it! Nature is mysterious and beautiful. It really does have an affect on us.

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### **Pemberley says**

Fun illustrations - a great way to introduce the little ones to the classics.

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### **Helen says**

Does this poem really need a review? Wordsworth is a great poet and this one is one of his best poems ever! Wordsworth is my number 2 poet. Byron is my number 1 and he will always be my number one!!!

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### **John Yelverton says**

This is a great and elegant poem to daffodils. I won't spoil anything, but major kudos for using the word "jocund" in a sentence.

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### **Emily says**

I love how Wordsworth personifies the daffodils in the poem. This poem has a very happy, peaceful tone. My favorite lines are:

"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..."

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### **Melissa says**

This is my all time favourite poem and seems particularly relevant now that I'm driving over and around the moors at the moment in whitby.

I love the imagery and in particular the last verse, which I think most people can relate to. I think most people have a comforting, beautiful memory they revisit for a moments happy solitude.

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### **Namita Pandita says**

This is an extremely beautiful poem. If I can recollect correctly, the name of the poem is "DAFFODILS". I read it back in school,in 7th grade I guess.. It is a complete beauty, mesmerizing and enchanting. Whenever I read it I feel like my life is moving so fast.. I need some time to stop and look around and appreciate the nature. My fav. Lines are:

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.

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