

Englischer Text (Parodie)

William Wordsworth: <i>THE DAFFODILS</i>	Manchester Guardian, (March 8, 1956): <i>DAYDREAMING</i>
<p>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.</p> <p>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 a sprightly dance.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>I wandered lonely in the crowd That milled around on Ludgate Hill, And there amid the traffic loud, A vision made me stand stock still – Amid the honking automobiles I saw a host of daffodils.</p> <p>In nodding clumps of twos and threes They burst on my enraptured gaze, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze, (I wonder where I heard that phrase?) With dazzled and abstracted glance I loitered in a jocund trance.</p> <p>The pavement vanished from my sight And all around they seemed to be: And standing on that carpet bright, Immersed in happy vacancy, I gazed and gazed, and little thought That in the traffic I was caught.</p> <p>Now, as in hospital I lie, In pensive and reflective mood, How very daft, I think, was I, To get run over as I stood. Because, of course, on Ludgate Hill There's not a single daffodil.</p>