

Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
 And voices unlike the *voice* of man ;  
 As if the fiends kept holiday,  
 Because these spells were wrought to-day.  
 I cannot tell how the truth may be ;  
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

35. So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
     Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,  
 Though *long* before the sinking day,  
     A wondrous shade involved them all.  
 It was not eddying mist or *fog*,  
 Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog ;  
     Of no eclipse had sages told ;  
 And yet, as it came on *apace*,  
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's *face*,  
     Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
36.     As *large*, as bright, as coloured as the bow  
 Of Iris, when *unfading* it doth show  
 Beyond a silvery shower, was the *arch*  
 Through *which* this Paphian army took its march,  
 Into the outer courts of Neptune's state :  
     Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate,  
 To which the leaders sped ; but not half-wrought  
 Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,  
 And made those dazzled thousands *veil* their eyes  
     Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.
37.     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 strech'd in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of the bay ;  
     Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
     Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.