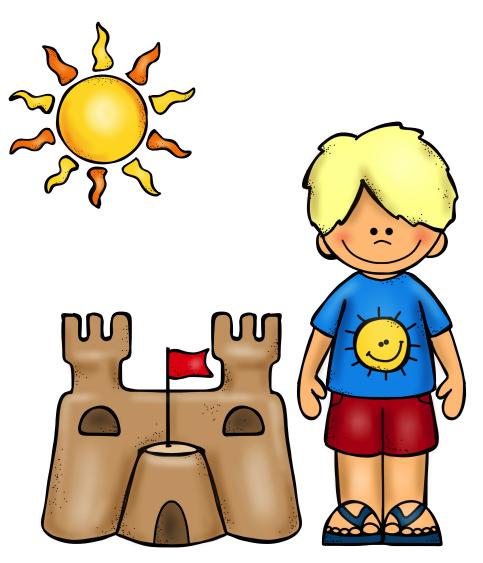
# Seasonal Copywork Summer Pack

By: Annette @ In All You Do Exclusively for Intoxicated on Life @2015



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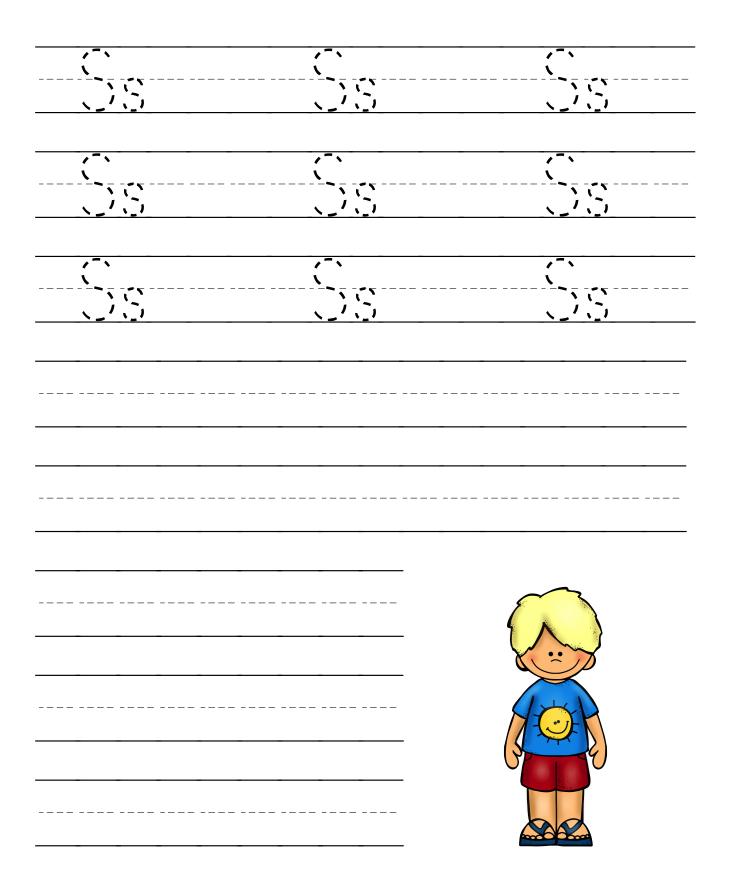
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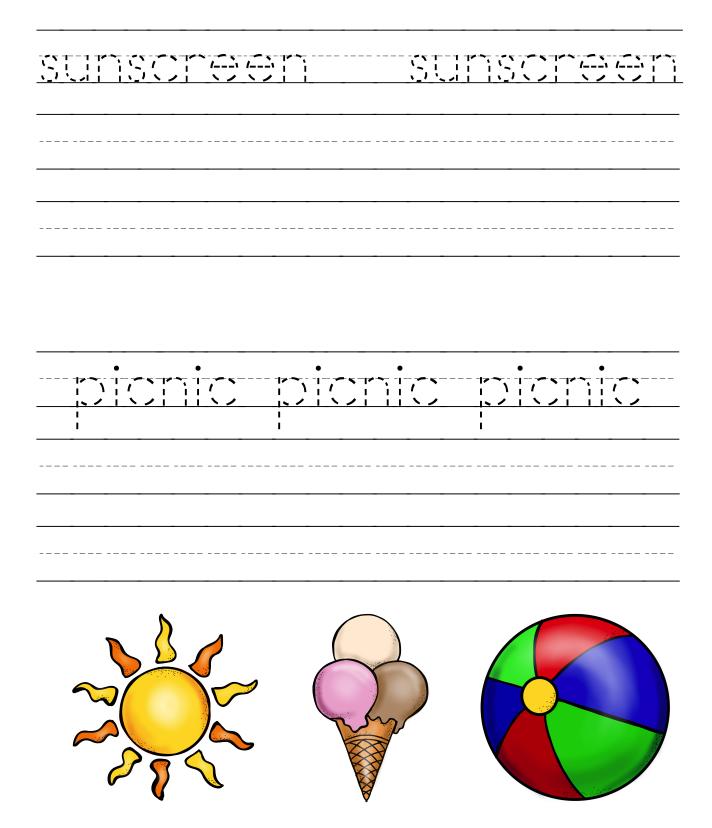


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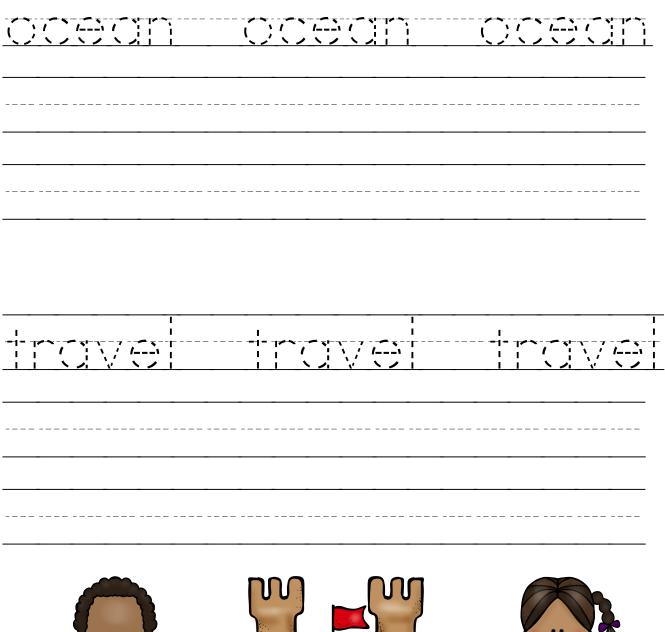


Summer Time Copywork 1

# Summer Time Copywork



# Summer Time Copywork









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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.

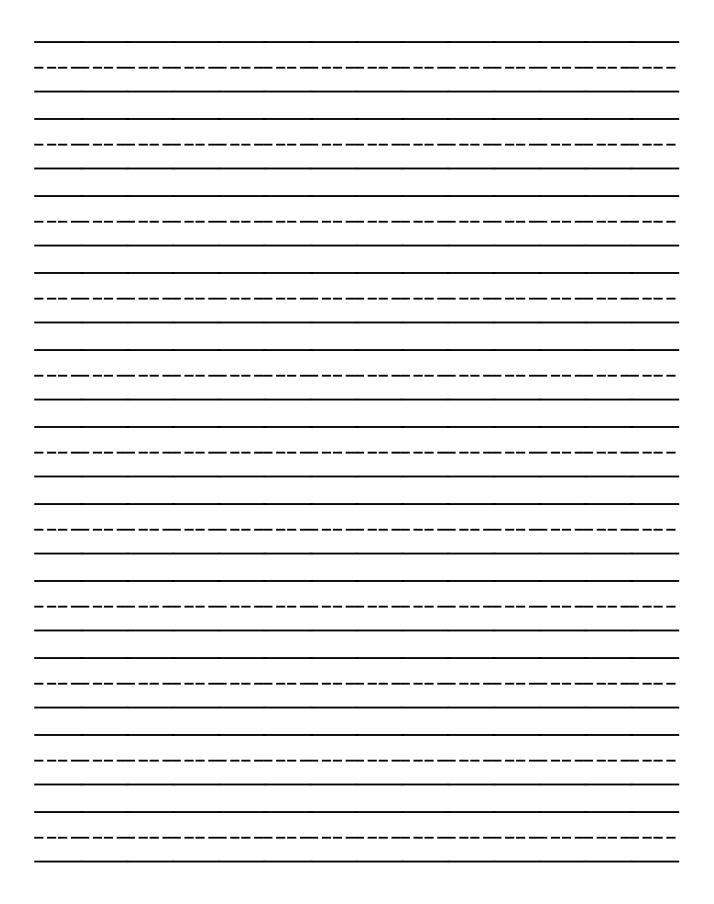
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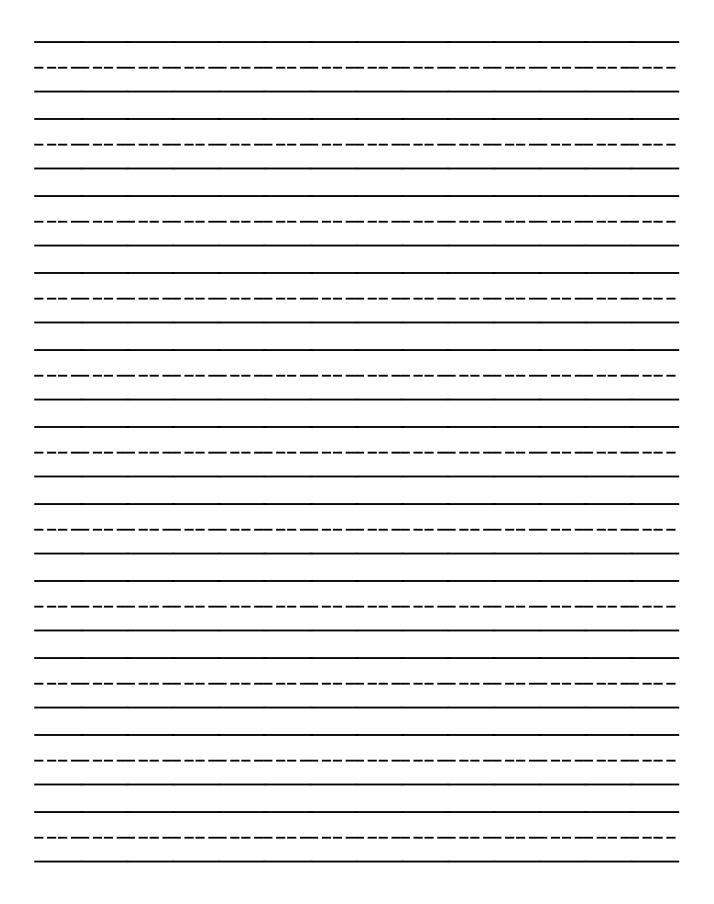
The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay,

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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