

# Daffodil Field at Parsons Reserve



by Ivey  
Winkler

Have you ever read a poem, wishing that the words on the page could somehow come to life? Last year my trip to the Parsons Reserve Daffodil Field in Dartmouth resurrected the poetry of William and Dorothy Wordsworth and helped to lift my winter-weary spirits. I eagerly await the end of April, to see the daffodils in full bloom.

## Daffodils

*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.*

-William Wordsworth

Given as a gift to the Dartmouth Natural Resources Trust by the owner of the property, the Daffodil Field take a little effort to find. Located in South Dartmouth just south of Russell's Mills Village, off Horseneck Road, you have to park and then hike a short distance up the hill through the woods to find the mass of yellow flowers.

You can park in Russell's Mills Landing and then walk north across the street to find an unmarked cattle gate. This is the entrance to the trail which leads west through Parsons

Preserve. Be sure to wear sturdy shoes, as the trail meanders up through rocky outcroppings and heavily forested land. What greets you at the elevated trail-head is a breathtaking, as if Wordsworth's poem has been brought to life.



Blooming at different times every year (but usually mid-April to Early-May), the daffodils are a here today, gone tomorrow assurance that winter's blanket has been tossed aside to make way for spring warmth. Follow my advice and bring a

camera because you'll want to be reminded of the beauty of nature once winter rolls around again.

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### **Dartmouth Natural Resource Trust homepage**

<https://dnrt.org/>

### **Map to Daffodil Fields:**

[http://www.dnrt.org/pdfs/Dartmouth\\_Parsons-R7.pdf](http://www.dnrt.org/pdfs/Dartmouth_Parsons-R7.pdf)

*"I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones . . . some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."*

-Dorothy Wordsworth's Diary