

## **The Song Of The Wandering Aengus**

Poem by William Butler Yeats

Music by Judy Collins via Will Holt via Richard Dyer Bennett via Yeats himself  
apparently via notations in his "Speaking to the Psaltery" from 1907.

This arrangement I learned from Dave van Ronk

I went out to the hazel wood,  
Because a fire was in my head,  
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,  
And hooked a berry to a thread;  
And when white moths were on the wing,  
And moth-like stars were flickering out,  
I dropped the berry in a stream  
And caught a little silver trout.  
When I had laid it on the floor  
I went to blow the fire aflame,  
But something rustled on the floor,  
And some one called me by my name:  
It had become a glimmering girl  
With apple blossom in her hair  
Who called me by my name and ran  
And faded through the brightening air.  
Though I am old with wandering  
Through hollow lads and hilly lands.  
I will find out where she has gone,  
And kiss her lips and take her hands;  
And walk among long dappled grass,  
And pluck till time and times are done  
The silver apples of the moon,  
The golden apples of the sun.