

## Donovan

# "The Song Of Wandering Aengus"

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I wish out to the hazel wood  
Because a fire was in my head  
And I cut and peeled a hazel wand  
And hooked a berry with a thread  
And when white moths were on the wing  
And moth-like stars were flickering out  
I dropped a 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 door  
And someone called me by by name.  
It had become a glimmering girl  
With apple blossoms 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 lands and hilly lands  
I will find out where she has goner  
And kiss her lips andc 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

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