Wandering Angus (Golden Apples of the Sun)

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(Words Wm. Butler Yeats; tune trad.)

Em Dm / G Bm Am Em / G Bm Am Em / Bm Em

I went out to the hazelwood
Because a fire was in my head
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
And gone to blow the fire aflame
Something rustled on the floor
And someone called me by my name.

It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And vanished in the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone
And kiss her lips and take her hand

And walk through long green dappled grass
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun.

Poem by William Butler Yeats, a great Irish poet at the turn of
the century. The tune is traditional.
On Judy Collins' GOLDEN APPLES and in her SONGBOOK. Also on some
early Burl Ives. Donovan wrote a better tune. DC
DC