

# Wandering Angus

Jolie Holland

( Words by W.B. Yeats, Music by Brian Miller )

I went out to the hazelwood  
Because a fire was in my head  
I 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 a berry in a stream  
And caught a little silver trout

When I had laid it on the floor  
And went to blow the fire aflame  
And something rustled on the floor  
And something 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  
And the golden apples of the sun