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 Words: William Butler Yeats, 1897, from *The Wind Upon the Reeds*, 1899

A Asus4 A
 I went out to the haz el wood,
 E7 Esus2E7 A
 Because a fire was in my head.
 A Asus4 A E7
 And cut and peeled a haz el wand,
 Esus4 E7 Esus4 A
 And hooked a berry to a thread;
 D* G D* G D G
 And when white moths were on the wing,
 A A6 G D
 And moth-like stars were flickering out,
 E7 Esus4E
 I dropped the berry in a stream
 Esus4D A Asus2 A
 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 someone 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 lands 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.

And walk among long dappled grass,
 And pluck till time and times are done
 The silver apples of the moon,
 D A*
 The golden apples of the sun.

There have been many settings of this songs. Naturally I think mine is one of the better ones.

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