



The Song of Wandering Aengus

BY [WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS](#)

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 a-flame,
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.

Copyright Credit: William Butler Yeats, "The Song of Wandering Aengus" from *The Wind Among the Reeds*. (New York and London: John Lane: The Bodley Head, 1902). Public domain.

Source: *The Wind Among the Reeds* (John Lane: The Bodley Head, 1902)

[CONTACT US](#)

[NEWSLETTERS](#)

[PRESS](#)

[PRIVACY POLICY](#)

[TERMS OF USE](#)

[POETRY MOBILE APP](#)

61 West Superior Street,
Chicago, IL 60654

© 2026 Poetry Foundation

