

# The Hazelwood

Patrick Wolf

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 aflame  
But something rustled on the floor  
And some one 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

When 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