

John Keats (1795-1821)

5 *Ah! ken ye what I met the day*

Ah! ken ye what I met the day  
Out oore the Mountains,  
A coming down by craggis grey  
An' mossie fountains?  
Ah goud hair'd Marie, yeve I pray 5  
Ane minute's guessing—  
For that I met upon the way  
Is past expressing.  
As I stood where a rocky brig  
A torrent crosses, 10  
I spied upon a misty rig  
A troop o'horses—  
And as they trotted down the glen  
I sped to meet them,  
To see if I might know the men, 15  
To stop and greet them.  
First Willie on his sleek mare came  
At canting gallop—  
His long hair rustled like a flame  
On board a shallop. 20  
Then came his brother Rab and then  
Young Peggy's mither,  
And Peggy too – adown the glen  
They went together.  
I saw her wrappit in her hood 25  
Fra wind and raining—  
Her cheek was flush wi' timid blood  
"Twixt growth and waning.  
She turn'd her dazed head full oft,  
For thence her brithers 30  
Came riding with her bridegroom soft

An' mony ithers.  
Young Tam came up an' eyed me quick  
With reddened cheek—  
Braw Tam was daffed like a chick, 35  
He coud na speak.  
Ah Marie, they are all gane hame  
Through blustering weather,  
An' every heart is full on flame  
An' light as feather. 40  
Ah! Marie, they are all gone hame  
Fra happy wedding,  
Whilst I—Ah is it not a shame?  
Sad tears am shedding.

*1818*

(From *John Keats: Complete Poems*. Ed. Jack Stillinger.  
Cambridge, 1978)