

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)