

A Celtic Lyric

And when I dream,
And the soft light of the hills comes through,
I dream—of you.
And in the night
The lilt of fairy guitars lulls me to sleep,
And the songs of fairy maidens turns me to tears,
And the love light
From the eyes of brighter beings tempts me so
That I would go
And drown those tears,
No longer weep,
But join the merry throng of the fair Sidhe (She),
And forget thee.

But a deep wrangling in the heart
Causes me to start,
And in a false daybreak
I seem to wake,
And the mist of false emotions blinds my path;
And in my wrath
I feel my footsteps falter in the fen;
I pause—and then
I hear the mocking laughter of the loved-me-not,
Bewitching maidens with icy hearts of clay.
I rush away....
And in the dream
I sometimes seem
To catch a glimpse of purer, higher love,
Far up above,
Which stirs my hopes anew.
And then
I dream—of you.