

Celtic Legend "Sonnet"

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When the bells of the sea sound from the deep
And mist, like lands about to vanish
The shadows of the past begin to speak
Oh Lyonesse, sweet Lyonesse

I wish that I could freely wander through your hills
And touch the nightly visions that you held
Beyond the price of things for which man kills
And for which Merlin's wisdom always spell'd

Ah, Lyonesse, sweet Lyonesse
I saw men with shire horses making fields, not war
The sunshine playing with children on the shore
As the dream of you touched me to the core

Beyond the sight of men
Beyond my grasp
The dream of you is something
That will last...

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