

Skellig Poem



I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen...

Guarded by an Angel mild
Witless woe, was ne'er beguil'd

So he took his wings and fled:
Then the morn blush'd rosy red.

Soon my Angel came again;
I was arm'd, he came in vain...

For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.