

Isle of Capri

[Al Bowlly](#)

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I found her,
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree,
Oh, I can still see the flowers blooming 'round her,
Where we met on the Isle of Capri.

She was as sweet as the rose of the dawning,
But somehow Fate hadn't meant her for me,
And tho' I sailed with the tide in the morning,
Still my heart's on the Isle of Capri.

Summertime was nearly over,
Blue Italian skies above,
I said, "Lady, I'm a rover,
Can you spare a sweet word of love?"
She whispered softly, " 'Tis best not to linger,"
Then as I kissed her hand I could see
She wore a plain golden ring on her finger,
'Twas good-bye to the Isle of Capri.

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