

Belle Isle

Bob Dylan

One evening for pleasure I rambled to view
The fair fields all alone
Down by the banks of Loch Eiron
Where beauty and pleasure were known
I spied a fair maid at her labor
Which caused me to stay for a while
And I thought of a goddess to beauty
Bloomin' bright star of Bright Isle
I humbled myself to her beauty
Fair maiden, where do you belong?
Are you from heaven descended
Abiding in Cupid's fair throne?
Young man, I will tell you a secret
It's true, I'm a maid that is poor
And to part from my vows and my promise
Is more than my heart can endure
Therefore I remain at my service
And go through all my hardship and toil
And wait for the lad that has left me
All alone on the banks of Belle Isle
Young maiden, I wish not to banter
It's true I come here in disguise
I came here to fulfill our last promise
And hope to give you a surprise
I've known you're a maid I love dearly
And you've been in my heart all the while
For me there is no other damsel
Than my bloomin' bright star of Belle Isle

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