

The Isle of Innisfree

Charlie Landsborough

Words and Music: Dick Farrelly

Peter Maurice Music / EMI Music I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer

And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say

But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer

When all the things he loves are far away.

And precious things are dreams onto an exile

They take him o'er the land across the sea

Especially when it happens he's an exile

From that dear lovely Isle of Innisfree. And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops

Of this great city wondrous tho' it be

I scarcely feel its wonder or its laughter

I'm once again back home in Innisfree. I wander o'er green hills thro' dreamy valleys

And find a peace no other land could know

I hear the birds make music fit for angels

And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.

And then into a humble shack I wander

My dear old home, and tenderly behold

The folks I love around the turf fire gathered

On bended knees their rosary is told.

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