

# Isle of Innisfree

## Celtic Woman

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 unto 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 Inisfree.  
And when the moonlight  
Peeps across the rooftops  
Of this great city  
Wondrous though it be  
I scarcely feel its wonder or laughter  
I'm once again back home in Inisfree. I wonder o'er green hills  
Through dreamy valleys  
And find a peace  
No other land would 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 knee  
Their rosary is told. But dreams don't last  
Though dreams are not forgotten  
And soon I'm back  
To stern reality  
But though they pave  
The footways here with gold dust  
I still would choose  
My Isle of Inisfree.

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