

# Isle Of Hope

Celtic Thunder

On the first day on January,  
Eighteen ninety-two,  
They opened Ellis Island and they let  
The people through.  
And the first to cross the treshold  
Of that isle of hope and tears,  
Was Annie Moore from Ireland  
Who was all of fifteen years.

Isle of hope, isle of tears,  
Isle of freedom, isle of fears,  
But it's not the isle you left behind.  
That isle of hunger, isle of pain,  
Isle you'll never see again  
But the isle of home is always on your mind.

In a little bag she carried  
All her past and history,  
And her dreams for the future  
In the land of liberty.  
And courage is the passport  
When your old world disappears  
But there's no future in the past  
When you're fifteen years

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But the isle of home is always on your mind.

When they closed down Ellis Island  
In nineteen forty-three,  
Seventeen million people  
Had come there for sanctuary.  
And in Springtime when I came here  
And I stepped onto it's piers,  
I thought of how it must have been  
When you're fifteen years.

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But the isle of home is always on your mind.