

The Isle Of Innisfree

Celtic Thunder

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 Innisfree

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 Innisfree

I wander o'er green hills
Through dreamy valleys
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 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 foot ways here with gold dust
I still would choose
The Isle of Innisfree
I still would choose
The Isle of Innisfree