

Isle of Inisfree

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 its laughter...
I'm once again back home in Inisfree.

I wander 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 knees, 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 the Isle of Inisfree.