

## 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.