

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

Donovan

I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made
And nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee
And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there for peace comes dropping slow
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings
There midnight's all a glimmer and noon a purple glow
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray
I hear it in the deep heart's core

Oh, I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made
Oh, nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee
And live alone in the bee-loud glade