

Brian Kennedy

"The isle of innisfree"

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I've met some Friends 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 then the moonlight peeps across the rooftops
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be,
I scarcely feel its wonder or its laughter
I'm once again back home in Innisfree.

I wander o'er green hills thro' dreamy valleys
And find a peace 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 knees their rosary is told.
But dreams don't last tho' dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality,
But, tho' they paved the footways here with gold dust
I still would choose the Isle of Innisfree.

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