

Bing Crosby

"The Isle Of Innisfree"

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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 its laughter
I'm once again back home in Innisfree

I wander o'er green hills through 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

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

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