

Celtic Woman "Isle Of Inisfree"

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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 over
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 it's wonder or it's laughter
I'm once again back home in Inisfree

I wonder over 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 knee
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 foot ways here with gold dust
I still would choose my Isle of Inisfree

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