

Orlagh Fallon

"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 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 it's wonder or it's 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 my Isle of Inisfree.

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