

# Bob Dylan, Belle Isle

One evening for pleasure I rambled to view  
The fair fields all alone  
Down by the banks of Loch Eiron  
Where beauty and pleasure were known.

I spied a fair maid at her labour  
Which caused me to stay for a while  
And I thought of a goddess to beauty  
Bloomin' bright star of Bright Isle.

I humbled myself to her beauty  
"Fair maiden, where do you belong ?  
Are you from heaven descended  
Abiding in Cupid's fair throne ?"

"Young man, I will tell you a secret  
It's true I'm a maid that is poor  
And to part from my vows and my promise  
Is more than my heart can endure.

Therefore I remain at my service  
And go through all my hardship and toil  
And wait for the lad that has left me  
All alone on the banks of Belle Isle".

"Young maiden I wish not to banter  
It's true I come here in disguise  
I came here to fulfill our last promise  
And hope to give you a surprise.

I've known you're a maid I love dearly  
And you've been in my heart all the while  
For me there is no other damsel  
Than my bloomin' bright star of Belle Isle".