

# Cherish, The Lake Isle Of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.  
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.  
I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.