Charlie Landsborough, The Isle Of Innisfree

Words and Music: Dick Farrelly Peter Maurice Music / EMI Music

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 onto 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 tho' it be I scarcely feel its wonder or its laughter I'm once again back home in Innisfree.

I wander o'er green hills thro' 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. 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
Tho' dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality
But tho' they paved the footways here with gold dust
I still would choose the Isle of Innisfree.