Clandestine, Innisfree

(W.B. Yeats/J. Hamel) 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 morning, To where the cricket sings. And midnight's all a-glimmer And noon a purple glow And evening's 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 standing on the roadway, Or on the pavements gray, I hear it in the deep heart's core.