

# The Isle of Innisfree

## Bing Crosby & John Scott Trotter and His Orchestra

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 Innisfree  
And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops  
Of this great city, wondrous though it be  
I scarcely feel its wonder or its laughter  
I'm once again back home in Innisfree  
I wander o'er green hills through 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  
But dreams don't last though dreams are not forgotten  
And soon I'm back to stern reality  
But though they pave the foot ways here with gold dust  
I still would choose the Isle of Innisfree  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>