

Isle Of Innisfree

Orla Fallon

Intro: 4/4 Harp

^G 1. I've met some folk that say I am a dream-er____
^D ^{D7} ^G
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
But sure a bod-ies bound to be a dream-er____
^D ^{D7} ^G
When all the things he loves are far a-way____

^G 2. And prec-ious things are dreams unto an e-xile____
^D ^{D7} ^G
They take him o'er the land a-cross the sea____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
Es-pec-ially when it hap-pens he's an e-xile____
^D ^{D7} ^G ^{G7} |
From that dear lov-ely Isle of In-nis-free____

^C ^G
And when the moon-light peeps a-cross the roof tops____
^A ^D ^{D7} |
Of this great city wond-rous tho it be____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
I scarc-ely feel its won-der or its laugh-ter____
^D ^{D7} ^G
I'm once a-gain back home in In-nis-free____

|| ^G | ^C | % | ^G ||

^G 3. I wan-der o'er green hills through dream-y val-leys____
^D ^{D7} ^G
And find a peace no oth-er land would know____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
I hear the birds make mu-sic fit for ang-els____
^D ^{D7} ^G
And watch the riv-ers laugh-ing as they flow____

^G 4. And then in-to a humb-le shack I wan-der____
^D ^{D7} ^G
My dear old home and tend-erly be-hold____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
The folks I love a-round the turf fire gath-ered____
^D ^{D7} ^G ^{G7} |
On bend-ed knee their Ros-a-ry is told____

^C ^G
But dreams don't last though dreams are not for-got-ten____
^A ^D ^{D7} |
And soon I'm back to stern re-a-li-ty____
^G ^C ^{Am} |
But though they pave the foot-paths here with gold dust____
^D ^{D7} ^G
I still would choose my Isle of In-nis-free____