

## 2. The Lake Isle Of Innisfree

andante tranquillo

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, Drooping

from the veils of the mor - ning to where the cri - cket sings; There mid - night's all

a glim - mer, and noon a pur - ple glow, And e - vening full of the lin - net's wings.

I will a - rise and go now, for al - ways night and day I hear lake wa - ter lap - ping

with low sounds by the shore; While I stand on the road - way, or on the pave - ments gray,

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I hear it in the deep heart's core, in the deep heart's core, in the deep heart's core.