

The Lake Isle of Innisfree  
by WB Yeats

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 the morning to where the  
cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple  
glow,  
And evening 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 I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements  
grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.