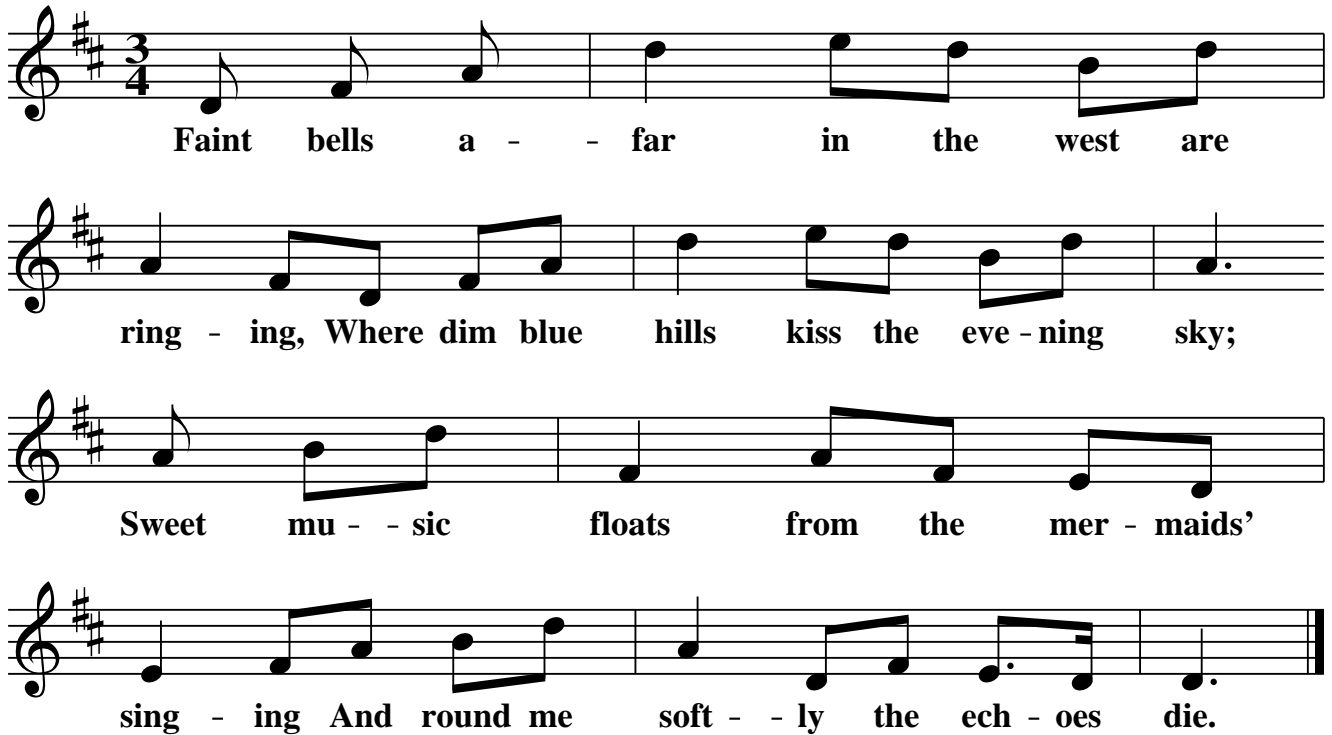


Isle of Dreams



Faint bells a - - far in the west are
ring - ing, Where dim blue hills kiss the eve - ning sky;
Sweet mu - - sic floats from the mer - maids'
sing - ing And round me soft - - ly the ech - oes die.

(Chorus)

Faint bells afar in the west are ringing,
Where dim blue hills kiss the evening sky;
Sweet music floats from the mermaids' singing
And round me softly the echoes die.

Dream island, queen of the golden gloaming,
Your misty brow holds the ling'ring sun,
While twilight seas round your feet are foaming
Nor sink to slumber when day is done.

O'er wind-swept moorlands the night is creeping,
And birch-trees whisper by hidden streams:
In mystic caves shadow folk are sleeping,
While fairies float o'er my isle of dreams.