

# To an Isle in the Water

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

Shy one, shy one,  
Shy one of my heart,  
She moves in the firelight  
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes,  
And lays them in a row.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I go.

She carries in the candles,  
And lights the curtained room,  
Shy in the doorway  
And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,  
Helpful and shy.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I fly.