

Erin's Green Shore

One eve - ning of late as I wan - dered, It was down by a fair pur - ling
stream, I sat down on a bank of prim - ros - es, And it's there I fell
in - to a dream. I dreamed that a fair one ap - proached me, Her
e - qual I ne'er saw be - fore, And she sighed for the wrongs of the
coun - try as she roamed a - long Er - in's green shore.

Her eyes were like glittering diamonds
Or stars on a clear frosty night,
Her cheeks were like two blooming roses,
Her teeth like the ivory white.
She resembled the Goddess of Freedom
And green was the mantle she wore,
Embroidered with shamrocks and roses
That grew along Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this fair damsel,
"My jewel, pray tell me your name.
To this country I know you're a stranger
Or I would not have asked you the same."
"I'm a sister to Daniel O'Connell
And from England I've lately sailed o'er.
To awaken my brother's long slumber
I have come unto Erin's green shore."

Oh, when from my sleep I awakened
I found it was naught but a dream;
The beautiful vision had fled me
And I longed for to slumber again.
May the sunshine of Freedom shine o'er her
Although I may ne'er see her more,
But I ne'er can forget that fair damsel
As she roamed along Erin's green shore.

Note: I heard this song sung by a man named Charles Stewart when I was a little girl in Nova Scotia. Mother's brother also sang it.