

*Maria*

Erin's Green Shere..



One evening so late at a ramble, on the banks of a sweet purling stream,



I sat myself down on a bed of primroses, and so gently fell into a dream.



I dreamed I beheld a fair damsel, her equal I ne'er saw before, as she sighed



for the wrongs of her country, as she strayed along Erin's green shere.

~~I quickly addressed this fair damsel, my jewel come tell me your name,  
For here in this country, I know your a stranger, or I would not of asked  
She resembled the Goddess, of liberty, and of freedom the mantle she wore.  
And she sighed for the wrongs of her country, as she strayed along Erin's  
Green shere.~~

~~I know your a true son of Erin, and my secrets to you I'll unfold,  
For here in the midst of all danger, not knowing my friend from my foe,  
The daughter of Daniel O'Connell, and from England, I lately came o'er,  
I came to awaken my brothers, that slumber on Erin's green shere.~~

~~Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds, or the stars of a fine summer's nig  
ht.~~

~~Her cheeks were like two blooming roses, and her teeth, so ivory and white.  
She resembled a goddess, of freedom, and green was the mantle she wore,  
Bound round with red roses and shamrock, that grew along Erin's green shere.~~

~~In transports of joy I awakened, and found I had been in a dream,  
That this beautiful damsel had left me, and I longed to slumber again,  
May the heavens above be her guardian, for I ne I shall see her no more,  
May the sunbeams of glory shine o'er her, as she strolls along Erin's green sh  
shere.~~

*M. W. S.*

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