Ireland's Green Shore

Tim O'Brien

One evening for pleasure I rambled
On the banks of some cold purling stream
I set down on a bed of primroses
And I gently fell into a dream
I dreamt that I saw a fair female
Her equal I never saw before
And I sighed for the laws of our country
As we stray there on Ireland?s green shoreHer cheeks were like two bloomin? roses
Her teeth were like ivory so white
Her eyes shone like two sparkling diamonds
Or the stars on some cold frosty night
She was dressed in the richist attire
And green was the mantle she wore
All bound down with the hemlocks and the roses
As we stray there on Ireland?s green shoreTransgression of joy I awoken
I found this was only a dream
That pretty fair female had fled me
I longed to be slumbering again
May the heavens above be her guardian
Though I know I?ll never see her anymore
May the goldliest sunbeam shine upon her
As she lies sleeping on Ireland?s green shoreOne evening for pleasure I rambled
On the banks of some cold purling stream
I set down on a bed of primroses
And I gently fell into a dream

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