

## 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 shore

Her 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 richest 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 shore

Transgression 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 shore

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