

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

One evening of late as I strayed,
On the banks of a clear silver stream,
I sat on a bank of Primroses,
And quickly fell into a dream :
I dreamt that I met a young female,
Her equal I ne'er saw before,
And she sigh'd as she thought on her country,
As she stray'd upon Erin's green shore.

Her eyes like two sparkling diamonds,
Or stars on a cold frosty night ;
Her cheeks were like two blooming roses,
And her teeth like ivory white.
She was drest in the richest attire,
And green was the mantle she wore,
'Twas trimm'd with the rose and the shamrock,
That bloom upon Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this young female,
My jewel come tell me your name,
For really to me you're a stranger,
Or I should not have ask'd you the same ;
She appeared like the goddess of freedom,
For liberty's emblem she wore ;
She's the blooming sweet nymph of the valley,
The flower of Erin's green shore.

She answer'd, kind sir, I'm a stranger,
My mind unto you I'll disclose ;
I'm here in the middle of danger,
I don't know my friends from my foes.
I am come for to visit your island,
From England I've lately sail'd o'er,
I'm come to awaken my brethren,
That slumber on Erin's green shore.

I think you're a true son to Grana,
My mind unto you I'll disclose ;
Go to the meeting at Maclaurinel,
And truly your enemies expose,
When you do true wisdom possess,
No enemy will come to your door,
For the joys of real freedom shall beam,
On the poor upon Erin's green shore.

In transport of joy I awoke,
But alas ! it was only a dream :
This beautiful damsel had fled,
And I long for to slumber again :
May the powers above be her guide,
For I fear I shall ne'er see her more :
May the sun-beams of freedom illumine,
The natives of Erin's green shore.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

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THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING BOYS.

THERE'S a good time coming boys,
A good time coming,
We may not live to see the day,
But the earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming,
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
The pen shall supercede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming,
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger,
The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
And a poor man's family,
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming,
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger,
The happier he, the more he has,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
Little children shall not, toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming,
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger,
And every one shall read and write,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming,
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger,
The reformation has begun,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming,
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger,
'Twill be strong enough one day,
Wait a little longer.—There's a good, &c.

