



ERIN'S SHORE.

You Muses nine with me combine,
And grant me your relief,
While here alone I sigh and moan,
I am o'erwhelm'd with grief,
While here alone I sigh and moan,
Far from my friends and home,
With a troubled mind no rest can find,
Since I left Erin's shore.

In the blooming spring when small birds sing,
Where the lambs do sport and play,
My way I took my friends forsook,
'Till I came to Dublin quay.
I entered as a passenger,
And to England I sailed o'er,
I bid farewell to all my friends,
All round Erin's shore.

When young men all, both great and small,
Goes out the fields to walk,
While here alone I sigh and moan,
And to none of them can talk,
While I remain for to bewail,
For the maid that I adore,
With troubled mind no rest can find,
Since I left Erin's shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair,
Some pleasure there to find,
I own it was a pleasant place,
Down by the flowery Clyde ;
I own it was a pleasant place,
For rich apparel they wore,
There's none so rare or can compare,
To the girls of Erin's shore.

One evening fair to take the air,
Down by a shady grove,
I heard some lads and lasses gay,
All talking of their love,
It did grieve me their joy to see,
As I had once before,
All with that maid my heart betray'd
That I left on Erin's shore.

Now to conclude and make an end;
My pen begins to fail,
Farewell my honour'd mother dear,
And for me don't bewail,
Farewell my honour'd father dear,
And for me grieve no more,
But when I think long, I'll sing my song,
In praise of Erin's shore.

