

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Dear Little Shamrock

The Dear Little Shamrock
(Andrew Cherry)

1. There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
And he call'd it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

cho: The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

2. That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in:
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

3. That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.

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