

Withered Shamrock Leaves - song lyrics

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WITHERED SHAMROCK LEAVES

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Words and Music by John Wilson.

Around this simple, withered leaf,
What tender mem'ries cling,
Of those who shared each joy and grief
In lifetime's happy spring,
When by the silver streamlet's side
We fairy spells did weave,
Down in the valley at even tide,
Where grew those withered shamrock leaves.

Chorus.

They bring again those happy days, with loved ones kind and true,
In the old home I called my own, where those withered shamrocks grew.

We plucked the dainty emblem sweet
By the valleys silver stream,
And where the thrushes' song did greet
Our raptured ears at e'en,
And on their leaves sweet lips were pressed,
All wet with dewy tears,
And next my heart they are laid at rest,
Those dear, withered shamrock leaves.-Chorus.

The place I loved so fond and dear
Is deserted and alone;
In valley now you only bear
The fierce wind's sullen moan;
No more the thrashes' joyous song
Thrills on the evening breeze,
Desolate by oppression's wrong,
Where grew those withered shamrock leaves.- Chorus.

Though severed by the mighty deep
Of broad Atlantic's foam,
Those treasured leaves I'll fondly keep
In mem'ry of my home,
And oft'times in foreign lands,
As I gather harvest sheaves. |
Through mem'ries dream comes those dear hands,
That plucked those withered shamrock leaves.- Chorus.