

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

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Moderato.

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it ; And the sun on his labor with pleasure did
 2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of E-rin ; Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes o' com-
 3. That dear little plant that springs from our soil, When its three little leaves are extended, Denotes from the stalk we together should

smile, And with dew from his eye oft - en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he call'd it the
 - mand, In each climate they ev - er ap - pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, Just . . like their own
 toil, And ourselves by ourselves be be - friended. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, From one root should

ral-len-tan-do. *a tempo.* *ad lib:* *dim.*

dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.
 dear lit-tle Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.
 branch like the Shamrock of Ireland, The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock, the dear lit-tle, sweet little Shamrock of Ire-land.