

# The Dear Little Shamrock



by Andrew Cherry

There's a dear little plant that grows in Ireland,  
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it.  
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile.  
And a tear from his eyes oft-times wet it.  
It grows thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,  
And it's called the Dear Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smile 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 Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three leaves are extended,  
Denotes from the stalk together we 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.