

# THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

Andrew Cherry (1762-1812)

William Jackson (1815-1866?)

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'twas St. Pat-rick him - self that  
2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, fresh and fair as the daugh-ters of  
3. That dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, when its three lit-tle leaves ex -

1. set it; and the sun on his la - bour with plea-sure did smile, and with dew from his  
2. E - rin, who - se smiles can be - witch and whose eyes can com - mand, in each cli - mate they  
3. ten-ded, de - notes from the stalk we to - ge - ther should toil, and our - selves by our -

1. eyes of - ten wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land, and he  
2. e - ver ap - ear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land, just  
3. selves be be - friend-ed. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land, from

1. call'd it the dear lit-tle Sham-rock of Ire-land.  
2. like their own dear lit-tle Sham-rock of Ire-land. The dear lit-tle Sham-rock, the  
3. one root should branch, like the Sham-rock of Ire-land.

sweet lit-tle Sham-rock, the dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle Sham-rock of Ire-land.

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