



SPRIG OF SHILLELAH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN.

Oh, love is the soul of a neat Irish man, He loves all that's love-ly,  
 loves all that he can, With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 His heart is good-humour'd, tis honest and sound, No raal-ice or ha-  
 tred there to be found; He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights for  
 love, all for love, for in that he delights With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,  
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a  
 speck,  
 A nice Barcelona tied round his neat neck,  
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,  
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks  
 him down,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,  
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with  
 blows,  
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:  
 He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,  
 Cries, Get along, Pat, yet consents all the while;  
 To the priest soon they go, and nine months af-  
 ter that  
 A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat?"  
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his birth  
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,  
 Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,  
 Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon:  
 United and happy at Loyalty's shrine,  
 May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine  
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

