



## SPRIG OF SHILLELAH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN.

( Tune—"BLACK JOKE." )

*Sung with unbounded Applause by Mr. JOHNSTONE, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

O'er! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,  
 He loves all that's lovely, 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 malice or hatred is 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 Donny-brook 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 neat Barcelona tied round his sweet 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 you gone Pat," yet consents all the while:  
 To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,  
 A fine baby cries, "How d'y'e do, Father Pat,  
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,  
 Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,  
 Drub the French who dare plant on our confines a caannon!  
 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!

