



THE
DEAR LITTLE
SHAMROCK.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our
isle.

'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did
smile.

And with dew from his eye often wet it,
thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the
mireland,

And he called the dear little shamrock of Ireland
The sweet little shamrock the dear little shamrock
The dear little, dear little shamrock of Ireland.

The 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 our own little shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, &c.

The dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When the three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from its stalks we together 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.
The sweet little shamrock &c.

The Cruel
SHIP-CARPENTER.

IN fair Worcester city and in Worcestershire
A handsome young damsel she lived there,
A handsome young man he courted her to be his
dear,

And he was by his trade a ship carpenter.

Now the King wanted seamen to go on the sea,
That caused this young damsel to sigh and to weep,
O William, O William don't you go to sea,
Remember the vows that you made to me.

It was early next morning before it was day,
He went to his Polly these words he did say,
O Polly, O Polly you must go with me
Before we are married my friend for to see,

He led her through groves and vallies so deep
And caused this young damsel to sigh and to weep,
O William, O William you have led me astray
On purpose my innocent life to betray

It's true It's true these words he did rave
For all the long night I've been digging your grave
The grave being open, the spade standing by,
Which caused this young damsel to sigh and to
cry.

O William O William, O pardon my life,
I never will covet to be your wife
I will travel the world over to set you quite free,
O pardon O pardon, my baby and me.

No pardon I'll give, there's no time for to stand
So with that he had a knife in his hand
He stabb'd her heart till the blood it did flow,
Then into the grave her fair body did throw.

He covered her up so safe and secure,
Thinking no one would find her he was sure
Then he went on board, to sail the world round
Before that the murder could ever be found,

It was early one morning before it was day,
The captain came up these words he did say,
Thre's a murderer on board, and he it lately has
done

Our ship is in mourning and cannot sail on.

Then up stepp'd one indeed it's not me
Then up stepp'd another, the same he did say
Then up at us young William to stamp and to
swear

Indeed it's not me sir, I vow and declare.

As he was a turning from the captain with speed
He met his Polly which made his heart bleed
She stript him and tore him, she tore him in three
Because he had murdered her baby and she.

