

THE SHAMROCK.

AIR—ALLEY BROKER.

In Moderate Time.

1. Thro' E-ri's Isle, To sport awhile, As Love and Valor wan-der'd, With wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright A
 2. Says Valor, "See! They spring for me, Those leaty gems of morning!" Says Love, "No, no, For Ma: they grow, My

thousand arrows squan-der'd, Where'er they pass A triple grass* Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ling, As
 fragrant path a - dorn - ing!" But Wit perceives The triple leaves, And cries, "Oh! do not sev - er A

soft - ly green As emeralds, seen Thro' purest chrysal gleam - ling. Oh, the Sham - rock! The
 type that blends Three godlike friends, Love, Valor, Wit, for - ev - er!" Oh, the Sham - rock! The

green In-mor-tal Shamrock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - ri's na-tive Sham - rock!
 green In-mor-tal Shamrock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - ri's na-tive Sham - rock!

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child "standing upon tip-toes," and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."