

Song  
By Tho.<sup>s</sup> Addis Emmett  
For St. Patrick's day  
presented by  
John Steele

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**SONG;**

(Written by Thomas Addis Emmett, Esq.)

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

Presented to the

MISSISSIPPI HIBERNIAN SOCIETY,

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Through Erin's Isle, to sport awhile,  
As Love and Valor wander'd,  
With Wit the sprite, whose quiver bright,  
A thousand arrows squander'd:  
As on they pass, a triple grass  
Shoots up as dew-drops streaming,  
And softly green, as emeralds seen,  
Through purest crystal beaming—  
Oh! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock—  
Chosen leaf of bard and chief—  
Old Erin's native Shamrock.

Says Valor, "see, they spring for me,  
Those mighty gems of morn;"  
Says Love, "No, no, for me they grow,  
My fragrant paths to adorn;"  
But Wit perceives the triple leaves,  
And cries "Ah! do not sever,  
A type that blends three godlike friends,  
Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"—  
Oh! the Shamrock, &c.