



THE  
**Four Leaved  
 SHAMROCK**

Paul and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Mon-  
 mouth-court, 7 Dials.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock  
 In all the fairy dells,  
 And if I find the charmed leaves,  
 O how I'll weave my spells!  
 I would not waste my magic might  
 On diamond, pearl, or gold,  
 For treasure tires the weary sense;—  
 Such triumph is but cold:  
 But I will play th' enchanter's part  
 In casting bliss around:  
 O not a tear nor aching heart  
 Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,  
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
 And to the pallid lip recall  
 The smile of happier years;  
 And hearts that had been long estranged,  
 And friends that had grown cold,  
 Should meet again like parted streams,  
 And mingle as of old.  
 O thus I'd play, &c.

The heart that had been mourning  
 O'er vanished dreams of love,  
 Should see them all returning,  
 Like Noah's faithful dove  
 And hope should launch her blessed bark  
 On sorrow's darkening sea,  
 And misery's children have an ark  
 And saved from sinking be.  
 O thus I'd play, &c.



WITH  
**All thy Faults  
 I LOVE  
 Thee Still.**

Paul and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Mon-  
 mouth Court, Seven Dials.

I LOVE thee still, with all thy faults  
 Ah! why that trembling voice?  
 Thy lover still will thee exalt,  
 And make thy heart rejoice.  
 Years have rolled on since last we met—  
 With all the slanderer's skill,  
 My beating heart can ne'er forget;  
 With all thy faults I love thee still.

love thee still, tho' friends may tell  
 That we shall ne'er agree;  
 There's nought on earth can break the spell  
 That binds my soul to thee.  
 Years may roll on ere next we meet:  
 With all the slanderer's skill,  
 My once-loved heart must still repent;—  
 With all thy faults I love thee still.

love thee still, 'bove all on earth;  
 I'm constant yet to thee;  
 And whilst I've breath I'll speak thy worth,—  
 Thy name is dear to me.  
 And when on dying couch I'm laid,  
 This, this shall be my will—  
 Search far and near and tell the maid,  
 With all her faults I loved her still.