



Mike Magatagan

United States (USA), SierraVista

"The Dear Little Shamrock" Cherry, Andrew

About the artist

I'm a software engineer. Basically, I'm computer geek who loves to solve problems. I have been developing software for the last 25+ years but have recently rekindled my love of music.

Many of my scores are posted with individual parts and matching play-along however, this is not always practical. If you would like individual parts to any of my scores or other specific tailoring, please contact me directly and I will try to accommodate your specific needs.

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-magataganm.htm>

About the piece



Title: "The Dear Little Shamrock"

Composer: Cherry, Andrew

Arranger: Magatagan, Mike

Copyright: Public Domain

Publisher: Magatagan, Mike

Instrumentation: Choir

Style: Celtic

Comment: Andrew Cherry was born the eldest son of John Cherry, a printer and bookseller, on 11 January 1762. He was born on the site of the former post office on Bridge Street and was raised a member of the Society of Friends (A.K.A Quaker). He received a good education in Limerick, as his parents wished for him to enter the holy orders, but instead at the age of eleven he was apprenticed to James Potts, a printer, in Dame Street, Dublin. From a young a... (more online)

Mike Magatagan on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)



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- contact the artist



"The Dear Little Shamrock"

Andrew Cherry (1762-1812)

Transcribed by Mike Magatagan 2013

Moderato

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Pat - rick him self, sure, that
2. That dear lit - tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daugh - ters of

set it; E - rin; And the sun on his la - bor with plea - sure did smile, And with dew from his
Whose smiles can be - witch and whose eyes can com - mand, In each cli - mate they

eye oft - en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, And he
ev - er ap - pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, just

call'd it the dear lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land. The dear lit - tle sham - rock, the
like their own dear lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land. The dear, lit - tle sham - rock, the

sweet lit - tle sham - rock, The dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land.
sweet lit - tle sham - rock, The dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land.