

Wearing of the Green

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Trad.

O Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round? The Sha-mrock is for - bid, by laws, to
7 grow on I-rishground! No more St. Pa-trick's day we'll keep his co-lor last be seen; For, there's a bloo-dy
14 law a-gin the Wear-ing of the Green! I met with Nap-per Tan-dy, and he took me by the hand, And he
21 says: How's Poor Ould Ire - land, and how does she stand? She's the most dis-tres-sful Coun-try that
27 e - ver I have seen: they're hang-ing men and wo-men for the Wear-ing of the Green!

And since the color we must wear, is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed..
Then take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod:
It will take root, and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow..
And when the leaves, in Summer time, their verdure does not show..
Then, I will change the color I wear in my cabbeen:
But, till that day, plaze God! I'll stick to the Wearing of the Green!

But if, at last, her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whispers of a Country that lies far beyond sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal, in the light of Freedom's day!

O Erin! must we leave you driven by the tyrant's hand!
Must we ask a Mother's blessing, in a strange but happy land,
Where the cruel Cross of England's thralldom never to be seen:
But where, thank God! we'll live and die, still Wearing of the Green!