

Wearing of the Green

traditional Irish

D *Bm* *A* *A*
Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
G *D* *A* *D*
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground
D *Bm* *A* *A*
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
G *D* *A* *D*
for there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' o' the green.

D *Bm* *A* *A*
And I met the napper Tandy and he took me by the hand
G *D* *A* *D*
And he said: "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"
D *Bm* *A* *A*
She's the most distressful country this world has yet to see
G *D* *A* *D*
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red
Sure Ireland's sons will neer forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still tho' underfoot '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 dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old sod will part.
I've heard a whisper of a country that lives far beyond the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! Must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen
And where in peace we'll live and die a-wearing of the green?