Wearing Of The Green

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Traditional Irish
Arrangement by Jay Buckey

Oh! _ Pad-dy dear and did you hear the news that’s go-ing ’round? The
Then _ if the col-or we must wear is Eng-land’s cruel red, sure
When _ laws can stop the blades of grass from grow-in’ as they grow, And

sham-rock is for-bid by law to grow on I-rish ground. Saint
Ire-land’s sons shall ne’er for-get the blood that they have shed. You may
when the leaves in sum-mer-time, their ver-dure dare not show. Then _

Pat-rick’s Day no more we’ll keep, his col-or can’t be seen, for
take the sham-rock from your hat and cast it on the sod; But,
I will change the col-or that I wear in my cau-been. But,

there’s cru-el law a-gin’ the wear-ing of the green. I —
’twill root and flour-ish there, though un-der foot is trod.
till day, please God, I’ll stick to wear-in’ of the green.
met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, and he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?" She's the most distressful try that ever you have seen; they're hanging men and women there for wearin' of the green.