Wearing Of The Green

Traditional Irish
Arrangement by Jay Buckey

Oh! Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going
Then if the color we must wear is England's cruel
When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they

'round? The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
red, sure Ireland's sons shall ne'er forget the blood that they have
grow, And when the leaves in summertime, their verdure dare not

ground. Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be
shed. You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the
show. Then I will change the color that I wear in my cur-

seen, for there's a cruel law a-gin' the wearin' of the green. I
sod; But, 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot is trod.
been. But, till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.
met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, and he

said, "How's poor old Ire - land, and how does she stand?" She's the

most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen; they're

hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - in' of the green.