Wearing Of The Green

Traditional Irish
Arrangement by Jay Buckey

Oh! Pad- dy dear and did you hear the news that’s going
Then if the color or we must wear is Eng- land’s cruel
When laws can stop the blades of grass from grow- ing as they

 round? The sham- rock is for- bid by law to grow on I- rish
red, sure Ire- land’s sons shall ne’er for- get the blood that they have
grow, And when the leaves in sum- mer- time, their ver- dure dare not

ground. Saint Pat- rick’s Day no more we’ll keep, his col- or can’t be
shed. You may take the sham- rock from your hat and cast it on the
show. Then I will change the col- or that I wear in my cau-

seen, for there’s a cru- el law a- gin’ the wear- ing of the
sod; But, ’twill take root and flour- ish there, though un- der foot is
been. But, till that day, please God, I’ll stick to wear- in’ of the
I 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 country that ever you have seen; they're hanging men and women there for wearin' of the green.