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 growing as they

‘round? The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
red, sure Ireland’s sons shall never for get the blood that they have
grow, And when the leaves in summer time, 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 cau-

seen, for there’s a cruel law a-gin’ the wearing of the
sod: But, ’twill take root and flourish there, though under foot is
been. But, till that day, please God, I’ll stick to wearin’ 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.