

The Wearing Of The Green - song lyrics

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THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by laws to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be seen,
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearing of the green.

Oh, I met with Naber Tandy, and he took me by the hand.
And he says, "How is poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen.
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
Then take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod-
It will take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow
And when the leaves in the Summer time their verdure do not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my cabeen,
But, 'till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to "the wearing of the green,

But, if at last her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of Freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing, in a strange "and happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thrald was never to be seen,
But where, thank God, we 11 live and die, still wearing of the green.