

Up For The Green - song lyrics

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UP FOR THE GREEN.

'Tis the green, oh, the green is the color of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange and we'll raise it o'er the blue,
For the color of old Ireland alone should here be seen;
'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead, our own immortal green.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green;
Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hands, oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and raise again our own immortal green.

They may say they have powers 'tis vain to oppose,
'Tis better to obey and live than sure to die as foes;
But we scorn all their threats, whatever they may mean,
For we trust in God above us and we dearly love the green.
So we'll up for the green, boys, and we'll up for the green!
Oh! to die is far better than to be curst as we've been;
And we've hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green.

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure;
No, we won't-no, we won't, Bull, for now nor evermore!
For we've hopes on the ocean and we've trust on the shore.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sassanach: "We'll never sell the green!
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us And our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb
At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb;
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field of France-at Fontenoy.
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!