



WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

Illustrated Song Number 48

From a Painting by W. J. AYLWARD

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground.

And Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll
keep,
His color can't be seen;
For there's a bloody law against
The wearin' of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould 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.

Then since the color we must wear
Is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat,
And cast it on the sod;
But 'twill take root and flourish still,
Tho' under foot 'tis trod.

THE beginning of the general popularity of this song was soon after it was sung in "Arrah na Pogue," the play produced by Dion Boucicault in 1865; but the song was sung throughout Ireland subsequent to 1798. The melody is generally believed to be an adaptation of a march, "The Tulip," composed by James Oswald in 1757. There are various versions of both text and melody. The one here is the best known, with the melody as arranged by Shane O'Kelley.

1. O— Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red; Sure
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

Sham - rock is for bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; And Saint
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed; You may
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard

When the law can stop the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summertime
Their verdure dare not show,

Then I will change the color
I wear in my corbeen;
But till that day, pl'ase God, I'll stick
To wearin' of the green.

But if at last our color should
Be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow
From the dear ould soil will part.

I've heard whisper of a country
That lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in
The light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin, must we l'ave you?
Driven by the tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome
From a strange but happier land,

Where the cruel cross of England's
thralldom
Never shall be seen,
And where, thank God, we'll live and die
Still wearin' of the green?