

*To Mr. A. Isaac  
from her brother.*

*No. 165*

# WEARING OF THE GREEN

AS SUNG BY



J. H. BUFFORD'S LITH. BOSTON

**T. H. GLENNEY,**  
AS

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# WEARING OF THE GREEN.

—BY—

Dion Boucicault, and E.H. House.

mf

- |         |                 |                   |                            |      |
|---------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------------|------|
| 1. Oh,  | Paddy dear, and | did you hear, the | news that's go- in' round, | The  |
| 2. Then | since the color | we must wear, is  | England's cruel red,       | Sure |
| 3. But  | if at last our  | color should, be  | torn from Ireland's heart, | Her  |

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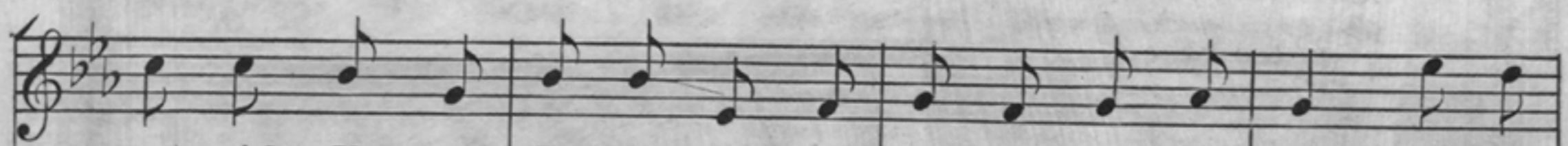
- |                        |                     |                      |                  |
|------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Shamrock is for     | bid by law, to      | grow on Ir- ish      | ground; St:      |
| 2. Ireland's sons will | ne'er for- get, the | blood that they have | shed; You may    |
| 3. Sons with shame and | sorrow from the     | dear ould soil will  | part; I've heard |



Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His col- or can't be seen, For  
take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But  
whisper of a country, that lies far beyant the say, Where



there's a blood-y law a- gin, the wearin' of the green, I  
'twill take root and flourish, still tho' un- der foot 'tis trod, When the  
rich and poor stand e- qual in the light of freedom's day, Oh,



met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he  
law can stop the blades of grass, from growing as they grow, And  
E- rin, must we lave you, dri- ven by the tyrant's hand, Must we



1. said how's poor ould Ire- - - land, and how does she stand, She's the  
 2. when the leaves in summer time, their verdure dare not show, Then  
 3. ask a moth-er's welcome from a strange but happier land, Where the

1. most dis-tress-ful country, that ev- - er you have seen; They're  
 2. I will change the color I wear in my cor- - been; But  
 3. cru- - el cross of England's thraldom nev- - er shall be seen; And

Repeat as Chorus.

1. hanging men and women there, for wearin' of the green.  
 2. till that day, plase God, I'll stick, to wearin' of the green.  
 3. where, thank God, well live and die, still wearin' of the green.

Con S<sup>ya</sup>  
ad lib

*mf*