

Dedicated to the
Fenian Brotherhood

Meeting of the Ex-Ex-Ex-



P.S. Dural & Son, Lith., Philad.

As Sung by

J. E. M^c DONOUGH

IN

E.H. House & Dion Boucicoult's

CELEBRATED IRISH DRAMA OF

ARRAH NA POGUE

4

PHILADELPHIA

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WEARING OF THE GREEN.

SUNG IN ARRAH NA POGUE.

ARRANGED BY S. BEHRENS.

Moderato.

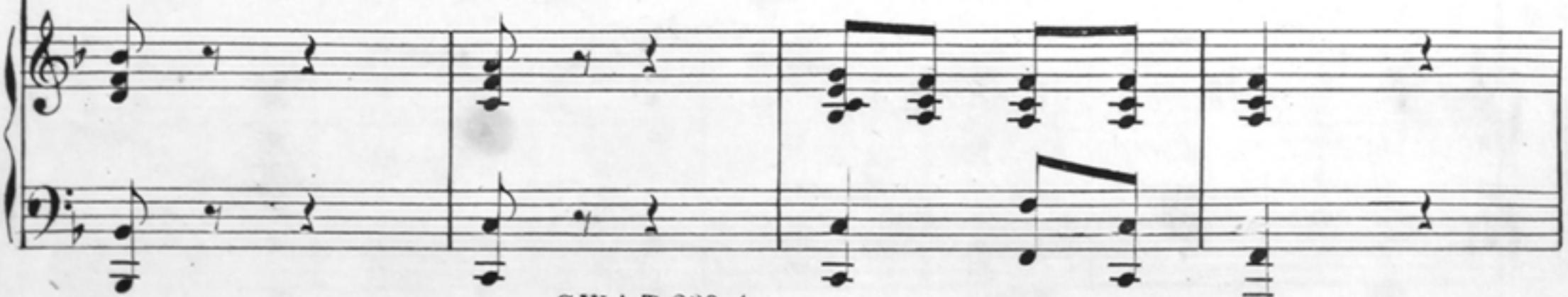
PIANO.



1. Oh! Pad-dy dear, and did you hear, the news that's go - in round, The
2. Then since the co-lor we must wear, is England's cru - el red, Sure
3. But if at last our co-lor should be torn from Ireland's heart, Her



Shamrock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground; St:
Ireland'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



C.W.A.T. 239.4

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1865 by C.W.A. Trumpler, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern d^t of Pa.

Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His co-lor 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 sae, Where



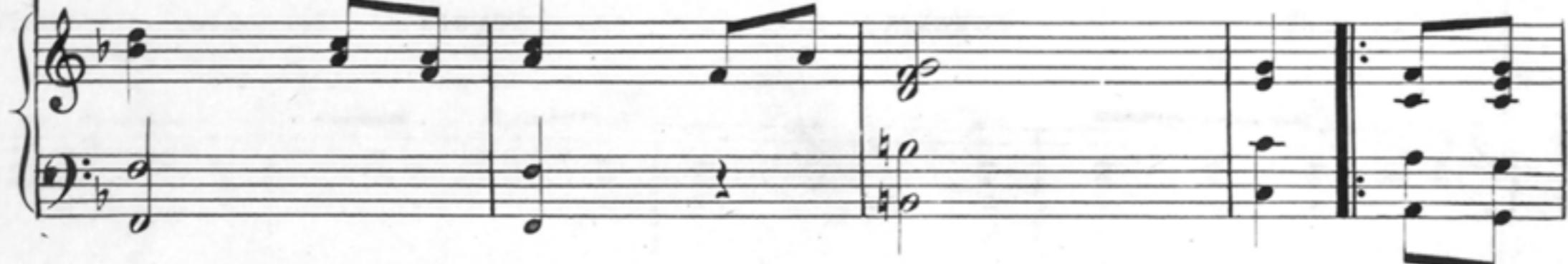
there's a bloody law a - gin the wearin' of the green, I
 'twill take root and flourish still tho' un-der foot 'tis trod, When the
 rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of freedom's day, Oh!



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 leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand, Must we



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



most dis-tressful country, that ev - er you have seen; They're
I will change the co-lor I wear in my cor - been; But
cru - el cross of England's thraldom nev - er shall be seen; And



Repeat as Chorus.

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

