

WEARIN'

GREY!

SONG

Arranged for Piano,

BY

ARMANDO.



NEW ORLEANS:
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LOUIS GRÜNEWALD
129. CANAL ST.
NEW ORLEANS
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Wearing of the Green.

The following is the celebrated song which created such intense excitement throughout Great Britain, and for the incorporation of which in his piece, Mr. Bourciquet's play of "Arrah na Pogue," had to be withdrawn from the London stage.

I.

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearin' of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk 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 hangin' men and women there for wearin' of the green."

II.

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,
It will take root and flourish there though under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.

III.

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 lave 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 thraldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearin' of the green!

WEARING OF THE GREY

Words by GEORGIUS.

Music arranged by ARMAND.

Moderato.

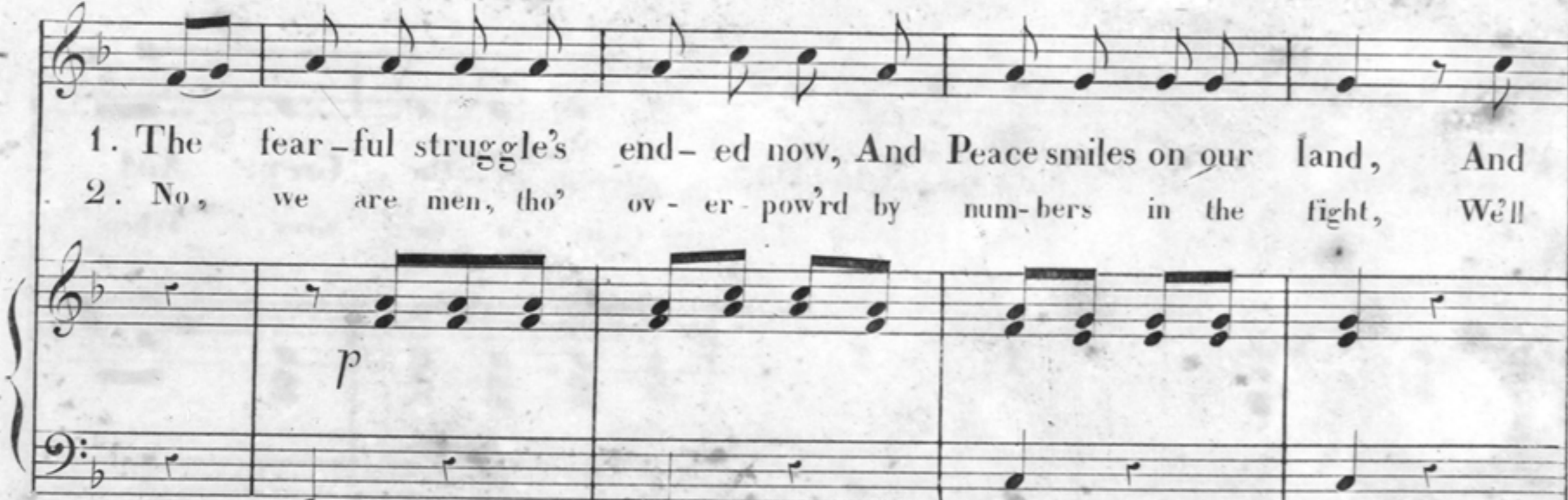
PIANO.

m.f

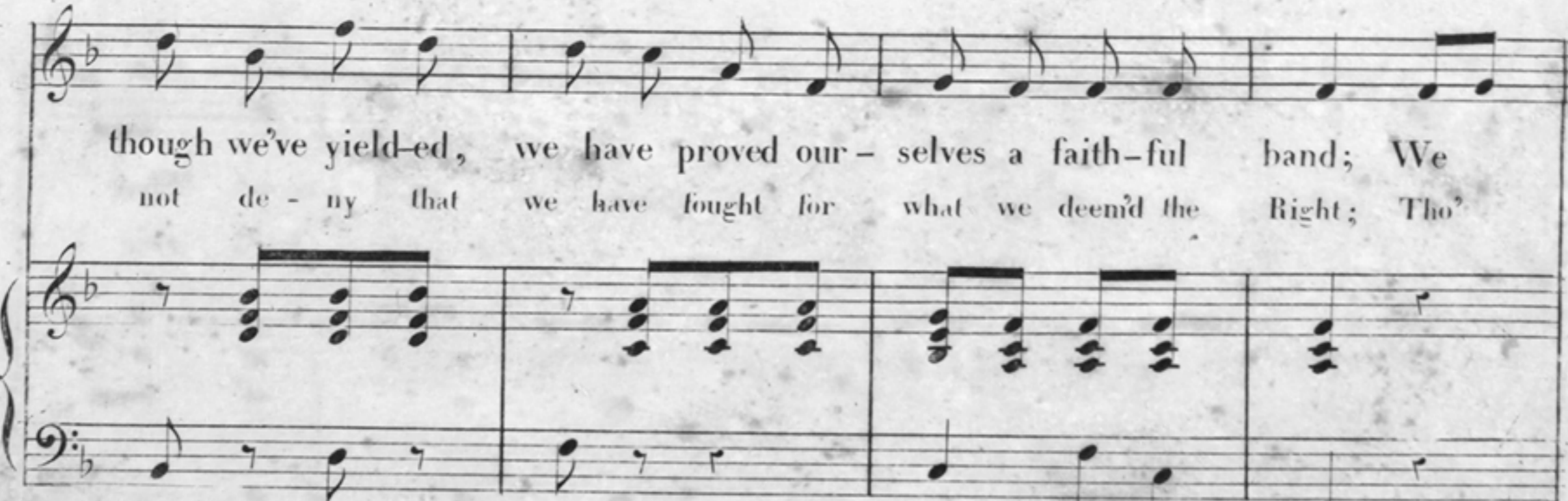


1. The fear-ful struggle's end-ed now, And Peace smiles on our land, And
2. No, we are men, tho' ov-er-pow'rd by num-bers in the fight, We'll

p



though we've yield-ed, we have proved our-selves a faith-ful band; We
not de-ny that we have fought for what we deem'd the Right; Tho'



fought them long, we fought them well, We fought them night and day, And
 we our fond - est, dear - est hopes A - side for ev - er lay, We

brave - ly strug - gled for our rights, While wear - ing of the Grey. And
 cher - ish still with hon - est pride The wear - ing of the Grey. When

now that we have ceas'd to fight And pledged our sa - cred word That
 in the bat - tle's fier - cest hour We faced the dead - ly hail, "Our

we a - gainst the Un - ion's might No more will draw the sword, We
 sim - ple suits of grey com - posed Our on - ly coats of mail, And

feel despite the sneers of those Who nev - er smelt the fray, That
 still we'll wear that glo - rious suit, (Let those de - ride who may,) In

we've a man - ly, hon - est right To wear - ing of the Grey .
 mem - 'ry of the brave who fell, While wear - ing of the Grey .

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Wearing of the Grey.

BY O. K. P.

1.

Our cannons' mouths are dumb. No more
Our vollied muskets peal,
Nor gleams to mark where squadrons rush,
The light from flashing steel.
No more our crossed and starry flags
In gentle dalliance play
With battle breeze as when we fought,
A wearing of the Grey.

2

Our cause is lost! No more we fight
'Gainst overwhelming power,
All wearied are our limbs, and drenched
With many a battle shower.
We fain would rest. For want of strength
We yield them up the day,
And lower the flag so proudly borne
While wearing of the Grey.

3

Defeat is not dishonor. No!
Of honor not bereft,
We should thank God that in our breasts
This priceless boon is left.
And though we weep, 'tis for those braves
Who stood in proud array
Beneath our flag, and nobly died
While wearing of the Grey.

4

When in the ranks of war we stood
And faced the deadly hail,
Our simple suits of grey composed
Our only coats of mail;
And of those awful hours that marked
The bloody battle-day
In memory we'll still be seen
A wearing of the Grey.

5

Oh! should we reach that glorious place,
Where waits the sparkling crown
For every one who for the Right
His soldier-life lay down,
God grant to us the privilege
Upon that happy day,
Of clasping hands with those who fell
A wearing of the Grey!