

Wearing of the green.

Philadelphia: Chas. W. A. Trumpler (7th and Chestnut St.), 1865

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/M5DV4N2QAOCEV83>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

WEARING OF THE GREEN. AS SUNG BY



J. E. MC DONOUGH.
in
ARRAH NA POGUE.

PHILADELPHIA

Published by Chas. W. A. Trumpler 7th & Chestnut St.

Piano

Boston

Cin.

Chicago

Boston

Guitar



WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Sung in ARRAH NA POGUE.

Arranged by S. BEHRENS.

Mod^o

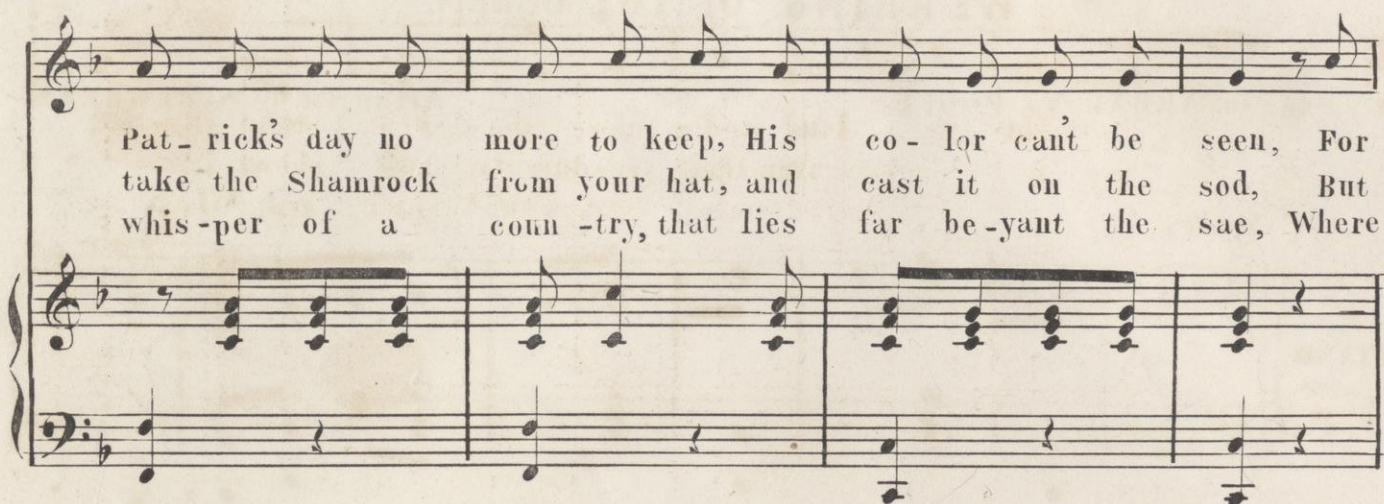
PIANO. *mf*

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

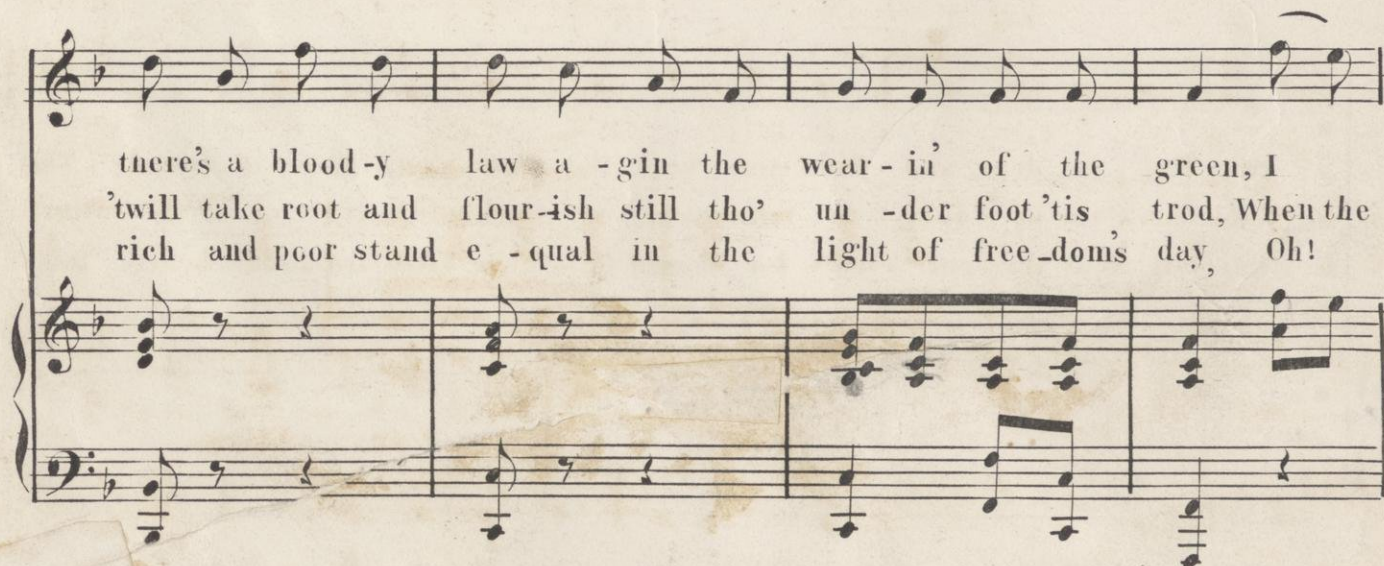
p

Sham-rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground; St: —
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 heardy

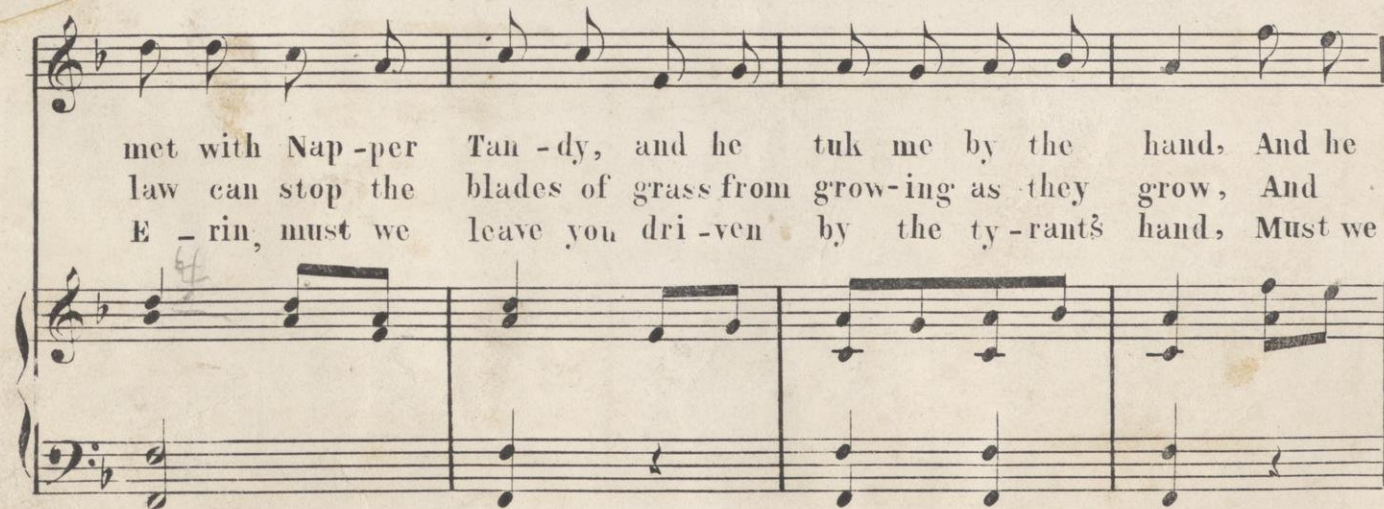
C.W.A.T. 239 4



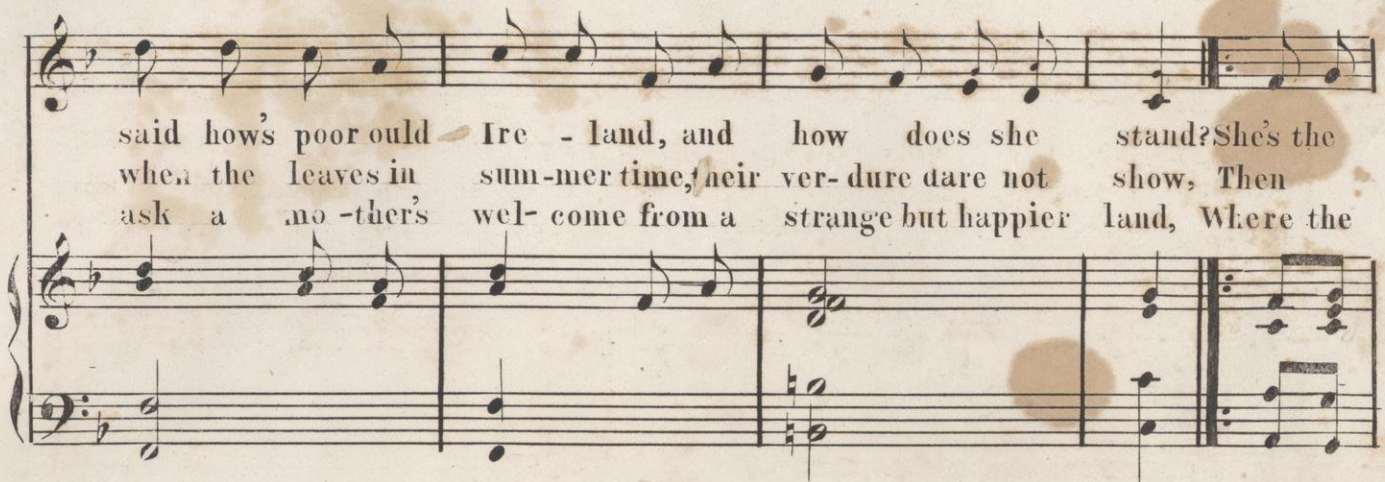
Pat- rick's day no more to keep, His co- lor can't be seen, For
take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But
whis- per of a coun- try, that lies far be- yant the sae, Where



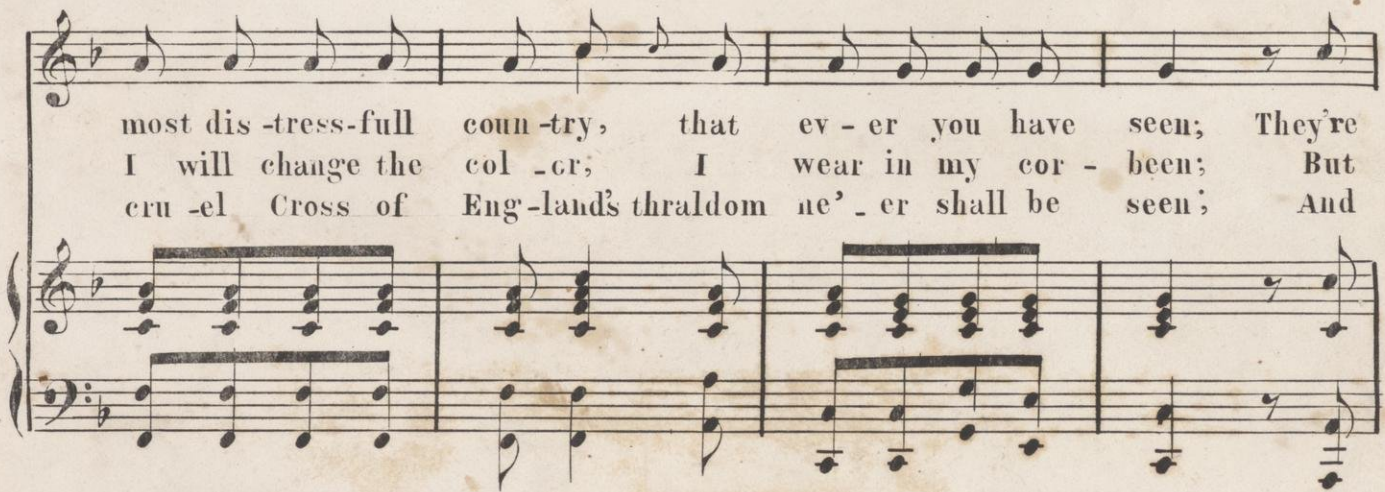
there's a blood- y law a- gain the wear- in' of the green, I
'twill take root and flour- ish still tho' un- der foot 'tis trod, When the
rich and poor stand e- qual in the light of free- dom's day, Oh!



met with Nap- per Tan- dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow- ing as they grow, And
E- rin, must we leave you dri- ven by the ty- rant's hand, Must we



said how's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand? She's the
 when the leaves in sum-mer time, their ver-dure dare not show, Then
 ask a no-ther's wel-come from a strange but happier land, Where the



most dis-tress-full coun-try, that ev-er you have seen; They're
 I will change the col-or; I wear in my cor-been; But
 cru-el Cross of Eng-land's thralldom ne'-er shall be seen; And

Repeat as Chorus.



hang-ing men and wo-men there for wear-in' of the green.
 till that day, please God I'll stick to wear-in' of the green.
 where, thank God, we'll live and die still wear-in' of the green.

