

The Wearing Of The Green (Dion Boucicault, 1864; anonymous ballad, 1841) (C)

Intro (last line of verse) F C G C

C **G**
O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?

F C G C
The shamrock is for-bid by law to grow on Irish ground!

C G
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,

F C G C
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' of the green."

C G
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,

F C G C
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

C G
"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,

F C G C
For they're hanging men and women there, for the wearin' of the green."

C G
"Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,

F C G C
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget, the blood that they have shed,

C G
Sure take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,

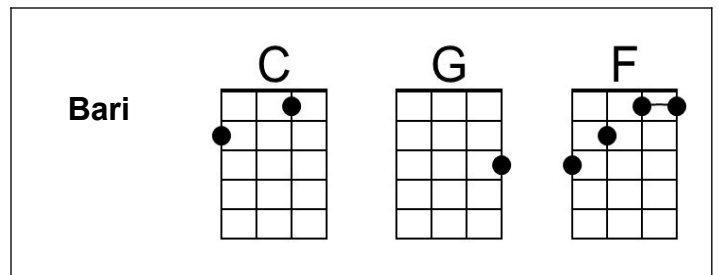
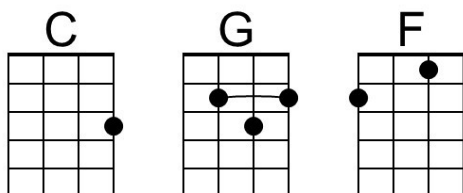
F C G C
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

C G
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

F C G C
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not shun.

C G
Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen,

F C G C
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearin' o' the green.



The Wearing Of The Green (Dion Boucicault, 1864; anonymous ballad, 1841) (G)

Intro (last line of verse) C G D G

G **D**
O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?

C **G** **D** **G**
The shamrock is for-bid by law to grow on Irish ground!

G **D**
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,

C **G** **D** **G**
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' of the green."

G **D**
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,

C **G** **D** **G**
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

G **D**
"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,

C **G** **D** **G**
For they're hanging men and women there, for the wearin' of the green."

G **D**
"Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,

C **G** **D** **G**
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget, the blood that they have shed,

G **D**
Sure take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,

C **G** **D** **G**
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

G **D**
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

C **G** **D** **G**
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not shun.

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