

# Wearing of the Green

Melody: Traditional Irish Folk Song

Words: Don Boucicault (1864)

The lyrics to The Wearing of the Green are traditional and were adapted by Irish playwright Don Boucicault for his play Arragh na Pogue, meaning Wicklow Wedding, in 1864. The melody is traditional and is also used in the Irish rebel song, "The Rising of the Moon. "

G

D

1. Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear, The news that's going round?
2. Oh I met with Napper Tandy, And he took me by the hand.
3. And since the colour we must wear, Is England's cruel red,
4. My father loved his country, And sleeps within its breast,
5. When the law can stop the blades of grass, From growing where they grow,
6. But if sometime the colour should, Be torn from Ireland's heart,
7. So Erin must we leave you, Driven by the tyrant's hand!

C

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G

1. The Shamrock is by law forbid, To grow on Irish ground!
2. He said, "How's dear old Ireland, And how does she stand?"
3. Let it remind us of the blood, That Ireland's sons have shed.
4. While I that would have died for her, Must never so be blessed.
5. And when the leaves in summer time, Their colours dare not show,
6. Her sons with shame and sorrow, From the dear old land will part;
7. Must we ask a mother's blessing, In a strange and distant land,

G

D

1. St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His colour can't be seen;
2. She's the most distressful country, That you have ever seen,
3. Then take the Shamrock from your hat, And cast it on the sod.
4. Those tears my mother shed for me, How bitter they had been
5. Then, I will change the colour, I wear in my caibin
6. I've heard whispers of a country, That lies far beyond sea,
7. Where England's cruel and vicious hand, Is never to be seen:

C G

D

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1. They're hanging men and women, For the Wearing of the Green!
2. For they're hanging men and women, For the Wearing of the Green! (Chorus)
3. It will take root, and flourish still, Though under foot it's trod.
4. If I proved a traitor to, The Wearing of the Green. (Chorus)
5. But till that day please God I'll stick to, The Wearing of the Green!
6. Where rich and poor stand equal, In the light of liberty!
7. But where, thank God we'll live and die, Still Wearing of the Green! (Chorus 2x)

Chorus:

G

D

For the Wearing of the Green, For the Wearing of the Green,

C

G

D

G

They're hanging men and women For the Wearing of the Green.