The Wearing Of The Green.

Special Arrangement by P. EUGENE

As Sung by FISKE O'HARA

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Patrick's day no more to keep, his color can't be seen. For
take the Sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod. But
whisper of a country, that lies far beyond the sea.

There's a bloody law again the wearin' of the green. I_
'twill take root and flourish still though under-foot 'tis trod. When the
rich, and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day. Ooh!

met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand. And he
law can stop the blades of grass, from growing as they grow. And
Erin, must we leave you driven by the tyrant's hand. Must we

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said "How's poor old Ireland, 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 distressful country, that ever you have seen; They're
I will change the color, I wear in my corset; But
cruelest cross of England's thrall-dom never shall be seen; And

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