**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.

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|  |  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |

**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.

**G D**

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

**C G D G**

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

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|  |  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |