Wearing of the Green

Dion Boucicault (1822-1890)

Irish Air

1. Oh, Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going

2. Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel

'Tround? red,

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow in Irish ground;

'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that has been shed;

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

You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,

For there's a cruel law again the wearing of the green.

But never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

I met with Nipper Tondy and he took me by the hand,

When laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

And said he, "How's poor old Ireland and how does she

And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not
"She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my canteen;

They're jail ing men and women there for wearing of the green."
But till that day, my friend I'll stick to wearing of the green."