The Wearin o the Green – Trad

Oh Paddy dear, and did you hear

The news that’s goin’ round?

The Shamrock is forbid by law

To grow on Irish ground

St. Patrick’s Day no more we’ll keep

His colour can’t be seen;

For there’s a cruel law against

The Wearin’ o the Green

I met with Napper Tandy,

And he took me by the hand

And he said ‘how’s poor old Ireland?

And how does she stand?’

She’s the most distressful country

That evermore you’ve seen

For they’re hangin men and women there

For Wearin o the Green

Then if the colour we must wear

Is England’s cruel red,

Sure, Ireland’s sons will ne’er forget

The blood that they have shed!

You may take the shamrock from your hat

And cast it on the sod

But t’will take root and flourish there,

Though underfoot it’s trod

When the laws can stop the blades of grass

From growing as they grow

And when the leaves of summer

Their verdure dare not show

Then shall I change the colour

That I wear in my Caubeen,

But till that day, praise God, I’ll stay

To Wearin o the Green!