



The Wearing of the Green



"This little song," Frank O'Connor has said, "written in pseudo-Irish dialect, probably by an Ulster Presbyterian and set to what seems to be an adaptation of a Scottish pibroch, is our real national anthem." The anonymous street version of the song, dating from 1798, was slightly altered by the playwright Dion Boucicault some fifty years later, and his version is the one that is generally sung. Napper Tandy was an Irish patriot who was forced to flee the country in 1793.

Andante con moto

Bb7sus.4 Eb Gm Ab Bb7

0 Pad - dy dear, and did ye hear the news that's go - in' round? The

mp con molto espress.

Ab Eb Ab Bb7sus.4 Eb Bb7sus.4

sham-rock is by law for - bid to grow on I - rish ground! No—

Eb Gm Ab Bb7

more Saint Pat - rick's Day we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For

A^b
E^b
A^b
B^b7sus.4
E^b

there's a cru - el law a - gin' the Wear - in' o' the Green. I

A^b
E^b

met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, And he

Cm
Gm
Cm
F7
B^b7

said, How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand? She's the

E^b
Gm
A^b
B^b7

most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er yet was seen, For they're

A \flat
E \flat
B \flat 7 sus. 4
E \flat

hang-ing men and wo-men there for the Wear-in' o' the Green.

poco rit. e dim.

“O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that’s goin’ round?
 The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
 No more Saint Patrick’s Day we’ll keep, his color can’t be seen,
 For there’s a cruel law ag’in the Wearin’ o’ the Green.
 I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
 And he said, ‘How’s poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?’
 ‘She’s the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
 For they’re hanging men and women there for the Wearin’ o’ the Green.’

“So if the color we must wear be England’s cruel red
 Let it remind us of the blood that Irishmen have shed;
 And pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod,
 But never fear, ’twill take root there, though underfoot ’tis trod.
 When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin’ as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
 Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen;
 But till that day, please God, I’ll stick to the Wearin’ o’ the Green.”

