

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?  
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.  
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,  
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand. And he said, "How's poor Quid Ireland, and how does  
she stand?"  
She's the most distressful country that iver yet was seen,  
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red, Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed; Then pull  
the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on  
the sod,— And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under toot  
'tis trod!

When law 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, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

*trans. Dion Boucicault*