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Arrah-na-Pogue

Dion Boucicault Theatre Collection, 1843-1847

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1865

## Wearing of the Green: Sung in Arrah na pogue

Dion Boucicault

S. Behrens

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*John Roff*  
*Albion*  
**WEARING OF THE GREEN!**  
AS SUNG BY



**J. E. MC DONOUGH.**  
**ARRAH NA POGUE.**

PHILADELPHIA

Published by Chas. W. A. Trumpler 7th & Chestnut St.

Boston      Cin.      Chicago      Boston  
O. Ditson & Co.    J. Church Jr.    Lyon & Healy    J. C. Haynes & Co.

Piano

Guitar







200-

# WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Sung in ARRAH NA POGUE.

Arranged by S. BEHRENS.

Mod<sup>o</sup>

PIANO. *mf*

Oh! Pad - dy dear, and did you hear, the news that's go - in round, The  
Then since the co - lor we must wear, is England's cru - el red, Sure  
But if at last our co - lor should be torn from Ire land's heart, Her

*p*

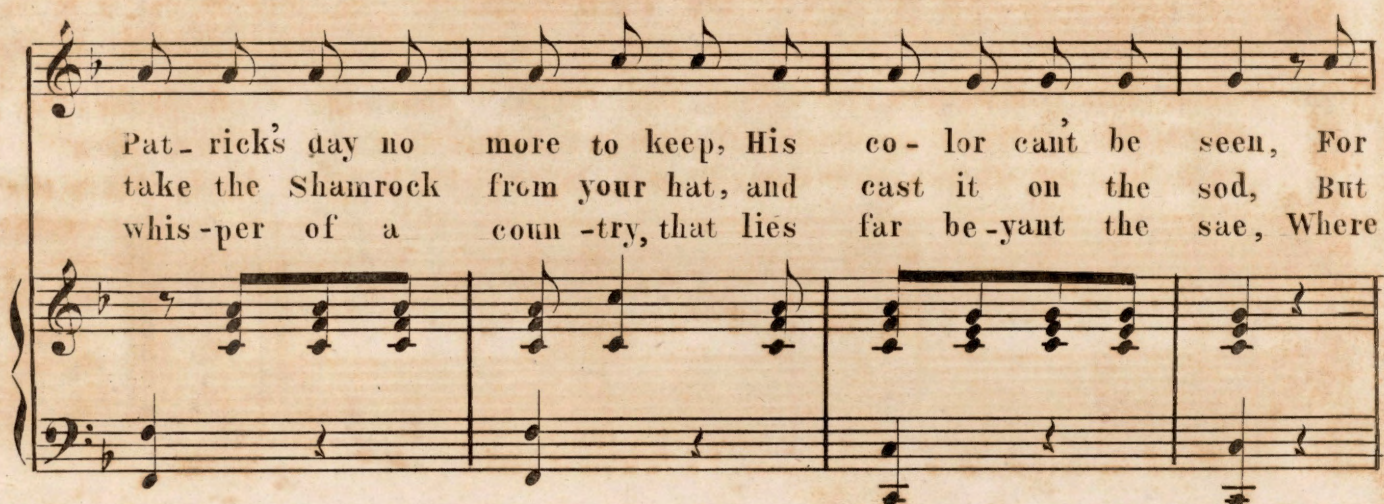
Sham-rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground; St: -  
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get, the blood that they have shed; You may  
Sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heardy

C.W.A.T. 239 4

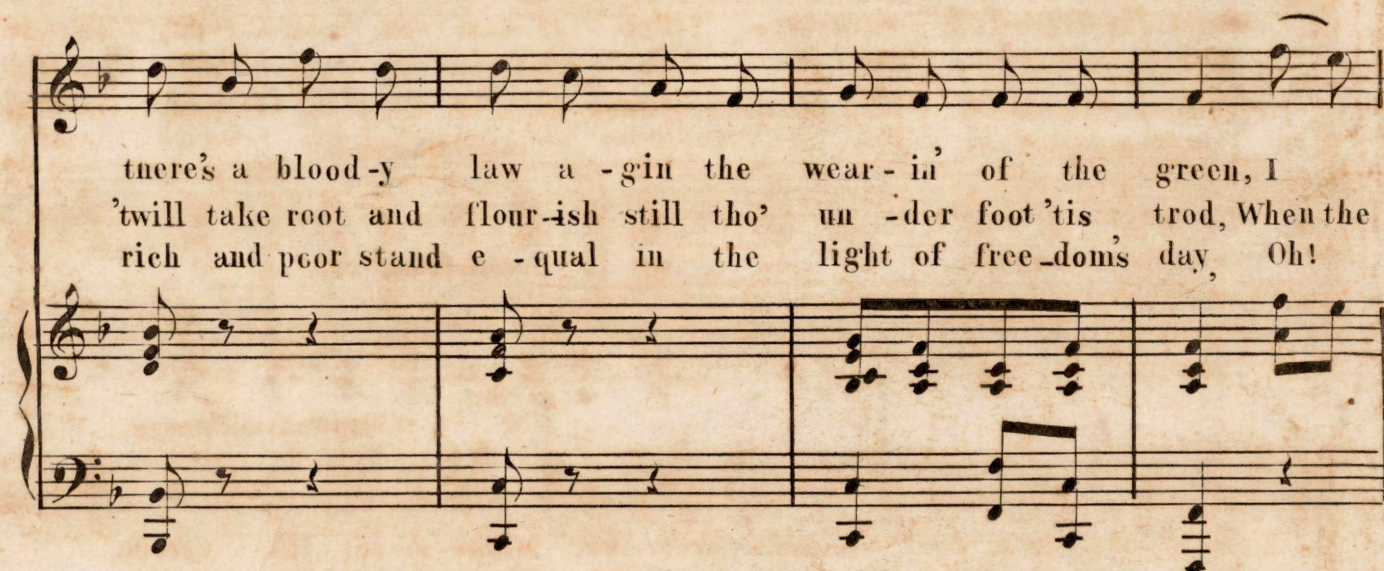
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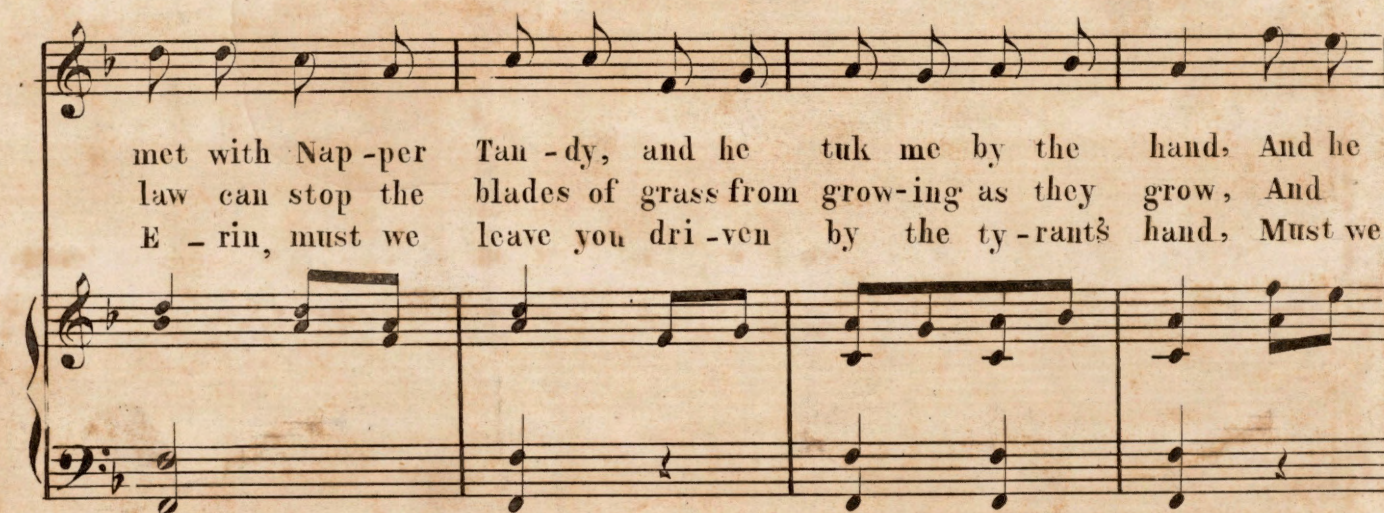




Pat- rick's day no more to keep, His co- lor can't be seen, For  
take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But  
whis- per of a coun- try, that lies far be- yant the sae, Where

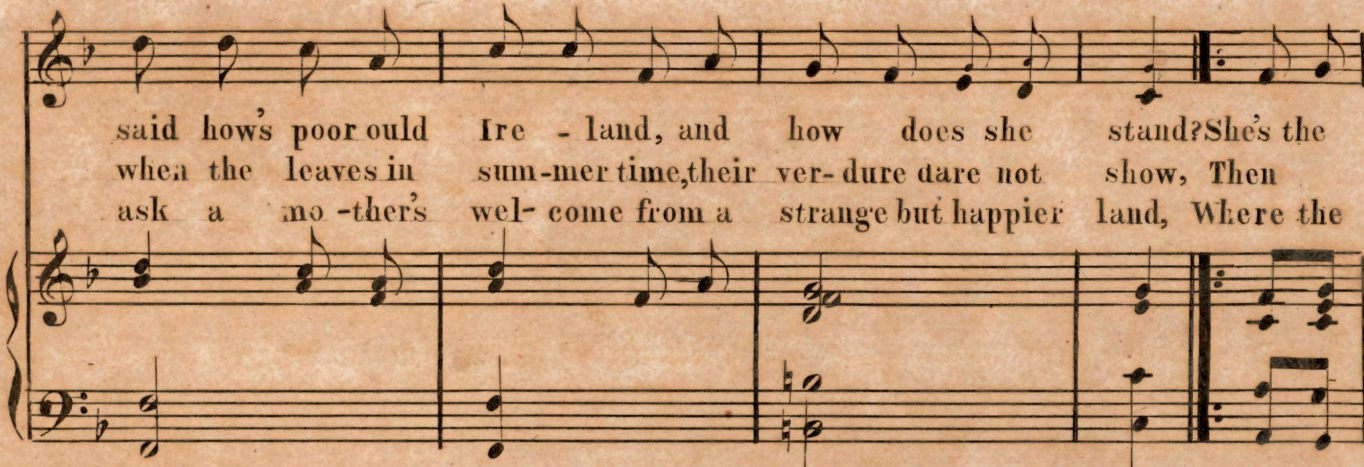


there's a blood- y law a- gin the wear- in' of the green, I  
'twill take root and flour- ish still tho' un- der foot 'tis trod, When the  
rich and poor stand e- qual in the light of free- dom's day, Oh!



met with Nap- per Tan- dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he  
law can stop the blades of grass from grow- ing as they grow, And  
E- rin, must we leave you dri- ven by the ty- rant's hand, Must we



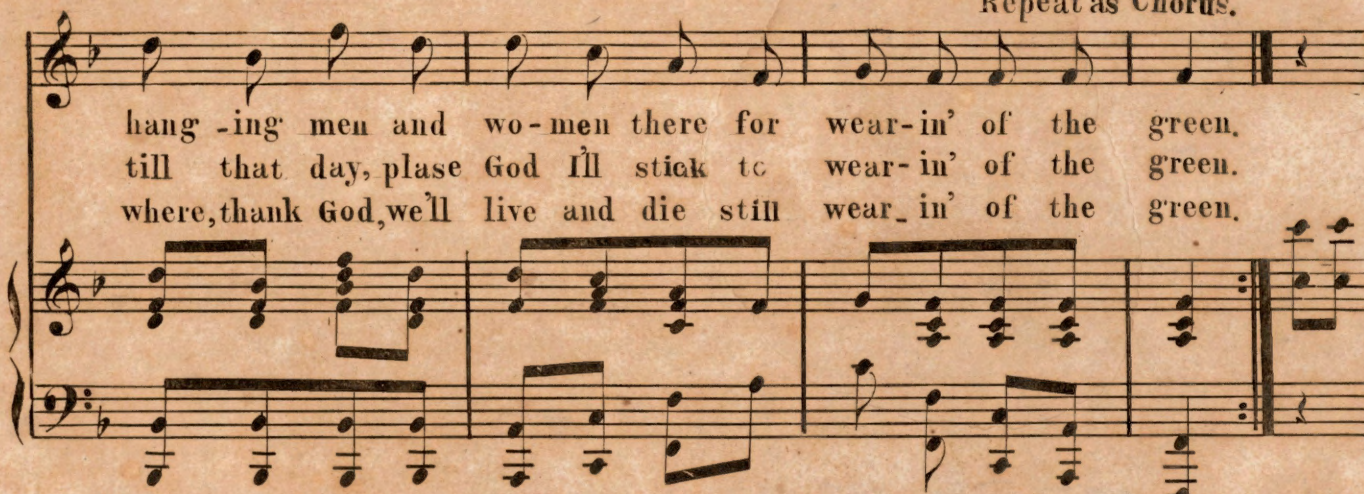


said how's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand? She's the  
 when the leaves in sum-mer time, their ver-dure dare not show, Then  
 ask a no-ther's wel-come from a strange but happier land, Where the



most dis-tress-full coun-try, that ev-er you have seen; They're  
 I will change the col-or, I wear in my cor-been; But  
 cru-el Cross of Eng-land's thraldom ne'-er shall be seen; And

Repeat as Chorus.



hang-ing men and wo-men there for wear-in' of the green.  
 till that day, plase God I'll stick to wear-in' of the green.  
 where, thank God, we'll live and die still wear-in' of the green.





H9D

