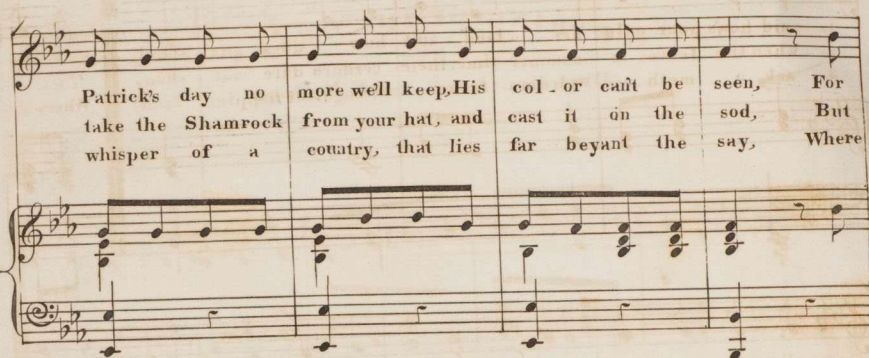
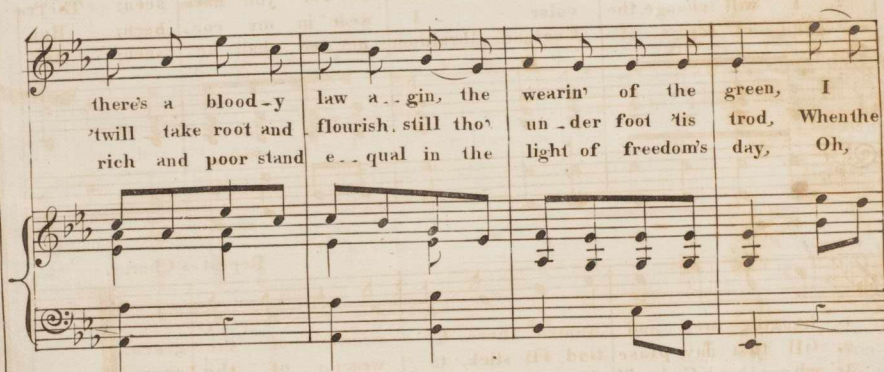
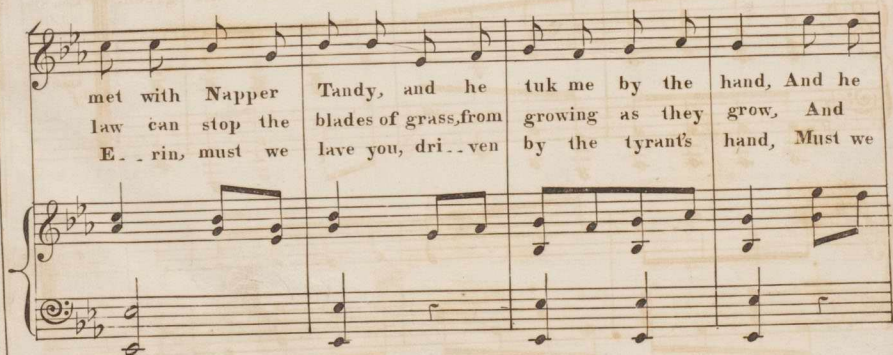




Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For  
take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But  
whisper of a countr'y, that lies far beyant the say, Where



there's a blood-y law a - gin, the wearin' of the green, I  
'twill take root and flourish, still tho' un - der foot 'tis trod, When the  
rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of freedom's day, Oh,



met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he  
law can stop the blades of grass, from growing as they grow, And  
E - rin, must we lave you, dri - ven by the tyrant's hand, Must we