

1. said how's poor ould Ire--land, and how does she stand, She's the
 2. when the leaves in summer time, their verdure dare not show, Then
 3. ask a moth-er's welcome from a strange but happier land, Where the

1. most dis-tress-ful country, that ev-er you have seen; They're
 2. I will change the color I wear in my cor-been; But
 3. cru-el cross of Englands thraldom nev-er shall be seen; And

Repeat as Chorus.

1. hanging men and women there, for wearin' of the green.
 2. till that day, plase God, I'll stick, to wearin' of the green.
 3. where, thank God, well live and die, still wearin' of the green.

Con Sya
ad lib

mf