

**WEARING OF THE GREEN**

(an Irish Ballad of 1798)

REVISED BY

**GERALD LACEY.**

MUSIC FROM

**ARRAH NA POGUE.**

3

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# WEARING OF THE GREEN.

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AN IRISH BALLAD OF 1798.

GERALD LACEY.

MODERATO.

In a lad, was doom'd to ex - ile, from

*rall:* *p*

my own na - tive land, A law was passed against me, I should

seek a foreign strand, From pa - rents, friends and kindred, I was

forced a broad to roam, To leave with grief old Ire - land, my

own, dear na - tive home! I was driven from my coun - try, where

*espress:*

oft in boy-hood's hours I stood a - mong the bat-tle-ments of

*ritard:* *a tempo.*

ruined halls and towers, Where oft a - mid her verdant fields full

*ritard:* *a tempo.*

hap - py days I'd seen To meet the Ty - rant's ban - ishment for  
 wear - ing of the Green.

*rall:* *p*

## 2

'Twas early in the morning, when our gallant ship set sail—  
 We passed each British man-of-war, and weathered safe the gale;  
 They left me on the coast of France, o'ercome with doubt and dread,  
 Where I a stranger in the land, could get my daily bread.  
 'Twas then, I met young Bounaparte, who took me by the hand,  
 Saying—"How is dear old Ireland, and how does she stand?"  
 "She's as poor distressed a country, as ever you have seen,  
 They are hanging men and women there, for wearing of the Green!"

## 3

'Tis hard to live in exile, but harder still to feel  
 The country of our dearest love, crushed neath the Tyrant's heel;  
 And so we pray that "Boney" will only send us aid,  
 We'll make the Shamrock bloom again, the Rose to pale and fade;  
 For with the hearts that love her, the hope but stronger grows  
 To vindicate old Ireland's Right, and sooth her many woes—  
 To make her ancient Sun-burst, shine forth in golden sheen,  
 And win the boon of Freedom, for the wearing of the Green.