

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.