

"The Wearing of the Green"

Farewell! for I must leave thee, my own, my native shore,
And doomed in foreign lands to dwell, may never see thee more:
For laws, our tyrant laws, have said that seas must roll between
Old Erin and her faithful sons, that loved to wear the green.

Oh! we love to wear the green, Oh! how we love the green,
On native land we cannot stand for wearing of the green,
Yet wheresoe'er the exile lives, tho' oceans roll between,
Thy faithful sons will fondly sing "The wearing of the green."

My father loved his country, and sleeps within her breast,
While I that would have died for her, may never be so blest;
Those tears my mother shed for me, how bitter they'd have been
If I had proved a traitor to "The wearing of the green."

There were some that wore the green, who did betray the green,
Our native land we cannot stand thro' traitor to the green,
Yet whatsoe'er our fate may be, when oceans roll between,
Her faithful sons will ever sing "The wearing of the green."

My own, my native Island, where'er I chance to roam,
Thy lonely hills shall ever be my own beloved home;
And brighter days shall surely come than those that we have seen,
When Erin's sons may gladly sing, "The wearing of the green."
For we love to wear the Green, O, how we love the Green!
Our native land we cannot stand for wearing of the Green!
But brighter days must surely come than those that we have seen,
When all her sons may proudly sing, "The wearing of the Green."