

# The Wearing of the Green

Peggy Lee

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear  
The news that's going round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law  
To grow on Irish ground!  
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep,  
His color can't be seen,  
For there's a bloomin' law agin'  
The wearing of the green.  
I met with Napper Tandy  
And he took me by the hand,  
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland  
And how does she stand?"  
"She's the most distressful country  
That ever yet was seen;  
They're hanging men and women there  
For wearing of the green."

Then since the color we must wear  
Is England's cruel red,  
Sure Ireland's songs will ne'er forget  
The blood that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat now,  
Cast it on the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish still,  
Tho' under foot it's trod.  
When the law can stop the blades of green  
From growing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summertime  
Their verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color that I  
Wear in my canteen;  
But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick  
To wearing of the green