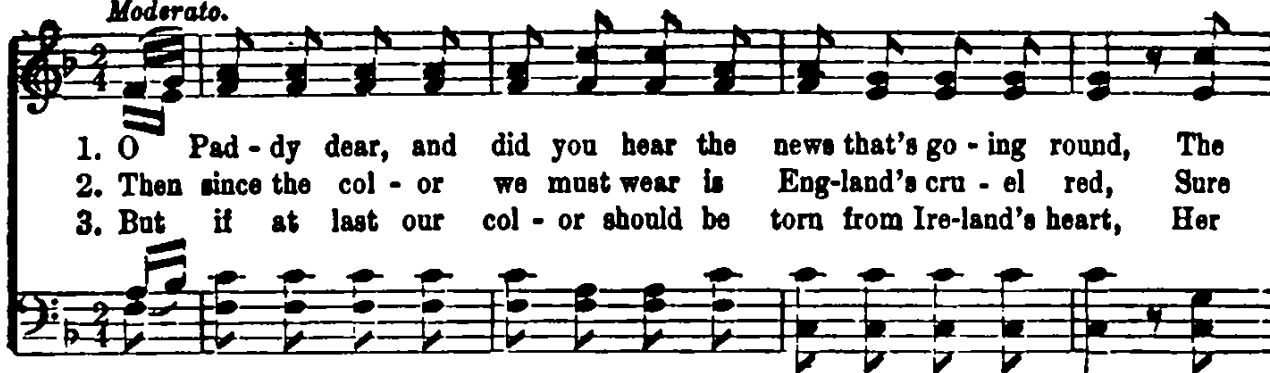
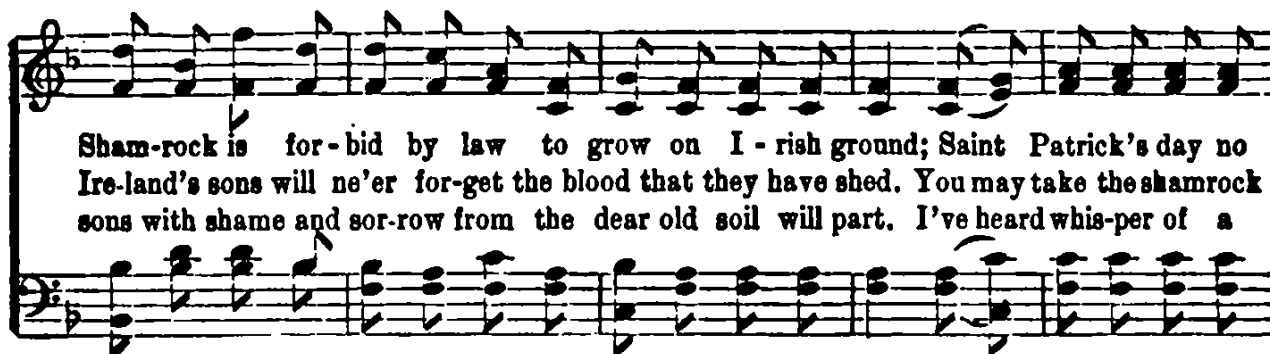


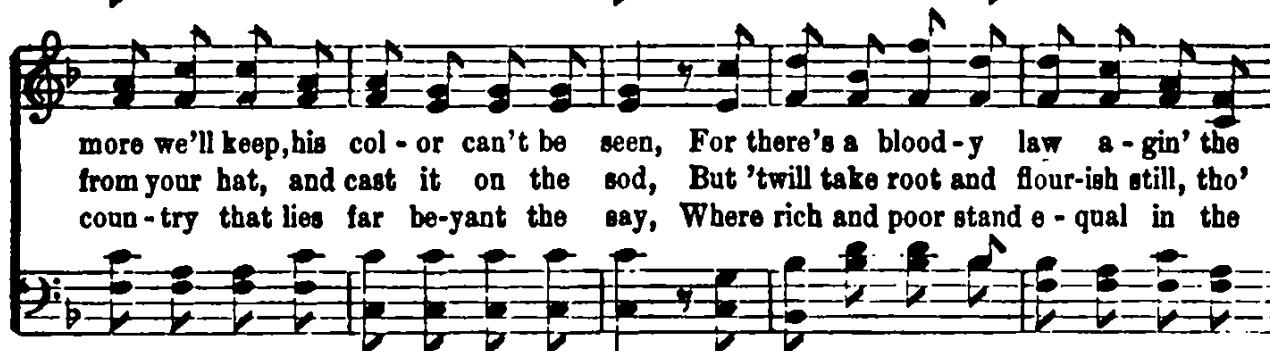
Words by Dion Boucicault.

Moderato.


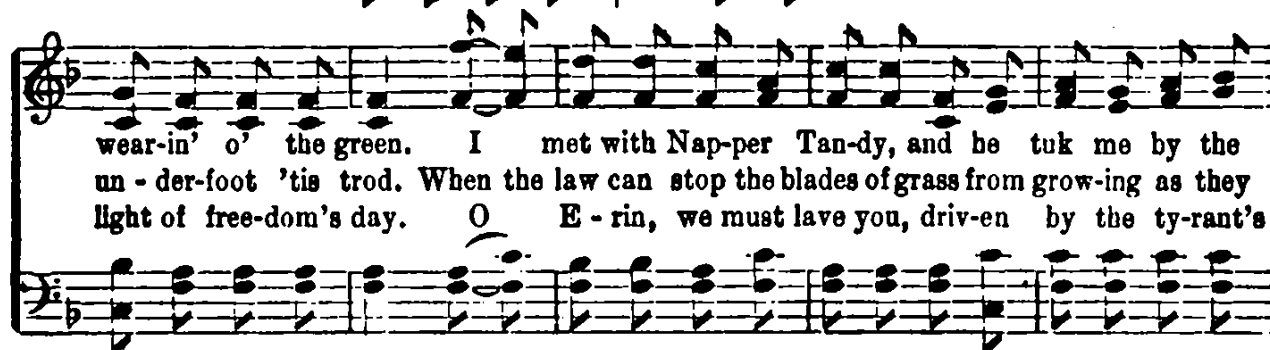
1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red, Sure
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her



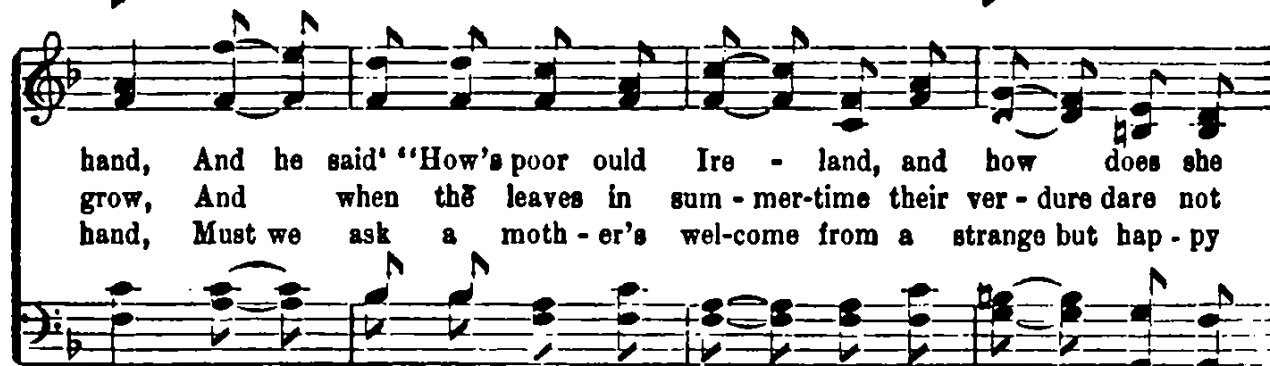
Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint Patrick's day no
 Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed. You may take the shamrock
 sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part. I've heard whis - per of a



more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the
 from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho'
 coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the



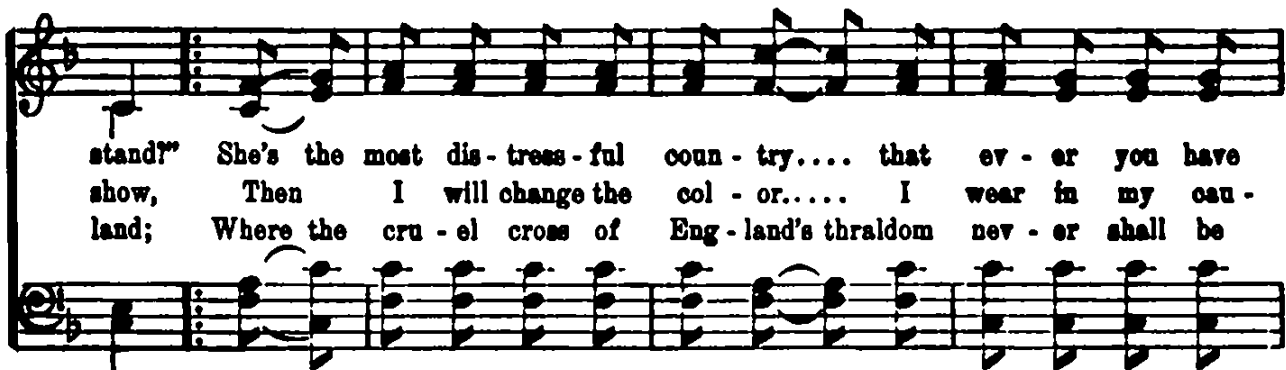
wear - in' o' the green. I met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the
 un - der - foot 'tis trod. When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they
 light of free - dom's day. O E - rin, we must lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's



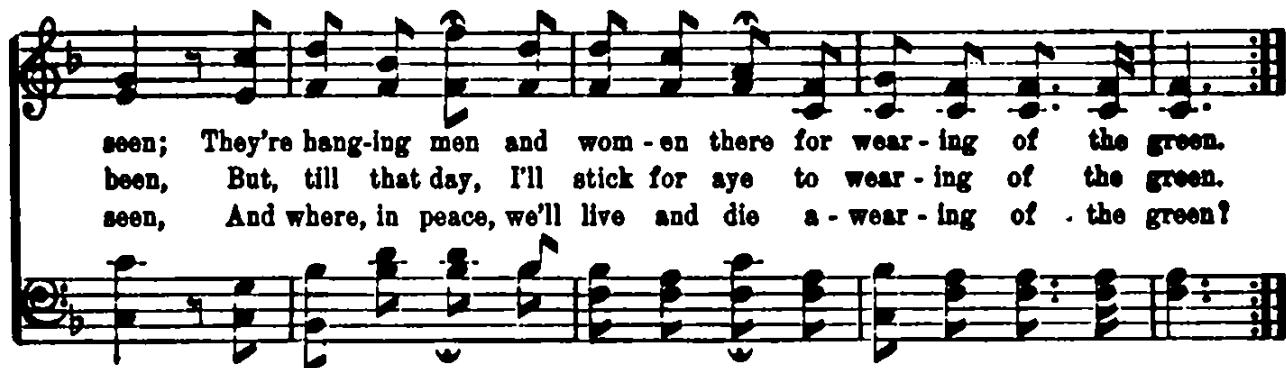
hand, And he said' "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she
 grow, And when thē leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not
 hand, Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py

Mr. Dooley exactly expresses the political situation, when he remarks to his friend, Mr. Hennessy, "I were towd that the air be full of fight; it is my opeenion that the fight do be full of air."

The Wearing of the Green.



stand!" She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try.... that ev-er you have
show, Then I will change the col-or.... I wear in my cau-
land; Where the cru-el cross of Eng-land's thraldom nev-er shall be



seen; They're hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-ing of the green.
been, But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear-ing of the green.
seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die a-wear-ing of the green?

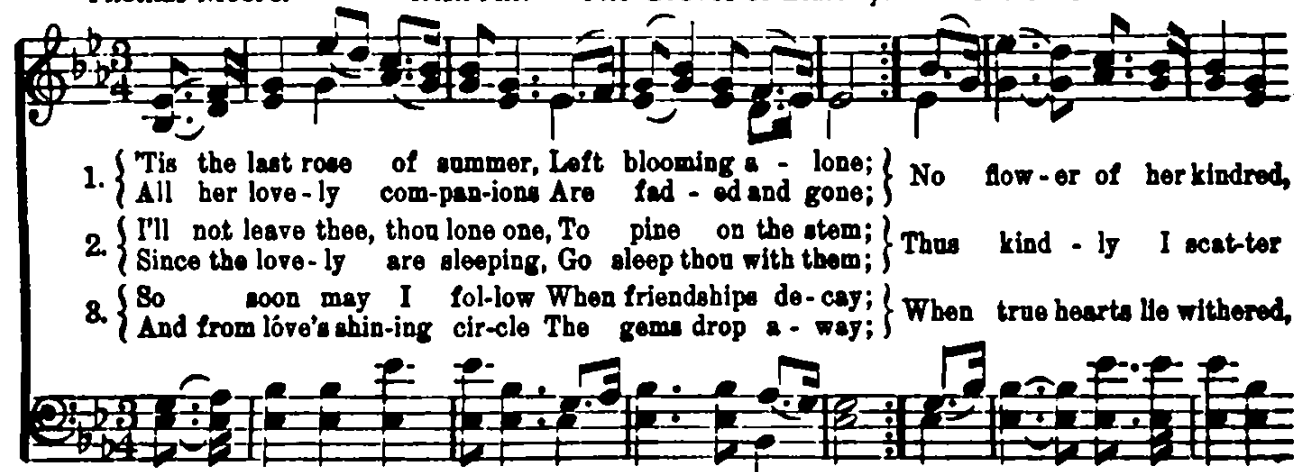
108

The Last Rose of Summer.

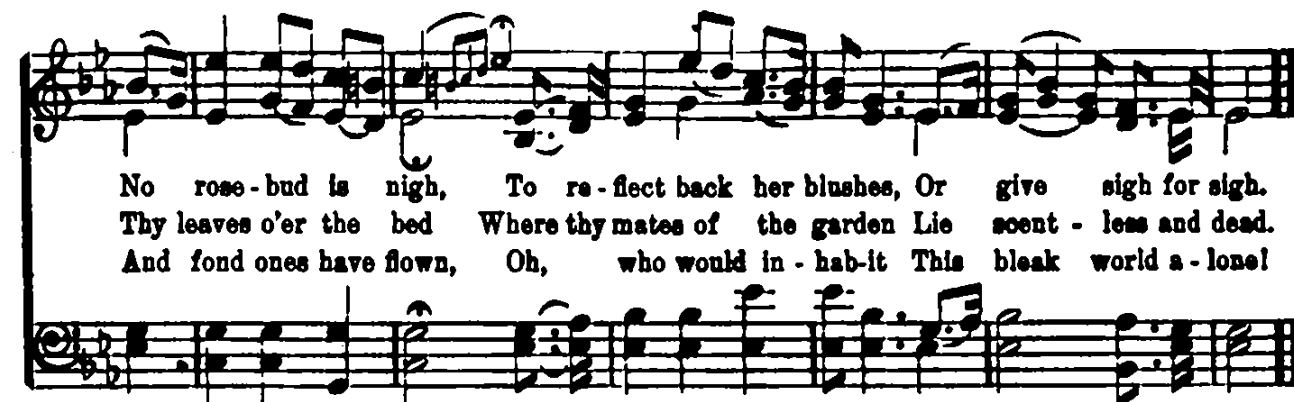
Thomas Moore.

Irish Air:—"The Groves of Blarney."

Flotow's "Martha."



1. { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; } No flow-er of her kindred,
All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; }
2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter
Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; }
3. { So soon may I fol-low When friendships de-cay; } When true hearts lie withered,
And from love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a-way; }



No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip.—Elbert Hubbard.
You can play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and 5,000 other selections on the Inner-Player Piano, no matter what your age.