

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.



There's not a true born Irishman, Wherever he may be,
But loves the little Emerald, That sparkles on the sea,
May the sun of bright prosperity shine peaceful and serene,
And bring better days to Erin, Where the grass grows green.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

HARRY CLIFTON,

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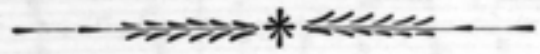


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"WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN" SONG.

WR: COMP: AND SONG BY

MR: HARRY CLIFTON



Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

p Dol.

I'm Denny Blake from Coun. ty Clare And

p

here at your command, To sing a song in praise of home, And my own native land; I've

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the voice part, and the piano accompaniment is in the piano part. The lyrics are: "sailed to foreign Countries And in ma-ny climes I've been, But my heart is still with Erin, Where the grass grows green. I love my native Country, And I'm loyal to my Queen, But I can't forget 'Ould Erin', Where the grass grows green." The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The score ends with a double bar line.

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heart is still with Erin, Where the grass grows green. I love my native Country, And I'm

loyal to my Queen, But I can't forget "Ould Erin", Where the grass grows green.

2. Poor Pat is of-ten paint-ed, With a rag-ged coat and hat, His
 3. He's fool-ish but not vi-cious, His faults I won't de-fend, His

heart and hospital-ity, Has much to do with that; Let slan-der-ers say what they will, They
 purse to help the orphan, His life to serve a friend; He'll give with-out a murmur, So his

cannot call him mean, Sure a stranger's always welcome, Where the grass grows green. I
 follies try and screen, For there's no-ble hearts in Erin, Where the grass grows green. I

Rallie cress:
 love my na-tive Country, And I'm loy-al to my Queen; But I

Rallie cress

can't for - get "Ould E - rin" Where the grass grows green.

Tis true he has a weak - ness, For a drop of something pure, But
There's not a true born I - rish - man, V'er - e - ver he may be, But

that's a slight de - bi - li - ty, That ma - ny more en - dure; He's
loves the lit - tle E - merald, That sparkles on the sea; May the

fond of fun, he's wit - ty, Tho' his wit is not too keen, For there's
sun of bright pros - per - i - ty, Shine peace ful and se - rene, And bring

feel - ing hearts in Erin, Where the grass grows green. I love my native Country, And I'm
bet - ter days to E - rin, Where the grass grows green. I love my na - tive Country, And &c.

loyal to my Queen, But I can't forget "Ould Erin" Where the grass grows green.

Rallie Crest