

The University of Maine DigitalCommons@UMaine

Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

1898

Dear Ireland When You're Free

J. A. T Noble
Composer

P.J Sweeney
Lyricist

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp>

Recommended Citation

Noble, J. A. T and Sweeney, P. J, "Dear Ireland When You're Free" (1898). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 3586.
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp/3586>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

Margaret Barry

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SUNDAY WORLD, SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1898.



WORDS BY P.J. SWEENEY



MUSIC BY J.A.T. NOBLE

COPYRIGHT 1898 BY S.W. SIMPSON.

Vp-012010
0
DEAR

DEAR IRELAND WHEN YOU'RE FREE.

WORDS BY
P.J. SWEENEY

MUSIC BY
VOICE: J.A.T. NOBLE.

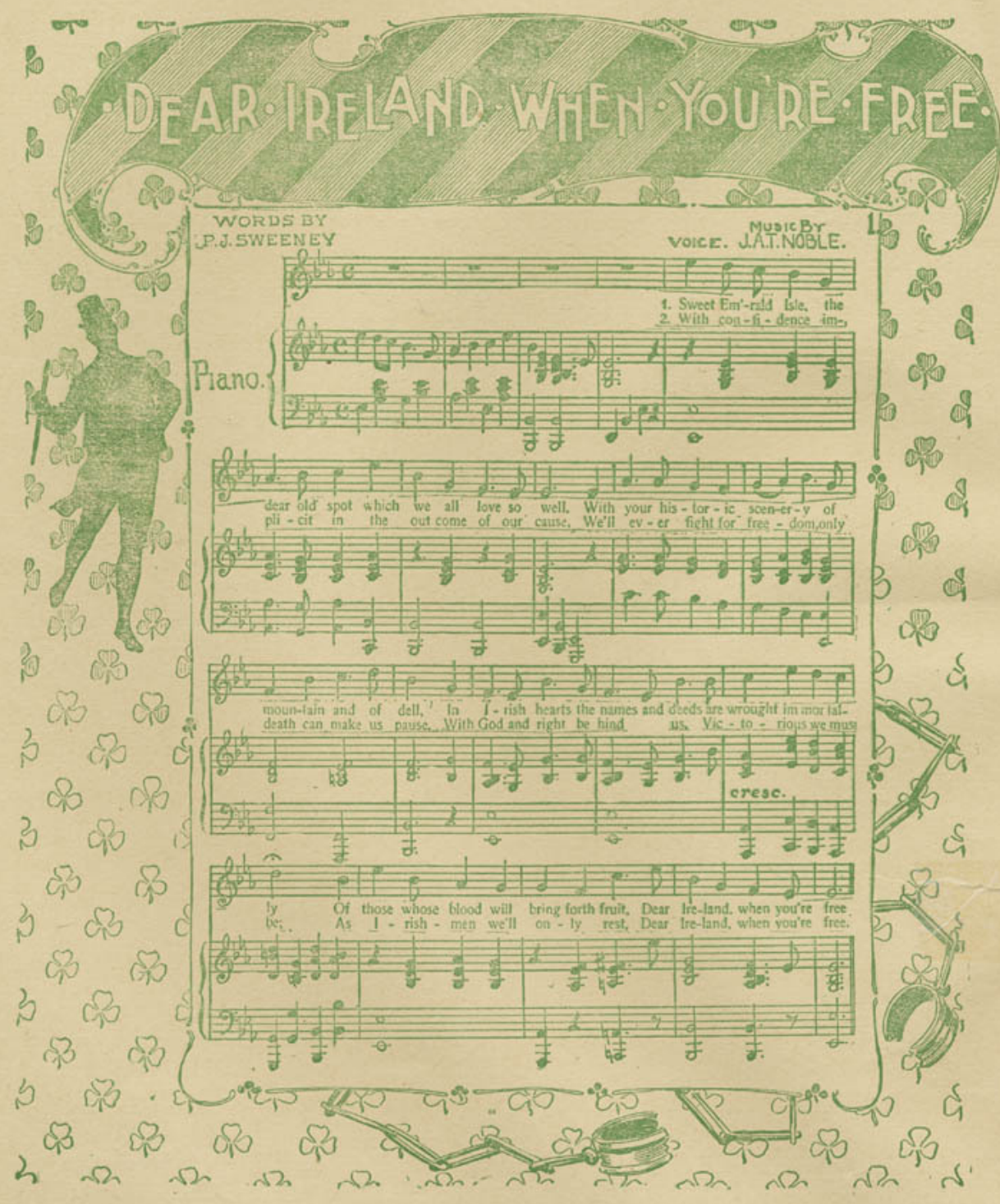
1. Sweet Em'rald Isle, the
2. With con-fi-dence im-

Piano.

dear old spot which we all love so well. With your his-tor-ic scen-er-y of
pli-cit in the out come of our cause, We'll ev-er fight for free-dom, only

moun-tain and of dell. In I-rish hearts the names and deeds are wrought in mor-tal-
death can make us pause. With God and right be hind us. Vic-to-ri-ous we must

ly Of those whose blood will bring forth fruit, Dear Ire-land, when you're free.
As I-rish-men we'll on-ly rest, Dear Ire-land, when you're free.



2

REFRAIN.

Then ev- ry day we hope and pray for the dawn of free - dom's light,

We know that in His own good time our God makes all things right.

'Twill end all per - se - cu - tion in the isle a - cross the sea - We'll

love you all the more, "Auld dart," dear Ire - land, when you're free.

Bagaduce Music 
 Lending Library
 Blue Hill, Maine
 Donor: 

I.
Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

IV.
The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

II.
We drink the memory
of the brave,
The faithful and the few,
Some lie far off be-
yond the wave,
Some sleep in Ire-
land, too;
All, all, are gone—but
still lives on
The fame of those
who died,
All true men, like you
men,
Remember them
with pride.



PROF. JOHN KELLS INGRAM, S.F.

III.
Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

VI.
Then here's their mem'ry! may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their's your fate,
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight!

V.
They rose in dark and
evil days
To right their na-
tive land;
They kindled here a
living blaze
That nothing shall
withstand.
Alas, that might con-
vanquish right,
They fell and passed
away,
But true men, like
you, men,
Are plenty here to-
day.

