

Do cum Glóire Dé 7 Onóra na hÉireann.

ARISE

(BALLYKINLAR MARCH)

WORDS BY

PEADAR
Ó CEARNAIG



COMPOSED BY

MÁIRTÍN
DE BALTÚIN



Published by
PEADAR Ó CEARNAIG 7 MÁIRTÍN DE BALTÚIN

ARISE !

(FREEDOM MARCH)

In the screaming of the Eagle,
In the gentle murmur of the Bees;
In the fury of the Tempest,
In the whisper of the Breeze;
'Tis freedom's voice pulsating
Thro' the Nation's inmost core,
'Tis the song of Hope vibrating,
Thro' the land from shore to shore.

Refrain.

Arise ye slavelings from your centuried thrall,
Arise redeemed in freedom's ray;
Arise 'tis Ireland's myriad soldier's call
As freemen hail the coming day,
'Tis Ireland's voice, 'tis Ireland's soul,
That calls from sea to sea;
Our motherland while ages roll,
Redeemed erect and free.

List ye nations of the world,
To the message of the free;
Ireland stands with flag unfurled,
Sword in hand for liberty;
Ever shall her voice be heard,
In the councils of the free;
Ever shall her shining sword
Be bared for truth and liberty.

Repeat Refrain.

ARISE

(FREEDOM MARCH)

MARTIN A. WALTON.

P. KEARNEY.

VOICE.

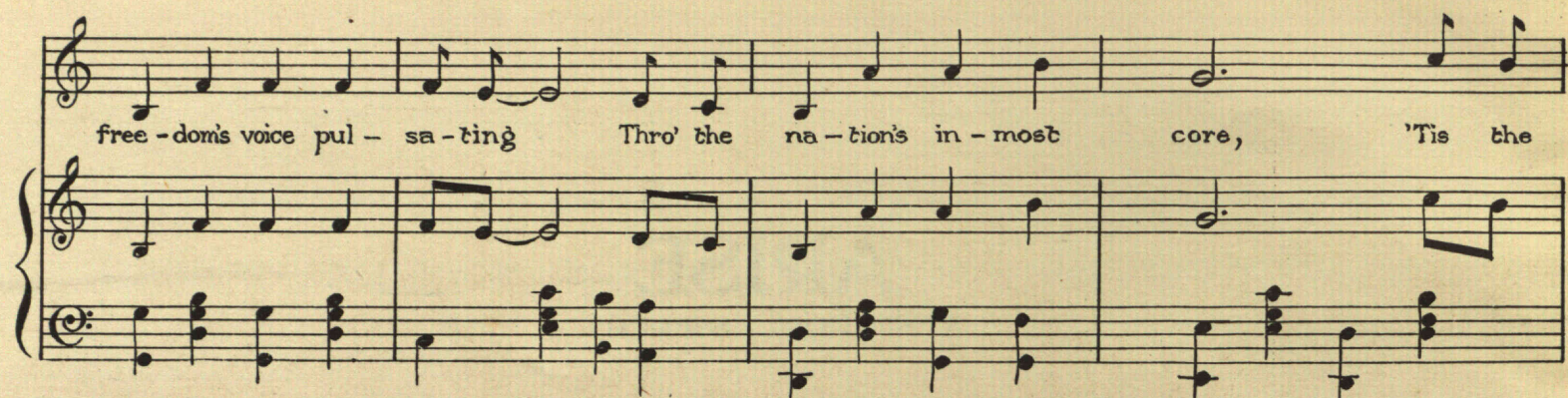
Martial

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/style is marked 'Martial'. The voice part has four measures of rests. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'In the screaming of the ea — gle, In the gentle murmur of the bees, In the fu — ry of the tem — pest, In the whisper of the breeze, 'Tis'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a voice line and a piano accompaniment.

In the screaming of the ea — gle, In the gentle murmur of the bees,

In the fu — ry of the tem — pest, In the whisper of the breeze, 'Tis



free - dom's voice pul - sa - ting Thro' the na - tion's in - most core, 'Tis the

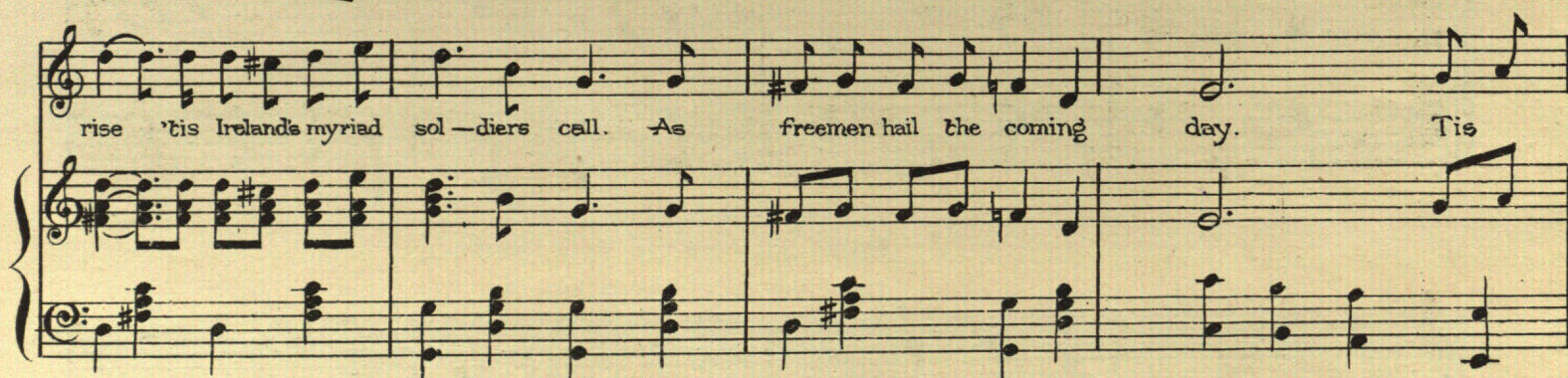


song of hope vi - bra - ting Thro' the land from shore to shore A....

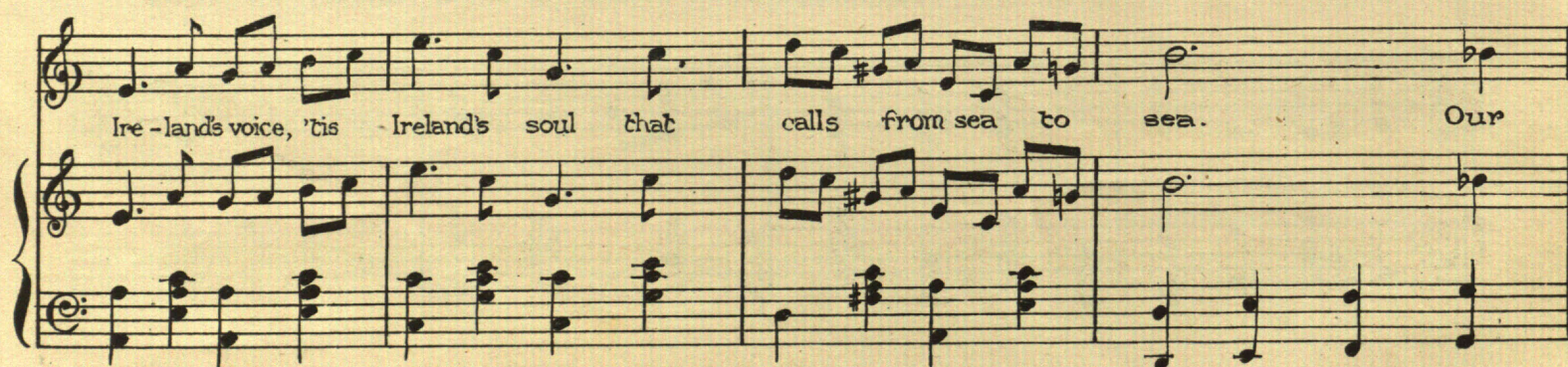
REFRAIN



rise ye slavelings from your cen - turied thrall, A — rise redeemed in freedom's ray, A —



rise 'tis Ireland's myriad sol - diers call. As freemen hail the coming day. Tis



Ire - land's voice, 'tis Ireland's soul that calls from sea to sea. Our

Mo-ther-land while a-ges roll re — deemed e — rect and free List ye

na - tions of the world To the mess - age of the free. Ireland

stands with flag un — furled. Sword in hand for li — ber — ty. Ever

shall her voice be heard In the coun — cils of the free. Ev — er

shall her shi — ning sword be bared for truth and li — ber — ty. REPEAT REFRAIN.

