

The New National Songs —

ERIN

Remember

1916

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PRICE

2/.

NET

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29 UPPER ABBEY ST.,  
DUBLIN.

# ERIN REMEMBER, NINETEEN SIXTEEN.

Deoras Mac Conna Mhóe  
Do Scriob na Déapraí.

e De Léaráis  
Do Scriob An Ceól.

*In strong marching rhythm.*

VOICE. Strew

PIANO. *f*

wreaths before the hundred score of Er—in's daring sons, who triumphed o'er an  
arm—y corps of sold-ier-y and guns. Their act-ion taught the foe that naught our  
Nat—ion can sup—press; The boys who fought, new spirit brought this

The score is written in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line is simple and follows the lyrics. The lyrics are: "Strew wreaths before the hundred score of Er—in's daring sons, who triumphed o'er an arm—y corps of sold-ier-y and guns. Their act-ion taught the foe that naught our Nat—ion can sup—press; The boys who fought, new spirit brought this".

Chorus

dear old land to bless. For Pearse the brave would

*non legato sempre.*

ne'er be slave, Mac — Don-agh nor Mac — Bride; and Plunk-ett's sons with

load-ed guns went march — ing by their side. Tom Clarke made white with

dun -- geon blight, one did not need to seek; These her-oes all faced

rit shell and ball, for us in East — er Week.

*rit*

## ERIN REMEMBER, 1916.

(The new National Song).

Strew wreaths before the hundred score  
Of Erin's daring sons,  
Who triumphed o'er an army corps  
Of soldiery and guns,  
Their action taught the foe that naught  
Our Nation can suppress;  
The boys who fought new spirit brought  
This dear old land to bless.

### Chorus.

For Pearse the Brave would ne'er be slave,  
MacDonagh nor MacBride;  
And Plunkett's sons with loaded guns,  
Went marching by their side.  
Tom Clarke made white with dungeon blight,  
One did not need to seek;  
These heroes all faced shell and ball,  
For us in Easter Week.

Full seven days the cannon plays,  
The houses tumble down;  
Amid the blaze the leader says  
"We yield to save the town,"  
As rebels hot the brave were shot,  
In prison yard they lie;  
That hallowed spot, forget it not,  
Its dead shall never die.

Their spirits bright in Freedom's light  
Shall hover o'er the Isle,  
Let Ireland's might proclaim them right  
And ne'er those claims defile,  
Who would repine shall now combine,  
In accents bold shall speak;  
"That Patriot line, their cause is mine,  
The men of Easter Week."

Deoán Mac Conna Míoe

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