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Freedom to Ireland
Where the Shamrocks Grow Galore
And the Linnet Sweetly Sings

WORDS BY
MARGARET SHANE
MUSIC BY
HECTOR RICHARD

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Freedom to Ireland Where the Shamrocks Grow Galore And the Linnet Sweetly Sings

Words by MARGARET SHANE

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Valse moderato

mp

Come all my good brave peo-ple — And lis-ten to the mes-sage I
And now from a-far o'er the wa-ters — We hear the voice of an an-gel so

p

now give to you I have now to tell you of a poor coun-try When the
sweet and so clear. Oh King George on your throne please loos-en my fet-ters So my

world — fought for free - dom And fought for the poor in dis -
sons — can come home. — Oh, free her from bond-age is the

tress they for - got dear old Er - in the home of the op-pressed and the blest.
winds plain-tive moan, And give free-dom to I - re-land, so her sons can come home.

ric.

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CHORUS. *Valse espressivo*

Yes, Er - in, dear old Er - in ——— Where the sham - rock grows ga -

mp

lore, ——— And the prim - rose and gla - di - o - lias, ——— They

bloom be - side the door ——— Where the Coo - coo bird in spring's

call - ing, And the lin - net sweet - ly sings, ——— May Heav - en

ff *p*

shine on Pad - dy's land Till the bells of free - dom ring. ———

rit.

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