

REMEMBER BOY  
YOU'RE IRISH

SONG and CHORUS.

Written and Sung by

W. J. SCANLAN

In His New Drama

SHANE-NA-LAWN.

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# "REMEMBER BOY, YOU'RE IRISH."

Written and Composed by

WM. J. SCANLAN.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning.

The vocal line is written on a single staff in a treble clef, showing the melody for the first part of the lyrics.

1. Oh, how well do I re - mem - ber, when but a lit - tle boy,  
 2. The fact that I am I - rish, I nev - er will de - ny, I  
 3. Soon the dear old harp of E - rin from slum - ber will a - wake, It's

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the lyrics, showing the right and left hand parts.

The vocal line continues with the second part of the lyrics, including a long note for the word 'knee'.

Stand - ing by my dear old moth - er's knee; ..... While the  
 love my na - tive coun - try fresh and green; ..... Where the  
 ech - o's sweet will peal thro' - out the land; ..... To

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the lyrics, including a large chordal structure for the final phrase.



pearl-y tears of love, like dew-drops from a - bove, Would fill her eyes with joy and ecs - ta -  
 o - pen-hearted laddie, and pret - ty blue-eyed lass, The wild-flow'rs of her coun - try may be  
 show that still she lives in ev - 'ry home and clime, Like treasured gems of love both true and

sy,..... As she'd take me in her arms, and press me to her heart, As  
 seen,..... The sing - ing of her birds, and sigh - ing of her winds,  
 grand,..... Like the warmth and dew of Spring, which bring to life and strength The

on - ly moth - er can do for her own;..... While my flax - en hair she'd smooth, my  
 ech - oes sweet her pray'rs and mel - o - dy,..... Be it in a low - ly hut, or  
 flowers and blades from moth - er earth so dear;..... So from silenced graves of woe, the



boy - ish nerves to soothe, She'd say to me,—“my boy where e'er you roam,” .....  
 pal - ace rich and grand, To beg - gar Lord, or Prince I'd proud - ly say, .....  
 tears of joy will flow, And then from ev - 'ry heart and tongue you'll hear, .....

Chorus.

Remember boy, you're I - rish, Born on I - rish soil, your fa - ther was a Ken-ry, your

mother was a Doyle, Be an hon - or to your country, 'Tis the land of he - ro's bold, The

land where the sham - rock grows ! ..... grows ! .....