

Avenging And Bright

Lyrics by Thomas Moore 1811 to an old Irish Air Crooghan

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade!

By the red cloud that hung over Conner's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
'Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
'Tho sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

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