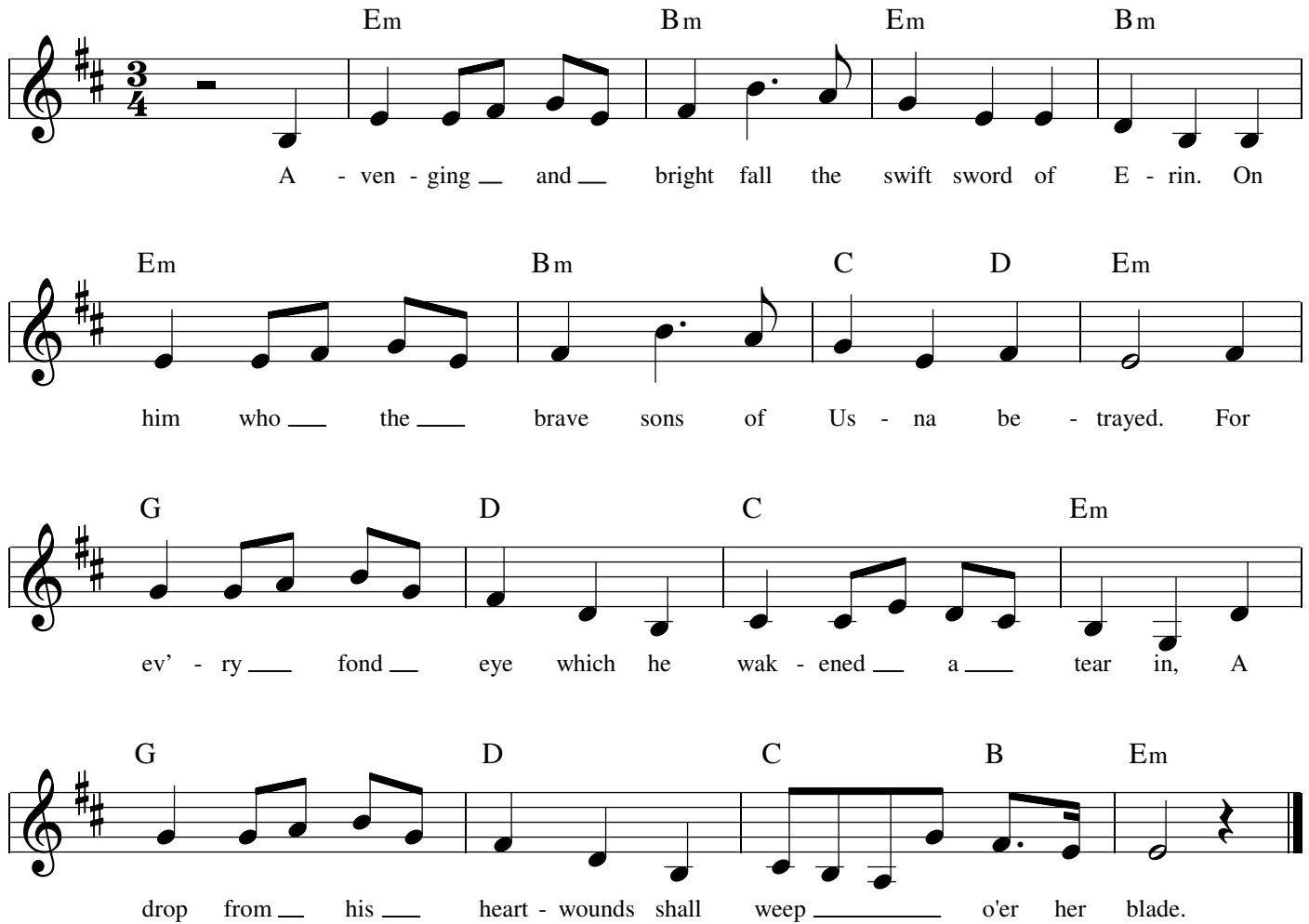


Avenging and Bright

Lyrics: Thomas Moore

Air: Crooghan a Venec



Em Bm Em Bm

A - ven - ging and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin. On

Em Bm C D Em

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - trayed. For

G D C Em

ev' - ry fond eye which he wak - ened a tear in, A

G D C B Em

drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

1. Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin.
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed.
For ev'ry fond eye which he wakened a tear in,
A drop from his heartwounds shall weep o'er her blade.

2. By the red cloud that hung over Conor'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.

3. 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 field shall lie wasted,
'Till vengeance is wreck'd on the murderer's head!

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