

The Blackbird of Avondale

Ireland

1. By the bright Bay of Dub - lin, while care - less - ly
 2. Her robes changed to mourn - ing, that once were so
 3. To the fair Coun - ties Meath, Ker - ry, Cork and Tip - per -

4
 stroll - ing, I sat my - self down by a clear crys - tal
 glo - rious, I stood in a - maze - ment to hear her sad
 - a - ry, The notes of his coun - try, my black - bird will

8
 stream, Re - clined on the beach where the wild waves were
 tale. Her heart - strings brought forth in wild ac - cents de -
 sing, But, woe to the hour we'll part light and

12
 roll - ing, In sor - row con - dol - ing, I spied a fair maid.
 - plor - ing, Say - ing 'Where is my black - bird of sweet A - von - dale?'
 air - y, He flew from my arms in Dub - lin to Queens.

4. Oh, Erin, my country, awake from your slumber
 And bring back my blackbird so true unto me.
 Let everyone know by the strength of his murmur
 That Ireland, a nation, would long to be free.

5. Now the birds in the forest, for me, have no charm,
 Not even the voice of the sweet nightingale.
 Her notes are so charming, fills my heart with alarm,
 Since I lost my poor blackbird of sweet Avondale.

The 'blackbird' was Charles Stuart Parnell, born 1846 in Avondale, Co. Wicklow. His mother was American and his father an Anglo-Irish landowner. An ardent Irish nationalist, Parnell was elected MP for Meath in 1875, and worked tirelessly for home rule and land reform. He died in 1891.

This should not be sung too fast but always with a sense of the triple-time metre so that the pauses and ornaments – which can be included ad lib. – are more effective.